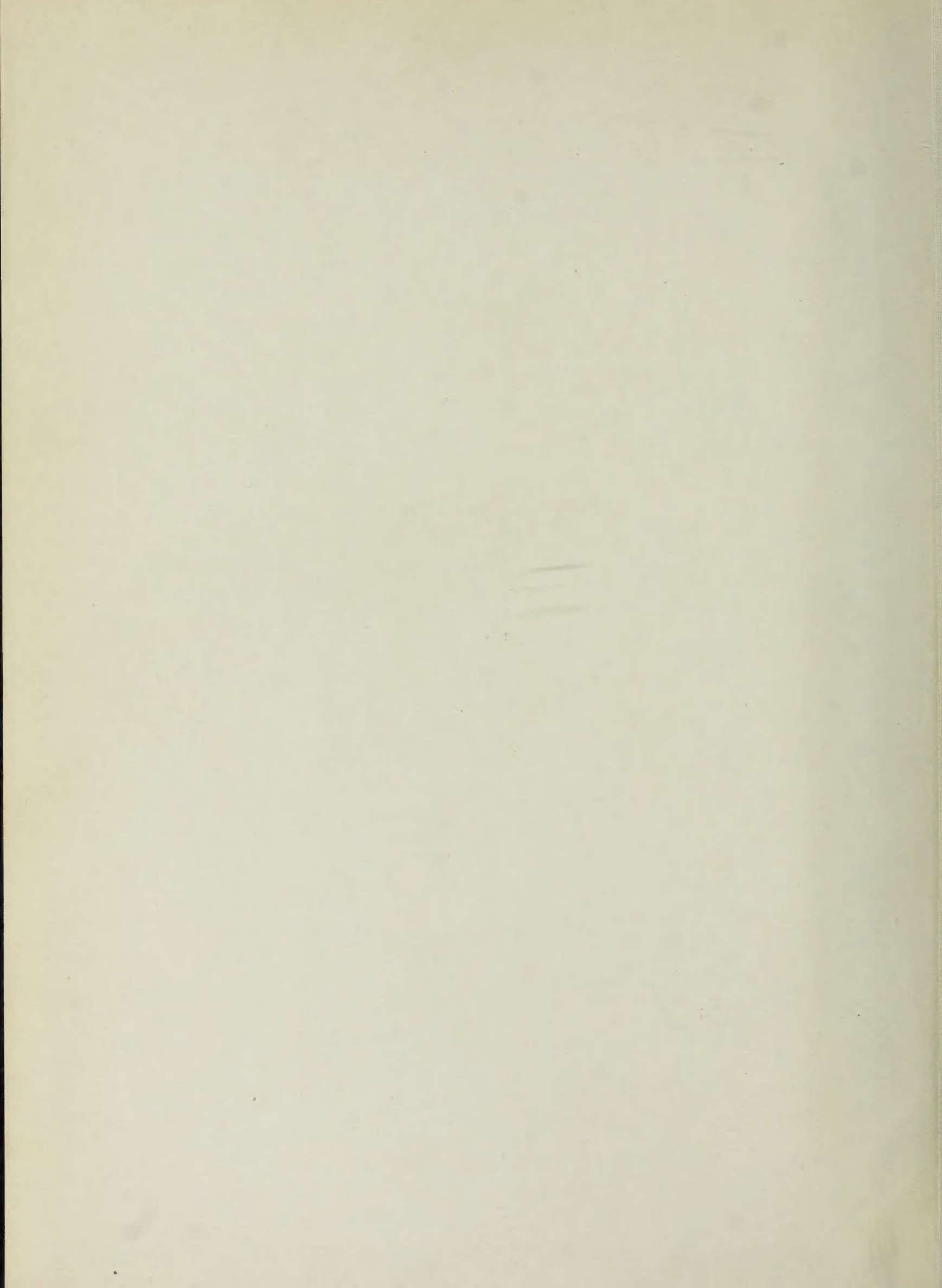


✓43033



april 7

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE
DRAMA, MUSIC, ART
INDUSTRY

FOUNDED 1865

43033

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

VOLUME CXXXIV

JANUARY 6, 1932, to JUNE 29, 1932

THE NATION, Inc.
20 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

INDEX TO VOLUME CXXXIV

JANUARY 6, 1932, to JUNE 29, 1932

(Nos. 3470-3495)

The following letters are used to indicate the type of article:

A Art
C Correspondence
Ct Cartoon
D Drama
Dt Driftway
E Editorial Article
EP Editorial Paragraph
I International Relations, Documents
IP International Relations, Foreign Press
IS International Relations, Signed Article
M Music
MP Moving Pictures
P Poetry
S Signed Article

Book reviews and reviewers are indexed separately in the Book Review Section.

A

- A., Doctor
On Swiss bourgeoisie; C.....259; see also 167
A nous la liberté. M. Marshall; MP..... 659
Abyss, nearing the; E..... 130
Academic freedom
Reed, H., editor of Columbia university
Spectator, expelled from university;
EP.....411; E..... 455
Acting
Art of; E..... 246
Advertising; Dt 341
Agriculture
American farm; can it be saved? E. G.
Nourse; S 460
Farmers' plight. P. P. Slack; C..... 544
Alabama Negroes' case. See Negroes—
Scottsboro
Alcock, J. Curtis
Kentucky, views on; C..... 571
Alfonso XIII of Spain. See Spain
Alger, Horatio
Centenary of birth; E..... 186
"Alice in wonderland"
Whoop-la over original Alice; EP..... 529
Aliens
Keeping alien in his place. G. Horne;
S 40
Registration bill called indefensible.
F. R. Black; C..... 285
Allen, Arthur M.
Revolution, guiding; C....47; see also C 144
Allen, Devere
Thomas, N., presidential possibility; S.. 365
Allen, Robert S.
Commends Villard article on N. D.
Baker; C 516
Congress and birth control; S..... 104
Altman, George T.
Tax burden, growing; S..... 304
American civil liberties union. See Coal
miners, American
American federation of labor
Unemployment insurance; federation
ends opposition; EP..... 30
American friends service committee
Fifteenth anniversary; EP..... 501
American investments abroad. See Invest-
ments, American, abroad
Americanism
In East Saint Louis, Illinois. C. R. F.
Smith; S 283
Americans
"Mind," American, as demonstrated in
Lindbergh case; E..... 329
Ammann, O. H.
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
Ammunition. See Munitions, war
Amram, David W.
On situation of Washington-Hoover air-
port service station; C..... 116
Anderson, Paul Y.
Answers Mrs. Pinchot's criticism of his
article on her congressional campaign;
C....170; see also13; 75
Banks' right to deal in securities, re-
port on, buried in 1910; S..... 595
Brown, T., appointment; S..... 139
Cardozo appointment due to Borah; S... 251
Concentration of wealth defended by Sec-
retary Mills; S..... 489
Congress, elections, to, from Minnesota
and Missouri, must be at large; S.... 489
Congress maligned; S..... 697
Conventions, moronic; S..... 697
Democratic "harmony"; S..... 489
Finance, international; S..... 13
Finances; government plays politics; S.. 595
Financial writers, "tips" to; S.....538;
see also EP..... 528
Garner, John Nance; S..... 465
Geneva conference; S..... 489
Hoover; aid from adversaries; S..... 303
Hoover; books on; S..... 66
Hoover; ineptitude in economic crisis;
S 66
Hoover; McFadden attack on; S.....13;
see also C..... 75
Hoover; "selling" to public; S..... 251
Insurance employment, federal; Hoover
opposition; S 190
Johnson, Hiram W., for president; S.. 139
La Follette-Costigan bill for unemploy-
ment relief; S..... 139
Legislative cooperation, Democratic and
Republican; S..... 368
Loans, foreign; state department action;
S 66
Lucas, B., master mind; S..... 66
Mellon, A. W.; neglected; S..... 66
Mellon, A. W.; transfer to London; S.. 190
Moratorium, war debt; S..... 13
National credit corporation; S..... 13
Nationalism, resurgence; S..... 13
Newspapers, salary reductions; S..... 539
Prohibition in politics; S..... 303
Radio corporation of America; dissolution
suit finally pressed; S..... 368
Railroad, loan to, scandal in; S..... 420
Reconstruction finance corporation; Hoo-
ver remedy for depression; S..... 13
Reconstruction finance corporation; se-
crecy on loans; S..... 251
Republican party, "contributions" by
officials and employees; S..... 368
Russia, recognition of; S..... 539
Sales tax in congress; S..... 368
Short selling, investigation; S.....489;
S 538
Stimson press conferences; S..... 252
Taxation; battle in Washington; S..... 489
Taxation; dishonest arguments on
budget; S 420
Taxation; program, Democratic; S..... 303
Unemployment relief; defeat in senate;
S 251
Unemployment relief; Hoover recognizes
need at last; S..... 697
Wilkerson, Judge, appointment; S..139;
S 420
Young, Owen D., and presidential nomi-
nation; S..... 595
Anderson, Sherwood; house making; Dt... 114
Animal kingdom, the. J. W. Krutch; D.... 151
Another language. J. W. Krutch; D..... 580
Anti-trust laws
Business, big, control of. W. H. Hamil-
ton; S..... 591
Appleman, Mr. and Mrs. Harry
Prosecuted for feeding poor; EP..... 30
Architecture
German. D. Haskell; S..... 292
Modern. D. Haskell; A..... 441
Arkwright, P. S.
Georgia power company not in Insull
group; C..... 704
Armament limitation and disarmament
Danish disarmament and neutrals. P.
Munch; IS..... 296
Fish resolution for ban on arms and mu-
nitions reported favorably; EP..... 410
French public opinion; EP..... 611
Geneva conference; E..... 217
Geneva conference. M. F. Murphy;
S.....257; S..... 340
Geneva conference; American delegates;
EP.....3; EP..... 58
Geneva conference; America's role. D.
W. Wainhouse; S..162; see also EP. 29
Geneva conference; Chinese-Japanese
question. M. F. Murphy; S..... 425
Geneva conference; French propose inter-
national police force; EP..... 181
Geneva conference; hollow pretense. P.
Y. Anderson; S..... 489
Geneva conference; meets. D. W. Wain-
house; S.....137; see also EP, 153;
EP, 191; C, 286.
Geneva conference; soviets propose com-
plete disarmament; EP..... 213
Geneva conference; Stimson at; EP, 128;
E 53
Geneva conference; ten millions send pe-
tition; EP..... 181
Navy, strong, urged by Secretary
Adams; EP..... 58
Peace caravan, credit for. A. Martin;
C, with editorial comment..... 116
Peace organizations active; EP..... 355
Youth votes for peace; E..... 91
Arms. See Munitions, war
Army, United States
Officers, retirement of, proposed; EP... 58+
Reductions needed; EP.....154; see
also C, 492
Arsène Lupin. M. Marshall; MP..... 320
Artists
Pictures for sale; E..... 90
Request to hold open-air market refused;
EP 481
As you desire me. A. Bakshy; MP..... 708
Asia
Conflict and overpopulation. C. V. Drys-
dale; S..... 107
Athletics
Yale announces radical changes; E.... 667
Atom, smashing; E..... 587
Austria
Default; on the brink; EP..... 85
Travel abroad restricted; EP..... 1
Austro-German customs agreement
French logic versus customs union. L.
Rogers; IS..... 179
Automobiles
Sales and business revival. S. P. Har-
man; S 493
Azaña, Manuel. See Spain

B

- B., A
Youth and war; C.....469; see also C 342
B., D.
Merry widow, the; D..... 294
Baker, Newton D.
League of nations, views on; EP..... 154
Presidential possibility. O. G. Villard;
S.....414; see also C, 516
Baker, Ray Jerome
Massie case; C.....727; see also EP 527
Bakshy, Alexander
As you desire me; MP..... 708
Forgotten commandments; MP..... 708
Hollywood tries "ideas"; MP..... 708
Monte Carlo madness; MP..... 708
Two seconds; MP..... 708
Baku, conditions and opinions. L. Fischer;
S 134
Baltimore, Maryland
Abolishes Sunday closing laws; EP..... 557
Baltimore *Evening News*
Correction; did comment on grand jury
report on lynching case; EP..... 453
Should have been on *The Nation's* honor
roll, not *Baltimore Sun*; C..... 74
Baltimore *Sun*
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931—7;
correction; *Baltimore Evening News*
should have been on roll, not *Baltimore*
Sun; C..... 74
Band, one-man, traveling with. A. Warner; S 491
Bankers
To the rescue of business; E..... 613
Banks
And bonds. C. T. Norris; C..... 427
And "relief." S. P. Harman; S..... 627
Control. H. P. Willis; S.....422; see
also EP..... 411
Federal reserve banks; new powers for.
S. P. Harman; S..... 260
Glass bill for changes in law; EP..... 354
Glass bill; study needed; EP..... 182
Postal savings, government banks for;
EP 213
Right to deal in securities, report on,
buried in 1910. P. Y. Anderson; S... 595
Urbana, Illinois, suspends business to aid
banks; EP..... 155
Barber, Arlie
Public and private ownership; C..... 259
Barnes, Joseph
Japan, economic insecurity; S..... 249
Russia, cultural recognition; S..... 565
Barnett, A. G.
Communism for America; C..... 74
Kelley, William D., views quoted; C... 20
Barter; Dt..... 469
"Bears." See Stocks and bonds

- Beast of the city, the. M. Marshall; MP... 380
 Beck-Linthicum resolution. See prohibition
 Beecham, Sir Thomas, conducting. A. Mendel; M..... 475
 Beede, A. McGee
 Food in old frontier days; C..... 372
 Behrman, S. N.
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
 Bell, T. H.
 If soviets should fail; C..... 342
 Bell county, Kentucky, O. See Coal miners, American
 Bergman, Doctor Walter G.
 Right to criticize upheld; EP..... 3
 Berkman, Edith
 Deportation case; EP..... 557
 Berlin, J. W. Krutch; D..... 82
 Biddle, William W.
 Asks Ohio readers to meet; C..... 545
 Bingham, Senator Hiram
 Quoted incorrectly in Massie case; C..... 727; see also E, 559
 Bingham, R. W.
 Kentucky, views on; C..... 571
 Biologist
 Presidential plan, 1932-1936; C... 312; see also February 17, section two
 Biro-Bidjan. See Russia
 Birth control
 And Congress. R. S. Allen; S..... 104
 And education. J. Dewey; S..... 112
 And sex morality. W. A. Pusey; S..... 111
 And social engineering. H. P. Fairchild; S..... 105
 Asiatic conflict and overpopulation. C. V. Drysdale; S..... 107
 Bill for information fails; EP..... 636
 Birth control, religion and the unfit. C. P. Gilman; S..... 108
 Cartoon 101
 China; not a solution for country's problem. A. Smedley; S..... 282
 Future of; E..... 89
 In disease. S. A. Knopf; S..... 109
 Issue of *The Nation*, January 27
 Letters, pro and con; C..... 195
 Moral validity. Reverend D. Cummins; C..... 371
 Nullification of law against. M. L. Ernst; S..... 113
 Pope Pius XI., position; S..... 102
 Sanger, Mrs. M., receives medal of American woman's association; EP... 500
 Spiritual aspect. G. B. Lake; S..... 110
 Bisson, T. A.
 China fights back; S..... 187
 Black, Forest Revere
 Registration of aliens; C..... 285
 Black tower, the. J. W. Krutch; D..... 124
 Blanshard, Paul
 Negroes; not always lynched; S..... 42
 Blessed event. J. W. Krutch; D..... 266
 Bloede, Carl S.
 Ritchie, A. C., for president; C..... 703
 Blonde captive, the. M. Marshall; MP..... 320
 Bloss, Roscoe, and V. Bucher
 Want jobs in Russia; C..... 170
 Bolivia
 Loans, American 93
 Bond issue. See Unemployment
 Bonds. See Stocks and bonds
 Bonus. See Veterans
 Books
 Juvenile; Alger centenary; author no longer popular; E..... 186
 Publishing business; E..... 62
 Unsold copies; Dt..... 626
 Borah, Senator William Edgar
 Cardozo appointment due to him. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 251
 Presidential possibility; now or never. W. C. Murphy, junior; S..... 247
 War debt cancellation, views on; E... 503
 Borchard, Edwin
 Boycott, economic, of Japan; reasons against; EP..... 297; S..... 332
 Boycott, economic. See Chinese-Japanese relations
 Boys. See Juvenile delinquency
 Bradford, Gamaliel
 Death. H. Hazlitt; S..... 494
 Bradley, Rolland
 Trained reserves; C.... 286; see also 137
 Brady, Alice
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
 Bram, Jacob
 Asks Long Island readers of *The Nation* to meet; C..... 116
 Brandeis, Justice Louis Dembitz
 Upholds principle of government regulation of business; EP..... 381
 Brazil
 Loans, American 93
 Bread
 Bakers'; costly and tasteless. W. Raushenbush; S..... 164
 Breckinridge, Desha
 Kentucky, views on; C..... 571
 Briand, Aristide
 Death; EP..... 299; E..... 328
 Brickwedde, Doctor F. G.
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
 Bridal wise. J. W. Krutch; D..... 707
 Bride the sun shines on, the. H. H.; D.... 54
 Broken
 Experiment in turning goat into man; EP 711
 Brockway, A. Fenner
 India, government by ordinance; S.... 226
 Brodsky, Joseph R.
 Asks contributions for Scottsboro Negroes; C..... 601
 Brookhart, Smith Wildman
 Defeated for reelection to senate; EP.. 692
 Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*; contempt of court case; EP 299
 Brown, Thad
 Appointment to Federal radio commission. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 13
 Brown shirt army. See Germany
 Brüning, Chancellor. See War debts and reparations
 Bucher, Vincent, and R. Bloss
 Want jobs in Russia; C..... 170
 Budget. See United States—Finances
 Buell, Raymond Leslie
 On China and Japan, and United States action; C..... 285; see also E..... 245
 Buffalo *Evening News*
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
 Building industry, D. Haskell; S..... 550
 Bulgaria
 Default; on the brink; EP 85
 Burlesque. See Theater, the
 Business
 Big; control of. W. H. Hamilton; S... 591
 Big; failure of. O. G. V.; E..... 586
 Government regulation upheld by Justice Brandeis; EP 381
 Business depression
 Automobile sales and business revival. S. P. Harman; S..... 493
 Bankers and industrialists form rescue committee; E..... 613
 Banks and "relief." S. P. Harman; S..... 627
 Big business, failure of. O. G. V.; E..... 586
 Cincinnati method of dealing with depression. N. Klein; C..... 75
 Congress not cooperating; EP..... 269
 Equal to war. G. A. Coleman; C..... 399
 Financial recovery, road to. S. P. Harman; S..... 400
 Hoover; advice to buy now; EP..... 409
 Hoover; and the empty pot; Ct..... 715
 Hoover; optimism; E..... 185
 Hoover; prophet of prosperity..... 671
 Hoover; remedies; EP..... 610
 Hoover remedy. P. Y. Anderson; S... 13
 Problems permanent, according to National economic league; EP..... 585
 Recovery, chase for; Ct..... 641
 Recovery plans. S. P. Harman; S... 653
 Relief without taxation. G. Mallon; S. 645
 Revival forces at work. R. Vance; S... 724
 Rift in the clouds, a. S. P. Harman; S..... 704
 Tariff the cause; EP..... 610
 Washington views; EP..... 30
 What's ahead? N. M. Hunter; C.... 170
 World action. H. Hazlitt; S..... 642
 But the flesh is weak. M. Marshall; MP... 553
 Butler, Nicholas Murray. See Columbia university
 Byrd, Harry Flood
 For president. R. Flannagan; C..... 703
 C
 California
 Democratic primary result; EP..... 555
 Calkins, Clinch
 Veronal for November; P..... 680
 Calm within the cyclone (on Henry James). C. H. Grattan; S..... 201
 Canada
 Radio, public ownership; EP..... 636
 Cancer
 Knife or ray? E..... 483
 Capital gains tax; E..... 33
 Cardozo, Justice Benjamin Nathan
 Appointment due to Senator Borah; P. Y. Anderson; S..... 251
 Appointment to United States supreme court; EP..... 213
 Suggested for United States supreme court; EP..... 87
 Carothers, Doctor W. H.
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
 Carroll, Lewis (C. L. Dodgson)
 Whoop-la over original Alice; EP..... 529
 Cassidy, Maynard
 Prohibition, views on; C..... 626
 Catholic theater movement, "white list." J. W. Krutch; D..... 633
 Censorship
 War; Dt 702
 Censorship, literary
 England censors verses; sends writer to jail; E..... 385
 Censorship, magazine
 New York city; EP..... 87
 Central Europe. See Europe, central
 Chicago
 Government bankrupt; EP..... 243
 Unemployment situation. M. A. Hallgren; S..... 534
 Chicago *Journal of Commerce*
 Views on entry of United States into European war; EP..... 182
 Child of Manhattan. J. W. Krutch; D.... 351
 Children
 And parents; E..... 504
 Experiment in good government; Dt.... 492
 Children's bureau
 Twentieth anniversary; EP..... 481
 Childs, Richard S.
 Undergraduate Yale; S..... 70
 Chile
 Loans, American 93
 Regime, changes in; EP..... 710
 Socialist republic proclaimed; EP..... 664
 China
 Birth control not a solution. A. Smedley; S..... 282
 Revolutionary action; EP..... 637
 Chinese-Japanese relations
 Boycott, economic, reasons against; E..... 245; E, 273; C, 285; EP, 297; S, 332; C, 398; C, 399
 Boycott, voluntary, of Japan advocated. C. R. Long; C..... 342
 China fights back. T. A. Bisson; S... 187
 Discussion at League of nations council meeting; EP..... 181
 Hoover administration ineptitude. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 190
 Japan sends armed force to Shanghai; EP 128
 Japan the outlaw; E..... 3
 Japanese aggression condemned at Geneva; EP..... 85
 Japanese invasion of Yangtze valley; EP 298
 Japanese liberal view. R. Hoashi; C... 652
 Japan's aims; EP..... 214
 League of nations action. M. F. Murphy; S..... 340; see also EP.... 325
 League of nations affected by Japanese aggression; EP..... 297
 Manchuria converted into Japanese state; EP 241
 Manchuria; is there war? A. E. Hindmarsh; S..... 10
 "Methods" of dealing with situation. J. Sabloff; C..... 342
 Militarists, Japan, in control; EP.... 298
 Partition of China proposed by Japan; E 184
 Political opposition in Japan. U. Close; S..... 189
 Shanghai, attack on; EP..... 153; E..... 156
 Shanghai, horrors at. A. Smedley; S... 369
 Stimson warning to Japan; E..... 272; see also C, 399
 Truce, proposed; EP..... 269
 United States clarifies position under nine-power treaty; EP..... 58
 War, open; E..... 217
 "Christless culture"; E..... 693
 Christmas greetings, canned; Dt..... 73
 Churches
 "Christless culture" scored by Presbyterians; E..... 693
 Clergymen and peace. J. Tractenberg; C..... 399
 Ohio clergymen; views on pacificism and unemployment; E..... 158
 Chusid, Paul
 Asks volunteers for Society for voluntary technical aid for Russia; C..... 728
 Cincinnati, Ohio
 Government, efficient; EP..... 215
 Method of dealing with business depression. N. Klein; C..... 75
 City affairs committee
 Leaders, J. H. Holmes and S. S. Wise, castigated by Governor Roosevelt; EP. 410
 City of song. M. Marshall; MP..... 607
 Civil liberties union. See Coal miners, American
 Civil service
 Spirit violated by Second assistant postmaster general Glover; EP..... 584
 Civilization
 Downfall of; E..... 6
 Long life and sane one. H. C. Frost; C 428
 Clark, Barrett H.
 Forbidden words in the theater, pamphlet on; E..... 302
 Clark, Evans
 Peace; non-intercourse as means of preservation; C, with editorial comment.. 702
 Clergymen. See Churches
 Cleveland, Grover
 Letters sought by associations; C..... 373
 Cleveland, Ohio
 Primary election; EP..... 86
 Close, Upton
 Opposition in Japan; S..... 189

- Coal miners, American
 Bell county, Kentucky; American civil liberties union party suits officials; EP. 585
 Children, suffering, appeal for. O. Van Horn; C. 48
 Harlan county, Kentucky. J. C. Byars, junior; S. 672
 Harlan county, Kentucky; class prejudice and race antagonism play part in trial; EP. 710
 Harlan county, Kentucky; reign of terror investigated; EP. 30
 Illinois; Williamson is hungry. M. A. Hallgren; S. 457
 Kentucky; American civil liberties union challenges persecution; EP. 557
 Kentucky; editors' views; C. 571
 Kentucky; food and justice denied; EP. 214
 Kentucky; gets publicity; EP. 243
 Kentucky; miners and sympathizers to go on trial; EP. 585
 Kentucky; miners called out in Harlan and Bell counties by National miners' union; EP. 2
 Kentucky; situation; A. G. Hays; S. 619
 Kentucky; starvation and "reds." O. Johnson; S. 141; correction, C. 229
 Kentucky; students' expedition to, and situation; EP. 383
 Kentucky; university officials fail to aid students in investigation of conditions. H. Solow; C. 493
 Letter from miner; Dt. 651
 Coal strike. See Coal miners, American
 Cohen, Harriet. A. Mendel; M. 81
 Cohen, Professor Morris Raphael
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
 Coleman, George A.
 Business depression equal to war; C. 399
 Colleges and universities
 Academic freedom. See Academic freedom
 Financial difficulties; EP. 271
 Graduates find politics "dirty"; E. 483
 Professors' salaries; F. P. Garvan proposes reductions; EP. 453
 Radicalism not controlling; EP. 529
 Student radicalism; Dt. 571
 Students, liberal, suppressed; EP. 637
 Students vote for peace; E. 91
 Colombia
 Loans, American. 93
 Columbia university
 Harris, R., editor of *Spectator*, expelled; EP. 411
 Harris, R.; may be reinstated; EP. 481
 Harris, R.; reinstated; EP. 500
 Liberalism of President Butler questioned, in Harris expulsion; E. 455
 Report, annual, of President Butler; EP. 87
 Comic strips; Dt. 427
 Commonwealth college
 Appeal for books. G. Y. Rusk; C. 21
 Summer at. H. Coy; C. 727
 Communists
 Communism for America. A. G. Barnett; C. 74
 Disturbances, growing; EP. 129
 East Saint Louis, Illinois, studies Americanism. C. R. F. Smith; S. 283
 Fish-Dies bill for deportation and exclusion of alien communists; EP. 693
 Rumanian communists in jail. A. Most; IS. 322
 Starvation and "reds" in Kentucky. O. Johnson; S. 141; correction, C. 229
 Wolf-Easley scare; EP. 529
 Companies, holding. See Holding companies.
 Composers. See Music
 Congress
 Activities of house of representatives; EP. 527
 Butt of criticism; EP. 610
 Cooperation, Republican and Democratic. P. Y. Anderson; S. 368
 Elections to, from Minnesota and Missouri, must be at large. P. Y. Anderson; S. 489
 "Lame duck" session amendment submitted to states; EP. 242
 Maligned. P. Y. Anderson; S. 697
 Nepotism; EP. 710
 New Hampshire district elects W. N. Rogers, Democrat; EP. 58
 Revolt in house of representatives; E. 384
 Connery bill. See Pensions
 Consumer, information for. F. J. Schlink; C. 312; see also February 17, section two
 Contempt of court. See Courts
 Conventions. See Presidential campaign of 1932
 Cooke, Morris Llewellyn
 Planning for power; S. 621
 Coolidge, Calvin
 Oath of office taken twice; EP. 183
 Presidential possibility. F. R. Kent; S. 309
 Coomaraswamy, Ananda K.
 India, terrorism; C. 228
 Coon, Horace
 Individual action in crises; C. 196
 Cost of government. See Government, cost of
 Country life; Dt. 514
 Courts
 Contempt of court; Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, case against; EP. 299
 Reform. I. M. Wormser; S. 224
 Cox, Father. See Unemployment
 Coy, Harold
 Commonwealth college, summer at; C. 727
 Crane, Hart
 Death; E. 531
 Credit
 Government and private. S. P. Harman; S. 21
 Inflation. S. P. Harman; S. 48
 Problem, real. S. P. Harman; S. 171
 Crime and criminals
 Lawlessness in dealing with crime advocated by Grand Rapids *Herald*; E. 639
 Crisis, world. See Economic crisis, world
 Criticism
 Apocalypse of the world; *transition* and criticism. W. Troy; S. 723
 Critic's dilemma. II. The jest and the ear. J. W. Krutch; S. 16
 III. Pure criticism. J. W. Krutch; S. 430
 Criticism, dramatic. See Theater, the
 Criticism, musical. A. Mendel; M. 318
 Cross, Leslie F.
 Milwaukee governmental plan; S. 537
 Crowd roars, the. M. Marshall; MP. 444
 Cry of the world. M. Marshall; MP. 607
 Cuba
 Loans, American. 93
 Cummins, Reverend Damian
 Birth control, moral validity of; C. 371
 Cumpson, Harry. A. Mendel; M. 81
 Currency
 Dollar, devaluation. H. Hazlitt; first article, S. 359; second, S. 387
 Dollar, French attack on; EP. 452
 Emergency. H. Hazlitt; S. 94
 Glass-Steagall bill for expansion; E. 216; EP. 664
 Gold movement from the United States. S. P. Harman; S. 677
 Hoarding, campaign against; EP. 298
 Hoarding; Hoover appeal shows official optimism; E. 185
 Hoarding; Hoover on; EP. 241
 Inflation—blessing or catastrophe? E. 530
 Money, easy. S. P. Harman; S. 145
 Sterling fluctuation. S. P. Harman; S. 428
 Customs. See Tariff
 Cutting, Senator Bronson
 For recognition of Russia. 566
 D
 Daily *Eagle*. See Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*
 Dalcroze, Emile Jaques. See Jaques-Dalcroze, Emile
 Daniels, Winthrop M.
 Railroads, future of; S. 699
 Danubian customs federation. See Europe, central
 Danziger, Samuel
 Ritchie, A. C., and public utilities; C. 427
 Davenport, Iowa; unemployment. M. A. Hallgren; S. 505
 Davis, Jerome
 Russia, recognition of; views of business men; S. 567
 Dawes, Charles Gates
 Appointment to Emergency reconstruction corporation; EP. 128
 Delinquency, juvenile. See Juvenile delinquency
 Democratic party
 Jefferson day banquet in Washington. P. Y. Anderson; S. 489
 See also Presidential campaign of 1932
 Denmark
 Disarmament, Danish, and neutrals. P. Munch; IS. 296
 Deportation
 Berkman case; EP. 557
 Fish-Dies bill for deportation and exclusion of alien communists; EP. 693
 From Los Angeles; Dt. 169
 Depression. See Business depression
 Detroit
 Free speech wins victory in Bergman case; EP. 3
 Deutsch, Babette
 To a friend who fears revolution; P. 547
 Detzer, Dorothy
 Work for peace caravan. A. Martin; C, with editorial comment. 116
 De Valera, Eamon. See Ireland
 Devereux, Katherine
 Work for peace caravan. A. Martin; C, with editorial comment. 116
 Devil passes, the. J. W. Krutch; D. 124
 Dewey, John
 Education and birth control; S. 112
 Dictators. See If I were dictator
 Diplomacy
 Benighted. F. L. Schuman; S. 563
 Disarmament. See Armament limitation and disarmament
 Distant drums. J. W. Krutch; D. 177
 Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. M. Marshall; MP. 82
 Dodgson, Charles Lutwidge. See Carroll, L.
 Dole. See Insurance, unemployment
 Dollar. See Currency
 Doumer, Paul
 Assassination; E. 557
 Downing, Doctor F. B.
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
 Drama. See Theater, the
 Dressler, Frank J.
 Case for boycott of Japan; C 398; see also E. 273
 Drugs
 Manufacture, "limiting." E. La Motte; S. 418
 Drysdale, C. V.
 Asiatic conflict and overpopulation; S. 107
 Dunne, E. F.
 Birth control; C. 195
 Duprene; real discoverer. F. D. Kershner; C. 116
 E
 Earhart, Amelia. See Putnam, Amelia Earhart
 East of Broadway. J. W. Krutch; D. 210
 East Saint Louis, Illinois
 Studies Americanism. C. R. F. Smith; S. 283
 Eastman, George, suicide; EP. 327; E. 358
 Eastman, Max
 Commends Villard article on N. D. Baker; C. 516
 Eberson, Doctor Frederick
 Isolates infantile paralysis germ; EP. 31
 Economic conditions, American. See Business depression
 Economic conditions, world
 Abyss, nearing the; E. 130
 Rumbings of a new crisis; E. 300
 Economic conference, international
 Questionnaire favors discussion of war debts, reparations and tariffs; EP. 709
 Economic depression. See Business depression
 Economic nationalism; EP. 155
 Education
 Modern. H. Solow; C. 492
 Progress in. O. D. Wannamaker; C. 545
 Eisenberg, Emanuel
 Potential Christ; P. 705
 Election, presidential. See Presidential campaign of 1932
 Elections
 Money, use of; E. 5
 See also Congress
 Electric power. See Power and power industry
 Elliot, Grace
 Rugs for sale for benefit of textile workers, Marion, North Carolina; C. 313
 Elliott, George Fielding
 Army, United States, commands; C, with editorial comment. 492; see also EP. 154
 Elliott, John
 German government change; S. 720
 Germany seeks a president; S. 255
 Ellis, Jean
 Lincoln on self-government; C. 20
 Emigration. See Immigration
 Ernst, Morris L.
 Birth control; nullification; S. 113
 If I were a (constitutional) dictator; S. 36
 Loans, foreign, controlling; S. 168
 Eugenics
 Study of, 1932. H. M. Parshley; S. 569
 Europe
 Central. See Europe, central
 Disintegration, financial and economic; EP. 85
 In extremis; E. 639
 Situation alarming, according to J. Sauerwein; EP. 664
 Europe, central
 British urge action on French plan in Danubian customs federation discussion; EP. 382
 French logic versus customs union. L. Rogers; IS. 179
 London conference fails in effort at reconstruction; EP. 452
 European war
 American entry; misfortune of; EP. 453
 see also
 American entry; reason for; EP. 182
 Photographs held back by War department; EP. 327
 Exposition of Indian tribal arts
 Artists and anthropologists on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
 Ex-president, diary of. M. Ryskind; book, extracts from. 594

F

- Face the music. J. W. Krutch; D..... 294
 Fadiman, Clifton
 What is left of Goethe? S..... 678
 Fairchild, Henry Pratt
 Birth control and social engineering; S. 105
 Farming. See Agriculture
 Fata Morgana. J. W. Krutch; D..... 82
 Fatal alibi, the. J. W. Krutch; D..... 266
 Fathers and sons; E..... 504
 Federal reserve banks and system. See Banks
 Ferril, Thomas Hornsby
 Blue-stemmed grass; P..... 494
 Fess bill. See Radio
 Finance, articles on. See Harman, S. P.
 Finance, international
 Conference; purpose nullified by Secretary Stimson; E..... 666
 Methods exposed by bankers. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 13
 Finances, United States. See United States
 Financial "reconstruction." S. P. Harman; S. 313
 Finger, Charles J.
 Commends Villard article on N. D. Baker; C..... 516
 Finland
 Fascism opposes government; EP..... 271
 Firstenberg, Sophie
 Seeks liberal discussion group in Brooklyn; C..... 343
 Fischer, Louis
 Baku, conditions and opinions; S..... 134
 Beliefs about Russia; S..... 331
 If the soviets should fail; S. 219; see also C..... 342
 Jews of Russia and the five-year plan; S..... 597
 Wages go up in Russia; S..... 8
 Fish-Dies bill. See Deportation
 Fiske, Minnie Maddern; death; E..... 246
 Flannagan, Roy
 For H. F. Byrd for president; C..... 703
 Food
 Frontier days. A. McG. Beede; C..... 372
 Menu of a century ago; D..... 371
 Foote, F. H.
 Moderation, madness of; C..... 229
 Ford motor company
 Riot at unemployment demonstration; EP..... 355; EP..... 326; S..... 333
 Forgotten commandments. A. Bakshy; MP. 708
 Foreign affairs. J. W. Krutch; D..... 525
 Foreign loans. See Loans, foreign
 France
 Election results; EP..... 555
 French logic versus customs. L. Rogers; IS..... 179
 Government; Tardieu succeeds Laval; EP..... 241
 Import quotas, restrictive; EP..... 327
 Political situation; EP..... 86
 Public opinion on armament limitation; EP..... 611
 Frank, Florence Kiper
 This nonchalant pause of earth; P..... 117
 Frank, Glenn. See Wisconsin, university of
 Frankfurt, Germany
 Architecture, "New Mayland." D. Haskell; S..... 292
 Freedom, academic. See Academic freedom
 Freedom of speech
 Upheld in Detroit; EP..... 3
 Freeman, Joseph
 B. Stolberg takes exception to Freeman's views on Trotsky's History of the Russian revolution; C..... 515; see also review..... 314
 Frost, Frances M.
 Inheritance; P..... 654
 Lullaby for Jonathan; P..... 204
 Poem for Jonathan; P..... 374
 Sunrise; P..... 22
 Frost, H. Crawshaw
 Long life and sane one; C..... 428
- G
- Gandhi, Mohandas Karamchand
 Meets R. Rolland..... 167; see also C.. 259
 See also India
 Garner, Speaker John Nance
 Presidential possibility. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 465
 Garvan, Francis P.
 Proposes reductions in salaries of professors; EP..... 453
 Geddes, Patrick; death. S. K. Ratcliffe; S. 513
 Geneva conference. See Armament limitation and disarmament
 George Washington bridge
 Designers and builders on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931..... 7
 Georgia power company
 Not in Insull group. P. S. Arkwright; C..... 704
 Germany
 Architecture. D. Haskell; S..... 292
 Economic conditions; patient Germany. H. R. Mussey; S..... 64
 Election. J. Elliott; S..... 255
 Election; Hindenburg fails of majority; EP..... 325
 Election; Hitler loses; E..... 455
 Election; presidential; EP..... 270
 Foreign trade not encouraging; EP..... 242
 Government, change in. J. Elliott; S.. 720
 Government suppresses National socialist brown shirt army; EP..... 480
 Hitler and Goethe. W. H. Hale; S..... 307
 Military reaction in appointment of Chancellor Von Papen; E..... 667
 Republic in danger; E..... 695
 Stand-still agreement on debts; EP..... 128
 War debts and reparations. See War debts and reparations
 Gerson, J.
 Hoover, President, strange career; book on; C..... 196
 Gilman, Charlotte Perkins
 Birth control, religion and the unfit; S. 108
 Ginsberg, Captain Abraham. See Hurley, P. J.
 Glass bill. See Banks
 Glass-Steagall bill. See Currency
 Glover, Second assistant postmaster general W. Irving
 Attack on civil service spirit; EP..... 584
 Goat, experiment with
 Fails to turn into man, on Brocken; EP. 711
 Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von
 And Hitler. W. H. Hale; S..... 307
 What is left of Goethe? C. Fadiman; S. 678
 Gold
 Standard in United States withstands withdrawal of foreign gold; EP..... 710
 See also Currency
 Goldman, Emma
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
 Goldsborough bill. See Prices
 Gottschalk, Louis
 Asks for Lafayette letters; C..... 728
 Government. See United States
 Government, cost of
 Must be cut; EP..... 354
 Government finance. See United States
 Government ownership. See Ownership, government
 Government regulation of business. See Business
 Government securities. See Stocks and bonds
 Grand hotel. M. Marshall; MP..... 498
 Grand Rapids Herald
 Advocates lawlessness in dealing with crime; E..... 639
 Grandi, Dino
 Phrase, use of. O. Guerlac; C..... 20
 Grass by the yard; E..... 34
 Grattan, C. Hartley
 Calm within the cyclone, the (on Henry James); S..... 201
 Great Britain
 Budget, protective. J. A. Hobson; S.. 568
 "Buy British" movement; EP..... 155
 Irish free state. See Irish free state
 Tariff; British seek reciprocity; S..... 197
 Tariff; country goes protectionist; EP.. 500
 Tariff; general, proposed by cabinet; EP. 183
 Tariff; opposed by economists; EP..... 214
 Tariff; Snowden threatens to resign; EP. 128
 Tariff, ten per cent, in effect; EP..... 270
 Tariff; wins. J. A. Hobson; S..... 393
 Greece
 Default, on the brink; EP..... 85
 Greenberg, Sophie
 San Francisco readers to meet; C..... 170
 Greene, Marc T.
 New Zealand, situation; S..... 675
 Gregory, Horace
 Poem for my daughter; P..... 146
 Poem for my daughter: II; P..... 200
 The third decade; P..... 729
 Gregory, Lady; death; E..... 640
 Gropper, William. L. Lozowick; A..... 176
 Grundy, J. Owen
 Asks readers in Hudson county, New Jersey, to meet; C..... 704
 Guerlac, Othon
 Grandi's use of phrase; C..... 20
 Gutelius, Margaret F.
 Russian freedom; C..... 47
 Gutman, Walter
 Sacco-Vanzetti, passion of; A..... 475
- H
- H., H.
 Bride the sun shines on, the; D..... 54
 Hey, nonny, nonny; D..... 707
 Of the I sing; D..... 54
 Sentinels; D..... 54
 Show boat; D..... 660
 Hackett, Francis
 Defends G. B. Shaw; denounces F. Harris; C..... 515
 Haiti
 Foreign loan forced by state department; EP..... 242
 Hale, William Harlan
 Hitler and Goethe; S..... 307
 Hallgren, Mauritz A.
 Chicago, unemployment situation; S.... 534
 Davenport, Iowa; pigs, plows and charity; unemployment; S..... 505
 Philadelphia; mass misery; S..... 275
 Republican convention; S..... 716
 Roosevelt, Franklin D.; S..... 616
 Russia, trade with; S..... 561
 Steel towns, panic in; S..... 361
 Toledo; bankers and bread lines; S..... 395
 Unemployment; how many hungry? S.. 159
 Williamson, bloody, is hungry; S..... 457
 Hamilton, Walton H.
 Control of big business; S..... 591
 Handel; presentation. A. Mendel; M..... 475
 Hargreaves, Mrs. Alice
 Whoop-la over original Alice of "Alice in wonderland"; EP..... 529
 Harlan county, Kentucky. See Coal miners, American
 Harman, S. Palmer
 Automobile sales and business revival; S. 493
 Banks and "relief"; S..... 627
 Bears, clipping their claws; S..... 287
 Bond-purchase plan; S..... 517
 British seek tariff reciprocity; S..... 197
 Business depression; recovery plans; S.. 653
 Commodity prices, slump of; S..... 230
 Credit, government and private; S..... 21
 Credit problem; S..... 171
 Federal reserve banks, new powers for; S..... 260
 Financial "reconstruction"; S..... 313
 Financial recovery, road to; S..... 400
 Gold movement from the United States; S..... 677
 Inflation of credit; S..... 48
 Investments, American, abroad; S..... 75
 Kreuger, I., and the holding company; S..... 373
 Money, easy; S..... 145
 Prices, slump of; S..... 230
 Prices, Wall street, reading; S..... 116
 Protection; S..... 574
 Railroads; deficits; S..... 728
 Railroads; legislation; S..... 602
 Rift in the clouds; S..... 704
 Sales tax; S..... 343
 Sterling fluctuation; S..... 428
 Stocks, taxation of; S..... 470
 United States steel corporation omits dividend; S..... 546
 Harris, Frank
 Denounced by F. Hackett; C..... 515
 Harris, Reed. See Columbia university
 Harris, Roy; music of. A. Mendel; M..... 26
 Haskell, Douglas
 Architecture, German; S..... 292
 Architecture, modern; A..... 441
 Housing; S..... 550
 Hastings, Mary L.
 Taxation of land values; C.... 493; see also Four-year presidential plan, issue of February 17
 Hauptmann, Gerhart
 Visit to America; E..... 274
 Hawaiian islands
 Naval control, as seen in Massie case; EP..... 155
 See also Massie case
 Hay fever. J. W. Krutch; D..... 82
 Hays, Arthur Garfield
 Kentucky situation; S..... 619
 Hayti. See Haiti
 Hazlitt, Henry
 Bradford, G., death; S..... 494
 Business depression; world action on; S. 642
 Currency, emergency; S..... 94
 Dollar, devaluation; first article; S. 359; second; S..... 387
 Hey, nonny, nonny. H. H.; D..... 707
 High pressure. M. Marshall; MP..... 267
 Hill, Robert C.
 Seattle; jobless enter politics; S..... 718
 Hill, Robert L.
 Seattle; power system and politics; S.. 253
 Hindenburg, President von. See Germany
 Hindmarsh, A. E.
 War in Manchuria; S..... 10
 Hirsh, Harry
 Defends Gayety theater, Minneapolis; C..... 286; see also E..... 158
 Hitler, Adolph
 Career and methods. K. Radek; S. 462; correction..... 516
 See also Germany; Prussia
 Hoarding. See Currency
 Hoashi, Riichiro
 Chinese-Japanese situation; C..... 652
 Hobson, J. A.
 Great Britain's protective budget; S... 568
 Tariff wins in Great Britain; S..... 393
 Holding companies
 Kreuger, I., and the holding company. S. P. Harman; S..... 373
 Holmes, John Haynes
 Castigated, with S. S. Wise, by Governor Roosevelt on city affairs; EP..... 410

- Contributions in honor of quarter century of pastorate suggested. H. J. Paul; C. 400
- Holmes, Justice Oliver Wendell Retirement; EP. 87
- Honor roll, *The Nation*. See *Nation*, *The*
- Hoover, Herbert Advice to buy now; EP. 409
- Aid from adversaries. P. Y. Anderson; S. 303
- Alarmist statements to senate; EP. 635
- All alone; Ct. 668
- Appointments. P. Y. Anderson; S. 139
- Appointments; narrow range of names; EP. 128
- Books on him. P. Y. Anderson; S. 66
- Business depression; Ct. 715
- Campaign strategy predicted. B. Rogers; C. 196
- Career, strange, book on. J. Gersong and E. Kremers; C. 196
- Chicago republican organization asks him not to run; EP. 381
- Chinese-Japanese situation; ineptitude in dealing with. P. Y. Anderson; S. 190
- Critic, *Organized Farmer*, hampered in use of mails; EP. 269
- Dictatorship in war time advocated by Hoover in 1924; EP. 584
- Finance proposal includes cutting smaller pay most; EP. 479
- Ineptitude in economic crisis. P. Y. Anderson; S. 66
- Insurance, employment, federal; Hoover opposition. P. Y. Anderson; S. 190
- Isolation, economic, of the United States; E. 89
- McFadden attack. P. Y. Anderson; S. 13; see also C. 76; C. 170
- Message to congress on finance; EP. 555
- Optimism, official; E. 185
- Pity Herbert Hoover. O. G. Villard; S. 669
- Presidential possibility. A. Pinchot; S. 336
- Prophet of prosperity. 671
- Public works, misstatements on; EP. 635
- Remedies for business depression; EP. 610
- Remedy for depression. P. Y. Anderson; S. 13
- Renominated; E. 712
- "Selling" president to the public. P. Y. Anderson; S. 251
- Unemployment relief; program; EP. 663
- Unemployment relief; recognizes need at last. P. Y. Anderson; S. 697
- See also Presidential campaign of 1932
- Hopkinson, Leslie W. Income tax, Massachusetts, federal and other states; C. 312; see also February 17, section two
- Horne, George Keeping alien in his place; S. 40
- Hot-cha. J. W. Krutch; D. 351
- Houghton, Alanson B. On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
- House of representatives. See Congress
- Housing And common sense. C. S. Stein; S. 541
- Building industry. D. Haskell; S. 550
- Howell, Basil P. India, terrorism; C. 228; see also E. 33
- Howell, J. C. Third-party movement in Florida; C. 286
- Hungary Default; EP. 85
- Hungry. See Unemployment
- Hunter, Nellie M. What's ahead? C. 170
- Hurley, Secretary Patrick Jay Services of Captain Ginsberg to him. P. Y. Anderson; S. 368
- Speeches; EP. 528
- Use of government airplane for campaign purposes; EP. 528
- I Business called not a public utility by United States supreme court; E. 411
- Idleness; Dt. 19; see also C. 196
- If Booth had missed. J. W. Krutch; D. 238
- If I were dictator Ernst, M. L.; S. 36
- Laski, Harold J.; S. 15
- Villard, Oswald Garrison; S. 67
- Illinois Coal miners. See Coal miners, American
- Riot instructions to national guard; EP. 86
- Immigration. See Aliens
- Income tax Increase should affect 1931 incomes; EP. 1
- India Crisis; Gandhi faced with imprisonment; EP. 2
- Government by ordinance. A. F. Brockway; S. 226
- Imports, falling off; EP. 528
- Irwin and Willingdon, views; EP. 528
- Moslem-Hindu riots; EP. 611
- Repression, British; EP. 86
- Repression, British; Gandhi in prison; E. 60
- Situation; EP. 327
- Situation; setbacks; E. 385
- Terrorism. A. K. Coomarswamy; C. 228
- War follows jailing of Gandhi and Nehru; E. 33; see also C. 228
- War—in India and outside. B. P. Howell; C. 228; see also E. 33
- Will for freedom grows; EP. 500
- Indians Courtship and marriage; E. 456
- Exploitation by federal government; E. 132
- Individual action. H. Coon; C. 196
- Industry Reconstruction finance corporation; E. 131
- Infantile paralysis (poliomyelitis) Germ isolated; EP. 31
- Inflation. See Currency
- Inflation of credit. S. P. Harman; S. 48
- Information for consumer. F. J. Schlink; C. 312; see also February 17, section two
- Injunctions Norris anti-injunction bill wins in congress; EP. 326
- Norris-La Guardia bill introduced; EP. 269
- Inouye, Junnosuke Assassination; EP. 213
- Insult system Financing and collapse; EP. 584; see also 704
- Insurance, unemployment American federation of labor ends opposition to government relief; EP. 30
- Dole or insurance? W. M. Leiserson; S. 193
- Hoover opposition to federal relief. P. Y. Anderson; S. 190
- Limitations and promise. L. Wolman; S. 508
- Wisconsin shows the way; EP. 183
- Workers' demands. F. Morrow; S. 222
- Intercollegiate disarmament council Vote for peace; E. 91
- International chamber of commerce American committee; statement on war debts; EP. 325
- International finance. See Finance, international
- Internationalism. H. Steichmann; C. 545
- Interstate commerce commission Decision on loans by Reconstruction finance corporation; EP. 381
- Inukai, Premier Assassination; EP. 583
- Investments, American, abroad Affected by foreign exchange market. S. P. Harman; S. 75
- See also Loans, foreign
- Irish free state Controversy with Great Britain over allegiance oath and land annuities; EP. 382
- De Valera wins election; EP. 243
- Liberty in. R. Reinhart; IS. 239
- Iron. See Steel and iron
- Irwin, Lord Views on India; EP. 528
- Italy Statement of international policy; EP. 451
- J James, Henry; calm within the cyclone. C. H. Grattan; S. 201
- Japan Assassinations; EP. 213
- Chinese-Japanese relations. See Chinese-Japanese relations
- Economic insecurity. J. Barnes; S. 249
- Fascism; E. 613
- Friction with Russia in far east; EP. 480
- Government turning from occidental ideas; EP. 354
- Militarism, reaction against; EP. 583
- Opposition, political; E. 189
- War with Russia not probable; EP. 665
- Jaques-Dalcroze, Emile; work. A. Mendel; M. 210
- Jennings, Leslie Jennings Dispossessed; P. 76
- Machinal; P. 344
- Summation; P. 518
- Jewel robbery, the. J. W. Krutch; D. 151
- Jewels Found by C. Kane; he gets reward; EP. 271
- Jews Polish, crisis. B. Smolar; S. 99
- Russian; and five-year plan. L. Fischer; S. 597
- Russian; home at Biro-Bidjan. W. Zukerman; S. 540
- Johnson, Gerald W. Ritchie, A. C.; S. 278
- Johnson, Senator Hiram W. For president. P. Y. Anderson; S. 139
- For recognition of Russia. 566
- Johnson, Oakley Starvation and "reds" in Kentucky; S. 141; correction, C. 229
- Jonas, E. A. Kentucky, views on; C. 571
- Jones, Orphan. See Lee, E.
- Journalists. See Newspapers
- Jugoslavia Default, on the brink; EP. 85
- Juvenile delinquency "Lost boy," play. E. Robin; C. 115
- K Kane, Charles Finds jewels, gets reward; EP. 271
- Kaufman, George S. Jimmy the well-dressed man; S. 676
- Keen, Doctor William W. Death; EP. 693
- Kelley, Florence; death; EP. 243
- Kelley, William D., views quoted. A. G. Barnett; C. 20
- Kent, Frank R. Coolidge, C., presidential possibility; S. 309
- Kentucky coal miners. See Coal miners, American
- Kershner, Frederick D. On discoverer of duprene; C. 116
- Kidnapping. See Lindbergh, C. A.
- Kincaid, Robert L. Kentucky, views on; C. 571
- Kirchner, Carl F. Disagrees with views of *The Nation*; C. 20; see also C. 259
- Kitchell, Richard Boycott of Japan; C. 399; see also E. 273
- Klein, Nicholas Cincinnati method of dealing with business depression; C. 75
- Knopf, Doctor S. Adolphus Birth control and disease; S. 109
- Kohn, Doctor M. E. Birth control; Dr. W. J. Robinson an early advocate; C. 195
- Kremers, Edward Hoover, President, strange career; book on; C. 196
- Kreuger, Ivar Death, and the holding company. S. P. Harman; S. 373
- Rise and fall. M. Winkler; S. 589
- Suicide; EP. 327
- Krutch, Joseph Wood Another language; D. 580
- Berlin; D. 82
- Black tower, the; D. 124
- Blessed event; D. 266
- Bridal wise; D. 707
- Burlesque; S. 647
- Catholic theater movement, "white list"; D. 633
- Child of Manhattan; D. 351
- Critic's dilemma, the. II. The jest and the ear; S. 16
- III. Pure criticism; S. 430
- Devil passes, the; D. 124
- Distant drums; D. 177
- Drama as a social force; S. 467
- Dramatic criticism, philosophical; D. 407
- East of Broadway; D. 210
- Face the music; D. 294
- Fatal alibi, the; D. 266
- Fata Morgana; D. 84
- Foreign affairs; D. 525
- Hay fever; D. 82
- Hot-cha; D. 351
- If Booth had missed; D. 238
- Jewel robbery, the; D. 151
- Lancashire lass, the; D. 82
- Life begins; D. 443
- Marriage of Cana, the; D. 238
- Merry-go-round; D. 552
- Models and paintings, stage, exhibition; S. 526
- Monkey; D. 266
- Moon in the yellow river, the; D. 319
- Mourning becomes Electra; D. 210
- Mr. Papavert; D. 177
- Never no more; D. 124
- Night over Taos; D. 378
- Pessimism in R. Sherwood's preface to Reunion in Vienna; S. 608
- Plays, best, and best performances; D. 707
- Plays, worth-while, at the new year; D. 28
- Robin Hood; D. 210
- Strachey, L.; career; S. 199
- There's always Juliet; D. 266
- Thousand summers, a; D. 688
- Too true to be good; D. 477
- Troilus and Cressida; D. 734
- Truth about Blayds, the; D. 497
- Warrior's husband, the; D. 378
- Whistling in the dark; D. 151
- Wild waves; D. 294
- L Labor Railroad workers accept pay reduction; EP. 154
- Turns to politics. E. Levinson; S. 648
- Wages, high and low, and prices; EP. 59
- Lady with a past. M. Marshall; MP. 320
- La Follette, Governor Philip F. On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7

M

- La Follette, Senator Robert Marion
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931.... 7
La Follette-Costigan bill. See Unemployment
La Guardia, Fiorello H.
Anti-injunction bill introduced; EP.... 269
Lake, Doctor George B.
Spiritual aspect of birth control; S.... 110
"Lame duck session." See Congress
La Motte, Ellen
"Limiting" drug manufacture; S.... 418
Lancashire lass, the. J. W. Krutch; D.... 82
Lancaster, Pennsylvania
Nation readers asked to meet; J.
Weaver; C.... 516
Lanier, Mrs. Harriet
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931.... 7
Laski, Harold J.
If I were dictator; S.... 15
Lathrop, Julia Clifford
Death; EP.... 481
Latin America
American loans; 93
Laundry industry
Government interest in. F. J. Schlink; S. 620
Lausanne conference. See War debts and
reparations
Lawrence, Massachusetts. See Strikes—Tex-
tile mills, Massachusetts
Leadership
Wanted; E.... 482
Young, Owen D., views; EP.... 663
League for independent political action
Presidential plan, four-year, 1932-36, sec-
tion two, issue of February 17; also
E.... 185; C.... 312, 313, 493, 545
League for industrial democracy
Student conference. A. M. Allen; C 47;
see also C.... 144
League of nations
Chinese-Japanese relations. See Chinese-
Japanese relations
Roosevelt, Franklin Delano, joins oppo-
nents; EP.... 162
Lechlitner, Ruth
Song for Robert Herrick; P.... 575
Lee, Euel (Orphan Jones)
Trial; EP.... 129
Lefkowitz, Abraham
Mooney meeting called; C.... 115
Lehmann, Frederick W.
Report on banks' right to deal in securi-
ties was buried in 1910. P. Y. Ander-
son; S.... 595
Leiserson, William M.
Dole or insurance? S.... 193
Leserman, Lester A.
Asks Chicago readers to get together;
C.... 21
Letty Lynton. M. Marshall; MP.... 607
Levinson, Edward
Labor turns to politics; S.... 648
Levy, I. M.
Azaña, Premier, on Spanish policy; S.. 18
Liebeskommando. M. Marshall; MP.... 607
Lied ist aus, das. M. Marshall; MP.... 267
Life begins. J. W. Krutch; D.... 443
Light, electric. See Power and power in-
dustry
Lincoln, Abraham
On self-government. J. Ellis; C.... 20
Lindbergh, Charles Augustus
Kidnapping of child; Dt. 311; E, 301;
E.... 329
Newspaper treatment of kidnapping and
murder of child; EP.... 585
Literature
American, new canon. C. Van Doren;
S.... 429
Lithuania. See Memel
Living, artificial; E.... 34
Loans, foreign
Controlling. M. L. Ernst; S.... 168
State department action. P. Y. Ander-
son; S.... 66; see also E.... 61; EP.. 128
See also Latin America
Long, C. R.
Boycott advocated, in dealing with Chi-
nese-Japanese situation; C.... 342
Prohibition, views on; C.... 626
Los Angeles, California
Deportation from; Dt.... 169
"Red squad," activities; EP.... 2
Los Angeles Record
Wins victory in contempt case; EP.... 711
Lost boy, play, on juvenile delinquency. E.
Robin; C.... 115
Lovers courageous. M. Marshall; MP.... 320
Lowe, Robert Liddell
Kings bow their heads; P.... 431
Lozowick, Louis
Gropfer, William; A.... 176
Lucas, Bob, master-mind. P. Y. Anderson;
S.... 66
Lynchings
Maryland; follows routine; EP.... 383
Maryland; newspaper protests; EP.... 453
Negroes not always lynched. P. Blan-
shard; S.... 42
- MacDonald, Vesta, and R. P. Utter, junior
Youth, plea to, for averting war; C.... 342
McFadden, Representative Louis T.
Attack — Hoover. P. Y. Anderson;
S.... 13; see also C.... 75; C.... 170
Mackintosh, Kenneth
Appointment to United States circuit
court of appeals; EP.... 213
Record; action in Centralia case; EP.. 127
McMaster, John Bach
Death; EP.... 637
Magazines. See Censorship, magazines
Mallon, Guy
Relief without taxation; S.... 645
Man I killed, the. M. Marshall; MP.... 212
Man who played God, the. M. Marshall; MP 267
Manchester Guardian
Scott, C. P., death; E.... 31
Manchuria. See Chinese-Japanese relations
Marin
Essay on. P. Rosenfeld; A.... 122
Marion, North Carolina. See Strikes—Tex-
tile mills, southern
Marriage and divorce; Dt.... 227
Marriage of Cana, the. J. W. Krutch; D.. 238
Marshall, Harford T.
Praises A. Pinchot article, in December
16, 1931, issue, on unemployment re-
lief, 1931 style; C.... 47
Marshall, Margaret
A nous la liberté; MP.... 659
Arsène Lupin; MP.... 320
Beast of the city, the; MP.... 380
Blonde captive, the; MP.... 320
But the flesh is weak; MP.... 353
City of song; MP.... 607
Crowd roars, the; MP.... 444
Cry of the world; MP.... 607
Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; MP.... 82
Films based on plays; S.... 28
Grand hotel; MP.... 498
High pressure; MP.... 267
Lady with a past; MP.... 320
Letty Lynton; MP.... 607
Liebeskommando; MP.... 607
Lied ist aus, das; MP.... 267
Lovers courageous; MP.... 320
Man I killed, the; MP.... 211
Man who played God, the; MP.... 267
Mata Hari; MP.... 82
Mouthpiece; MP.... 553
One hour with you; MP.... 444
Passionate plumber, the; MP.... 380
Road to life, the; MP.... 212
Shanghai express; MP.... 267
Siberian patrol; MP.... 607
Sky devils; MP.... 380
Spider and the fly, the; MP.... 380
Taxi; MP.... 150
Tempest; MP.... 378
This is the night; MP.... 553
Trapeze; MP.... 607
Zwei menschen; MP.... 82
Martin, Anne
Peace caravan; C.... 116
Massie case
Defendants convicted; get one-hour sen-
tences; E.... 559; see also C.... 727
Manslaughter verdict not liked in Wash-
ington; EP.. 527; see also C.... 727
Murder case, Hawaiian islands; EP. 57;
E.... 90; EP.... 155
Mata Hari. M. Marshall; MP.... 82
Maxey, Justice George W.
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931.... 7
Means, Gaston B.
Sentenced for grand larceny in Lind-
bergh case; career; EP.... 711
Meat packers
Consent decree, supreme court action on;
dealers must confine business to meats;
EP.... 556
Mellon, Andrew William
Appointment as ambassador to court of
Saint James; EP.... 182
Neglected. P. Y. Anderson; S.... 66
Transfer to London. P. Y. Anderson; S. 190
Memel
Coup d'état by Lithuania; EP.... 183
Mencken, Henry L.
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931.. 7;
correction; C.... 74
Mendel, Arthur
American music; M.... 524
Artists, musical; M.... 149
Beecham, Sir Thomas, conducting; M.. 475
Cohen, Harriet; M.... 81
Composer, American; M.... 578
Criticism, musical; M.... 318
Cumpson, Harry; M.... 81
Handel, presentation; M.... 475
Harris, Roy; music; M.... 26
Jaques, Emile (Dalcroze); work; M.... 210
Pelléas et Mélisande; M.... 377
Program making; M.... 377
Russian opera company; M.... 475
Menus. See Food
Merry widow, the. D. B.; D.... 294
- Merry-go-round. J. W. Krutch; D.... 552
See also New York city
Methodist episcopal church
General conference resolutions; EP.... 637
Milburn, George
Murray, W. H.; S.... 391
Militarism
Army and navy power in Washington;
EP.... 692
Reserves, trained. R. Bradley.. C. 286;
see also 137
Mills, Secretary Ogden Livingston
Comments on house revenue bill; EP.. 451
Defends concentration of wealth; S.... 489
Disparages federal unemployment relief,
in figures on balancing budget; E.... 665
Speeches; EP.... 528
Milwaukee
Family welfare association relief plan. P.
Salsberry; C.. 196; see also Dt.... 19
Finances in good order; EP.... 87
Governmental plan of socialists. L. F.
Cross; S.... 537
"Mind," American. See Americans
Miners, coal. See Coal miners
Ministers (religious). See Churches
Minneapolis morals; E.. 158; see also C.... 286
Minnesota
Congress, elections to, must be at large.
P. Y. Anderson; S.... 489
Missouri, Pacific railroad
Loan by Reconstruction finance corpora-
tion approved; EP.... 381
Loan scandal. P. Y. Anderson; S.... 420
Mobs. See Repression
Moderation, madness of. F. H. Foote; C. 229
Monaghan, John
Birth control; C.... 195
Money. See Currency
Monkey. J. W. Krutch; D.... 266
Montana
Power companies' evasion of just taxes
fought by *Western Progressive*; EP.. 481
Monte Carlo madness. A. Bakshy; MP.. 708
Monuments; Dt.... 285
Moon in the yellow river, the. J. W.
Krutch; D.... 319
Mooney, Thomas J.
Meeting called. A. Lefkowitz; C.... 115
Rolph refuses to pardon him; EP.... 500
Morrow, Felix
Cox's army; C.... 144
Workers' demands; S.... 222
Morvillo, Doctor Giuseppe
Letter to "Mr. Willard"; C.... 144
Most, Amicus
Rumanian communists in jail; IS.... 322
Motion pictures. See Moving pictures
Mourning becomes Electra. J. W. Krutch;
D.... 210
Mouthpiece. M. Marshall; MP.... 553
Moving pictures
Better movies, move for. K. White; C. 286
Films based on plays. M. Marshall; S.. 28
Hollywood tries "ideas"; 708
Sexuality in advertisements; E.... 714
Mr. Papavert. J. W. Krutch; D.... 177
Mummiani, Vincent
Commissioner Mulrooney denies use of
"third degree"; EP.... 215
Munch, Peter
Danish disarmament and neutrals; IS.. 296
Munitions, war
Profits in blood; E.... 713
Murphy, Doctor G. M.
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931.... 7
Murphy, J. Edwin
On placing of Baltimore *Evening News*
on *The Nation's* honor roll; C.... 74
Murphy, M. Farmer
Geneva conference; Japanese-Chinese
question; S.... 425
League of nations and Chinese-Japanese
situation; S.... 340
Murphy, William C., junior
Presidential possibilities. W. E. Borah; S. 247
Murray, Governor William Henry
Presidential possibility. G. Milburn; S. 391
"Voluntary" contributions to his cam-
paign; C.... 652
Music
American. A. Mendel; M.... 524
Artists, musical. A. Mendel; M.... 149
Composer, American. A. Mendel; M.. 578
Musicians
Unemployment; EP.... 129
Mussey, Henry Raymond
Germany, patient; S.... 64
Russia's new religion; S.... 511
Muste, A. J.
Lawrence strikers, aid for; C.... 74
Mystery expresses; Dt.... 727
- N
Nation, The
Albany meeting; O. G. Villard to speak.
H. P. Winchester; C.... 372
Albany meeting; postponed; C.... 400

- Berkeley, California, readers' study group; C..... 545
 Birth control issue, January 27
 Brooklyn readers asked to form discussion group. S. Firstenberg; C..... 343
 Chicago readers asked to form group. L. A. Leserman; C..... 21
 Disagreement with views by correspondent. C. F. Kirchner; C...20; see also C..... 259
 Honor roll for 1931....7; see also C... 116
 Hudson county, New Jersey, readers asked to meet. J. O. Grundy; C.... 704
 Lancaster, Pennsylvania, readers asked to meet. J. Weaver; C..... 516
 Letter to "Mr. Willard." G. Morvillo; C..... 144
 Long Island readers asked to meet. J. Bram; C..... 116
 Nation clubs suggested by a subscriber of sixty-seven years' standing. J. T. Sunderland; C..... 259
 Praise from subscriber. A. T. Rogers; C. 21
 San Francisco readers to meet. S. Greenberg; C..... 170
 Will support N. Thomas for presidency; EP..... 610
 National banks. See Banks
 National commission on law enforcement and observance (Wickersham commission)
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931 7
 National credit corporation
 Failure. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 13
 National economic league
 Problems, permanent, of economic depression, ballot on; EP..... 585
 Straw vote on economic conditions; EP. 58
 National socialists. See Germany
 Nationalism, American. See United States
 Nationalism, economic; EP..... 155
 Navy, United States
 Strong navy urged by Secretary Adams; EP..... 58
 Nazimova, Alla
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931.... 7
 Nearing the abyss; E..... 130
 Negroes
 Alabama boys' case. See Negroes—
 Scottsboro
 Children, in New York; E..... 588
 Lynchings. See Lynchings
 Scottsboro, Alabama, case; contributions for defense asked. J. R. Brodsky; C.. 601
 Scottsboro case; quarrel in defense forces; E..... 61
 Scottsboro case; state supreme court upholds conviction; EP..... 383
 Scottsboro case; state supreme court denies rehearing; EP..... 453
 Scottsboro case; United States supreme court to review case; EP..... 664
 Texas disfranchisement law declared unconstitutional; EP..... 556
 Nehru, Jawaharlal. See India
 Nerves
 Growth, discovery of; EP..... 31
 Never no more. J. W. Krutch; D..... 124
 "New Maryland." See Frankfort
 New York city
 Corruption disclosed by Seabury report; EP..... 127
 Demand for removal of Mayor Walker sent to Governor Roosevelt; EP..... 692
 Investigation; open letter to Samuel Seabury; E..... 32
 Jimmy, the well-dressed man. G. S. Kaufman; S..... 676
 Play, Merry-go-round, satirizing government, has difficulties; E..... 559
 Politics; J. H. Holmes and S. S. Wise castigated by Governor Roosevelt; EP. 410
 Tammany hall rule scored by Seabury; EP..... 270
 Unemployment relief funds running low; EP..... 452
 Visit to, on one hundred dollars; Dt.. 544
 Walker financial transactions under fire; EP..... 611
 New York telephone company
 Charges for "French" instruments to be maintained; EP..... 710
 Charity charged to operating expenses; stockholders do not control company; EP..... 452
 New York Times
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931.... 7
 Policy; EP..... 31
 New York World
 Nice story; about A. Sandoval. P. Sifton; S..... 44
 New Zealand
 Situation. M. T. Greene; S..... 675
 Unemployment and other troubles; EP.. 636
 News reels; Dt..... 677
 Newspapers
 Financial writers, "tips" to. P. Y. Anderson; S..538; see also EP..... 528
 Lindbergh case, treatment of; EP..... 585
 Los Angeles *Record* wins in contempt case; EP..... 711
 Pictures, double use of; EP..... 299
 Salary reductions. P. Y. Anderson; S.. 539
 Nicaragua
 Elections; hands off. C. A. Thomson; C. 46
 Nieuwlands, J. A.
 Real discoverer of duprene. F. D. Kershner; C..... 116
 Night over Taos. J. W. Krutch; D..... 378
 Nineteen thirty-two
 Challenge of; E..... 4
 Norris bill. See Injunctions
 Norris, Clark T.
 Banks and bonds; C..... 47
 Norris, Senator George William
 Anti-injunction bill introduced; EP.... 269
 Nourse, E. G.
 Can American farm be saved? S..... 460
 Novak, Sonia Ruthele
 Too much learning; P..... 628
 O
 Occupations; Dt..... 114
 Ocean travel; Dt..... 258
 Of thee I sing. H. H.; D..... 54
 Ohio
 Ministers' views on pacifism and unemployment; E..... 158
 Old-age pensions
 Connery bill reported; EP..... 215
 "Olive branch petition," sale of; EP..... 155
 Olson, Governor Floyd
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931.... 7
 One hour with you. M. Marshall; MP.... 444
 O'Neill, Eugene
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931.... 7
 Opera
 American, future of. W. Sergeant; S.. 389
 Organized Farmer
 Hampered in use of mails for criticism of Hoover; EP..... 269
 Oulahan, Richard V.
 Death; EP..... 31
 Overpopulation. See Birth control.
 Owens, Hamilton
 On placing of Baltimore *Evening News* on *The Nation's* honor roll; C..... 74
 Ownership, government
 Public and private ownership. A. Barber; C.....259; see also C..... 20
 P
 Pacifism
 Alien pacifist may not become American citizen; EP..... 154
 At university of Southern California; C. 313
 Freedom of speech upheld in Detroit; EP. 3
 Lesson for candidates in action of Ohio ministers; E..... 158
 Rochester, New York, judge subjects girls to mental examination; EP..... 480
 Packers. See Meat packers
 Painters. See Artists
 Parents and children; E..... 504
 Parshley, H. M.
 Eugenics, 1932; S..... 569
 Pasadena, California, lights its own. W. Sidney; S..... 72
 Passionate plumber, the. M. Marshall; MP. 380
 Paul, Hugo Jaures
 Contributions for J. H. Holmes suggested; C..... 400
 Peace
 Clergymen and peace. J. Tractenberg; C. 399
 Enforcement; EP..... 556
 Non-intercourse as a means of preservation. E. Clark; C, with editorial comment 702
 Sharp, D. L., views on war and peace. G. H. Sharp; C..... 651
 Youth works for peace; E..... 91
 Peace caravan. See Armament limitation
 Pelléas et Mélisande. A. Mendel; M..... 377
 Pensions, old-age. See Old-age pensions
 Peru
 Loans, American 93
 Peterson, Willie
 Story of. P. Blanshard; S..... 42
 Pettingill, Robert B.
 Prohibition, views on; C..... 626
 Phifer, Lyndon B.
 Prohibition, views on; C..... 626
 Philadelphia
 Mass misery. M. A. Hallgren; S..... 275
 Philippine Islands
 Independence; bill passed by house; EP. 409
 Independence; house votes for it; E.... 454
 Independence; limited; EP..... 299
 Photographs, war. See European war
 Pinchot, Amos
 Commends Villard article on N. D. Baker; C..... 516
 Hoover, presidential possibility; S..... 336
 Unemployment relief article, in December 16, 1931, issue, praised. H. T. Marshall; C..... 47
 Pinchot, Cornelia Bryce
 Makes a correction concerning congressional campaign; C.....75; see also C..... 170
 Pittman, Senator Key
 For recognition of Russia..... 566
 Pius XI, Pope
 Birth control, position on; S..... 102
 Plays. See Theater, the
 Plunkett, Sir Horace; death; EP..... 383
 Poems
 Antique evening. L. Riggs..... 401
 Bar of shade. M. de L. Welch..... 471
 Blue-stemmed grass. T. H. Ferril..... 494
 Bore, the. M. Van Doren..... 76
 Dispossessed. L. N. Jennings..... 76
 Harbor, the. L. Riggs..... 288
 I taught the angel. H. S. White..... 49
 Inheritance. F. M. Frost..... 654
 Kings bow their heads. R. L. Lowe..... 431
 Light will be wisdom. H. S. White..... 603
 Lullaby for Jonathan. F. M. Frost.... 294
 Machinal. L. N. Jennings..... 344
 O quietly the earth is spun. H. S. White..... 681
 Of two eternities. I. Schneider..... 140
 Poem for Jonathan. F. M. Frost..... 374
 Poem for my daughter. H. Gregory.... 146
 Poem for my daughter. II. H. Gregory 200
 Potential Christ. E. Eisenberg..... 705
 So long it has for echoing. E. L. Walton..... 231
 Song for Robert Herrick. R. Lechlitter 575
 Summation. L. N. Jennings..... 518
 Sunrise. F. M. Frost..... 22
 Third decade, the. H. Gregory..... 729
 This nonchalant pause of earth. F. K. Frank..... 117
 To a friend who fears revolution. B. Deutsch..... 549
 Too much learning. S. R. Novak..... 628
 Unnatural love. A. Tate..... 314
 Veronal for November. C. Calkins..... 680
 Windherd. I. Schneider..... 261
 Winter: 1932. J. Rorty..... 172
 Poetry
 What is a poet? M. Van Doren; S.... 624
 Poland
 Jews. See Jews
 Pilsudski tyranny; EP..... 86
 Ukraine. See Ukraine
 Police
 "Third degree"; Pennsylvania editor's fight against; E..... 357
 "Third degree"; use in Mummiani case denied by Commissioner Mulrooney; EP..... 215
 Police Gazette; suspension threatened; EP... 215
 Poliomyelitis. See Infantile paralysis
 Politics
 Too "dirty" for college men; E..... 483
 Pope. See Pius XI, Pope
 Population. See Birth control
 Porter, Paul
 League for industrial conference, student conference; C....144; see also C.... 47
 Postal savings. See Banks
 Postmasters
 Demand that they support Hoover; EP.. 584
 Pound, Cuthbert W.
 Appointment as chief judge of New York state court of appeals; EP..... 326
 Power and power industry
 Electric light too dear; E..... 713
 Montana companies' evasion of just taxes fought by *Western Progressive*; EP..... 481
 Pasadena, California, municipal plant. W. Sidney; S..... 72
 Planning for power. M. L. Cooke; S.. 621
 Roosevelt, F. D., record; EP..... 353
 Seattle, power and politics in. R. L. Hill; S..... 253
 Presbyterian church
 General council scores "Christless culture"; E..... 693
 Presidential campaign of 1932
 Byrd, H. F., for president. R. Flanagan; C..... 703
 California Democratic primary; Roosevelt defeat; EP..... 555
 Conventions, moronic. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 697
 Democratic possibilities; EP..... 85
 Democratic vote heavy in primaries; EP. 479
 Hoover asked not to run by Chicago Republican organization; EP..... 381
 Hoover campaign strategy predicted. B. Rogers; C..... 196
 Hoover losses in primaries; EP..... 353
 Hoover renominated; E..... 712
 Hurley, Secretary, uses government airplane for campaign purposes; EP..... 528
 Johnson, H. W., for president. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 139
 Presidential possibilities. I. Borah, W. E., by W. C. Murphy, Jr.; S..... 247
 II. Ritchie, A. C., by G. W. Johnson; S..... 278
 III. Coolidge, C., by F. R. Kent; S.... 309
 IV. Hoover, H., by A. Pinchot; S.... 336
 V. Thomas, N., by D. Allen; S..... 365
 VI. Murray, W. H., by H. G. Milburn; S..... 391

- VII. Baker, N. D., by O. G. Villard; S....414; see also C..... 516
- VIII. Garner, J. N., by P. Y. Anderson; S..... 465
- IX. Roosevelt, F. D., by H. F. Pringle; S..... 487
- Prohibition issue at Republican national convention; EP..... 691
- Republican candidacies; EP..... 29
- Republican convention. M. A. Hallgren; S..... 716
- Ritchie, A. C., for president. C. S. Bloede; C..... 703
- Roosevelt, F. D., and Smith battle for delegates; EP..... 326
- Roosevelt, F. D., candidacy; EP..... 527
- Roosevelt, F. D., candidacy. O. G. V.; S..... 612
- Roosevelt, F. D.; character and career; M. A. Hallgren; S..... 616
- Roosevelt, F. D. defeat in California primary; EP..... 555
- Roosevelt, F. D., open letter to O. G. Villard; S..... 532
- Roosevelt, F. D.; gains in primaries; EP 353
- Roosevelt, F. D., presidential possibility. H. F. Pringle S..... 487
- Smith, A. E.; Scripps-Howard newspapers for him; EP..... 691
- Smith, A. E. willing to accept nomination; EP..... 182
- Young, O. D., and Democratic nomination. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 595
- Presidential plan, 1932-36
- League for independent political action, Section two, issue of February 17; see also E....185; C....312, 313, C....493, 545
- Prices
- Commodity prices, slump of. S. P. Harman; S..... 230
- Goldsbrough bill for fixing prices; EP. 610
- Goldsbrough bill passed by house EP... 556
- Rise, attempted, by purchase of government securities by federal reserve banks; EP..... 499
- Wages and prices; EP..... 499
- Pringle, Henry F.
- Roosevelt, Franklin D.; S..... 487
- Professors. See Colleges and universities
- Program making. A. Mendel; M..... 377
- Progressives
- Florida movement. J. C. Howell; C.... 286
- Prohibition
- Beck-Linthicum resolution, for state control; EP..... 298
- Congress vote on repeal; EP..... 325
- In politics. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 303
- Loses supporters, including J. D. Rockefeller, junior; EP..... 692
- Repeal, no alternative to; E....502; see also C..... 626
- Views on; C..... 626
- See also Presidential campaign of 1932
- Prosperity, note on; E..... 6
- Protection. See Tariff, United States
- Prussia
- Election; Hitler chance of success; E... 455
- Hitler victory; E..... 501
- Public ownership. See Ownership, government
- Public utilities
- Financing, pyramiding shown by Insull collapse; EP....584; see also..... 704
- Ice business called not a public utility by United States supreme court E..... 411
- Kitchie, A. C., record. S. Danziger; C. 427
- Public works
- Hoover misstatements; EP..... 635
- Relief from business depression without taxation. G. Mallon; S..... 645
- Publishing. See Books
- Pulitzer awards
- For 1931; EP..... 529
- Pusey, Doctor William Allen
- Birth control and sex morality; S..... 111
- Putnam, Amelia Earhart
- Transatlantic flight; EP..... 611
- R
- Radek, Karl
- Hitler, A.; S....463; correction..... 516
- Radio
- Canada, public ownership; EP..... 636
- Educational broadcasting; Fess bill. J. Rorty; S..... 280
- "Free air." J. Rorty; S..... 280
- Radio corporation of America
- Stock, gambling in; EP..... 609
- Suit for dissolution finally pressed; P. Y. Anderson; S..... 368
- Railroads
- Deficits. S. P. Harman; S..... 728
- Future of. W. M. Daniels; S..... 699
- Legislation. S. P. Harman; S..... 602
- Loans to. See Reconstruction finance corporation
- Union action in unemployment situation; EP..... 583
- Wages. See Labor
- Rainey, Representative Henry T.
- For recognition of Russia..... 566
- Rankin, John Stuart
- Youth and war; C....469; see also C.. 342
- Raskob, John J.
- Gambling in Radio corporation of America stock; EP..... 609
- Ratcliffe, S. K.
- Geddes, P., death; S..... 513
- Rauschenbush, Winifred
- Bread, bakers'; costly and tasteless; S.. 164
- Reconstruction finance corporation
- Appointments; EP..... 154
- Creation and powers; EP..... 57
- Doles for industry; E..... 131
- Hoover remedy for depression. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 13
- Railroads, loans to; EP..... 409
- Railroad, loan to; scandal in. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 420
- Railroads, loans to; Interstate commerce commission decision on; EP... 381
- Railroads, loans to; plan to lend government funds to roads. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 13
- Secrecy of loans. P. Y. Anderson; S.. 251
- "Reconstruction," financial. S. P. Harman; S..... 313
- Record, George L.
- Missing plank in presidential plan, 1932-1936; C....313; see also February 17, section two
- Rediscount rate
- Cut by Federal reserve; EP..... 270
- "Reds." See Communists
- Regulation of business. See Business
- Reinhart, Robert
- Irish Free State, liberty in; IS..... 239
- Reparations. See War debts and reparations
- Representatives, house of. See Congress
- Repression
- Riot duty directions to Illinois national guard; EP..... 86
- Republican party
- "Contributions" by party officials and employees. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 368
- See also Presidential campaign of 1932
- Reunion in Vienna; pessimism in preface by R. Sherwood. J. W. Krutch; S..... 608
- Revenue bill. See Taxation, United States
- Revolution, guiding. A. M. Allen; C....47; see also C..... 144
- Revolution, speaking of. See Van Loon, H. W.
- Riddle me this! D. V. D.; D..... 319
- Riggs, Lynn
- Antique evening; P..... 401
- Harbor, the; P..... 288
- Riot duty. See Repression
- Ritchie, Governor Albert Cabell
- For president. C. S. Bloede; C..... 703
- Presidential possibility. G. W. Johnson; S..... 278
- Record on public utilities. S. Danziger; C..... 427
- Road to life, the. M. Marshall; MP..... 212
- Robin, Eva
- Lost boy, play, on juvenile delinquency; C..... 115
- Robin Hood. J. W. Krutch; D..... 210
- Robinson, Senator Joseph Taylor
- Favors recognition of soviet Russia; EP....499; see also..... 566
- Robinson, Doctor William J., early birth-control advocate; C..... 195
- Rochester, New York
- Pacifist girls forced to undergo mental examination by Judge A. L. Wilder; EP..... 480
- Rockefeller, John Davison, junior
- Recants support of prohibition; EP.... 692
- Rogers, Alfred T.
- Praises *The Nation*; C..... 21
- Rogers, Bruce
- Hoover campaign strategy predicted; C. 196
- Rogers, Lindsay
- French logic versus customs union; IS.. 179
- Rogers, William N. See Congress
- Rolland, Romain
- Meets Mahatma Gandhi.....167; see also C..... 259
- Roosevelt, Governor Franklin Delano
- Castigates J. H. Holmes and S. S. Wise on city affairs; EP..... 410
- Character and career. M. A. Hallgren; S..... 616
- Hermit of Albany; Ct..... 615
- Message, annual, to legislature; EP... 57
- Open letter to O. G. Villard; S..... 532
- Power, record on; EP..... 353
- Problems; E..... 273
- Saint Paul speech; views on control of government by special interests; EP.. 499
- Tariff, views on; EP..... 451
- Views on League of nations, war debts and tariff; EP..... 182
- See also Presidential campaign of 1932
- Rorty, James
- Radio, educational broadcasting; S..... 280
- Winter; 1932; P..... 172
- Rosenfeld, Paul
- Stettheimer, F.; paintings; A..... 522
- Stieglitz, photography; A..... 350
- Surrealism*; A..... 236
- Rosenwald, Julius
- Death; EP..... 59
- Rusk, George Yeisley
- Asks for books for Commonwealth college; C..... 21
- Russell, Bertrand
- Friendly words from; C..... 144
- Russia
- Baku, conditions and opinions. L. Fischer; S..... 134
- Beliefs about. L. Fischer; S..... 331
- Communes, agricultural; pioneers among the soviets. H. F. Ward; S..... 696
- Communists in jail. A. Most; IS..... 322
- Freedom. M. F. Gutelius; C..... 47
- Friction with Japan in far east; EP... 480
- If the soviets should fail. L. Fischer; S....219; see also C..... 342
- Jews, home for, at Biro-Bidjan. W. Zukerman; S..... 540
- Jews and the five-year plan. L. Fischer; S..... 597
- Jobs there wanted by college students. V. Bucher and R. Bloss; C..... 539
- Recognition, administration edging toward. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 539
- Recognition; benighted diplomacy. F. L. Schuman; S..... 563
- Recognition; business men's views. J. Davis; S..... 567
- Recognition; by United States; E..... 558
- Recognition; cultural; S..... 565
- Recognition; favored by Senator J. T. Robinson; EP..... 499
- Recognition; senators' views..... 566
- Religion, new. H. R. Mussey; S..... 511
- Society for voluntary technical aid, volunteers asked. P. Chusid; C..... 728
- Trade with; Ct..... 560
- Trade with. M. A. Hallgren; S..... 561
- Trade with; loss to America; E..... 357
- Wage increase. L. Fischer; S..... 8
- War with Japan not probable; EP..... 665
- Russian opera company. A. Mendel; M... 475
- Ryskind, Morrie
- Diary of an ex-president, the book, extracts from; S..... 594
- S
- Sabloff, Janet
- On Chinese-Japanese situation; C..... 342
- Sacco-Vanzetti, passion of. W. Gutman; A. 475
- Saint John the Divine, cathedral of
- Loses bequest; EP..... 665
- Salaries, federal
- Cuts, proposed; EP..... 354
- Sales tax. See Taxation, United States
- Salsberry, Pearl
- Family welfare association, Milwaukee, work relief plan; C....196; see also Dt..... 19
- Sanborn, Walter L.
- Fight against "third degree"; E..... 357
- Sandoval, Arturo; his story. P. Sifton; S.. 44
- Sanger, Mrs. Margaret
- Birth control, pope's position on; S.... 102
- Receives gold medal of American woman's association; EP..... 500
- See also Birth control
- Sapiro, Aaron
- On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931.... 7
- Sauerwein, Jules
- Alarmist on European situation; EP.... 664
- Savings, postal. See Banks
- Schamberg, Doctor Jay F.
- Birth control; C..... 196
- Schlink, F. J.
- Consumer, information for; C..312; see also February 17, section two
- Laundry industry, government interest in; S..... 620
- Schneider, Isidor
- Of two eternities; P..... 140
- Windherd; P..... 261
- Schools
- New York; overcrowding threatened; C. 600
- Schuman, Frederick L.
- Diplomacy, benighted; S..... 563
- Schuster, M. Lincoln
- Commends Villard article on N. D. Baker; C..... 516
- Scott, C. P.; death; E..... 31
- Scott, Edward T.; death; EP..... 501
- Scott, Evelyn
- On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931.... 7
- Scottsboro case. See Negroes
- Scripps-Howard newspapers
- Come out for Smith; EP..... 691
- Seabury, Samuel
- Open letter to; E..... 32
- Scores Tammany hall; EP..... 270
- Seabury report. See New York city
- Seattle, Washington
- Jobless enter politics. R. L. Hill; S.. 718
- Power system and politics. R. L. Hill; S 253

- Securities. See Stocks and bonds
 Seligman, Edwin R. A.
 Taxation, toward a new program; S... 484
 Sentinels. H. H.; D... 54
 Sergeant, Winthrop
 Future of opera in America; S... 389
 Shahn, Ben, passion of Sacco-Vanzetti. W.
 Gutman; A... 475
 Shanghai. See Chinese-Japanese relations
 Shanghai express. M. Marshall; MP... 267
 Sharp, Grace Hastings
 Sharp, D. L., views on war and peace;
 C... 651
 Sharp, Dallas Lore
 War and peace, views on. G. H. Sharp;
 C... 651
 Shaw, George Bernard
 Defended by F. Hackett; C... 515
 Sheep
 Slaughtered, for lack of feed; Dt... 169
 Sherwood, Robert
 Pessimism in preface to *Reunion in*
 Vienna. J. W. Krutch; S... 608
 Shipping. See Steamship lines
 Short selling. See Stocks and bonds
 Show boat. H. H.; D... 660
 Siberian patrol. M. Marshall; MP... 607
 Sidney, William
 Pasadena lights its own; S... 72
 Sifton, Paul
 Nice story; about A. Sandoval; S... 44
 Sinclair, Upton
 Pacifism at university of Southern Cali-
 fornia; C... 313
 Sirovich, Representative William Irving. See
 Theater, the
 Sky devils. M. Marshall; MP... 380
 Slack, P. P.
 Farmers' plight; C... 544
 Smedley, Agnes
 Birth control and China; S... 282
 Shanghai, horrors at; S... 369
 Smith, Alfred Emanuel
 Jefferson day address; views on tariff
 and war debts; EP... 479
 See also Presidential campaign of 1932
 Smith, C. R. F.
 East Saint Louis and Americanism; S... 283
 Smith, Elmer S.; death; E... 386
 Smolar, Boris
 What Polish Jews are facing; S... 99
 Snowden, Viscount
 Resignation, threatened, on tariff issue;
 EP... 128
 Socialist party
 Convention. E. Levinson; S... 648
 Society for voluntary technical aid
 Volunteers to aid Russia asked. P.
 Chusid; C... 728
 Soglow, Otto
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
 Solow, Herbert
 Education, modern; C... 493
 Southern California, university of
 Pacifism at. U. Sinclair; C... 313
 Southern commission for the study of lynching
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
 Soviets. See Russia
 Spain
 Alfonso asks restoration; EP... 271
 Azaña, Premier Manuel, on Spanish
 policy. I. M. Levy; S... 18
 Speaking of revolution. See Van Loon, H. W.
 Speech, freedom of. See Freedom of speech
 Speidel, Doctor Carl Caskey
 Receives prize for discovery of growth of
 nerves; EP... 31
 Spider and the fly. M. Marshall; MP... 380
 Sports. See Athletics
 Stark, Louis F.
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
 Starvation. See Unemployment
 State department. See Loans, foreign
 State regulation of business. See Business
 Steamships
 Passenger rates reduced; EP... 411
 Steel and iron
 Unemployment. M. A. Hallgren; S... 361
 Steichmann, H.
 Internationalism; C... 545
 Stein, Clarence S.
 Housing and common sense; S... 541
 Sterilization. H. M. Parshley; S... 569
 Sterling. See Currency
 Stettinmer, Florine; paintings. P. Rosen-
 feld; A... 522
 Stevens, Frank
 Commends Villard article on N. D.
 Baker; C... 516
 Stewart, Maxwell S.
 How to tax the rich; S... 339
 Stieglitz
 Photography. P. Rosenfeld; A... 350
 Stimson, Secretary Henry Lewis
 Appointment as head of commission to
 disarmament conference; EP... 128
 At Geneva armament limitation confer-
 ence; E... 531
 Press conferences. P. Y. Anderson; S... 252
 Warning to Japan; E... 272; see also C... 399
 Stocks and bonds
 Bears, clipping their claws. S. P. Har-
 man; S... 287
 Bonds advance with formation of buying
 corporation; EP... 663
 Bonds and banks. C. T. Norris; C... 47
 Financial writers, "tips" to; EP... 528
 Gambling in; EP... 609
 Government securities, purchase by fed-
 eral reserve banks; EP... 499
 Government securities purchase plan. S.
 P. Harman; S... 517
 Prices, Wall street, reading of. S. P.
 Harman; S... 116
 Report on banks' right to deal in securi-
 ties was buried in 1910. P. Y. Ander-
 son; S... 595
 Short selling; abolition, demand for; E... 246
 Short selling; control suggested; EP... 298
 Short selling; investigation by senate
 committee. P. Y. Anderson; S... 489;
 S... 538
 Short selling; suspension for a time sug-
 gested; EP... 270
 Taxation of stocks. S. P. Harman; S... 470
 Stolberg, Benjamin
 Letter on review by Freeman of book by
 Trotzky; C... 600; see also review... 314
 Strachey, Lytton
 Career; J. W. Krutch; S... 199
 Death; EP... 129
 Strawn, Silas H.
 Statement on reparations commended;
 EP... 382
 Strike, coal. See Coal miners, American
 Strikes—Textile mills, Massachusetts
 Lawrence, appeal for bread and milk.
 A. J. Muste; C... 74
 Strikes—Textile mills, southern
 Marion, North Carolina, rugs made by
 unemployed for sale. G. Elliot; C... 313
 Student conference. See League for indus-
 trial democracy
 Students. See Colleges and universities
 Sugar, Maurice
 Bullets, not food, for Ford workers;
 S... 333; see also EP... 326
 Suicides of business men; EP... 327
 Sunday observance
 Baltimore abolishes law; EP... 557
 Sunderland, J. T.
 Sixty-seven years a reader of *The Na-*
 tion; suggests *Nation* clubs; C... 259
 Sunlight and fresh air; Dt... 398
 Supreme court, United States
 Appointment of B. N. Cardozo; EP... 213
 Surrealism. P. Rosenfeld; A... 236
 Sympathy; Dt... 311
- T
- Tammany hall
 Scored by Samuel Seabury; EP... 270
 Tariff
 French logic versus customs union. L.
 Rogers; IS... 179
 World action for world recovery. H.
 Hazlitt; S... 642
 Tariff, British. See Great Britain
 Tariff, Spanish
 Increase aimed at United States; EP... 1
 Tariff, United States
 Cause of business decline; EP... 610
 "Protection" under difficulties. S. P.
 Harman; S... 574
 Roosevelt, F. D., views; EP... 182; EP... 451
 Tariff war with Spain threatened; EP... 1
 Tax bill no place for tariff provisions;
 EP... 382
 Taylor, Myron C., views; EP... 410
 Tate, Allen
 Unnatural love; P... 314
 Tax, sales. See Taxation, United States
 Taxation, United States
 Amendments, vote on; EP... 353
 Battle in Washington. P. Y. Anderson;
 S... 489
 Bill, new; E... 329
 Bill passed by house of representatives;
 E... 413
 Budget, dishonest arguments on. P. Y.
 Anderson; S... 420
 Burden, growing. G. T. Altman; S... 304
 Capital-gains tax; E... 33
 Democratic program. P. Y. Anderson; S... 303
 Land values, taxation of. M. L. Hast-
 ings; C... 493; see also Four-year presi-
 dential plan, issue of February 17
 Mills, O. L., comments on house revenue
 bill; EP... 451
 Program, new, toward a. E. R. A. Selig-
 man; S... 484
 Rich, how to tax. M. S. Stewart; S... 339
 Sales tax. S. P. Harman; C... 343
 Sales tax in congress. P. Y. Anderson;
 S... 368
 Stocks. S. P. Harman; S... 470
 See also Income tax
 Taxi. M. Marshall; MP... 150
- Taylor, Dudley H.
 Kentucky, views on; C... 571
 Taylor, Myron C.
 Appointed chairman of board, United
 States steel corporation; views on
 tariff; EP... 410
 Telephones. See New York telephone com-
 pany
 Tempest. M. Marshall; MP... 378
 Texas
 Law disfranchising Negroes declared un-
 constitutional; EP... 556
 Theater, the
 Burlesque. J. W. Krutch; S... 647
 Burlesque; Minneapolis morals; E... 158;
 see also C... 286
 Catholic theater movement; "white list."
 J. W. Krutch; D... 633
 Criticism; Congressman Sirovich's charges
 against critics; E... 330
 Criticism, philosophical, by R. D. Skin-
 ner. J. W. Krutch; D... 407
 Drama as a social force. J. W. Krutch;
 S... 467
 Forbidden words; E... 302
 Models and paintings, exhibition. J. W.
 Krutch; S... 525
 Plays, best, and best performances. J.
 W. Krutch; D... 707
 Plays, worth-while, at the new year.
 J. W. Krutch; D... 28
 There's always Juliet. J. W. Krutch; D... 266
 "Third degree." See Police
 Third party. See Progressives
 This is the night. M. Marshall; MP... 553
 Thomas, Norman
 Commends Villard article on N. D.
 Baker; C... 516
 Nomination for presidency by Socialists;
 support of *The Nation* pledged; EP... 610
 Presidential possibility. D. Allen; S... 365
 Thomson, Charles A.
 Nicaraguan elections; C... 46
 Thousand summers, a. J. W. Krutch; D... 688
 Toledo, Ohio
 Bankers and bread lines. M. A. Hall-
 gren; S... 395
 Too true to be good. J. W. Krutch; D... 477
 Toscanini, Arturo
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
 Tractenberg, Joshua
 Clergymen and peace; C... 399
 Trade, foreign
 Russian trade, loss to United States; E... 357
 transition
 Apocalypse of the world; *transition* and
 criticism. W. Troy; S... 723
 Trapeze. M. Marshall; MP... 607
 Troilus and Cressida. J. W. Krutch; D... 734
 Trotzky, Leon
 Defended; exceptions taken to criticism
 of his *History of the Russian revolu-*
 tion by J. Freeman; C... 515
 Differences with Lenin and Stalin. J.
 Freeman; C... 600; see also review... 314
 Troy, William
 Apocalypse of the world; *transition* and
 criticism; S... 723
 Trusts. See Anti-trust laws
 Truth about Blyads, the. J. W. Krutch; D... 497
 Turner, Professor Frederick J.; death; EP... 355
 Turtles; Dt... 599
 Tuttle, A. M.
 Unemployment and war; C, with edi-
 torial comment; C... 703; see also... 453
 Two seconds. A. Bakshy; MP... 708
- U
- Ukraine, Polish
 Terrorism in; EP... 2
 Unemployment
 And war. A. M. Tuttle; C, with edi-
 torial comment. 703; see also... 453
 Bond issues or starvation; E... 88
 Cartoon... 560
 Chicago situation. M. A. Hallgren; S... 534
 Cox, Father, army. F. Morrow; C... 144
 Culture, effect on; EP... 129
 Davenport, Iowa. M. A. Hallgren; S... 505
 Federal relief disparaged by Secretary
 Mills; E... 665
 Funds for relief running low; EP... 452
 Government figures lacking; EP... 354
 Gravity shown by action of railway
 unions; EP... 583
 Hoover relief program; EP... 663
 Hunger rife, despite official optimism; E... 356
 Hungry, how many? M. A. Hallgren; S... 159
 Illinois coal miners hungry. M. A. Hall-
 gren; S... 457
 Insurance. See Insurance, unemployment
 La Follette-Costigan bill for relief. P.
 Y. Anderson; S... 139
 Mayors of Michigan program for relief;
 EP... 636
 Milwaukee family welfare association re-
 lief plan. P. Salsberry; C... 196; see
 also Dt... 19
 Musicians; EP... 129

No violence; E...301; EP... 326
Ohio ministers, views of; E... 158
Philadelphia, mass misery. M. A. Hallgren; S... 275
Relief, federal, problem of; E... 587
Relief; Hoover recognizes need at last. P. Y. Anderson; S... 697
Relief; 1931 style; Pinchot article in December 16, 1931, issue praised. H. T. Marshall; C... 47
Seattle jobless enter politics. R. L. Hill; S... 718
Senate vote against aid. P. Y. Anderson; S... 251; E... 244
Starvation cases, ninety-five, in New York hospitals in 1931; EP... 479
Steel towns, panic in. M. A. Hallgren; S... 361
Toledo, Ohio, bankers and bread lines. M. A. Hallgren; S... 395
Unemployed, number, in United States; EP... 29
Violence at Ford plant; EP... 326; S... 333
Williamson, bloody, is hungry. M. A. Hallgren; S... 457
United States
Coalition government suggested; EP... 609
Control by special interests; views of W. Wilson and F. D. Roosevelt; EP... 499
Economic condition, according to National economic league straw vote; EP... 58
Finances; administration plays politics. P. Y. Anderson; S... 595
Finances; budget balanced; E... 694
Finances; figures of Secretary Mills on budget challenged; E... 665
Finances; Hoover alarmist statements to senate; EP... 635
Finances; Hoover message to congress; EP... 555
Four-year presidential plan of League for independent political action, section two, issue of February 17; also E, 185; C... 312, 313, 493, 545
Government, cost of. See Government, cost of
Isolation, economic; E... 89
Leadership wanted; E... 482
Nationalism, resurgence. P. Y. Anderson; S... 13
Reorganization of executive branch; EP... 242
Salaries, federal. See Salaries, federal
Way out, the; S... 638
United States steel corporation
Dividend omitted. S. P. Harman; S... 546
Taylor, M. C., appointed chairman of board; EP... 410
Universities. See Colleges and universities
Urbana, Illinois
Business suspended five days to help banks; EP... 155
Urey, Professor Harold C.
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
Utilities, public. See Public utilities
Utter, Robert Palfrey, junior, and V. MacDonald
Youth, plea, to, for averting war; C... 342
V
V., O. G.
Business, big, failure of; E... 586
Roosevelt candidacy; S... 612
Way out, the; S... 638
V. D., D.
Riddle me this! D... 319
Van Doren, Carl
Literature, American, new canon; S... 429
Van Doren, Mark
Bore, the; P... 76
What is a poet? S... 624
Van Horn, Olive
Coal miners' children, appeal for; C... 48
Vance, Ray
Business crisis; S... 724
Van Loon, Hendrik Willem
Speaking of revolution; S... 35, 63, 92, 133
Vernon, Mabel
Work for peace caravan. A. Martin; C, with editorial comment... 116
Veterans
Allowances, inequitable; E... 503
Bonus army in Washington; EP... 691
Bonus bill passed by house; defeated in senate; EP... 709
March on Washington for bonus; EP... 664
Veterans' bureau
Extravagance and incompetence, charges of; EP... 583
Villard, Oswald Garrison
Baker, Newton D.; S... 414; see also C... 516
If I were dictator; S... 67
Pity Herbert Hoover; S... 669
Roosevelt, Governor, open letter to; S... 532
To address Albany readers. H. P. Winchester; C... 372; meeting postponed; C... 400
Virginia federation of women's clubs
Saving the United States; E... 614

W

Wages. See Labor; salaries
Wagner, Senator Robert F.
For recognition of Russia... 566
Wainhouse, David W.
Disarmament conference meets; S... 137; see also C... 286
Geneva conference; America's role; S... 162
Walker, Mayor James John
Demand for removal sent to Governor Roosevelt; EP... 692
Financial transactions; EP... 611; EP... 635
Jimmy the well-dressed man. G. S. Kaufman; S... 676
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
Wall street. See Stocks and bonds
Wallace, Edgar; death; E... 218
Walsh, Frank P.
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
Walton, Eda Lou
So long it has for echoing; P... 231
Wannamaker, Olin D.
Progress in education; C... 545
War
Aggressor, difficulty in determining; EP... 556
Dictatorship in war time advocated by Hoover in 1924; EP... 584
Intellectuals called upon to register opposition in time of peace; E... 412
Munitions. See Munitions, war
Photographs show reality; EP... 327
Plea to youth. V. MacDonald and R. P. Utter, junior; C... 342; see also C... 469
War debts and reparations
Abyss, nearing the; E... 130
American committee of International chamber of commerce, statement by; EP... 325
Cancellation; E... 157; E... 503
Cancellation; why it is necessary; E... 503
European statesmen's do-nothing policy EP... 692
Germany can no longer pay reparations, according to Brüning; E... 59; EP... 585
Lausanne conference opens; EP... 709
Moratorium; administration methods. P. Y. Anderson; S... 13
Moratorium; legalized by congress; EP... 1
Moratorium; nine months wasted; EP... 410
Roosevelt, F. D., views EP... 182
Stimson visit abroad and European anxiety; EP... 452
Strawn, Silas H., statement by; EP... 382
Young plan, end of; E... 5
War, European. See European war
Warburg, Paul M.; death; E... 132
Ward, Harry F.
Pioneers among the soviets; S... 696
Warner, Arthur
Traveling with a one-man band; S... 491
Warrior's husband, the. J. W. Krutch; D... 378
Washington, George
Close-up. W. E. Woodward; S... 191
Washington-Hoover airport service station, situation. D. W. Amram; C... 116
"Washington merry-go-round"
Authors on *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
Wealth
Concentration defended by Secretary Mills. P. Y. Anderson; S... 489
Weaver, D. E.
Kentucky, views on; C... 571
Weaver, John
Asks Lancaster, Pennsylvania, readers to meet; C... 516
Welch, Marie de L.
Bar of shade; P... 471
West, survival; Dt... 143
Western Progressive
Fight against power companies; EP... 481
What I believe
Wilson, Edmund; S... 95
Wheat
Government, distribution to help unemployed; EP... 297
Whistling in the dark. J. W. Krutch; D... 151
Whitaker, Robert
Commends Villard article on N. D. Baker; C... 516
White, Hal Saunders
I taught the angel; P... 49
Light will be wisdom; P... 603
O quietly the earth is spun; P... 681
White, Kenneth
For better movies; C... 286
Whitney, Richard
Testifies before senate committee on short selling. P. Y. Anderson; S... 489
Wickersham commission. See National commission on law enforcement and observance
Wild waves. J. W. Krutch; D... 294
Wilder, Judge Arthur L. See Rochester, New York
Wilkerson, Judge James H.
Appointment to United States circuit court of appeals; EP... 214

W

Appointment to circuit court of appeals. P. Y. Anderson; S... 139; S... 420
Williams, Doctor Ira
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
Williamson county, Illinois. See Coal miners, American
Willingdon, Lord
Views on India; EP... 528
Willis, H. Parker
Bank control; S... 422; see also EP... 411
Wilson, Edmund
What I believe; S... 95
Wilson, Woodrow
Views on control of government by special interests; EP... 499
Winchester, Harold P.
Meeting of Albany readers; O. G. Villard to speak; C... 372; meeting postponed; C... 400
Wineberg, Abe
With family, deported from Los Angeles; Dt... 169
Winkler, Max
Kreuger, I., rise and fall; S... 589
Wisconsin
Unemployment insurance bill signed; EP... 183
Wisconsin, university of
Defended by President Frank; EP... 711
Wise, Stephen Samuel
Castigated, with J. H. Holmes, by Governor Roosevelt on city affairs; EP... 410
Woll, Matthew
Communist scare; EP... 529
Wolman, Leo
Unemployment insurance; S... 508
Women's international league for peace and freedom
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1931... 7
Woodward, W. E.
Close-up of G. Washington; S... 191
Work; Dt... 46
Works, public. See Public works
World crisis. See Economic crisis, world
World war. See European war
Wormser, I. Maurice
Court reform; S... 224
Y
Yaddo festival. A. Mendel; M... 578
Yale university
Athletics, radical changes announced; E... 667
Professors' salaries; F. P. Garvan proposes reductions; EP... 453
Undergraduate Yale. R. S. Childs; S... 70
Young, Owen D.
And presidential nomination. P. Y. Anderson; S... 595
Views on leadership; EP... 663
Young plan. See War debts and reparation
Younger generation; Dt... 195
Youth, plea to, for averting war. V. MacDonald and R. P. Utter, junior; C... 342; see also C... 469
Yugoslavia. See Yugoslavia
Z
Zukerman, William
Jewish home in Russia; S... 540
Zwei menschen, M. Marshall; MP... 82

BOOK REVIEWS

Books are indexed under author and title, and in some cases under subject.
The following explanatory letters are used in the index:
B Book review
AN Brief annotation
R Reviewer

A

Adamic, Louis
Laughing in the jungle; B... 472
Adams, James Truslow; R... 705
Adventures of a novelist. G. Atherton; B... 629
Adventurous Americans. Edited by D. Allen, AN... 440
Alexander, H. B.; R... 474
Alice's adventures underground. L. Carroll; AN... 521
All ye people. M. Colby; B... 376
Allen, Frederick Lewis
Only yesterday; B... 234
Allison, John M. S.
Monsieur Thiers and nineteenth century France; AN... 733
Ambler, Charles Henry
History of transportation in the Ohio valley, a; AN... 292
America as Americans see it. Edited by F. J. Ringle; B... 730
American epoch, an. H. W. Odum; AN... 266
American outpost. U. Sinclair; B... 432
American writers on American literature, Edited by J. Macy; B... 50

- America's Siberian adventure. W. S. Graves; B..... 148
 Aminta. T. Tasso; AN..... 149
 Anatomy of Don Quixote, the. Edited by M. J. Bernadete and A. Flores; AN..... 376
 Ancient life in the American southwest. E. L. Hewett; B..... 473
 Arabia felix: Across the "empty quarter" of Arabia. B. Thomas; B..... 434
 Article thirty-two. J. R. Oliver; AN..... 377
 Atherton, Gertrude
 Adventures of a novelist; B..... 629
 August, K. Hamsun; AN..... 441
 Autobiography of an adventurer, the. J. L. Trebitsch-Lincoln; translated by E. Burns; AN..... 550
 Ayres, Clarence
 Huxley; B..... 374
- B**
- Babcock, F. Lawrence
 Spanning the Atlantic: The history of the Cunard line; B..... 344
 Back yonder. An Ozark chronicle. W. Hogue; B..... 656
 Baker, Newton D., biography. F. Palmer; B..... 117
 Banana gold. C. Beals; B..... 684
 Bantry bay. Ireland in the days of Napoleon and Wolfe Tone. P. B. Bradley; AN..... 550
 Barber, Solon R.
 Cross country; AN..... 25
 Barnes, Harry Elmer; R..... 78
 Bartholdt, Richard
 From steerage to congress; AN..... 80
 Bates, Ernest Sutherland; R..... 730
 Bauer, C. K.; R..... 173
 Bayle the skeptic. H. Robinson; B..... 657
 Beals, Carleton
 Banana gold; B..... 684
 Beard, Charles A.
 Navy, the: Defense or portent? B..... 630
 Ben Jonson. Volume IV. Edited by C. H. Herford and P. Simpson; AN..... 439
 Bercovici, Karl
 Manhattan side-show; AN..... 440
 Bernard Shaw. F. Harris; letter by F. Hackett..... 515
 Bernays, Robert
 Naked aquair; AN..... 496
 Biological tragedy of woman, the. A. Nemilov; B..... 403
 Birth of the German republic, the. 1871-1918. A. Rosenberg. Translated by I. F. D. Morrow; B..... 174
 Birthday, the. S. Rogers; AN..... 658
 Black mass, the. P. N. Krassnoff; AN..... 121
 Blueberry pie. T. S. Winslow; B..... 548
 Bodenheim, Maxwell
 Run, sheep, run; AN..... 348
 Boom in paradise. T. H. Weigall; AN..... 349
 Borchard, Edwin M.
 Convicting the innocent; B..... 657
 Boudin, Louis B.
 Government by judiciary; B..... 731
 Boulbee, H. C.
 Oxford lists, the; AN..... 210
 Bourke-White, Margaret
 Eyes on Russia; B..... 77
 Bowers, Claude G.; R..... 437
 Boy, J. Hanley; B..... 519
 Bradley, P. Brenon
 Bantry bay: Ireland in the days of Napoleon and Wolfe Tone; AN..... 550
 Brailsford, H. N.
 Rebel India; B..... 148
 Brave new world. A. Huxley; B..... 204
 Breakdown: The collapse of traditional civilization. R. Briffault; B..... 654
 Brearley, H. C.
 Homicide in the United States; B..... 605
 Bret Harte; Argonaut and exile. G. R. Stewart, Jr.; B..... 22
 Bridal gown, the. K. Gudmundsson. Translated by O. F. Theis; AN..... 209
 Briffault, Robert
 Breakdown: The collapse of traditional civilization; B..... 654
 Bright, John
 On H. Hazlitt's review of "1919," by J. Dos Passos; C..... 515; see also review..... 344
 Bright skin. J. Peterkin; AN..... 632
 Brinig, Myron
 This man is my brother; AN..... 522
 British far eastern policy. R. S. McCord; B..... 49
 Brooks, Van Wyck
 Life of Emerson, the; B..... 432
 Brothers. L. A. G. Strong; AN..... 632
 Brown, Ray C. B.; R..... 549
 Brown, W. Norman; R..... 148
 Brown America: The story of a new race. E. R. Embree; B..... 23
 Buell, Raymond Leslie; R..... 631
 Burke, Fielding
 Call home the heart; B..... 606
 Burke, Kenneth
 Counter-statement; B..... 76
 Towards a better life; B..... 289
 Burke, Thomas
 Flower of life, the; AN..... 235
 Burns, Robert, two books; B..... 732
 Butler, Nicholas Murray
 Looking forward; B..... 346
- C**
- Cabell, Branch
 These restless heads; B..... 232
 Call home the heart. F. Burke; B..... 606
 Callistratus: Descriptions; Philostratus: Imagines. With English translation by A. Fairbanks; AN..... 376
 Calverton, V. F.; R..... 404
 Cantwell, Robert
 Laugh and lie down; B..... 23
 Cantwell, Robert; R..... 289, 606
 Capek, Karel
 Letters from Spain. P. Selver, translator; B..... 705
 Care and feeding of adults, the. L. Clendening; AN..... 606
 Carré, Jean-Marie
 Season in hell. a: The life of Arthur Rimbaud. H. and M. Josephson, translators; B..... 51
 Carl Schurz: Reformer (1829-1906). C. M. Fuess; B..... 575
 Carlyle. E. Neff; B..... 576
 Carlyle, Jane Welsh
 Letters to Joseph Neuberger. 1848-1862. Edited by T. Scudder; AN..... 550
 Carroll, Lewis
 Alice's adventures underground; AN..... 521
 Chaka: An historical romance. T. Mofolo. Translated by F. H. Dutton; B..... 119
 Challenge of the east, the. S. Eddy; B..... 289
 Challenge to defeat: Modern man in Goethe's world and Spengler's century. W. H. Hale; B..... 656
 Chamberlain, John; R..... 263
 Chapman, Maristan
 Weather tree, the; AN..... 405
 Chatterton, Thomas, novelized biography. E. Penzoldt. Translated by J. J. Trounstone and E. Wolf; B..... 24
 Chesterfield, Earl of
 Letters. Edited by B. Dobrée; B..... 547
 Chew, Samuel C.; R..... 576
 China, Japan and Korea, five books on; B..... 289
 Christiansen, Sigurd
 Two living and one dead. E. Bjorkman, translator; B..... 576
 Churchill, Winston
 Unknown war, the: The eastern front; AN..... 733
 City child. S. Robinson; AN..... 80
 Clendening, Logan
 Care and feeding of adults, the; AN..... 606
 Cleveland, Grover, biography. D. T. Lynch; B..... 263
 Coffin, Robert P. Tristram
 Portrait of an American; AN..... 120
 Colby, Merle
 All ye people; B..... 376
 Colette
 Lesson in love, a. R. Benét, translator; AN..... 688
 Recaptured; AN..... 317
 Collected poems of Elinor Wylie. Edited by W. R. Benét; B..... 682
 Coming of South America, the. H. K. Norton; B..... 628
 Concentration of control in American industry. H. W. Laidler; B..... 520
 Conquistador. A. MacLeish; B..... 655
 Contemporary thought of Germany. Volume I. W. T. Jones; AN..... 121
 Contemporary thought of India. A. C. Underwood; AN..... 121
 Convicting the innocent. E. M. Borchard; B..... 657
 Coppard, A. E.
 Nixey's harlequin; B..... 548
 Corey, Herbert
 Truth about Hoover, the; B..... 683
 Counter-statement. K. Burke; B..... 76
 Craig, Edward Gordon
 Ellen Terry and her secret self; B..... 630
 Creative criticism, and other essays. J. E. Spingarn; B..... 76
 Criminal justice in England. P. Howard; B..... 473
 Crocker, W. R.
 Japanese population problem, the; B..... 49
 Cronin, A. J.
 Three loves; AN..... 632
 Cross country. S. R. Barber; AN..... 25
 Czardas. Jenő Heltai; B..... 732
- D**
- D., H.
 Red roses for bronze; B..... 264
 Dahlberg, Edward; R..... 402, 629
 Dante Alighiere
 Divine comedy. Translated by J. B. Fletcher; AN..... 80
 D'Arcy, M. C.
 Thomas Aquinas; B..... 347
 Darrow, Clarence
 Story of my life, the; B..... 261
 Darwin, C. G.
 New conceptions of matter, the; AN..... 266
 Daugherty, Harry M., and T. Dixon
 Inside story of the Harding tragedy, the; B..... 471
 David Octavius Hill. H. Schwarz; B..... 77
 Day, Clarence
 God and my father; E..... 504
 Decent fellows. J. Heygate; AN..... 149
 Decline of the medieval church, the. A. C. Flick; B..... 347
 Denison, J. H.
 Emotional currents in American history; AN..... 349
 Dennis, Geoffrey
 Mary Lee; AN..... 120
 Red room, the; B..... 348
 Descent to the dead. R. Jeffers; B..... 146
 Deserter, the. L. Zihaly. Translated by G. Halasz; AN..... 658
 Detzer, Dorothy; R..... 630
 Deval, Jacques
 That girl. L. S. Morris, translator; AN..... 522
 Devil in the flesh, the. R. Radiquet. Translated by K. Boyle; AN..... 522
 Diary of an ex-president, the. M. Ryskind; extracts..... 594
 Dickinson, Emily, Letters of. Edited by M. Todd; B..... 119
 Digging in Yucatan. A. A. Morris; AN..... 80
 Dillon, George
 Flowering stone, the; B..... 175
 Divine comedy of Dante Alighiere. Translated by J. B. Fletcher; AN..... 80
 Dixon, Thomas, and H. M. Daugherty
 Inside story of the Harding tragedy, the; B..... 471
 Doctor Kerkhoven. J. Wassermann. Translated by C. Brooks; AN..... 633
 Donne, John, a garland for. Edited by T. Spencer; B..... 316
 Doom of youth, the. W. Lewis; B..... 518
 Dorothy Wordsworth. C. M. Maclean; B..... 686
 Dos Passos, John R.
 1919; B..... 344; see also C..... 515
 Double blossoms. A. Helen Keller anthology. Compiled by E. Porter; AN..... 122
 Dream life of Balso Snell, the. N. West; AN..... 441
 Dreiser, Theodore
 Tragic America; B..... 402
 Duffield, Marcus
 King legion; B..... 604
- E**
- Eckardt, Hans von
 Russia. C. A. Phillips, translator; AN..... 707
 Eddy, Sherwood
 Challenge of the east, the; B..... 289
 Edwards, Jonathan. A. C. McGiffert, junior; AN..... 550
 Ehrenbourg, Ilya
 Street in Moscow, a; AN..... 578
 Eidlitz, Walter
 Zodiac. E. Sutton, translator; AN..... 235
 Eldershaw, M. Barnard
 Green memory; AN..... 26
 Elegy and Iambus. Edited and translated by J. M. Edmonds; AN..... 376
 Ellen Terry and her secret self. E. G. Craig; B..... 630
 Embree, Edwin R.
 Brown America: The story of a new race; B..... 23
 Emergence of man, the. G. Heard; B..... 404
 Emerson, R. W., biography. Van W. Brooks; B..... 432
 Emotional currents in American history. J. H. Denison; AN..... 349
 End of desire, the. R. Herrick; AN..... 291
 Ernst, Morris L.; R..... 657
 Essays in persuasion. J. M. Keynes; B..... 288
 Essential Shakespeare, the. J. D. Wilson; B..... 685
 European caravan, the. Edited by S. Putnam; B..... 208
 Everyman remembers. E. Rhys; B..... 78
 Expression in America. L. Lewisohn; B..... 429
 Eyes on Russia. M. Bourke-White; B..... 77
- F**
- Fadiman, Clifton; R..... 206, 434, 548, 656, 678
 Fair winds and foul. H. Hauser. Translated by B. S. Levin; AN..... 291
 Far eastern international relations. H. B. Morse and H. F. McNair; B..... 289
 Fear and trembling. G. Wescott; B..... 684
 Fetter, Frank Albert
 Masquerade of monopoly, the; B..... 520
 Field, Bradda
 Small town; AN..... 265
 Fife, C. W. Domville
 Modern South America; B..... 628
 Fischer, Louis; R..... 346
 Fles, Barthold; R..... 576
 Flesh is heir. L. Kirstein; B..... 402

Flechner, Abraham; R.....	206	Hauser, Heinrich		Jenny Lind. E. Wagenknecht; AN.....	80
Flick, Alexander Clarence		Fair winds and foul. B. S. Levin,		Joel Chandler Harris, editor and essayist.	
Decline of the medieval church, the; B.....	347	translator; AN.....	291	Writings edited by J. C. Harris; AN.....	377
Flight into darkness. A. Schnitzler; AN.....	25	Hazlitt, Henry; R.....	76, 204, 231, 344,	Jonathan Edwards. A. C. McGiffert, junior; AN.....	550
Flower of life, the. T. Burke; AN.....	235		432, 547, 681		
Flowering stone, the. G. Dillon; B.....	175	Heard, Gerald		Jones, W. Tudor	
Flynn, John T.		Emergence of man, the; B.....	404	Contemporary thought of Germany. Vol-	
Graft in business; B.....	120	Heat lightning, H. Hull; AN.....	687	ume I; AN.....	121
Ford, Ford Madox		Heaton, John L.		Jonson, Ben. Volume IV. Edited by C.	
Return to yesterday; B.....	403	Tough luck—Hoover again! B.....	375	H. Herford and P. Simpson; AN.....	439
Ford, Henry, tragedy of. J. N. Leonard; B.....	435	Heltai, Jenő		Josephson, Matthew	
Forgery in Christianity. J. Wheless; AN.....	349	Czardas; B.....	732	Jean Jacques Rousseau; B.....	172
Fortune's favorites: Portraits of some		Herbert Clark Hoover: An American		Josephson, Matthew; R.....	208
American corporations. An anthology		tragedy. C. Wood; B.....	375		
from <i>Fortune</i> magazine; AN.....	176	Herrick, Robert		K	
Four frightened people. E. A. Robertson;		End of desire, the; AN.....	291	Kang, Younghill; R.....	289
AN.....	318	Herskovits, Melville J.; R.....	119, 657	Kaun, Alexander; R.....	57
Frank, Glenn		Hester Craddock. A. Gregory; AN.....	25	Keats, John, novelized biography. G.	
Thunder and dawn; B.....	705	Hewett, Edgar L.		O'Neil; B.....	24
Frankenstein, incorporated. I. M. Wormser;		Ancient life in the American southwest;		Keith, Sir Arthur	
B.....	520	B.....	473	Place of prejudice in modern civilization,	
Free born. S. Nearing; AN.....	291	Heygate, John		the; AN.....	658
Freeman, Joseph; R.....	314; see also C,	Decent fellows; AN.....	149	Keller, Helen, anthology; AN.....	122
515; C.....	600	Hicks, Granville; R.....	50, 119; 433; cor-	Kendrick, Benjamin B., and L. M. Hacker:	
Frenssen, Gustav		rection; C.....	600	United States since 1865, the; B.....	437
Pastor of Poggsee, the. K. G. Potts,		Higher command. E. Koppen; AN.....	26	Kennedy, Margaret	
translator; AN.....	121	Hill, David Octavius. H. Schwarz; B.....	77	Return I dare not; AN.....	54
From steeple to congress. R. Bartholdt;		Hindenburg: The man with three lives.		Keynes, John Maynard	
AN.....	80	T. R. Ybarra; B.....	401	Essays in persuasion; B.....	288
Fuess, Claude Moore		History of Italian literature. F. de Sanctis.		Kim, Helen	
Carl Schurz: Reformer (1829-1906); B.....	575	Translated by J. Redfern; B.....	173	Rural education for the regeneration of	
		History of Palestine and Syria to the Mace-		Korea; B.....	289
G		donian conquest. A. T. Olmstead; AN.....	234	King legion. M. Duffield; B.....	604
Garland for John Donne, a. Edited by T.		History of the Russian revolution, the. Vol-		Kipling, Rudyard	
Spencer; B.....	316	ume I. The overthrow of zarism. L.		Limits and renewals; B.....	548
Geiser, Karl F.; R.....	174	Trotsky. Translated by M. Eastman;		Kircheisen, T. M.	
George Gershwin: A study in American		B.....	314; see also C, 515; C.....	Napoleon. H. St. Lawrence, translator;	
music. I. Goldberg; AN.....	80	Hitlerism: The iron fist in Germany. Nordi-		AN.....	606
Giese, William Frederick		cus; B.....	401	Kirstein, Lincoln	
Saine-Beuve: A literary portrait; B.....	471	Hogue, Wayman		Flesh is heir; B.....	402
Ginzburg, Benjamin; R.....	290, 403, 494, 694	Back yonder: An Ozark chronicle; B.....	656	Koht, Halvdan	
Giastombury romance, a. J. C. Powys; B.....	474	Holmes, Oliver Wendell; representative opin-		Life of Ibsen, the; B.....	263
God and my father. C. Day; E.....	504	ions of; AN.....	149	Old Norse sagas, the; AN.....	707
Goethe: Man and poet. H. W. Nevins; B.....	678	Homicide in the United States. H. C.		Koppen, Edlef	
Goldberg, Isaac		Brearely; B.....	605	Higher command; AN.....	26
George Gershwin: A study in Ameri-		Hook, Sidney; R.....	654	Korea, China and Japan, five books on; B.....	289
can music; AN.....	80	Hoover, four books on; B.....	375	Koussevitzky, Sergei, and his epoch. A.	
Golding, Louis		Hoover's millions and how he made them. J.		Laurie. Translated by S. W. Pring;	
Magnolia street; B.....	434	J. O'Brien; AN.....	606	AN.....	54
Government by judiciary. L. B. Boudin; B.....	731	Hoover, truth about. H. Corey; B.....	683	Knight, G. Wilson	
Graft in business. J. T. Flynn; B.....	120	Hopper, Bruce		Imperial theme, the. Further interpreta-	
Grattan, C. Hartley; R.....	315, 432	Pan-sovietism; B.....	346	tions of Shakespeare's tragedies, in-	
Graves, Major General William S.		Howard, Pendleton		cluding the Roman plays; AN.....	175
America's Siberian adventure; B.....	148	Criminal justice in England; B.....	473	Krassnoff, Peter N.	
Great Spanish short stories. Translated by		Howe, M. A. De Wolfe		Black mass, the; AN.....	121
W. B. Wells; AN.....	439	Portrait of an independent: Moorfield		Krutch, Joseph Wood; R.....	77, 172, 345,
Green memory. M. B. Eldershaw; AN.....	26	Storey, 1845-1929; B.....	706		518, 603,
Greene, Graham		Hubermont, Pierre		Kunitz, Joshua; R.....	262
Rumour at nightfall; AN.....	578	Thirteen men in the mine. L. H. Tit-		Kunitz, Stanley J.; R.....	175
Gregory, Alyse		terton, translator; AN.....	317		
Hester Craddock; AN.....	25	Hull, Helen		L	
Gregory, Horace; R.....	52, 316, 472, 655	Heat lightning; AN.....	687	Labor fact book; B.....	264
Grover Cleveland, a man foursquare. D. T.		Huxley, Aldous		Lady who came to stay, the. R. E. Spencer;	
Lynch; B.....	263	Brave new world; B.....	204	B.....	375
Gruening, Ernest		Huxley. C. Ayres; B.....	374	La Farge, Oliver	
Public pays, the: A study of power		Huxley, prophet of science. H. Peterson; B.....	374	Sparks fly upward; AN.....	25
propaganda; B.....	233			Laidler, Harry W.	
Gruening, Ernest; R.....	79, 346,	I		Concentration of control in American in-	
Gudmundsson, Kristmann	628	I saw Hitler. D. Thompson; B.....	401	dustry; B.....	520
Bridal gown, the. O. F. Theis, trans-		Ibsen, life of. H. Koht; B.....	263	Langdon-Davies, John	
lator; AN.....	209	Immortal Jew, the. A drama by S. R. Ly-		Man comes of age; B.....	290
Guedalla, Philip		saght; AN.....	407	Latin America, four books on; B.....	628
Wellington; B.....	147	Impassioned clay. L. Powys; B.....	291	Latin-American problems. T. F. Lee; B.....	628
Guenther, Konrad		Imperial theme, the. Further interpretations		Laugh and lie down. R. Cantwell; B.....	23
Naturalist in Brazil, a. B. Miall, trans-		of Shakespeare's tragedies, including		Laughing in the jungle. L. Adamic; B.....	472
lator; AN.....	176	the Roman plays. G. W. Knight; AN.....	175	Lawrence, D. H., book on, Lorenzo in Taos.	
		Infants of the spring. W. Thurman; AN.....	176	M. D. Luhan; B.....	345
H		Inside story of the Harding tragedy, the.		Leblanc, Gerorgette	
Hacker, Louis M., and B. B. Kendrick		H. M. Daugherty and T. Dixon; B.....	471	Souvenirs: My life with Maeterlinck; B.....	630
United States since 1865; the; B.....	437	Intercessor and other stories, the. M. Sin-		Lee, Thomas F.	
Hacker, Louis M.; R.....	575	clair; B.....	548	Latin-American problems; B.....	628
Hale, William Harlan		International legal status of the Kwantung		Leonard, Jonathan Norton	
Challenge to defeat: Modern man in		leased territory, the. C. Walter		Tragedy of Henry Ford, the; B.....	435
Goethe's world and Spengler's century;		Young; B.....	49	Leonov, Leonid	
B.....	656	International note in contemporary drama,		Soviet river; B.....	577
Hall, Radclyffe		the. E. Newman; B.....	174	Thief, the. H. Butler, translator; AN.....	496
Master of the house, the; AN.....	707	J		Lesson in love, a. Colette. Translated by	
Hallgren, Mauritz A.; R.....	50, 148,	Japan. I Nitobe; B.....	289	R. Benet; AN.....	688
401		Japan: A short cultural history; G. B. San-	377	Let the day perish. P. Padover; AN.....	578
Hamsun, Knut		som; AN.....		Letters from Spain. K. Capek. Translated	
August; AN.....	441	Japan: An economic and financial appraisal.		by P. Selver; B.....	705
Hanley, James		H. G. Moulton; B.....	49	Letters of Emily Dickinson. Edited by	
Boy; B.....	519	Japan, six books on; B.....	49	M. L. Todd; B.....	119
Men in darkness; B.....	519	Japan, China and Korea, five books on; B.....	289	Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle to Joseph	
Harbourmaster, the. W. McFee; AN.....	348	Japanese jurisdiction in the south Manchuria		Neuberg, 1848-1862. Edited by T.	
Harding, Warren G., inside story of tragedy.		railway areas. C. W. Young; B.....	49	Scudder; AN.....	550
H. M. Daugherty and T. Dixon; B.....	471	Japanese population problem, the. W. R.		Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, 4th earl	
Harlan miners speak. The report of the		Crocker; B.....	49	of Chesterfield. Edited by B. Dobrée;	
Dreiser committee; B.....	629	Japan's special position in Manchuria. C. W.		B.....	547
Harris, Abram L.; R.....	23	Young; B.....	49	Letters of Robert Burns, the. Edited by J.	
Harris, Frank		Jean Jacques Rousseau. M. Josephson; B.....	172	DeL. Ferguson; B.....	732
Bernard Shaw; letter by F. Hackett....	515	Jeffers, Robinson		Letters of Richard Wagner to Anton Pus-	
Harris, Joel Chandler, editor and essayist.		Descent to the dead; B.....	146	nell, the. Translated and edited by	
Writings edited by J. C. Harris; AN.....	377	Thurso's landing; B.....	433; see also C.....	E. Lenrow; B.....	549
Harte, Bret, biography. G. R. Stewart, Jr.;			600	Levin, Jack	
B.....	22			Power ethics; B.....	79
				Lewis, Wyndham	
				Doom of youth, the; B.....	518

- Lewis Henry Morgan: Social evolutionist.
B. J. Stern; B..... 657
- Lewisohn, Ludwig
Expression in America; B..... 429
- Lidin, Vladimir
Price of life, the. H. C. Matheson,
translator; B..... 262
- Life of Emerson, the. Van W. Brooks; B.. 432
- Life of Ibsen. H. Koht; B..... 263
- Life of Robert Burns, the. F. Snyder; B.. 732
- Life was worth living. W. G. Robertson; B 52
- Liggett, Walter W.
Rise of Herbert Hoover, the; B..... 375
- Limits and renewals. R. Kipling; B..... 548
- Lind, Jenny, biography. E. Wagenknecht;
AN..... 80
- Lindsay, Norman
Mr. Gresham and Olympus; AN..... 405
- Lippmann, Walter, and W. O. Scroggs
United States in world affairs: 1931; B. 631
- Loeb classical library; four volumes; AN... 376
- Long, Ray, and R. R. Smith
Twenty best stories in Ray Long's
twenty years as an editor; B..... 548
- Looking forward. N. M. Butler; B..... 346
- Lord, Russell
Men of earth; B..... 52
- Lorenzo in Taos. M. D. Luhan; B..... 345
- Lourie, Arthur
Sergei Koussevitzky and his epoch. S.
W. Pring, translator; AN..... 54
- Luhan, Mabel Dodge
Lorenzo in Taos; II..... 345
- Lynch, Denis Tilden
Grover Cleveland, a man foursquare; B. 263
- Lysaght, S. R.
Immortal Jew, the. A drama; AN.... 407

M

- MacCarthy, Desmond
Portraits; B..... 603
- McCordock, R. Stanley
British far eastern policy; B..... 49
- McFee, William
Harbourmaster, the; AN..... 348
- McGiffert, Arthur Cushman, junior
Jonathan Edwards; AN..... 550
- McKeon, Richard; R..... 347
- Maclean, Catherine Macdonald
Dorothy Wordsworth; B..... 686
- MacLeish, Archibald
Conquistador; B..... 655
- McWilliams, Carey; R..... 22
- Macy, John; R..... 232
- Magnolia street. L. Golding; B..... 434
- Maisse, de. Journal, a, etc.; AN..... 176
- Makers of modern Italy: Napoleon to Mus-
solini. Sir J. A. R. Marriott; AN... 550
- Man and technics; B..... 231
- Man comes of age. J. Langdon-Davies; B.. 290
- Mangold, W. P.; R..... 120
- Manhattan side-show. K. Bercovici; AN... 440
- Maria Fernanda. H. Perez de la Ossa.
Translated by E. A. Peers; AN..... 406
- Marriott, Sir J. A. R.
Makers of modern Italy: Napoleon to
Mussolini; AN..... 550
- Marvellous boy, the. E. Penzoldt. Trans-
lated by J. J. Trounstone and E.
Woolf; B..... 24
- Mary's neck. B. Tarkington; B..... 206
- Mason, Daniel Gregory
Tune in, America: A study of our
coming musical independence; AN.... 54
- Masquerade of monopoly, the. F. A. Fetter;
B..... 520
- Master of the house, the. R. Hall; AN.... 707
- May Lee. G. Dennis; AN..... 120
- Means, Gardiner C.; R..... 520
- Memoirs of Glückel of Hameln. Translated
by M. Lowenthal; AN..... 522
- Men in darkness. J. Hanley; B..... 519
- Men of earth. R. Lord; B..... 52
- Mencken, H. L.; R..... 374
- Mental healers. S. Zweig; B..... 494
- Merriam, Charles Edward
Written constitution and the unwritten
attitude, the; B..... 24
- Middle ages, the: 300-1500. J. W. Thomp-
son; B..... 347
- Midsummer night madness. S. O'Faolain; B 495
- Modern South America. C. W. D. Fife; B. 628
- Mofolo, Thomas
Chaka: An historical romance. F. H.
Dutton, translator; B..... 119
- Morgan, Lewis Henry; Social evolutionist.
B. J. Stern; B..... 657
- Morris, Ann Axtell
Digging in Yucatan; AN..... 80
- Morse, H. B., and H. F. McNair
Far eastern international relations; B... 289
- Moses, Montrose J.; R..... 174, 630
- Monsieur Thiers and nineteenth century
France. J. M. S. Allison; AN..... 733
- Mr. and Mrs. Pennington. F. B. Young; AN 265
- Mr. Gresham and Olympus. N. Lindsay; AN 405
- Mud and stars. D. York; AN..... 209
- Muldavin, Albert
Red fog lifts, the; AN..... 377

N

- Naked faquir. R. Bernays; AN..... 496
- Napoleon. T. M. Kircheisen; translated by
H. St. Lawrence; AN..... 606
- Naturalist in Brazil, a. K. Guenther. Trans-
lated by B. Miall; AN..... 176
- Navy, the: Defense or portent? C. A.
Beard; B..... 630
- Neagoe, Peter
Storm; AN..... 687
- Nearing, Scott
Free born; AN..... 291
- War; B..... 315
- Neff, Emery
Carlyle; B..... 576
- Nemilov, Anton
Biological tragedy of woman, the; B.. 403
- Nevinson, Henry W.
Goethe: Man and poet; B..... 678
- New conceptions of matter, the. C. G. Dar-
win; AN..... 266
- Newman, Evelyn
International note in contemporary
drama, the; B..... 174
- Newton D. Baker: America at war. F.
Palmer; B..... 117
- Nine women. H. Sokolnikova. Translated
by H. C. Stevens; AN..... 707
1919. J. Dos Passos; B.... 344; see also C. 515
- Nitobe, Inazo
Japan; B..... 289
- Nitobe, Inazo, and twenty others
Western influence in modern Japan; B.. 289
- Nixey's harlequin. A. E. Coppard; B..... 548
- No minor vices. E. S. Whitman; AN..... 209
- Nock, Albert Jay
Theory of education in the United
States, the; B..... 207
- Nordicus
Hitlerism: The iron fist in Germany; B 401
- Normano, J. F.
Struggle for South America, the; B.... 628
- Norton, Henry Kittredge
Coming of South America, the; B..... 628
- Nuhn, Ferner; R..... 474
- Nunn, William L.; R..... 264

O

- O'Brien, James J.
Hoover's millions and how he made
them; AN..... 606
- Odum, Howard W.
American epoch, an; AN..... 266
- O'Faolain, Sean
Midsummer night madness; B..... 495
- O'Flaherty, Liam
Puritan, the; B..... 315
- Old Norse sagas, the. H. Koht; AN..... 707
- Oliver, John Rathbone
Article thirty-two; AN..... 377
- Olmstead, A. T.
History of Palestine and Syria to the
Macedonian conquest; AN..... 234
- O'Neil, George
Special hunger. The tragedy of Keats;
B..... 24
- Only yesterday. F. L. Allen; B..... 234
- Orpheus. A. Politian; AN..... 149
- O'Sheel, Sheamas
Sophokles: Antigone. A new redaction
in the American language; AN..... 407
- Our changing theater. R. D. Skinner..... 407
- Ovid's Fasti. With English translation by
Sir J. G. Frazer; AN..... 376
- Owen D. Young: A new type of industrial
leader. I. M. Tarbell; B..... 729
- Oxford lists, the. H. C. Boulbee; AN..... 210

P

- Padover, Paul
Let the day perish; AN..... 578
- Palmer, Frederick
Newton D. Baker: America at war; B. 117
- Pan-sovietism. B. Hopper; B..... 346
- Paradine, Jane
Red like crimson; AN..... 25
- Parkes, Henry Bamford; R..... 232, 438
- Parsons, Alice Beal; R..... 705
- Pastor of Poggssee, the. G. Frenssen. Trans-
lated by K. G. Potts; AN..... 121
- Paterson, Isabel; R..... 435
- Peffer, Nathaniel; R..... 548
- Penzoldt, Ernst
Marvellous boy, the. J. J. Trounstone
and E. Woolf, translators; B..... 24
- Perez de la Ossa, Huberto
Maria Fernanda. E. A. Peers, trans-
lator; AN..... 406
- Peterkin, Julia
Bright skin; AN..... 632
- Peterson, Houston
Huxley, prophet of science; B..... 374
- Philostratus: Imagines; Callistratus: De-
scriptions. With English translation
by A. Fairbanks; AN..... 376
- Pinchot, Amos; R..... 233
- Place of prejudice in modern civilization,
the. Sir A. Keith; AN..... 658

- Place of the lion, the. C. Williams; AN... 658
- Planned society, a. G. Soule; B..... 681
- Poems. G. Scott; B..... 438
- Poems. 1928-1931. A. Tate; B..... 519
- Politian, Angelo
Orpheus; AN..... 149
- Porteous, S. D.
Psychology of a primitive people, the;
AN..... 235
- Portrait of an American. R. P. Tristram
Coffin; AN..... 120
- Portrait of an independent: Moorfield Storey,
1845-1929. M. A. De Wolfe Howe; B 706
- Portraits. D. MacCarthy; B..... 603
- Power ethics. J. Levin; B..... 79
- Powys, John Cowper
Glastonbury romance, a; B..... 474
- Powys, Llewellyn
Impassioned clay; B..... 291
- Powys, T. F.
Unclay; B..... 438
- Price of life, the. V. Lidin. Translated by
H. C. Matheson; B..... 262
- Psychology at work. Edited by P. S.
Achilles; AN..... 659
- Psychology of a primitive people, the. S. D.
Porteous; AN..... 235
- Public pays, the: A study of power propa-
ganda. E. Gruening; B..... 233
- Puritan, the. L. O'Flaherty; B..... 315

R

- Radiquet, Raymond
Devil in the flesh, the. K. Boyle, trans-
lator; AN..... 522
- Rebel India. H. N. Brailsford; B..... 148
- Recent trends in American housing. E. E.
Wood; B..... 173
- Recaptured. Colette; AN..... 317
- Red fog lifts, the. A. Muldavin; AN..... 377
- Red like crimson. J. Paradine; AN..... 25
- Red room, the. G. Dennis; B..... 438
- Red roses for bronze. H. D.; R..... 264
- Replier, Agnes
Times and tendencies; AN..... 406
- Representative opinions of Mr. Justice
Holmes; AN..... 149
- Return I dare not. M. Kennedy; AN..... 54
- Return to yesterday. F. M. Ford; B..... 403
- Rhys, Ernest
Everyman remembers; B..... 78
- Rimbaud, Arthur, biography; B..... 51
- Rise of Herbert Hoover, the. W. W. Lig-
gett; B..... 375
- Robertson, E. Arnot; AN..... 318
- Robertson, W. Graham
Life was worth living; B..... 52
- Robinson, Howard
Bayle the skeptic; B..... 657
- Robinson, Selma
City child; AN..... 80
- Robinson, Victor
Story of medicine, the; AN..... 550
- Rogers, Samuel
Deserter, the; AN..... 658
- Rölvaag, O. E.
Their fathers' god. T. M. Ager, trans-
lator; AN..... 122
- Rosenberg, Arthur
Birth of the German republic, the. 1871-
1918. I. F. D. Morrow, translator; B 174
- Rosenthal, Jerome; R..... 53
- Rousseau, Jean Jacques, biography. M. Jo-
sephson; B..... 172
- Rumour at nightfall. G. Greene; AN..... 578
- Run, sheep, run. M. Bodenheimer; AN.... 348
- Rural education for the regeneration of
Korea. H. Kim; B..... 289
- Russia. H. von Eckardt. Translated by
C. A. Phillips; AN..... 707
- Ryskind, Morrie
Diary of an ex-president, the; extracts
from 594

S

- Saginaw Paul Bunyan, the. J. Stevens; AN 265
- Sainte-Beuve: A literary portrait. W. F.
Giese; B..... 471
- Sanctis, Francesco de
History of Italian literature. J. Red-
fern, translator; B..... 173
- Sanson, G. B.
Japan: A short cultural history; AN... 377
- Schneider, Isidor; R..... 147, 173, 434, 733
- Schnitzler, Arthur
Flight into darkness; AN..... 25
- Schuman, Frederick L.
War and diplomacy in the French re-
public; B..... 78
- Schurz, Carl, biography. C. M. Fuess; B... 575
- Schwarz, Heinrich
David Octavius Hill; B..... 77
- Science at the cross roads; B..... 53
- Scott, Geoffrey
Poems; B..... 438
- Scroggs, William O., and W. Lippmann
United States in world affairs: 1931; B. 631

- Seagle, William; R.....24, 473, 605, 731
Season in hell, a: The life of Arthur Rimbaud. J. M. Carré. Translated by H. and M. Josephson; B..... 51
Seaver, Edwin; R.....519, 732
Sergei Koussevitzky and his epoch. A. Lourie. Translated by S. W. Pring; AN..... 54
Shaw, George Bernard. F. Harris; letter by F. Hackett..... 515
Sherwood, Robert Emmet
Virtuous knight, the; AN..... 318
Sinclair, May
Intercessor and other stories, the; B.... 548
Sinclair, Upton
American outpost; B..... 432
Singer, Charles
Story of living things, the; B..... 604
Skinner, R. Dana
Our changing theater..... 407
Small town. B. Field; AN..... 265
Smith, Richard R., and R. Long
Twenty best short stories in Ray Long's twenty years as an editor; B..... 548
Snyder, Franklin
Life of Robert Burns, the; B..... 732
Sokolnikova, Halina
Nine women. H. C. Stevens, translator; AN..... 707
Sophokles: Antigone. A new redaction in the American language. S. O'Sheel; AN..... 707
Soule, George
Planned society, a; B..... 681
South America, four books on; B..... 628
Souvenirs: My life with Maeterlinck. G. Leblanc; B..... 630
Soviet river. L. Leonov; B..... 577
Spanning the Atlantic: The history of the Cunard line. F. L. Babcock; B..... 344
Sparks fly upward. O. La Farge; AN..... 25
Special hunger. The tragedy of Keats. G. O'Neil; B..... 24
Spencer, R. E.
Lady who came to stay, the; B..... 375
Spengler, Oswald
Man and technics; B..... 231
Spingarn, J. E.
Creative criticism, and other essays; B.. 76
Spring books, list of..... 445
Stern, Bernhard J.
Lewis Henry Morgan; Social evolutionist; B..... 657
Stevens, James
Saginaw Paul Bunyan, the; AN..... 265
Stewart, George R., junior
Bret Harte: Argonaut and exile; B.... 22
Stewart, Maxwell S.; R.....375, 683
Stolberg, Benjamin; R.....261, 729
Storey, Moorfield, biography. M. A. De Wolfe Howe; B..... 706
Storm; P. Neagoe; AN..... 687
Story of living things, the. C. Singer; B... 604
Story of medicine, the. V. Robinson; AN... 550
Story of my life, the. C. Darrow; B..... 261
Strange adventures of Jonathan Drew, the. C. Ward; AN..... 405
Strange attacks on Herbert Hoover, the. A. Train; B..... 375
Street in Moscow, a. I. Ehrenbourg; AN... 578
Strong, L. A. G.
Brothers; AN..... 632
Struggle for South America, the. J. F. Normano; B..... 628
Sun Yat-sen versus communism. M. Williams; B..... 548
Sykes, Gerald; R.....23, 376, 684
- T
Tarbell, Ida M.
Owen D. Young: A new type of industrial leader; B..... 729
Tarkington, Booth
Mary's neck; B..... 206
Tasso, Torquato
Aminta; AN..... 149
- Tate, Allen
Poems, 1928-1931; B..... 519
Terry, Ellen, biography. E. G. Craig; B... 630
That girl. J. Deval. Translated by L. S. Morris; AN..... 522
Their fathers' god. O. E. Rølvaag. Translated by T. M. Ager; AN..... 122
Theory of education in the United States, the. A. J. Nock; B..... 207
These restless heads. B. Cabell; B..... 232
They that take the sword. E. Wingfield-Stratford; B..... 315
They were still dancing. E. Waugh; B.... 232
Thief, the. L. Leonov. Translated by H. Butler; AN..... 496
Thiers, Louis Adolphe, book on. J. M. S. Allison; AN..... 733
Thirteen men in the mine. P. Hubermont. Translated by L. H. Titterton; AN... 317
This man is my brother. M. Brinig; AN... 522
Thomas Aquinas. M. C. D'Arcy; B..... 347
Thomas, Bertram
Arabia felix: Across the "empty quarter" of Arabia; B..... 434
Thomas, Norman; R..... 402
Thompson, Dorothy
I saw Hitler; B..... 401
Thompson, James Westfall
Middle ages, the: 300-1500; B..... 347
Three loves. A. J. Cronin; AN..... 632
Thunder and dawn. G. Frank; B..... 705
Thurman, Wallace
Infants of the spring; AN..... 176
Thurso's landing. R. Jeffers; B....433; see also C..... 600
Times and tendencies. A. Repplier; AN... 406
Tough luck—Hoover again! J. L. Heaton; B 375
Towards a better life. K. Burke; B..... 289
Tragedy of Henry Ford, the. J. N. Leonard; B..... 435
Tragic America. T. Dreiser; B..... 402
Train, Arthur
Strange attacks on Herbert Hoover, the; B..... 375
Translation of the Orpheus of A. Politian and the Aminta of T. Tasso; AN..... 149
Trebitsch-Lincoln, J. L.
Autobiography of an adventurer, the. E. Burns, translator; AN..... 550
Trilling, Lionel; R.....24, 471
Trotzky, Leon
History of the Russian revolution, the. Volume I. The overthrow of tsarism. M. Eastman, translator; B....314; see also C, 515; C..... 600
Troy, William; R..... 495
Truth about Hoover, the. H. Corey; B.... 683
Tune in, America: A study of our coming musical independence. D. G. Mason; AN..... 54
Twenty best stories in Ray Long's twenty years as an editor. R. Long and R. R. Smith; B..... 548
Two living and one dead. S. Christiansen. Translated by E. Bjorkman; B..... 576
- U
Unclay. T. F. Powys; B..... 438
Underwood, A. C.
Contemporary thought of India; AN.... 121
United States in world affairs: 1931. W. Lippmann and W. O. Scroggs; B.... 631
United States since 1865, the. L. M. Hacker and B. B. Kendrick; B..... 437
Unknown war, the: The eastern front. W. Churchill; AN..... 733
- V
Van Doren, Carl; R..... 429
Van Doren, Dorothy; R.....438, 629, 686
Van Doren, Mark; R.....52, 656
Villard, Oswald Garrison; R...117, 344, 471, 706
Virtuous knight, the. R. E. Sherwood; AN. 318
- W
Wagenknecht, Edward
Jenny Lind; AN..... 80
Wagner, Richard
Letters to Anton Pusinelli. Translated and edited by E. Lenrow; B..... 549
Walton, Eda Lou; R.....146, 438, 519, 682
War. S. Nearing; B..... 315
War and diplomacy in the French republic. F. L. Schuman; B..... 78
Ward, Christopher
Strange adventures of Jonathan Drew, the; AN..... 405
Warner, Arthur; R.....234, 604, 684
Wassermann, Jacob
Doctor Kerkhoven. C. Brooks, translator; AN..... 633
Waugh, Evelyn
They were still dancing; B..... 232
Weather tree, the. M. Chapman; AN..... 405
Weigall, T. H.
Boom in paradise; AN..... 439
Wellington. P. Guedalla; B..... 147
Wescott, Glenway
Fear and trembling; B..... 684
West, Nathanael
Dream life of Balso Snell, the; AN.... 441
Western influences in modern Japan. I. Nitobe and twenty others; B..... 289
Wheless, Joseph
Forgery in Christianity; AN..... 349
White, Kenneth; R..... 375
Whitman, Edmund S.
No minor vices; AN..... 209
William, Maurice
Sun Yat-sen versus communism; B.... 548
Williams, Charles
Place of the lion, the; AN..... 658
Wilson, J. Dover
Essential Shakespeare, the; B..... 685
Wingfield-Stratford, Esme
They that take the sword; B..... 315
Winslow, Thyra Samter
Blueberry pie; B..... 548
Wood, Clement
Herbert Clark Hoover: An American tragedy; B..... 375
Wood, Edith Elmer
Recent trends in American housing; B.. 173
Wordsworth, Dorothy. C. M. Maclean; B.. 686
Wormser, I. Maurice
Frankenstein, incorporated; B..... 520
Wright, Cuthbert; R.....51, 291
Written constitution and the unwritten attitude, the. C. E. Merriam; B..... 24
Wylie, Elinor
Collected poems. Edited by W. R. Benét; B..... 682
- Y
Ybarra, T. R.
Hindenburg: The man with three lives; B..... 401
York, Dorothea
Mud and stars; AN..... 209
Young, C. Walter
International legal status of the Kwantung leased territory, the; B..... 49
Japanese jurisdiction in the south Manchuria railway areas; B..... 49
Japan's special position in Manchuria; B 49
Young, Francis Brett
Mr. and Mrs. Pennington; AN..... 265
Young, Owen D.; biography. I. M. Tarbell; B..... 729
- Z
Zabel, Morton Dauwen; R.....78, 403
Zihaly, Lajos
Deserter, the. G. Halasz, translator; AN..... 658
Zodiak. W. Eidlitz. Translated by E. Sutton; AN..... 235
Zucker, A. E.; R..... 263
Zweig, Stefan
Mental healers; B..... 494

1. The first part of the index is a list of the names of the authors of the papers in the volume. The names are arranged in alphabetical order of the last name.

2. The second part of the index is a list of the titles of the papers in the volume. The titles are arranged in alphabetical order of the first word.

3. The third part of the index is a list of the subjects of the papers in the volume. The subjects are arranged in alphabetical order of the first word.

4. The fourth part of the index is a list of the names of the institutions or organizations that have contributed papers to the volume. The names are arranged in alphabetical order of the first word.

5. The fifth part of the index is a list of the names of the individuals who have contributed papers to the volume. The names are arranged in alphabetical order of the first word.

6. The sixth part of the index is a list of the names of the journals or magazines in which the papers in the volume have been published. The names are arranged in alphabetical order of the first word.

7. The seventh part of the index is a list of the names of the books or monographs in which the papers in the volume have been published. The names are arranged in alphabetical order of the first word.

8. The eighth part of the index is a list of the names of the theses or dissertations in which the papers in the volume have been published. The names are arranged in alphabetical order of the first word.

9. The ninth part of the index is a list of the names of the articles or essays in which the papers in the volume have been published. The names are arranged in alphabetical order of the first word.

10. The tenth part of the index is a list of the names of the chapters or sections in which the papers in the volume have been published. The names are arranged in alphabetical order of the first word.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1932

No. 3470

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	1
EDITORIALS:	
Japan the Outlaw.....	3
The Challenge of 1932	4
End of the Young Plan.....	5
Money and Elections	5
A Note on Prosperity.....	6
THE NATION'S HONOR ROLL FOR 1931.....	7
WAGES GO UP IN RUSSIA. By Louis Fischer.....	8
IS THERE WAR IN MANCHURIA? By A. E. Hindmarsh.....	10
IS UNCLE SAM "GOING NATIVE"? By Paul Y. Anderson.....	13
IF I WERE DICTATOR. By Harold J. Laski	15
THE CRITIC'S DILEMMA: II. THE JEST AND THE EAR. By Joseph Wood Krutch	16
PREMIER AZANA ON SPANISH POLICY. By I. M. Levy.....	18
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	19
CORRESPONDENCE	20
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	21
FINANCE: AID OR PREVENTION? By S. Palmer Harman.....	21
BOOKS, MUSIC, FILMS, DRAMA:	
Sunrise. By Frances M. Frost.....	22
Bret Harte. By Carey McWilliams.....	22
Rx: Courage. By Gerald Sykes.....	23
Brown America. By Abram L. Harris.....	23
Two Novelized Biographies. By Lionel Trilling.....	24
The Paper Constitution. By William Seagle	24
Books in Brief	25
Music: A Change in Structure. By Arthur Mendel.....	26
Films: "Based on the Play—." By Margaret Marshall.....	28
Drama: New Year Suggestions. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	28

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE WAR-DEBT MORATORIUM declared last June has been finally legalized by Congress. The Senate, following the favorable vote in the House, has recognized what was an accomplished fact. It had no alternative. By refusing to approve the moratorium it would not only have been disciplining President Hoover, but it might very easily have been wrecking Europe in the process. While we rejoice that the moratorium has at last been made legally as well as morally binding, we are thoroughly alarmed by the ugly, jingoistic attitude the Senate revealed in the course of its debate. We refer here not alone to the bitter speeches of Senator Johnson, which were of a sort to stir up hatred for Europe among the American people. The Senate as a whole was hardly less hostile. It refused to override the House reservation declaring against further interference with the debt agreements. It voted down, by 63 to 16 in each case, two amendments offered by Senator Howell of Nebraska and supported generally by the Progressives. Stated briefly, the amendments would have declared it the opinion of Congress that there should be no further adjustments of war debts until Europe had agreed to revise the peace treaties. On the whole the Senate showed itself wholly indifferent to the desperate plight of Europe.

ANY INCREASE made in federal tax rates should be applied to 1931 incomes so that the government can begin collecting the anticipated additional revenue in March of this year. The government cannot afford to wait until March, 1933. It needs to benefit by the contemplated tax adjustment at the earliest possible moment in order to meet the constantly growing deficit. The Democrats in Congress are opposed to this obvious necessity. Representative Rainey of Illinois, the Democratic floor leader, considers it regrettable that "the taxpayers of the country are to be subjected now to new and staggering burdens of taxation." It is regrettable, of course, but under the circumstances it is also unavoidable. Representative Rainey would soften the blow by postponing the new tax rates until 1933, that is, until after the Presidential election. He presumably fears that the country will hold the Democrats, who control the House, responsible for the increased taxes, and that this will react against the Democratic candidates in November. And meanwhile he appears willing to let the government worry along with its financial difficulties as best it can without availing itself of its privilege to obtain prompt relief through its taxing power. Here Representative Snell of New York, the Republican leader, is on more sensible ground when he declares that the government "will absolutely need the money in 1932."

IN THE PROHIBITIVE TARIFF just established by Spain, and deliberately aimed at the United States, we have the clearest measure yet afforded of the mischief done by the Hawley-Smoot law to our business and the comity of the world. We exported \$82,000,000 worth of our products to Spain in 1929 and \$57,500,000 in 1930. Now, in our time of distress, Spain retaliates for our high tariff by barring fourteen classes of imports, in ten of which, notably automobiles and telephone equipment, the United States is especially interested. This will not, of course, in the slightest degree affect the belief of Senator Smoot and Senator Watson that our latest tariff is the cornerstone of our industrial system, nor will it induce the President to recede from the position taken by him in his annual message to Congress that this is not the time for an overhauling of the tariff. On the contrary, there is talk in Washington of invoking the retaliatory provisions of the tariff, which, if it were done, would provide us with a first-class tariff war. All of which shows clearly how tariffs menace the peace of the world. Was there ever anything more insane than the conduct of both sides? When every country is suffering for lack of business, when industry after industry is prostrate—then, according to our realistic statesmen, is just the time to make it impossible to trade with your neighbor who wants to do business with you!

IMPRISONED within their boundaries—this is now the lot of the Austrian people. The government has achieved this by the simple device of refusing to sell railway tickets to would-be purchasers unless they can show that they possess sufficient currency to go abroad, and then for-

bidding the banks to sell to anybody more than the equivalent of seven dollars of such currency. A few exceptions are to be made—for example, with certain limitations, for journalists and commercial travelers; but hereafter in general no one wishing to visit friends or relatives or to seek health abroad can do so. It is explained that this is a desperate measure due to the desperate situation of Austria and the necessity of keeping within its boundaries every penny of its resources. It is an effort like that of Spain with its prohibitive tariff to make the nation "self-contained." The next step for these countries is to forbid the entrance of foreigners altogether, and then with all their people within their own frontiers they can do each other's washing and live happily forever after. That the Austrian financial situation is beyond description menacing is plain, especially as the promised French loan is not forthcoming. From Hungary, another danger spot, comes the news that it has virtually declared bankruptcy by postponing all payments on foreign debts for one year. As our investments in Hungary total \$179,000,000, private American investors, according to the State Department, will lose, as a result, between \$12,000,000 and \$14,000,000 in the coming year.

THE POLISH TERROR in Eastern Galicia continues unabated. Writing from Lemberg, a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says:

The oppression of the Ukrainian minority in Poland is growing worse every day. It would perhaps be wearisome to record the oppressive acts that are being committed in ever-growing numbers. . . . But there are certain things that cannot be left unrecorded, that must be heard by the civilized world—namely, the horrible and inhuman barbarities that are inflicted on Ukrainian political prisoners in Polish jails, and which are part of the war waged by the Polish dictatorship against the Ukrainian minority.

The correspondent then goes on to present numerous facts, gathered from eyewitnesses, to support these sensational charges. After many unsuccessful efforts the leaders of the Ukrainian minority finally managed to set their case before the League of Nations. The Assembly appointed a committee of three to investigate the reign of terror in Eastern Galicia. This committee was to have reported at the last session of the Assembly in September, but an unforeseen complication replete with irony prevented the report from being prepared. Kenkichi Yoshizawa, the Japanese delegate in the Assembly, had been chosen *rapporteur* of the committee, but he was too busy defending Japanese aggression in Manchuria to have any time left for the Ukrainian victims of the Polish terror! The question was put over until January.

EVERY DAY brings a more critical situation in India—critical for Mahatma Gandhi, who returned to face a task infinitely complicated by recent events, and critical for Great Britain, whose resort to extreme measures of repression in Bengal has only provoked deeper hostility. Jawaharlal Nehru already has been thrown into prison for his activities in the strikingly effective no-rent campaign; British officials, understandably resentful over the occasional cold-blooded assassinations of their fellows, are themselves casting off restraint and are thus increasing the desperation of the

natives; the attempt to impose an unsatisfactory constitution promises a series of brutal black-and-tan episodes; and it seems altogether likely that Gandhi before long will again be lodged behind the bars. As during his last imprisonment, he would doubtless be an inspiring symbol of unity; but the old policy of "divide and rule" bids fair to aid the British purpose. The desertion of the National Congress program by the All-India Moslem League cannot be regarded, unfortunately, as a wholly ingenuous move; Moslem delegates at London, before their departure, held a love feast with the reactionary Secretary of State for India, Sir Samuel Hoare, and have been used, wittingly or unwittingly, by the Tories to brake the radical momentum of the Congress. The strength of Gandhi among the Moslem masses, however, must not be underestimated; and the undiminished zeal of the rank-and-file Indians, in the face of imprisonment and beatings, is a portent with which the British will have to reckon.

THE MINERS IN HARLAN and Bell counties in Kentucky have been called out on strike by the National Miners Union. We are not sure what this left-wing organization hopes to gain by this maneuver. Certainly conditions are not ripe now for a successful strike, though it cannot be denied that the underpaid and underfed pit workers of Kentucky have much to fight for. Living conditions among these people are considerably worse than the deplorable conditions found in the Pennsylvania and Ohio coal areas. Kentucky, together with Tennessee and West Virginia, has long been a stronghold of anti-unionism, and in consequence the wages paid there have always been low. Meanwhile the civil warfare in Harlan County continues unabated. A deputy sheriff was fatally wounded on Christmas Eve, his death being the ninth of its kind since the labor troubles began a year ago. The shooting occurred just a few days before the opening of the latest of the series of murder trials growing out of these disturbances. More than thirty miners, including the president of the Evarts local of the United Mine Workers, are being tried, or are about to be tried, for the death of four men at Evarts last spring. It is into this atmosphere that the leaders of the National Miners Union have plunged with their call for a strike.

THE "RED SQUAD" of the Los Angeles police department has finally run into trouble. For months this group of picked policemen has been breaking up meetings of radicals and liberals, beating up workers and sympathizers, and applying third-degree methods to persons arrested. Lately the "red squad" overreached itself in stopping a mass-meeting of liberals called to arouse sympathy for Tom Mooney and the Kentucky miners. Night-sticks, blackjacks, and tear-bombs were generously used in driving from the hall the five thousand men and women who had assembled. The reaction of the "better element" of Los Angeles was, from the standpoint of the police, rather surprising. The bar association, the Municipal League, and several religious organizations addressed a protest to Mayor John C. Porter. He promptly replied that "this communication is apparently from individuals who seem to be defending an organization that preaches the overthrow of our government, and I see no reason why I should recognize these demands." But he modified his attitude when the City Council by a vote of 11

to 4 roundly condemned the terroristic tactics of the police. A compromise was reached after a conference between the mayor, police department, and various city officials whereby it was agreed that the "red squad" should refrain from breaking up meetings until an "overt act" had been committed. But it was left to the police to define for themselves what might constitute an "overt act."

A GREAT VICTORY has been won for free speech in Detroit, where an antediluvian member of the Board of Education, Dr. B. J. Shurly, undertook to dismiss from his position in the Teachers College Dr. Walter G. Bergman for the crime of sedition, specifically for daring to criticize the Reserve Officers Training Corps in schools and colleges. Dr. Bergman happens to have been a veteran who served in France, and he is commander of the Thomas Jefferson Post of the American Legion. That did not prevent Dr. Shurly's attack, although the offending utterance was not even made in a classroom, but at a meeting of members of the League for Industrial Democracy. The result of Dr. Shurly's action is a vindication of the right of the Detroit school teacher to have opinions of his own and to express them, as guaranteed by the Constitution. At a meeting on December 8 the Board of Education passed a resolution guaranteeing free speech to teachers outside of the classroom "upon all subjects, including social, economic, and political questions, without fear of official reprimand or coercion on the part of anyone connected with the Board of Education." Dr. Shurly voted for this in order to move a reconsideration. It did him no good. On December 22 the board voted by 4 to 3 not to reconsider the resolution. At the same meeting there was a magnificent debate for two hours on disarmament, free speech, the Pact of Paris, sedition, birth control, free love, trade unionism, and other subjects, which must have been well worth a high price of admission and might even have been enlightening to Dr. Shurly.

IT IS PLEASANT to record that President Hoover has recognized the stake that women have in the disarmament of the world by appointing President Mary E. Woolley of Mt. Holyoke College to the disarmament commission. The precedent thus established is of such far-reaching importance that we are not disposed to cavil today at his selection of a woman who belongs to the conservative wing of the peace movement instead of the militant. We are, indeed, the more grateful because of the sad fact that Ambassador Dawes has now been chosen to head the delegation, Henry P. Fletcher having fortunately decided not to serve. When will President Hoover learn how personally unpopular and ineffective Ambassador Dawes is in Europe wherever he goes because of his extraordinarily bad manners? In this case the selection is all the more regrettable because, as the *New York Times* has pointed out, the other countries involved, notably England and Germany, are sending their highest-rank statesmen—England Premier MacDonald, and Germany its Chancellor. The failure to add Mr. Stimson to the commission handicaps it from the very start. It is further weighted down by the appointment of the big-navy and imperialistic Senator Swanson of Virginia, alongside of whom is to serve some Republican Senator, probably of the conventional type, while the fifth member is to be Hugh Gibson, who has failed so signally in previous conferences.

Japan the Outlaw

THAT is what Japan is today—an outlaw nation. In the face of increasing evidence that the leading countries of the world are entirely opposed to its war in Manchuria, Japan steadily goes ahead completing its conquest. Borrowing a leaf out of the imperialistic books of England, and of the United States in Nicaragua and elsewhere, it describes the Chinese troops as "bandits" and proposes to "clean them up." More than that, its government continues to insist that all criticisms of its actions are merely preventing the early coming of peace by misleading the Chinese into resisting—a clever, much too clever, move against the natural outburst of world indignation. Meanwhile Japan, with militarists in complete control of the government, continues to reinforce its armies; to advance; to organize a government of its own for Manchuria; and to violate freely the Nine-Power Treaty, the Covenant of the League of Nations, and the Kellogg Pact.

In other words, Japan is running amuck in the family of nations. "What are you going to do about it?" is the question it poses to the Powers. What, indeed? No more important query has been put to the League and to the United States since the World War. If the League sits by irresolute while the war goes on, it will sustain a blow to its prestige from which it may never recover. It may, of course, continue to hide behind the subterfuge that there is no war in Manchuria, but everyone recognizes the subterfuge and knows that Article 16 of the Covenant of the League clearly applies. This reads that in the event of an act of war by any member

... it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League, which hereby undertakes immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade and financial relations . . . the prohibition of all financial, personal, or commercial intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaking state and the nationals of any other state, whether a member of the League or not.

If the League cannot act under this article, it would certainly not be able to act if France in the next few months should decide to war upon Germany and again invade that country; there will be few future cases in which offending nations will not be in a position to point to this precedent in the case of Manchuria and to thumb their noses at the League.

As for ourselves, we are firmly of the opinion that there ought to be a direct expression by our government of the indignation the American people feel at treaty violation as unblushing and shameless as Germany's violation of its treaty with Belgium in 1914. Washington should publish at once the entire correspondence between this country and Japan, and in our judgment should devote itself to organizing an effective international protest—we would wish that we might, in common with other nations, withdraw our Ambassador from Tokio, precisely as the Italian government once withdrew its Ambassador from Washington in protest against the lynching of its nationals in New Orleans. Our government owes it to itself to leave no stone unturned to vindicate the violated treaties and to express its complete disapprobation of this act of indefensible aggression.

The Challenge of 1932

THE dark year of 1931 has passed into history, a year for the United States of suffering, bitterness, and increasing disillusionment. It is bad enough for a country to tumble overnight from the greatest height of prosperity ever attained; but it is worse for it to discover that it is without statesmen to guide it, that its leadership in finance, commerce, and politics is bankrupt, and that no clear-cut program is offered as the ladder on which to climb out of the pit of blackness into the sunlight of peace, comfort, and satisfactory living for all. We thought ourselves a race of supermen with prosperity our vassal for all time. We looked with contempt upon the effete nations of Europe. Had we not just shown them how to win the World War and done it in the briefest time, and were we not showing them the ideal way of life? We had read with mingled distrust and incredulity of what they had told us as to their suffering and economic misery—only to find that suffering and misery could walk in upon us in the twinkling of an eye; and we are still in the stage of incredulous amazement that this has come to us.

Yet there are some positive gains to be recorded. We have thus far shown astonishing self-control. The most lawless country in the world has not witnessed a single bread riot of importance; it has not been necessary in a single case to call out the troops as during the panic of 1877. While *The Nation*, as our readers are aware, believes that there must be federal aid to tide the unemployed over the crisis, it recognizes with satisfaction and gratitude the generous private response to the calls for aid—more generous than would be found in any other country, even though all the sufferers have by no means been reached. We give thanks, too, that the economic disaster which confronts us has made men and women *think*, has made **multitudes realize** that our institutions are not perfect, that there is something radically wrong with the situation under which, even at the height of prosperity, many are on the ragged edge of starvation while others literally roll in wealth.

That this thinking has not yet taken definite shape or concentrated upon any given reforms is true. But the fact that public opinion is not yet organized, that the necessary leadership is still lacking, constitutes the greatest challenge of 1932. We have far to go in making over our processes of government and we shall have to face the blind and bitter opposition of many who do not realize that the prevailing system has broken down, that the doctrine of rugged individualism is today a joke, that the kind of leadership we have had leads only to despair. They are the ones who refused to heed the warning that the period of standing still in our political and economic thought during the reign of Calvin Coolidge, which they applauded because it left them free to go their way to their heart's content, was really a grave period of retrogression. They are the ones who still indulge in talk of the largest navy in the world, who desire an imperialistic government, who daily sanction the violations of the fundamental guaranties of the Constitution, who wish to lock up or shoot anybody whose opinions and vision differ from theirs. We shall find as the depression gets more

intense that we have fascists without number who can persuade themselves that fascism is really 100 per cent Americanism and quite justified in the defense of our institutions and our Constitution. They are the ones who will not give up their special privileges, their favored position, without determined effort to crush any opposition.

Now if that opposition comes to pass (William G. McAdoo, on his return to California from a trip to the East, reports that he is astonished at the "evidences of an amazing amount of unrest and discontent under the crust," and that he found "a desperate feeling among the people" that they are dominated by utterly selfish and unworthy political parties) it will be dangerous, indeed, if it is not formulated, organized, and led along liberal lines. Here again is the challenge for the coming year. To all who believe in liberalism it is an extraordinary opportunity to show to their fellow-citizens that there are ways out, that there is no need for despair if only they will direct themselves to the removal of the obvious obstacles to economic rehabilitation, and then to the consideration of reforms. The tariff is the enemy, as are the debts and reparations, the piling up of gold, the buying of elections by campaign funds, the intolerable misuse of the Presidential powers to renominate the sitting President, and all the other barriers to the full, clear, and free expression of the popular will. The foes are still the possessors of special privilege. It remains as true as when Woodrow Wilson used those words in 1912 that "our government has been for the past few years under the control of heads of great allied corporations with special interests," that "the government of the United States in recent years has not been administered by the common people of the United States" but by "this little group or that little group. . . . An invisible empire has been set up above the forms of democracy." Words which were echoed by Theodore Roosevelt when he said July 27, 1912: "This crooked control of both the old parties by the beneficiaries of political and business privilege renders it hopeless to expect any far-reaching and fundamental service from either." No one will maintain that this control has been overthrown, that it is a whit less menacing than when those two men railed against it.

We are well aware that the citizens of the United States are going to be profoundly concerned with their own affairs during the next twelve months; they will be trying to keep their families in clothing and food, to avoid the foreclosure of the mortgages on their homes. Yet we believe that in increasing numbers as the political campaign draws near and then takes its course, the multitudes will find time to think of national affairs as well as of their own immediate concerns. And if a spur is needed, it will be found in every large community in the country and in many of the rural districts, in the sight of many American men, women, and children on the verge of starvation through no fault of their own. We believe the Republic to be in jeopardy, but we have not lost faith that it can be rescued and set upon the right paths through the instrumentality of the present form of government, adequately altered to meet the needs of the situation.

End of the Young Plan

WHEN one considers the restrictions with which the Young Plan advisory committee was hedged about, the immensely relevant and important questions that it was technically prohibited from considering, the outspokenness of its report is remarkable, and is perhaps directly responsible for the crucial decision of the French and British governments to call a conference to reconsider the entire question of debts and reparations. The committee left little doubt regarding its real opinion. It concluded that "the burden of taxation in Germany has become so high that there is no margin for further increase." The unparalleled steps taken to maintain the currency and the budget show "a resolute desire on the part of the German government to meet the situation." The committee was practically forbidden by the terms of its instructions to consider the "unconditional" annuities, but declares in unmistakable terms that in spite of its efforts Germany "will not be able in the year beginning in July next to transfer the conditional part of her annuity." The committee goes on to declare that it would not consider that it had fully accomplished its task if it did not draw the attention of the governments concerned to "the unprecedented gravity of the crisis, the magnitude of which undoubtedly exceeds the 'relatively short depression' envisaged in the Young Plan," which contemplated a steady expansion in world trade, both in volume and in value. The present committee points out that the opposite of this has occurred. The burden on Germany is consequently very much greater even than the Young Plan itself originally contemplated, for not only has the trade of the world shrunk in value, but the violent fall in gold prices has added greatly to the real burden of all payments fixed in gold. The German problem, says the report finally, "is largely responsible for the growing financial paralysis of the world," and it ends with an appeal to the governments "to permit no delay in dealing with this great crisis."

Here is the conclusion of a body of economic experts with representatives from both neutral countries and Germany's principal creditors—from Switzerland, Japan, Yugoslavia, Sweden, Holland, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Great Britain, the United States, and France. They have once for all disposed of the myth that Germany is "faking," or "staging" a crisis, that she has made no real effort to pay, that she could pay if she were willing to. They have not only said that Germany's "conditional" payments cannot be met, but everything in their report implies beyond question that the "unconditional" payments cannot be met either. They have virtually said, in brief, in the teeth of the most stubborn French opposition, and with the French representative even agreeing, that the Young Plan is at an end.

What is perhaps even more astonishing than the report itself is the immediate action of the French government in agreeing with the British government to call a conference at The Hague on January 18 to reconsider the whole question of debts and reparations. This seems to mean—and if it does it is immensely encouraging news—that the French are at last ready to recognize realities and abandon the Young Plan. But it means also that France and Britain, in return for a further postponement and probable scaling down of

the reparations, will demand from the United States a further postponement and scaling down of their debt to us. They have reached a temper where they seem to accept at face value Mr. Hoover's statement that we will take no lead in the matter. They evidently will have not the slightest hesitation in announcing that they will take advantage of the clause in their agreement with us which permits them to forgo payments on the debt for a period of two years. More grave than that, responsible opinion in both France and Britain has reached a point where it is seriously considering downright repudiation if our Congress does not alter its uncompromising attitude. Sir Arthur Salter probably sums up this point of view in his remark that "Congress has done its best to exempt default from dishonor." If the debts should be repudiated, it would not only mean that the United States would get nothing—that would be unimportant compared with the shock to world confidence, the economic disorganization, and the international bitterness and recrimination that would follow. By its tragic blindness to the situation, by the appalling stupidity of its recent declaration that it is "against the policy of Congress that any of the indebtedness of foreign countries to the United States should be in any manner canceled or reduced," Congress has succeeded in uniting Europe against America, in making the United States, and not France, the chief barrier to any recovery from the world economic crisis.

Money and Elections

HUGE expenditures go hand in hand with election of public officials in the United States. This has been pointed out before; it needs to be discussed again and again. Critics have long sneered at democracy as being, or so they contend, simply a stupid counting of noses. In truth, democracy in this country has become hardly more than a mere counting of dollars. Every Presidential election since 1896, with one exception, that of 1916, has been won by the party that has spent the most money. Congressional, State, and local elections have with equal constancy gone the same way. Moreover, campaign expenditures have invariably been larger, in most cases much larger, than the salaries of the officials to be elected. In 1930, for example, a minimum of \$5,505,712 was spent to nominate and elect thirty-two Senators, a sum fifteen times greater than the combined salaries of the Senators who were elected. This fact has just been brought out by the Senate investigating committee, of which Gerald P. Nye is chairman, in a report that strongly censures the present excessive use of money in campaigns, and that at the same time proposes certain remedies.

The Corrupt Practices Act of 1925 was designed to check corruption in Presidential and Congressional elections by requiring candidates or their managers to make known to Congress the sources of all contributions to their campaign funds, and the exact amounts and purposes of their campaign expenditures. The Nye committee has come to the conclusion that this law is defective in several major respects. It has proposed that the 1925 act be remedied by placing definite maximum limits on expenditures, by extending the provisions of the law to cover primary elections, by providing that

reports of contributions and expenditures now made to Congress be given wide publicity through the clerks of the various federal district courts, and by concentrating responsibility for all expenditures made in his behalf on the candidate himself or his publicly authorized agents. Individuals or organizations who collect or distribute funds on behalf of a candidate without his explicit authorization would be subjected to severe penalties. Under a bill introduced by Chairman Nye, in which these projected reforms are incorporated, expenditures for the nomination of a Presidential candidate would be limited to \$250,000; for the election of a President and a Vice-President, \$5,000,000; for the nomination and election of a Senator, \$50,000; for the nomination and election of a Representative, \$10,000.

The Nye bill merits the immediate consideration of Congress, although many of its provisions are plainly quite impracticable. Publicity for campaign expenditures is essential. So is the provision for fixing responsibility for contributions and expenditures upon individual candidates or their agents. Most important, however, is the proposal to place a definite limitation upon expenditures, and this reform should be enacted without fail. We cannot agree to the precise limitations laid down in the Nye bill. For example, \$5,000,000 appears to be an extravagant sum to allow any party to spend on the election of a President. Again, it would be unfair to permit a party in Nevada, which has a population of less than 100,000, to expend \$50,000 in electing a Senator, while a party in New York State, with its population of 12,000,000, is held to the same sum. But we can hope that these inequalities will be removed before the Nye bill is finally acted upon.

While we wish to see this measure enacted because it is actually a step forward, we nevertheless wonder if it goes far enough. One factor that has escaped the Nye committee is that under its projected reforms national politics would still be a rich man's game. Wealth would continue to control the two major parties. A new minority or labor party would be placed under an immense handicap unless it could from its own ranks raise sufficient funds to compete with the usually handsome contributions wealthy industrialists and bankers make to the major parties. In *The Nation* of February 4, 1931, we suggested that by simplifying our election system we could make the maintenance of a permanent party organization less expensive and less necessary. We also recalled the proposal made to the New York State Legislature and other bodies "that the government bear all the election and campaign expenses. Under this system the State would print pamphlets for all the candidates of whatever party, giving each candidate for the same office the same amount of space. No other publicity or advertising would be permitted except over the radio and perhaps from public platforms. Radio time, however, would be divided equally among the various candidates in accordance with the prominence or importance of the office being sought." This proposal would have the merit of putting all parties on an equal basis and it would greatly reduce the dependence of political parties upon wealthy individuals for financial support. Until we can make the parties as nearly as possible independent of such contributions, our party organizations will continue to be dominated and our elections to be influenced by individuals and organizations whose motives are purely personal or selfish.

A Note on Prosperity

IT is treasonable, of course, but there are moments when optimism turns our stomach and when, out of pure perversity, we look on the dark side of things. To the mechanically smiling prophets of prosperity by bluff we reply with a hollow sigh, and if we met Mr. Hoover himself we should say in Shakespeare's own words: "For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings."

In such moments as these it is our dearest pleasure to imagine what a steady unbroken decline would be like, and we find the game almost as thrilling as reading the most catastrophic pages of Gibbon himself. We begin with a thought of the Empire State Building, which now reaches its proud but empty shaft into a smiling, implacable sky, and from that we try to go on to picture to ourself a whole city hopelessly too big for its dwindling needs—to imagine Fifth Avenue lined with abandoned shops and a subway no longer crowded but reaching out into regions which have become deserted villages at last. "I can remember," the oldest inhabitant will remark, "when Central Park was in the middle of the city and when Forty-second Street was considered downtown."

We have, after all, had no experience whatever with this sort of thing. We have known only an expanding world, and we have got used to taking it for granted that each successive year would find the mechanics of life better than they were the year before. Everything gets bigger and better as a matter of course. When we move into a new apartment it is more convenient than the one we left; when we buy a new car it is faster and easier to drive than the old one we discarded. But things can go down hill as well as up and there have been nations which have got used to a gradual simplification of life; which have seen great buildings, not torn down to make room for greater ones, but gradually abandoned one after another; which have frankly recognized the impossibility of maintaining the machinery which their forefathers had set up. The aqueducts of Rome were never rebuilt after Belisarius destroyed them and from that day forward most Romans went unbathed. Can we imagine similar catastrophes overtaking us and can we imagine ourselves in a similar frame of mind? Can we imagine taking it for granted that when our electric refrigerator breaks down we shall have to go back to an icebox, that the road over which we drive will not be repaired but will get worse and worse until it is impassable at last? Can we imagine horse-drawn vehicles gradually replacing taxicabs and a day when the Bronx subway will cease to run because it has no passengers?

Such things are not—as we like to remind ourselves when we read certain utterances of certain public men—historically impossible. And in order still further to stimulate our readers into that optimistic reaction which this gloomy vision will undoubtedly provoke, we must cite the observation attributed to John Maynard Keynes. After all, he is said to have said, there is no natural or inevitable period of time during which a depression can last, although the longest one known to history is that which occurred during the Middle Ages. It lasted 800 years.

The Nation's Honor Roll for 1931

FOR the sixth time, as its roll of merit for the year just passed, *The Nation* presents a list, by no means a final one, of American men and women who have, by public service, contributions to art or science, or additions to the gaiety of nations, deserved in some measure the thanks of their fellow-citizens.

Public Service

ALANSON B. HOUGHTON, former Ambassador to Great Britain and to Germany, for his constructive courage in urging statesman-like policies of peace.

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, Senator from Wisconsin, for his exceptional record in Congress, and especially for his efforts on behalf of the unemployed.

THE WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM, for organizing and conducting the trans-continental peace caravan, and DOROTHY DETZER, its secretary in Washington, for the remarkable day-by-day devotion and ability with which she has directed the executive work of this organization.

THE COMMISSION ON LAW ENFORCEMENT AND OBSERVANCE, otherwise known as the WICKERSHAM COMMISSION, for its informative reports in which were revealed and denounced the brutal treatment accorded minors in prisons, the general viciousness and many shortcomings of our prison system, and the lawlessness of public officials.

THE SOUTHERN COMMISSION FOR THE STUDY OF LYNCHING, for its careful investigation of and its thoughtful and highly useful report on America's worst national crime.

MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER of New York, FRANK P. WALSH, AARON SAPIRO, GOVERNOR FLOYD OLSON of Minnesota, and every other public-spirited American who has taken part in the long and so far unsuccessful fight to secure a pardon for Thomas J. Mooney, fifteen years a prisoner in a California penitentiary.

PHILIP F. LA FOLLETTE, Governor of Wisconsin, for his constructive and provocative address to the State legislature on the economic crisis.

GEORGE W. MAXEY, Justice of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, for his courageous dissenting opinion in the case of the Kraemer Hosiery Company vs. Louis F. Budenz, in which he held that labor organizers no less than other Americans are entitled to enjoy the right of free speech.

Journalism

LOUIS F. STARK, for his sympathetic and comprehensive report on the pitiful living conditions among the Kentucky miners, and the *NEW YORK Times* for publishing his articles.

H. L. MENCKEN, for writing, and the *BALTIMORE Sun* for publishing, an article denouncing the Salisbury lynchers, a fearless and effective polemic written in the face of threats by Salisbury business men to withdraw their business from Baltimore.

THE *BUFFALO Evening News*, for its admirable work in improving conditions that amounted virtually to peonage in the employment and housing of laborers on State public works.

Books and Plays

EUGENE O'NEILL, for "Mourning Becomes Electra," a tragedy which is not only the best of its author's work but one which adds new dignity to the American drama.

ALLA NAZIMOVA and ALICE BRADY, for their impressive embodiment of Mrs. Mannon and Lavinia in the O'Neill tragedy.

S. N. BEHRMAN, for "Brief Moment," a suave and intelligent play which demonstrates its author's right to a place in the great tradition of high comedy.

EVELYN SCOTT, for "A Calendar of Sin," the first novel of the year, a long and highly moving story of the pitiful folly of the human race.

MORRIS R. COHEN, whose "Reason and Nature" seems destined to rank as a brilliant milestone in American thought.

EMMA GOLDMAN, for "Living My Life," a burning, partisan, and utterly fascinating chronicle of one of the world's most famous and most consistent rebels.

The anonymous authors of "Washington Merry-Go-Round," for giving us an honest and human picture of the many individuals who make up our national government.

Art and Architecture

The artists and anthropologists who assembled and presented to the public the EXPOSITION OF INDIAN TRIBAL ARTS, displayed in New York City in December and now to make a tour of the country in the interests of the colorful and appealing arts and crafts of the American Indian.

The designers and builders of the GEORGE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL BRIDGE, and particularly the Chief Engineer, O. H. AMMANN, for creating the most beautiful suspension bridge built in the neighborhood of New York City since the Brooklyn Bridge.

OTTO SOGLOW, for "Pretty Pictures" and for his Little King who shows weekly in the *New Yorker* how pleasant and simple it is to be a ruler if you only know how.

Music

MRS. HARRIET LANIER, who until her death on October 27 was the patron of the Friends of Music, and ARTHUR BODANZKY, the director of this organization, which for ten years has given New York some of its finest musical performances.

ARTURO TOSCANINI, Italian conductor of an American orchestra, who displayed in his defiance of and contempt for the compulsions of Italian fascism a fine championship of the ideals of artistic freedom.

Science

PROFESSOR HAROLD C. UREY and DR. G. M. MURPHY of Columbia University, and DR. F. G. BRICKWEDDE of the United States Bureau of Standards in Washington, for their discovery of the hydrogen isotope, a new atom which will prove important in the study of atomic structure.

DRS. F. B. DOWNING, W. H. CAROTHERS, and IRA WILLIAMS, for the discovery of "duprene," a synthetic rubber suitable for commercial production.

Wages Go Up in Russia

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, December 5

"COMMUNISM in Russia is dead. Stalin has introduced unequal wages and thrown Soviet principles overboard." This is often the sensational verdict of week-end visitors or summer-month tourists in the Soviet Union. They do not know that Soviet Russia was never communistic, and that the Bolsheviks never made any such claim. For some time after 1917, according to the vulgar version, communism reigned supreme in the red republic. Then, presumably, the Bolsheviks engaged in backsliding, and now Karl Marx is merely a bearded fetish. "Look at the three classes on Soviet railroads." "Some people are better dressed than others." These "discoveries" lead the uninitiated "observer" to the incorrect conclusion that the Bolsheviks have shed their bolshevism.

When the Bolsheviks depart from equality of treatment and pay they are accused of inconsistency. When they are supposed to make everything "level" they are accused of regimentation. The fact of the matter is, however, that there ~~was~~ always inequality in the Soviet state, and there always will be until it passes out of the present "almost-Socialist" stage into the millennium of pure communism. The class war, which still exists in the U. S. S. R., implies inequality.

The extremes in Russia are closer than in any other country. Very sharp variations have disappeared. The richest man in the Soviet Union probably does not earn over \$25,000 a year, and he is an exception—very likely a best-selling author. The destruction of the upper classes in Russia coincided with the improvement in the lot of the "under dog." All special privileges and many comforts and luxuries are made available first or only to the worker. The degree of inequality, consequently, is smaller than in bourgeois states. But it is there.

Little over a year ago foreign newspapers heralded a tremendous change in the U. S. S. R. The Bolsheviks, they announced, had abolished equality of wages. This was absolutely wrong. The Bolsheviks had never introduced equality of wages.

What happened in 1930 and what happened again in 1931 is simply this: the distance between the best-paid and the poorest-paid workers has been increased by a more universal application of the piece-work system. The wage differential is greater now than ever before in Soviet history, and recent decrees regarding progressive piece work promise to make it greater still. But no principle is involved, for a differential existed from the first day of the revolution.

The years between 1917 and 1921 were a period of military communism, not of militant communism. Exigencies of war forced the Bolsheviks to nationalize factories sooner than they had intended. They tried to abolish money not out of radicalism but because goods were few and had to be commandeered by the state for the army. Money had no value when private trade was prohibited, when the government did not sell, and when its limited civilian supplies were distributed as payments in kind to munition workers.

Men received rations independently of the amount of work they performed, but some plants were favored over others and the population was divided into groups. Production was low. Although some leaders dreamed of planned economy, nobody had an immediate economic program. It was military communism plus chaos. That is not communism.

When the "New Economic Policy" stage was reached in 1921, trade-union leaders like Tomsy and Dogadov advocated equal pay. They thought primarily of the interests of the unskilled worker. The Supreme Economic Council, on the other hand, insisted on unequal pay. It was the employer and it wished to stimulate output. The government industrialists wanted to see a wide divergence between the lowest and highest wage; they urged a ratio of one to four. If a street-cleaner received 40 rubles a month, they would have given the mechanic 160. The trade unions, however, fought for and got a narrower ratio of 1 to 2.8; if the mechanic earned 160 rubles, the street-cleaner received about 57.

This was fitting for the early days of Soviet industrial activity. Most workers were badly paid, and they therefore needed protection against a too low minimum. In 1923, for instance, 64 per cent of the workers of Soviet Russia were receiving as little as 40 rubles or less a month. But in 1930 this figure had dropped to only 8 per cent. In 1923 a mere 1.4 per cent of the proletariat earned between 100 and 150 rubles per month; in 1930, 21.9 per cent. Similarly, workers receiving in excess of 150 rubles were only 0.1 per cent of the urban working class in 1923 but 7.6 per cent in 1930. As the state grew richer, it was more important to guarantee to the worker the possibility of an unhindered upward movement of wages than to perpetuate a system designed primarily to safeguard the interests of the diminishing body of the poorly paid.

Until the recent reforms all gainfully employed persons were divided into seventeen categories, with charwomen and errand boys in the first category and engineers in the seventeenth. Such a system obviously precluded equality of pay. But the difference between categories was small, and within each category a uniform wage existed. It is this that has now been abandoned. Categories are no more. Men on the same job, on the same kind of machine, may and do earn different incomes. Individual effort and ability determine earning power. There is no maximum wage. In other words—piece work.

Communists and radicals in capitalist countries attack piece work as a method of sweating. How, then, could the Bolsheviks introduce it so widely? I posed this question during the last few weeks to many prominent and rank-and-file Communists. Their answers followed the same line of argument.

"Piece work in the U. S. S. R. does not create unemployment as it must in capitalist countries," they said. "On the contrary, it creates more employment by producing more raw materials and machines for further manufacturing process. If piece-workers abroad were as protected by

labor laws, and as well provided with free medical care, sanatoria, rest homes, and social insurance as the Soviet proletariat, if they had a seven-hour day and five-day week abroad, and if they exercised our indirect control over management, bourgeois piece work would not be an evil." One man added: "Piece work makes the capitalists richer. We therefore oppose it. Here piece work makes the proletarian state richer and does us laborers no harm. In fact, our wages have risen. We therefore favor it." If piece work spurs the Russian worker on to greater effort, it cannot hurt him. He has never exerted himself at his job. Even under the piece-work system, the energy he expends is considerably limited.

Piece work is not a Bolshevik ideal, and the Bolsheviks hope that some day living conditions, industrial conditions, culture, and social incentives will be such as to warrant a return to a flat, though not equal, wage. But this is a matter of the future. Today both the state and the workers are interested primarily in raising production.

Output has been on the upgrade in every Soviet industry I know of. Sometimes the rate of progress is mad: rubber was 48 per cent, oil 30 per cent, and locomotives 26 per cent higher in September, 1931, than in September, 1930. Production during the first ten months of 1931 was 19.4 per cent above the same period of 1930. Coal, too, has at last hit a new stride. In the coal and iron industries—the most important in the country and yet the most backward in fulfilling the cruelly exacting schedules of the Five-Year Plan—the government has now introduced a *progressive* piece-work-plus-bonus system which provides for income increases of from 30 to 100 per cent for workers and engineers. Other industries immediately entered loud claims for the same innovation, but the government has replied with an equally loud no. As an alternative, Piatakov, vice-chairman of the Supreme Economic Council, has ordered plant directors to raise wages by raising individual productivity and thus factory productivity and thus the factory's available funds for wage payment, instead, as has been the practice too often heretofore, of hiring new hands in order to increase output. It is held that the fulfilment of the plan by employing fresh workers not only flattens the curve of wage increases but limits the labor supply for newly constructed industrial units. The government prefers stimulated productivity per man and, consequently, higher wages per man.

Despite the intensification of effort resulting from piece work, the number of workers continues to rise very sharply. Persons working for hire in the U. S. S. R. numbered 10,990,000 in 1926-27, 12,394,000 in 1929, and 14,587,000 in 1930. If government officials, teachers, and agricultural laborers are excluded from these totals, the remainder is the industrial proletariat—Russia's ruling class. It counted 5,000,000 in 1926-27, 6,000,000 in 1929, and 7,800,000 in 1930. Estimates for 1931 put the strength of the urban proletariat at 9,500,000. The figure mounts quickly, and with hundreds of new plants beginning operations as the Five-Year Plan draws to a close, it should reach 11,000,000 to 12,000,000 by 1932. Hence the absence of unemployment. Hence the scarcity of workers and the necessity of bringing unskilled laborers direct from the village and women direct from the kitchen sink to modern factories, where their efficiency and the quality of their products must be poor. Immigration of foreign workers on an increasing scale will

partially stop the gap. Despite its fabulous birth-rate (an annual excess of births over deaths of about 3,500,000), the Soviet Union may yet be another America to Europe's surplus humanity. Meanwhile, however, the dearth of skilled or semi-skilled labor severely handicaps Bolshevik industry. The government is spending hundreds of millions of rubles on training-schools for new *cadres*. It loses millions more when raw recruits ruin expensive equipment. But the state has no choice. This is all part of the vast expense of educating a nation to leadership and a better standard of living.

As a result of the growth of the proletariat, the state's wage bill has risen many billions. Wage raises have sent it up still farther. Ivan Kraval, a member of the collegium of the Labor Commissariat, tells me that real wages are 70 per cent higher in 1931 than in 1913. There can be no doubt about the increase of real wages between 1921 and 1927. The question is whether they improved during the Five-Year Plan period—since 1928. At first glance, many observers would reply in the negative. But investigation and thought warrant another view. The U. S. S. R. is the most difficult country in the world in which to check the realness of income. A cost-of-living index would be endlessly complicated. Every worker in the U. S. S. R. is receiving more paper currency in his pay envelope. Sometimes his monetary salary is 50 to 100 per cent higher than it was three years ago. But what can he buy with it? Two weavers earn two hundred rubles each. The factory of one has a closed cooperative store which is fairly well stocked. In it he can purchase meat, butter on occasions, manufactured articles, and vegetables at cheap cooperative prices. He seldom resorts to the free private market or to the expensive "commercial" state stores. His real wage has certainly risen perceptibly above the 1927 level. But the second weaver has no closed cooperative, and must supplement the poor supplies of the ordinary "open" cooperative with purchases at exorbitant prices. His real income suffers. Or, take another case. One factory or office has established a restaurant. For sixty kopeks an employee can eat a hearty meal which would probably cost two rubles and sixty kopeks to prepare at home. He can also carry dinners to his wife and children. Millions of persons gainfully employed avail themselves of these low-price kitchens. Their real wages mount correspondingly. Some factories and government institutions, however, have as yet organized no such communal feeding facilities. Their employees have a higher cost of living and lower real wages. The supply of food and manufactured articles has appreciably improved in the last year, and the depression in real income which followed the inception of the Five-Year Plan has consequently been largely erased as far as manual workers are concerned. Officials, however, do not enjoy the privileges of factory proletarians, and still have a hard time making both ends meet unless—as is sometimes the case with physicians, economists, and others—they hold two or three full-pay jobs.

Other circumstances must be considered in reckoning Soviet real wages. In his classic volume on "Real Wages in the United States: 1890-1926," Professor Paul H. Douglas includes many items other than direct money income. For instance, he attributes 5 per cent out of a 55 per cent increase in real wages to the drop in the number of each worker's dependents. In Russia this percentage would be much higher. The number of women in industry, according

to official statistics, was 673,000 in 1927-28 and 1,276,000 in 1931. Many thousands of workers' wives, in addition, have found non-factory jobs. And when wives support themselves, the real wages of their husbands go up. Moreover, with the unsatisfied demand for labor, more youths are entering factories and thus helping their parents raise the family's income. The fact that universal compulsory education now exists for elementary and in many districts for secondary schools, and that new *crèches* spring up every day, means that more children are receiving at least one free hot meal a day—another item in the workers' real budget.

Apart from money the wages of the Soviet proletariat include social benefits valued at 30 per cent of real wages. Such social services are an annual fortnight's vacation with pay, free medical aid, free pharmacy, free cures in rest homes and sanatoria (a million workers stayed in sanatoria this year), six or eight weeks' vacation with pay for women before child delivery and the same period after delivery (Soviet babies now receive a little free layette of diapers, shirts, socks, blankets, and the like when they are born), free night sanatoria, sick insurance, and free or cheap burial for all trade-union members. These facilities have improved in recent years and therefore have a greater real value.

For the women who are gainfully employed for the first time, and for a million or more peasants who enter industry each year, any wage is a bigger real wage than what they formerly earned. Literally hundreds of thousands of workers, moreover, attend night schools or special courses to acquire skill. Such added qualification immediately fetches a better price. Since the possibilities for advancement within Soviet industry are unlimited, a constant movement of workers is taking place from a lower to a higher rung of the ladder, and coincidentally to a higher real wage.

It is difficult to get tickets to Moscow theaters nowadays. Why? Because whole performances are bought out by factories and workers' clubs. Some, but too few, pro-

letarians have occupied new cooperative apartments. I have talked to workers about their incomes. "In 1927 you could have bought all the butter you wanted," I argue. "Yes, but the family was poor and we couldn't afford butter. And sometimes when we could we had no desire for it. We had not yet reached a point where we wanted butter." Even today the worker who cannot purchase butter at low cooperative prices does without it. It, and other necessities, are not yet necessities to him. The living conditions of Soviet citizens must be compared not with those of the richest foreign countries but with the way the average Russian lived before the revolution. In that light there is not the minutest doubt that Soviet workers are much better off than in 1914. And they would be still better off if they drank less vodka.

I do not know whether hours of work affect real-wage calculations. They are certainly an important factor in the standard of living. In the U. S. S. R. wages rise as the number of hours drops. The average length of the working day in Russia in 1913 was 9.87 hours; in 1931, 7.02. Reduction of the working days per month further decreases the time each worker spends at his job. The five-day week still obtains in many factories. It means that a worker enjoys six sabbaths a month instead of the normal four plus. Where it has been temporarily abandoned for complicated technical and disciplinary reasons, a six-day week with five sabbaths a month has been substituted. This, Kraval of the Labor Commissariat informs me, is only a transitional stage. Factories employing 400,000 workingmen have already been transferred to the new system—four days of seven-and-one-half-hour length followed by two complete days of rest—which the government proposes to introduce generally during the second Five-Year Plan. And the goal which Soviet Russia intends to reach by 1937 is a five-hour day for all factory workers. Office employees already have a six-hour day.

Is There War in Manchuria?

By A. E. HINDMARSH

TO the very casual observer this query may seem flip-pant because most of us think of war as organized bloodshed by armed forces of states—and that is commonly known to be prevalent in Manchuria today. After a moment's pause, however, one is puzzled by obvious contradictions. Is not war "outlawed" by the Pact of Paris? Are not both Japan and China bound by the provisions of the League of Nations Covenant to abstain from war? Has war stolen upon a world which has during the past decade more and more gloried in the increasing strength of its agencies for peace? What of these agencies, and of that world public opinion whose moral force was to be expressed through them in behalf of lasting world peace?

The average man, he whose "opinion" was to constitute a representative portion of this great moral force, is troubled; he is mentally harassed in direct proportion to the depth of his abiding faith in the potency of the world's peace machinery. If the military encounters in Manchuria do constitute war, then the League Covenant and the Pact of Paris

are surely empty of effectiveness, have betrayed fond hopes. If the killing of several hundred persons, combatants and noncombatants, is not war it surely approaches wholesale murder—and should be stopped. In any event, most of us who are not handicapped in our thinking by certain legal prescriptions and definitions have come to the conclusion that the League of Nations and the Kellogg-Briand pact are certainly devoid of a large part of the "force for peace" attributed to them by smooth-spoken officials and hopeful private enthusiasts. We are sure that international peace is either broken or threatened, that the trouble is patent and undisguised, and that vaunted international agencies and a world of public opinion seem to have accomplished nothing in arrest of that trouble.

Of course if this very elementary, perhaps naive, view of the situation were presented to one of the agile-minded statesmen called upon to think of the matter, it would easily be demolished. In the first place, he would say, the struggle in China is not war in the legal sense—it may be war in

fact (*de facto*) but it is not legal war (*de jure*). If you follow that and boldly ask, Is it a status of peace, then, which prevails as between China and Japan? he will answer that it is not peace either. Then comes the additional coverage—it is not peace, it is not war, it is a status midway between peace and war! If you insist on names you will find that the practice of nations for centuries has gradually condoned a relationship between states avowedly engaged in physical combat but neither at peace nor at war; this condition is called a status of "reprisals," and the measures of physical force are called acts of reprisal or sometimes simply reprisals.

The legal doctrine and the practice of reprisals have a long history. Statesmen and jurists have reasoned certain forms of physical violence out of the categories of both peace and war since early medieval times. After the end of the Napoleonic wars, however, the anomalous concept became much more useful. As the rights of neutral states became more fixed and certain and the duties of states at war became correspondingly greater, practical reasons for avoidance by bellicose states of the war status increased. Throughout the nineteenth century and into the twentieth we find major Powers availing themselves of the doctrine of reprisals to evade the legal and moral consequences which would attach to their acts if undertaken as incidents in a "war." States and statesmen were willing and able to prostitute fact to theory in order thus to acquire a certain freedom from legal obligations, indefinite and vague as these often were. Today a state which goes to war is subject to much more onerous moral and legal liabilities, especially if that state is a League member or a signatory of the Pact of Paris, and Japan and China are both.

It makes little practical difference what we call these acts of warfare. Depending upon the predominant element of force used, they have been called embargoes, pacific blockades, bombardment, occupation, intervention, and just plain seizure of property. In American practice we have chosen usually the occupation method, called it intervention, and justified it on specious grounds as a form of reprisals. More vivid minds have referred to this method of using force short of war to secure state policy or rights as "quarterdeck diplomacy." It so happens that American intervention has usually been successful without resort to widespread military operations; moreover, the grievances on which the intervention was grounded have usually been fairly clearly understood at home. American public opinion, therefore, has not been prone to question the exact nature of the anomalous situation which appears to exist today in Manchuria.

Prior to the World War the use of measures of force while refusing to recognize the existence of a state of war was a frequent practice of Great Britain, France, Germany, and the United States. During the past century the so-called pacific blockade has been employed on at least nine occasions by France and Great Britain against smaller Powers, mainly in South America; in the same period these armed forces of states have occupied strategic portions of foreign territory to enforce various state demands. From 1850 to 1907 some fifty-three revolutions occurred in the area of the Panama Canal Zone, requiring the United States on many occasions to use its naval forces to enforce treaty stipulations. The bombardment of Greytown, Nicaragua, by United States forces in 1853 is notable in this series. Failure

of the Nicaraguan government to protect American citizens trading in the area brought bombardment and complete destruction to the coast city. A more recent instance was the occupation by United States forces (1,000 men) of Vera Cruz, Mexico, bombardment of part of the city, and seizure of the customs houses and control of the customs revenue.

Some twenty-five to thirty instances of the use of force during the past century by great Powers against small Powers could be cited. In each case it was denied that a state of war existed; the ground for resort to force was put on the inability of the smaller state to offer a sufficient protection to the nationals of the complaining state or on the failure of the smaller state to live up to treaty obligations.

Today Japan appears to base similar measures of force on similar grounds. Unless something has occurred since 1914 to render illegal acts condoned as legal during the preceding century, Japan's position, from a legal point of view, seems impregnable, for it was generally agreed that the practice of reprisals had, during the nineteenth century, acquired legality in international law.

At this point the inquirer will be assured generally that the past decade has included changes vastly altering the situation. He will be referred to the Covenant of the League, to the Nine-Power Treaty of the Washington conference, and to the Kellogg-Briand pact. These, we are told, legally prohibit the course of action taken by Japan and assumed by her to be legal and sanctioned by international law and practice.

If any one general belief has prompted men to support post-war peace movements, especially the League of Nations and the Pact of Paris, it is the conviction that these are means of preserving peace by eliminating war. Others of us, not quite so sanguine, have tended to believe that present peace machinery will certainly aid in eliminating the causes of war. However one may look at the matter, the belief has held that somehow or other the settlement of international disputes by resort to force of arms was now relegated to history and less enlightened days. Few of us have wondered just how far a state is legally able—if willing—to go, under existing international commitments, in the use of force short of war. The League has put this question to itself and has refused to answer. True, resort to reprisals or measures of force short of war is usually less widespread and less disastrous than formal war; but such measures often make war inevitable unless the weaker party—which may at the same time be the justly aggrieved party—is willing to concede all demands made upon it.

The facts in the Manchurian situation fit precisely into this nineteenth-century picture. Japanese troops have occupied large territorial zones on Chinese territory. The territory so occupied is beyond that area falling clearly within the scope of treaty arrangements; but Japan contends that the military occupation is justified on two grounds—namely, to protect her nationals living in the occupied territory and to protect treaty rights bearing on the Japanese-owned rail lines. Treaty rights and protection of nationals abroad were the favorite grounds for military intervention throughout the nineteenth century. The present intervention is of such a nature that China would, if her military strength were comparable with that of Japan, regard it as equivalent to a declaration of war, and war would ensue—that is, war *de jure*, formal, legal war, declared and duly notified to the

world. But China is not in a position to do that; she has relied on the moral strength of her position; the specific source of her reliance is the Covenant of the League of Nations. Why has the League been unable to take any positive steps to bring about a settlement of a situation admittedly critical since September 18, 1931? The answer is simple: the Covenant of the League aims at the preservation of peace by the prevention of war. The use of force short of war is another matter.

This failure to recognize in the Covenant a status of international violence between peace and war is a loophole in that document apt to be far more disastrous than minor procedural lacunae concerning which volumes have been written. But Japan is not pioneering in this field. In 1923 Italy bombarded the Greek island of Corfu, killing some seventy persons, and occupied the island until her demands were satisfied. Greece appealed to the League, but Italy was able successfully to contend that such measures were not prohibited by the Covenant. At the time of the appeal both the Assembly and the Council were in session but no action was taken by either body. The moment was opportune for the Council to define its powers under the Covenant but it failed to take a decided stand. Its failure gave a certain strength to the Italian point of view—a view which Japan is able to rely upon today as a strong precedent. Before the Council the Italian representative, Mr. Salandra, pointed out that the Council acquired no jurisdiction under Articles 12 or 15 of the Covenant, for the dispute was not one “likely to lead to a rupture” as there specified. (Under the circumstances Greece, like China today, was too weak to offer more than fervid oral protest at Geneva.) Contending that these articles were founded on a danger of war, he continued: “The peace of the world is not troubled or threatened by Italy. It would more likely be threatened if responsible states were able to assume that there was a means of escaping the consequences of their own misdeeds by complaining of sanctions and endeavoring to insure that the causes which rendered these sanctions necessary should be forgotten.” Greece had already indicated the hopelessness of appealing under Article 16 (setting forth sanctions against a League member which resorts to war in disregard of its Covenant obligations) by shifting her ground from that article to Article 15. Nor could the Council have taken positive action under Article 10, for there is no ground on which to classify reprisals generally as “aggression.”

The League has rendered this criterion next to useless by its inability to decide on any general principles approaching a definition of an aggressor. The very limit of the Council's action in 1923-24 was its statement of competence to undertake an inquiry. It remains apparent that the Covenant is aimed primarily at the elimination of “war” in the legal sense; in effect this is to encourage resort to other forms of aggression, admittedly valid under the Covenant. These methods of mere incipient warfare are apt to impose adequate physical pressure on the weak state without imposing on the aggressor generally accepted legal restraints such as neutral rights and laws of war, vague and uncertain as they are.

Of course the actual situation would be different if the disputing Powers were more nearly of equal military strength. The history of reprisals indicates that it is primarily a force method employed against weak Powers by strong Powers which for reasons of policy, are unwilling to under-

take a full-fledged war. The aversion of a strong world public opinion to war is more than ever likely to drive war under cover. It is likely to emerge in more expedient guises—some normal and inevitable, such as tariff “wars,” trade competition, and propaganda; others fraught with danger and verging on or involving physical combat, such as various forms of reprisals described above.

Whatever may be Japan's moral fault in the present situation her legal position before the League is impregnable in the light of the history of international law before 1920 and in view of the Council's interpretation of its own constitution in the Corfu affair in 1924. It is impossible to point to any portion of the Covenant which her military actions in China have clearly violated; on the contrary, Japan can point to a long line of precedents in which Great Britain, France, and the United States have pursued similar courses of action in similar circumstances. Legally Japan rests her case on solid ground. The fact that she rests her case at Geneva solely on legal bases cannot be held against her. In recent years the world has rarely seen a state fail to take full advantage of every legal and technical support available.

It is beyond doubt that the present apparent failure of the League to grapple successfully and authoritatively with the problem will have wide and damaging effects on the prestige of that institution. Adverse effects were noticeable in 1924 after the Italian defiance, but the relative youth of the League was offered as excuse for its impotency. The real task, however, is so to phrase the positive obligations of the Covenant as to include measures of force short of war in the same category as war in the legal sense. In short, the time is ripe to abolish the casuistic distinction between war in the legal sense and war in fact. The distinction is an invention of hair-splitting theorists who attempted, especially in the nineteenth century, to reconcile the refusal of major Powers to assume legal responsibilities of war with recurring acts of warfare. By distinguishing *acts of war* and a *state of war* it was possible to reconcile theory and fact. Today we are unable to continue this once useful fiction; the distinction is now positively dangerous in so far as it offers an expedient by which aggressive states are able to evade heavy responsibilities, both moral and legal. Moreover, the world has become so closely knit that it is no longer possible to regard acts of warfare as confined in their effects to a restricted locality. Overt acts of violence arouse national flames, and these tend to become widespread, whether such acts are referred to as reprisals of a “pacific” nature or as open war.

Until the Covenant of the League is adapted to include definite restraint on “measures of force,” whether or not such measures are subject to classification as part of war or as “likely to lead to a rupture” (after all who knows what is “likely” to follow as a consequence in international affairs?), until that revision is made, the League will continue without jurisdiction in a field of imminent danger. Unfortunately, the moral force, too, of the League's work, of its reports and recommendations, will diminish to a vanishing-point as incidents such as the Corfu and Manchurian affairs recur.

A question arises as to the effectiveness of the Kellogg-Briand pact. The fact that the parties to that agreement undertake not to wage aggressive war and limit themselves

to the use of "pacific" means for the settlement of international disputes has no legal effect upon the use of such measures as are now being executed in Manchuria. Such measures, under the general classification of reprisals, have for centuries been accepted in international law as "pacific" means of settling disputes; they are held to differ from other methods, such as negotiation and arbitration, in that they are non-amicable rather than amicable.

Even if Japan were to acknowledge a state of war as existing, the Pact of Paris could hardly be regarded as of controlling effect. Its force is negated by exceptions specified in negotiations; especially is it denuded of effect by the generally noted reservation that it does not prohibit wars of self-defense. Until aggression is defined (and it has not been), every war is apt to be regarded as a self-defense war.

The merit of the pact is in its moral force; it is doubtful if it was even intended to have more than a moral effect. Probably it was intended that the League Covenant should give rise to more positive obligations; but it too, in this instance, is limited to moral influence. The only other document cited as placing legal restraint on the actions of Japan is the Nine-Power Treaty signed at Washington (1921-22). By this Japan, together with several other Powers, pledged herself "to respect the sovereignty, the independence, and the territorial and administrative integrity of China." Just what may be the legal content of this undertaking is a subject of speculation. Japan has consistently contended that her actions in Manchuria in no way violate the pledge as stated. It is to be noted that all the terms therein used—"sovereignty," "independence," and "integrity"—are very general in nature, wholly defying definition. In the recent advisory opinion of the World Court concerning the Austro-German customs union the question of what constituted the "independence" of Austria (as referred to in the Treaty of St. Germain, Article 88) was in issue. A majority of eight judges were able to agree that Austria's independence means "the continued existence of Austria within the present fron-

tiers, as a separate state, with the sole right of decision *inter alia* in economic matters." But seven dissenting judges were unwilling to go so far in defining the scope of the term. The meaning of "sovereignty" and "territorial and administrative integrity" is even more vague.

The significance of the present state of Sino-Japanese relations lies in the fact that, in spite of so-called advances made since 1920 toward eliminating war and the causes of war, there exists today no legal restraint on the use of force methods arbitrarily regarded by a state as "pacific." Such methods, when directed by a powerful state against one pitifully weak, may not lead to war at once; but they do cause resentment in neighboring states, and, what is just as serious, this freedom from restraint certainly diminishes the frequency and importance of sincerely peaceful methods of settling international disputes.

Originally there was no reason why Japan and China could not have agreed on a settlement of their difficulties at Geneva, but the extent to which the civil section of the Japanese government is now committed by the military—which has acted "legally" from the beginning so far as international commitments are concerned—prevents immediate reversal of policy. Had force measures been from the start clearly contrary to solemn agreements, both the League and the Japanese government would have been strengthened in their desire to reach an early solution without further violence.

It seems apparent that modern peace-preserving efforts are glaringly defective so long as they fail to include prohibition of all force methods. Military and moral forces are probably maintained primarily for potential wars, but their use in time of peace is important. By limiting the legal scope of such use, or by eliminating it entirely, states would be induced to support arbitral and judicial methods of settling interstate disputes. In the absence of such limitation or elimination, military and naval strength still remains too important a factor in international relations.

Is Uncle Sam "Going Native"?

The Stars and Stripes Forever

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, December 26

SINCE joining the ranks of the unemployed, Santa Claus probably doesn't care much what happens, but if he again exhibits himself in the United States this year he had better wrap his emaciated form in the Stars and Stripes. Every reliable sign indicates that we are about to witness a resurgence of nationalistic spirit far more savage and intense than that which characterized the disillusionment following the World War. Unless your venerable correspondent is a trifle cracked, the average American is not merely muttering "America first" to himself, he is getting ready to yell: "To hell with Europe!" Whether this is right or wrong, wise or foolish, I do not intend to argue. The important thing is the fact itself. Political conditions shift rapidly, but at this juncture Herbert Hoover is heading surely for the fate that overtook Woodrow Wilson. Our

dear old ragged Uncle Sam exhibits every symptom of "going native." It is true the House by more than three to one, and the Senate by more than five to one, voted to ratify the Hoover moratorium on war debts. But only those of us who were on the ground could appreciate the poignant envy with which scores of Senators and Representatives listened to the attacks on the proposal and secretly wished to God they were free to join in them.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

THAT vote will produce some important political casualties. A great many honest and well-informed persons (including the editors of *The Nation*) believe the moratorium was necessary to prevent the economic collapse of Europe. But whether you like the moratorium or whether you don't (I don't), it is impossible to excuse the devious,

insincere, and irregular methods which the Administration employed to put it through. Instead of taking the orderly course of calling a special session of Congress, President Hoover submitted his proposal to individual members of Congress by telegram, and after receiving private assurances of support from a majority, submitted to a revision of his original proposal at the hands of France, and then insisted that the majority was pledged to support the revised proposal! Hiram Johnson, in my opinion, was thoroughly justified in declaring that the issue was between dictatorship and representative government. After all, we do have a Constitution and it is just possible that the preservation of our form of government is more important than the moratorium. The sight of the President of the United States taking a straw vote of Congress on a revenue measure involving \$250,000,000, and then holding the members to it, is a trifle racy for these aging arteries.

* * * * *

THE case for international cooperation has not been helped by the testimony before the Senate Finance Committee of three eminent bankers—Thomas Lamont of Morgan and Company, Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Bank, and Otto Kahn of Kuhn, Loeb and Company. Mr. Mitchell's tactics were especially damaging to the cause. It appears all too plainly that the financial houses represented by these estimable gentlemen, and their competitors, succeeded in selling to the American public a series of foreign securities on which the buyers now stand to take a loss of more than two billion dollars. Yet immediately prior to his appearance on the witness stand Mitchell sought at a private conference to persuade Democratic Senators that "undue" agitation of this subject would have dire economic consequences. His attempt to bully and patronize the committee gained nothing except the sycophantic applause of the New York financial writers who came in his train, and caused a painful impression on both houses of Congress. Lamont did better, and Kahn was infinitely more candid than either, but the ugly central fact remains that the houses which floated this paper made a profit by doing it and the innocent investors are threatened with an appalling loss. Despite the bland suavity of Mr. Lamont and the magnificent truculence of Mr. Mitchell the real question is one of good judgment and good faith on the part of our largest banking institutions. The question has not been answered.

* * * * *

AMONG the incidents of the moratorium battle, none promises more interesting consequences than the solemn decision of the Administration to put Representative Louis McFadden of Pennsylvania "on the spot" for having attacked President Hoover. During his long and industrious career in the House Mr. McFadden has been a regular and influential Republican. There is no intention here to defend or criticize him. The facts are that he made a serious charge against the President; that he offered to produce evidence supporting it; that instead of accepting his challenge the Administration took the cowardly and brutal course of depriving him of patronage, Senator Dave Reed announcing that "hereafter we will treat McFadden just as if he had died." As usual, it now appears that "Little Dave" spoke

too soon. His colleague, Senator Davis, was supposed to be a party to the political crucifixion of McFadden, but Davis, whose ears are flattened from constant pressing against the soil of Pennsylvania, has sent private word to McFadden that he has no sympathy with that vengeful enterprise. Indeed, the information now reaching Washington indicates not only that McFadden will be renominated for his seat in the House, but that he would have an excellent chance of beating Reed for the Senate. Mrs. Gifford Pinchot's decision to run against McFadden on the ground that "he insulted our President" has not tended to increase her husband's prestige in this community. This is a singularly awkward time for any Pinchot to be running on a "support-Hoover" platform. I should like to have heard the conversation that took place between the Governor and Mrs. Pinchot before she announced her intention.

* * * * *

TO suggest at this stage of the depression that Hoover has any plan for curing it would be like taking a pulmotor to a funeral, which would be unseemly. His main prescription since Congress convened has been for a Reconstruction Finance Corporation—which turns out on examination to be a plan to lend government funds to the railroads. Nobody doubts that the railroads are in a bad way, and why such pains were taken to disguise the actual purpose of this plan is just another of those Hoover mysteries. The proposal is embodied in a Senate bill which abounds in allusions to banks, building and loan associations, insurance companies, and agriculture, and which finally, in the most covert manner, "also" includes railroads. The truth is that a billion dollars' worth of railroad securities will mature in the next three years. The railroads must borrow money to meet them and naturally they are eager to get it at a low rate. Under this bill the Treasury would subscribe the \$500,000,000 capital of the new corporation, which on the basis of loans made by it would have power to issue \$1,500,000,000 in debentures. Because of the intangible security on which they rest, debentures bear a high interest rate in comparison with bonds. Why, if the government desires to raise money to be lent to the railroads, does it not obtain that money by issuing bonds? Senator Glass has raised that question and it has been raised still more pointedly by bankers. In this instance Mr. Hoover has again reversed himself by deciding to "put the government into business" on a scale which eventually might result in government possession of railroads, banks, and insurance companies. That idea does not frighten me, but if we are going to do it, why not do it in the most economical and business-like way?

* * * * *

AT this point someone is certain to ask what became of the National Credit Corporation—born at the famous Sunday-night consultation at the White House—which was to apply the magic of private initiative to the puzzle of frozen credits. The answer is simple but sad. About \$400,000,000 has been subscribed to the pool, but only \$10,000,000 of it has been lent! Aladdin fumbles or the lamp has lost its power, and with sorrow and resignation Mr. Hoover will sign precisely the sort of credit measure that Senator Glass sees fit to hand him.

If I Were Dictator*

By HAROLD J. LASKI

I LACK, I fear, the disposition which loves the command of men, and were I to succeed to great place, my impulse would be to disembarass myself of its power and inconveniences. I prefer, therefore, to indicate the lines upon which, as I conceive, social policy should move, if we are to preserve and to enlarge the confines of civilization.

1. The supreme need, to me, is a democratic world, by which I mean a world where the personality of the common man has full room for self-expression. Such a world I believe to be impossible in the presence of great economic inequalities; and I believe, therefore, that the greatest urgency of our time is a policy which seeks to effect this purpose. It means, I think, that the essential sources of wealth should be socialized—finance, power, coal, transport, iron and steel. It requires the destruction of that system of inheritance which creates and makes so largely permanent a leisured class which performs no function for society in return for the gains it receives. It would seek such an equalization of income as would make men and women significant for the functions they perform and not for the property to which they are annexed.

2. An equal society of this kind seems to me the high-road to many other goods I desire. Without such a society I do not see any effective prospect of freedom of thought. For so long as thought is offensive to a given social order in which inequality exists, those who profit by the inequality will stigmatize such thought as sedition; and they will use the machinery of the law to suppress it. Yet without freedom of thought the personality of man is painfully abridged. The lesson of his experience cannot be made articulate. He is forced into silence; and it is then assumed by his governors that his silence is a measure of his content.

3. An equal society alone offers the prospect of a decent educational system. In our present unequal society we educate a few in the habits of command and most for the duty of obedience. We make financiers, salesmen, doctors, lawyers, mechanics, cashiers, laborers; we do not make men. For a true education would open to the many a direct avenue to the cultural heritage of the race. This, for the vast majority, is a closed book even in Anglo-American civilization. The creative use of leisure, which, in an age dominated by the machine, is for most the period of significance, is unattainable by men whom education has not trained to the use of the mind in speculative matters. An unequal society does not permit this training to be widespread; partly because it wants, as nearly as may be, a monopoly of knowledge for the class already in possession, and partly because a society in which men and women were educated, that is, trained to the use of mind as a skeptical instrument, would not long continue to endure the consequences of inequality.

4. I desire an equal society, further, because it seems to me the condition of international peace. The roots of war are almost invariably economic in nature. National struggles are not rivalries between peoples, though propaganda ex-

ploits the possibilities of group-hate to make them appear to be such; they are struggles between the exploiting classes among different peoples to achieve greater gain. International peace, as I think, demands the disappearance of the sovereign state and its replacement by a world order. For the sovereign state is, in all essential matters, a panoply assumed by a dominant class to use the resources of the state for its own purposes. The wickedness of armaments, the follies of tariffs, the problems caused by different standards of living are all insoluble so long as each nation state remains in vital realms the arbiter of its own destiny. Only as we attempt a world ordering of what are, in effect, matters of world concern can we meet the issues of our time realistically and in terms of deliberate plan. A world order is, in any sense instinct with serious meaning, impossible in an unequal society; for it is to the interest of the economically powerful to prevent its advent. Even where a group of these, as the international bankers, may seem to favor international peace, it is with the stabilization of their power, and not with the attainment of social justice, that they are in reality concerned.

5. An equal society is, further, the only condition upon which decent treatment of the backward or less powerful peoples seems to be possible. A capitalistic society is driven by its nature to exploit the native of Africa, or India, or the Philippines. A world order, based upon the concept of equality, would make it possible to enforce the concept of trusteeship now theoretically inherent in the system of mandates; and the road from trusteeship to freedom is a direct one. But we shall not travel that road unless we first pass by the gate of equality. The profits of the alternative routes are too high.

6. I should like, further, to see the rapid erosion of organized religions. The accusation that they are the opium of the people seems to me the more justified, the more completely their history and consequences are understood. They make men satisfied with, or complacent about, the injustice of the present social order by the prospect they offer, without a tithe of serious evidence, of a future state of blessedness. They perpetuate all over the world obsolete systems of morality and sex relations. They substitute charity for justice and thus act as an anodyne for the conscience of the rich and a plaster for the sufferings of the poor. They develop habits among their members which are a hindrance to the fuller operation of reason in social life.

7. I desire, also, to see the practice of birth control—perhaps the greatest discovery since the invention of fire—made freely available to all social classes. It is the main avenue to the emancipation of women. It is the best safeguard for a proper relationship between parents and children. It is the surest way of making effective comradeship possible between men and women. I know few things so intolerable as the fact that divine revelation should be claimed for the obsolete habits of an Eastern nomadic tribe and their consequent imposition upon a society which might otherwise open a high-road to freedom. Birth control alone makes possible the conquest by society of hereditary degeneracy. If Roman Catho-

* The sixth of a series of articles on this subject. Others, by Morris Ernst and Oswald Garrison Villard, will follow in early issues.—EDITOR THE NATION.

lics and others find its methods offensive, no one asks that they should practice them. But they ought not to make their private view of moral truth the measure of permissible social practice.

8. Finally, if I could, I should like to suffuse all our educational systems with an insistence upon the two essential virtues of skepticism and experiment. Until we are prepared to admit that most of what we announce as necessary

truth or vital institutions are, in large part, merely the truth or institutions to which we have grown accustomed, we shall ourselves place the main barriers in the way of social advance. Skepticism is essential that we may not stay unduly the prisoners of our past; experiment that we may not be paralyzed by the unwillingness to be dogmatic about matters of social constitution. Both promote the habit of tolerance; and tolerance has ever been the parent of discovery.

The Critic's Dilemma*

II. *The Jest and the Ear*

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN the first instalment of this discussion some emphasis was laid upon the patent fact that various significant works of art have been executed in accordance with aesthetic theories which are plainly incompatible with one another. The realm of poetry, for example, is obviously more extensive than is implied by the various great poets and great critics who have undertaken to define it, and what is true of poetry is no less true of literature in general. Tradition and taste affirm the worth of artists more varied than theories of art can find room for, and the criteria proposed by any school of criticism imply the dismissal of works which readers of discrimination are by no means willing to neglect.

A familiarity with the history of human opinion and its variability does not, however, produce skepticism—except in the minds of those who are already temperamentally inclined toward it. Hence, it is hardly to be expected that critics should cease to advance general opinions concerning the nature and function of art merely because they know how widely such opinions have differed from one another in the past, and it is, perhaps, not at all desirable that they should do so. Convictions of some sort are necessary for effective writing, either creative or critical, just as they are necessary for effective living, and life as well as literature has gone on because people have passionately believed—on quite insufficient evidence—that art, God, justice, duty, righteousness, and the rest consisted in this or that.

Human society depends upon those various artificial structures which are known as law, religion, philosophy, morality, and the rest, but what it requires is merely *a* law, *a* religion, *a* philosophy, and so on. It can not only exist but flourish upon the basis of the most varied theoretical foundations so long as it has genuinely accepted one or another, and what is true of the social arts is equally true of those which are representative. The convictions of Flaubert and the convictions of Verlaine each promoted the development of one sort of literature, just as the convictions of Saint Francis and the convictions of Cellini each promoted the development of one sort of life. Whole societies as well as mere individual lives or individual poems may be executed in very different manners, but successful works of literature no less than successful lives or successful societies are always faithful to some style, and the aesthetic theories which pro-

fess to define the aims and methods of literature as a whole actually do, very often, accurately define one of these possible styles—just as ethical systems which profess to define the whole duty of man actually do lay down the rules in accordance with which a style of living may successfully be achieved.

It is therefore neither surprising nor wholly unfortunate that theories of art should develop as inevitably and as variously as do theories of law, of justice, and of morality. It is not even surprising that a certain long unfashionable intransigence should now be making its reappearance among literary critics, and that a kind of authoritarianism should once more be defended—with grave dignity by the admirers of T. S. Eliot and with a bumptious truculence by the disciples of Irving Babbitt. The skeptic can reflect calmly that similar opinions have flourished before, and that they have even encouraged the production of various worthy works without having made impossible the development of other and quite interesting styles. Thus there were classicists before Mr. Babbitt who did not, nevertheless, prevent the appearance of Rousseau; and Pope no more prevented the development of Keats than the contempt of Keats annihilated the merits of Pope. But when this same skeptic is driven to defend his own unwillingness to leap upon any particular bandwagon, he may take comfort in the fact that skepticism still has the best of the argument at least, and that by logical methods it is still as difficult to establish absolutes in the field of literary criticism as it is to establish them in the field of politics or morality.

As Shakespeare has it, "The prosperity of a jest lies in the ear of the hearer," and aesthetics is concerned with the effect which a work of art has upon us. But this effect is the result of an apperception; it is conditioned by the associations set up between the various elements of the vicarious experience afforded by the work in question and our own individual memories, opinions, and experiences. It differs, therefore, from person to person, and two critics who appear to be passing different judgments upon the same poem or tale are in reality passing judgment upon two different things which may bear very little resemblance to one another. Nor is there any way to avoid this, since art is in its nature suggestive, since it can function only by calling attention to something in ourselves, and any book which we read becomes, inevitably, as we read it, a collaboration between its author and ourselves.

* The first article in this series by Mr. Krutch was printed in *The Nation* of December 2. The third, and concluding, article will appear in an early issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

Even the most dogmatic of critics commonly recognize the more obvious conclusions to be drawn from the fact that the value of a work of literature depends upon the intelligibility of its symbols and upon the existence of someone to whom those symbols are, at a given moment, intelligible. Thus no one would deny that it would be useless to discuss the value of an epic composed in a completely lost language, and few, if any, would fail to recognize another aspect of the same fact by admitting that a certain maturity of knowledge and experience, a certain age in years, must be reached before "Othello" becomes a greater work of literature than the story of Jack and the Beanstalk. Yet once this fact is admitted, the whole attempt to assign an absolute value to a work of art falls heavily to the ground unless it is buttressed by the assumption that it is possible to find and use some "normal" and normally cultured man whose whole temperament, experience, and knowledge have been standardized, and whose apperception of the work to be judged may therefore be identified with the work itself. But men do differ; and this standard man who may be taken to represent the whole of humanity at its best is, of course, always that particular man, the individual absolutist himself.

Thus at the very beginning of any attempt to find an absolute standard by which to judge a work of art we are met by something relative in its value—the relativity of a jest to the ear for which it is destined. And the further we go the more clearly we shall realize that at every step in our analysis we come upon some further relativity, so that, for example, the value of a work of art is relative, not only to the individual, but to the stage which he has reached in his individual development. No sensitive person who recalls the history of the evolution of his own taste can fail to remember how at one time he was dazzled by certain writers, Shelley, for example, from whom (so far as he is concerned) the glory now seems to have departed; though it is doubtless still visible to others. It was once there because he perceived it. It is still there because others still see it. But it is no longer there *for him*. And again there is no escape from this relativity of judgment unless some arbitrary norm is established. Certain writers we know are appropriate to youth and certain others to age, but how shall we judge them absolutely? Surely the very oldest man yet unburied is not the most completely infallible, and it is surely difficult to say which one of the seven ages of man sees things most truly.

Nor is it, moreover, possible to consider the value of a work of art wholly apart from the society which forms its audience, though we need not, to be sure, overestimate either the rapidity or the completeness with which societies change. Dante was a great *man*, and by virtue of that fact much more conspicuously like than unlike a citizen of the twentieth century. The best book is not necessarily the newest or superficially the most pertinent. But if there is any connection whatever between literature and those more or less variable sensibilities, aspirations, and convictions which give their peculiar character to social groups, then the value of any particular work *for* that group must be in part relative to that group, and it is difficult to imagine how any judge can wholly detach himself from the group to which he belongs. The conscious urgency of the need which certain contemporaries feel for absolute standards in criticism was not, apparently, felt by the generation of critics against

whose relativism they are rebelling; and hence their desire to establish such absolutes must constitute one of the characteristics which make their writings particularly valuable to their group.

Works of art are constructions serving to arrange fragments of observation and experience into patterns which are pleasing because they are understandable in terms of human thought and consistent in terms of human feeling. To a greater or less degree these patterns are usually influenced by the criticism of human experience as a whole, and for this reason they tend to represent some sort of compromise between the author's vision of "reality" and those aspirations, desires, and hopes which determine his temperament. Hence such works embody something of what this group believes concerning the universe in which it lives, while, at the same time, they both reflect and influence those particular desires, perceptions, emotions, and emphases which give to the human consciousness at any time its peculiar character.

But if all these things are true, then the central error of those who insist upon setting up absolute standards of judgment for literature is the error vulgarly known as putting the cart before the horse, of assuming that we can know what literature *ought* to be without knowing just what man and nature and God *are*. Of any particular work we may say that it represents nature as thus or so. We may say also that it is a construction gratifying to certain desires, likely to develop certain sensibilities, or even tending to encourage a certain kind of conduct. But to judge it absolutely is to maintain that one knows not only what nature is, but also which desires are legitimate, what conduct is permissible, and what sensibilities were, are, or ever could be capable of contributing valuable elements to the general experience of living. Perhaps the blind disciple of some minutely and dogmatically all-inclusive religion, perhaps the subscriber to the provisions of some inconceivably exhaustive Koran or Talmud, might venture to rank works of art in a hierarchy which he would pronounce eternally fixed. But no one else consistently could, and such a Koran or Talmud does not exist, because even the best-codified faiths permit differences of opinion and judgment concerning some of those subtle shades with which literature is frequently concerned. A dogmatically established criterion for the judgment of art presupposes dogmas which have previously settled every conceivable question concerning science, religion, philosophy, and morals.

Perhaps the poet may—perhaps the poet must—forget the logical necessity of skepticism. It is his business to devise constructions, and such constructions always involve premises which can become acceptable only if they are asserted with a confident faith. But if the critic is to be distinguished from the creator, if he is to maintain even the relative detachment and objectivity which make his art more like the art of the scientist or the philosopher than it is like the art of the poet, then this critic is bound to recognize both the element of arbitrariness in any work of art and the fact that the value of the construction made possible by this arbitrary element is relative to the audience that will contemplate it.

The proponents of "standards" are fond of arguing that without them the critic becomes no better than that "stringed lute" of Oscar Wilde's upon which—and with disastrous results—"all winds could play." In his hands criticism degenerates into the random impression, and what he

produces is only a derivative work of art based upon the drama or poem or tale which he is pretending to criticize. By insisting upon the duty of the critic to judge, they propose to give him a function superior to that of mere pale recreation; and that purpose is laudable enough, but it is hardly worth while to achieve it at the cost of making him believe that he—of all people—should be the one to attempt that most stupendous of all creative acts, which consists in establishing by a fiat of the imagination some absolute standard of value.

The imagination which creates works of art is, after all, not the most powerful sort of imagination. To a greater or less extent such works always include an element of confessed make-believe, and to a greater or less extent they always recognize some distinction between the kind of "poetic faith" which they seek to inspire and that simple "faith"

which is inspired by religions and philosophies. Hence the poet who calls himself "poet" and the romancer who calls himself "romancer" have neither the presumption nor the effectiveness of the poet who calls himself "prophet" or of the romancer who gets himself accepted as the revealer of some system of law or duty or morals. Hence to insist that the critic should come forth with some series of absolutes is a very strange way of preventing him from meddling with the business of "creating," since "standards" of any kind are, as a matter of fact, the supreme achievements of the creative imagination. Doubtless he should guard himself against the tendency to rest content with a merely lyrical account of his "impressions," but it is, on the other hand, when he sets up standards or proposes absolutes that he is most clearly and most actively forsaking the effort to criticize for the effort to create.

Premier Azaña on Spanish Policy

By I. M. LEVY

Madrid, December 10

ALL Spain was aware of the fact that its first President would be Alcalá Zamora, and that Manuel Azaña, former Provisional President, would be given a position of importance. He has now been chosen Premier. Azaña is one of the three pivotal men in Spain at the present moment, and for that reason the declarations which he made in an interview with the present writer are of great interest as reflecting future policy.

Having in mind the ultimatum handed to the government by the Sindicato Nacional Ferroviario, demanding action within fifteen days, under the threat of a general railroad strike, with reference to the critical situation of the railroad employees, I first asked Premier Azaña about the course the government would take in this matter. He replied that the nationalization of the railroads was an immediate necessity owing to the national exigency, inefficient operation, and the ruinous competition resulting from the existence of half a dozen major lines, and that the efforts of the government in the near future would be directed toward this end. Whether or not the demands of the railroad men for increased wages could be satisfied under government operation, with a Treasury deficit of some 237,000,000 pesetas, and the heavy drains of the more immediate agrarian and educational reforms, would be difficult to say. Asked whether the nationalization of the railroads might be construed as the first step toward the socialization of other public utilities, the Premier gave it as his opinion that Spain was not as yet ripe for such a procedure, although the general tendency of the future would certainly be in that direction, as provided for in the constitution. The fundamental social legislation embodied in the constitution, relating to the condition of the working classes, would be amplified as rapidly as possible.

Speaking of Spain's economic relations with the rest of the world, Premier Azaña expressed his regret at the trend which the economic policy of other nations is at present taking. To him it seems lamentable that, when the world crisis is calling for measures of a distinctly opposite

nature, nations should be involving themselves in retaliatory tariff measures and economic reprisals. The backward state of industry in Spain demands a certain amount of protection, but every effort will be made to reduce this to the minimum compatible with the nation's economic welfare. Spain cannot remain indifferent to the economic tendencies of other nations, and must naturally, for her own safety, adjust herself to these. But in no case will she take the aggressive, and she will lend her whole-hearted support to any movement giving promise of remedying existing conditions. Thus, when France recently imposed prohibitive rates on the importation of Spanish wines, the Spanish government, before considering retaliatory measures, entered into negotiations leading toward a more desirable *modus vivendi*, which, if leaving much to be desired in the commercial relations of the two countries, has at least succeeded in bettering them.

Plans for agrarian reform, which constitutes one of the gravest and most perplexing problems the government must face, have already been drawn up, and the government has pledged not only its technical aid but also financial assistance, in so far as the resources of the Treasury will permit. The desperate situation of the Andalusian peasants is a result of the land abuses and absentee landlordism of the monarchy. The coming of the republic gave them new hope. It was believed that the land which had for so long been denied to them was now to be apportioned among them, giving them the opportunity to raise themselves from a state of virtual serfdom to the self-respect and well-being which is their right. Unfortunately, miracles cannot be performed overnight; the agrarian problem is of long standing, and the government has found itself in this short time unable to make any great headway toward fulfilling the promise which it means to keep. But headway must be made, for neglect or delay in attacking this problem will have disastrous consequences for the welfare of the people and the stability of the republic, as is indicated by the discontent in the south.

The question of the relations of church and state has definitely been resolved. Except for isolated attacks from certain sections of the press and the short-lived demonstra-

tions of the Basque country, there was no opposition to the anti-clerical legislation of the constitution, and there was every support for it. The danger of civil war is unmistakably past. There now only remains the drawing up of complementary laws to the articles of the constitution to determine more specifically their execution, particularly with regard to the religious orders and the expropriation of their goods. At the present moment the secularization of the cemeteries is being effected by the Cortes, and this is but an elementary phase of the question as a whole.

The external relations with the rest of the world into which Spain will enter may be summed up in her complete cooperation with the League of Nations and her unreserved support of its activities and decisions. A clause to that effect has already been inserted in the fundamental law, for the first time in history, and its insertion was no mere gesture. Spain believes in the League as being the one organized means of promoting harmony and good-will among the nations of the world, and is determined to adhere to it under any and all circumstances. Otherwise, the internal problems which confront the government will impede, for the moment at least, the participation of Spain in international affairs to any great extent. This does not imply, however, the continuance of the isolation which marked her history prior to the republic. The intention of the Spanish republic to foster in every way possible the promotion of world peace cannot be too strongly emphasized.

Questioned as to the future status of the army, for so long the predominating factor in Spanish politics, Premier Azaña took on the semblance of a father contemplating a favorite child. The military reforms which he instituted soon after taking up the duties of Minister of War were approved too recently by the Cortes to permit of their full and necessary explanation. Obviously, the army as a state within a state has been eliminated and reduced to its proper proportion in the national defense. In addition, it has been made much more compact and efficient than was the case under the monarchy. But Spain is still carrying on her back "the corpse of an army," with insufficient equipment and suited only for internal service as an auxiliary to the police and the Civil Guard. As an instrument of national defense against foreign aggression (now, fortunately, remote) it is not to be considered. The Cortes must decide whether the Spanish army is to continue in its present state, with capacity only for dealing with internal disturbances, or become an army in fact as well as name. In the former case, it must follow the matter through to its logical conclusion by making the army an adjunct of the civil police forces; in the latter, it must appropriate the necessary funds to raise it to a state of adequate efficiency in relation to other armies. In bringing this question to the Cortes Azaña will not be actuated by militaristic tendencies. The function of the army will be merely that of supporting a necessary national policy. Spain will adapt its military forces to those of the rest of the world. Any move toward disarmament will find in the republic one of its most eager champions and firmest adherents, in theory and in practice. On the other hand, should foreign nations make no effort to limit or reduce their military programs, Spain, unwillingly, will be forced to plan her own accordingly. In the meantime, her needs will be more than satisfied by the minimum efficient army essential to her foreign policy.

In the Driftway

THE old proverb told us that the devil found mischief for idle hands. It is probably more true to say that idle hands are of no use, eventually, even to the devil. They remain folded and useless, and their owners suffer from what is certainly man's worst disease—inability to be occupied, either with hand or mind. In England, where large numbers of persons have been out of work for literally the years of their adult life, this important fact is being realized. In the *London Times* the Drifter reads of the activities of the Society of Friends along these lines. In various areas where work has been unobtainable for a long time, clubs have been started which are in reality workshops for the workless. Materials and tools are provided; erstwhile carpenters can turn out small objects of household use or even articles of furniture; cobblers can make shoes or mend old ones—in some cases the worn shoes of children whose fathers are out of work. The workers actually construct the club for themselves; they make the benches and tables, the shelves and chairs, they plaster and paint the walls. They repair broken utensils from their own homes, they devise all sorts of makeshift articles from strange materials. "A man who was fitting oak fronts to the drawers of a desk said that the pieces were waste from coffin lids bought for a few pence from an undertaker."

* * * * *

IT is hardly necessary to add that once the idea of possible work gets abroad in a neighborhood, the clubs are highly successful and the workers come simply because it is "more fun to be occupied than not." They understand that they will receive no pay for their work, but they may give the articles they make to whom they will. Attendance is voluntary. Once the idea of simply working to keep busy is accepted, the workers exercise considerable ingenuity in making tools to proceed with. In one club "a blower for a portable forge has been made out of the treadle of an old sewing machine and a round toffee tin fitted with an impeller made in the shop, and it is connected with the forge by a length of railway-coupling tube retrieved from the scrap heap." The forge will weld iron, and the skilled workers use it for making tools.

* * * * *

THE moral of this tale is plain enough. Man must work. If he has lost his job, if his mind is worried by considerations of rent day with no money, young ones with no shoes, babies without milk, a house with no coal to warm it, he must inevitably welcome occupation even if it is without monetary reward. If it serves to keep his hand in with his old trade, against a happier day, all the better. If it provides necessary utensils for his wife or patched shoes for his children, better still. But mainly he must work. He must keep a tool in his hand and his mind on the fruits of his toil or he is no longer a man. When the Drifter hears frivolous persons declare that an able-bodied man would rather stand on a bread line than do an honest day's labor, he becomes excessively angry. The curse of the human race, if you like, is that it cannot be idle. Or perhaps this is

only the curse of the Western races. In the East it seems possible for a man to sit still and contemplate nothing with complete satisfaction to himself and to his neighbors. We have not learned that happy art. The Drifter has often laughed at those persons who, unexpectedly inheriting a fortune, announce that tomorrow will see them back at the old desk. Perhaps this is something more than a desire to impress the world with their fidelity to their tasks, or with their carelessness of riches. Perhaps they cannot think of anything else to do; and the thought of doing nothing is intolerable.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Lincoln the Bolshevik

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Talk about censorship! A Hollywood, California, newspaper cut out a phrase from the words of Abraham Lincoln. A letter from a subscriber contained the following quotation: "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it or their revolutionary right of overthrowing it." These words are from Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address, but the local newspaper cut out the words "or their revolutionary right of overthrowing it."

Hollywood, Cal., December 12

JEAN ELLIS

Grandi's *Mot Juste*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 9 you praise Signor Grandi for having "coined" one phrase which you would like to see "framed and displayed in every Foreign Office": "We must fortify justice and not justify force"—an excellent formula, for which, I am sure, Signor Grandi would give credit to Pascal, who stated that it is necessary that "ce qui est juste soit fort ou ce qui est fort soit juste." The whole sentence will be found in a repertory of classical quotations which has just appeared in Paris under the title "Les Citations Françaises" and which I unblushingly recommend to some of my fellow-readers of *The Nation*.

Ithaca, N. Y., December 21

OTHON GUERLAC

In Short, We Disagree

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I received your circular letter of October 23. I read and reread it several times and took occasion to read portions of your program to a number of representative travelers and others and discussed some of the subjects and especially your panaceas for a "better United States." I found none who favored more than a single one of your proposals.

Free trade? All agreed that would spell ruin to labor and business generally, flood our markets with the products of cheap foreign labor, throw our American workingmen out of their jobs, and reduce our standard of living to the foreign level.

National support for the unemployed? Vote the money raised by taxes paid by all the people at large for a special class, encourage idleness, support the improvident, and reverse

the purpose and functions of government which require the people to maintain their institutions and pay the expenses of government.

Disarm completely? Let the rabble and mob seize the government and run it at will. Reasonable reduction of armaments is desirable so as to reduce expenses and taxes but to be without any navy and army? Only unthinking visionaries seriously advocate this.

Not protect our nationals and their property the world over? Of what value is American citizenship if our citizens are not protected in their rights and liberties abroad? Let them be slaughtered like rats? Why should the United States care what becomes of our people and their rights and property when outside the United States? Leave them to their fate, would you? Allow the people of Haiti, Nicaragua, and so on, to run amuck? What care we so we are safe at home? The United States has troops abroad for a laudable purpose, for the protection of Americans and the welfare of the people themselves in the countries involved, who are generally incapable of maintaining order.

Form a new radical party? Made up of all misfits and incompetents? Seize the wealth of the successful? Distribute it among the proletariat and confiscate by taxation all big fortunes? Take over the railroads, utilities, and industries? Public ownership has been shown to be more expensive and less efficient than private.

Your program is, indeed, a wise one from the standpoint of the Communist, loafer, and improvident. But it would destroy individualism, the incentive to labor, and would reduce all to the level of the unsuccessful and worthless.

You can see *The Nation* and myself do not agree upon many fundamentals. I have read your publication in the past but it does not appeal to me. I can find more satisfaction and more profitable reading elsewhere from my viewpoint.

Denison, Iowa, November 19

CARL F. KIRCHNER

Still Pertinent

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You will enjoy the pertinence of the following passage. It is from an address by the Honorable William D. Kelley, delivered about the year 1850 before the Linnaean Society of Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, on the "Characteristics of the Age."

The spirit of commerce is essentially selfish. Voyages are projected for profit. The merchant, whose liberal gifts surprise the world, chaffers in his bargains. . . . Wealth increases; but its aggregation into few hands takes place with ever-growing rapidity. The comforts of life abound; but when the markets of the world are glutted, hunger is in the home of the artisan. Overproduction causes the legitimate effects of famine. The ingenuity of political economists is vainly taxed for the means of preventing the accumulation of surplus materials and fabrics. And while warehouse and factory groan with repletion, heartless theory points to the laboring population reduced to want and pauperism, and with dogmatic emphasis inquires if the increase of population cannot be legally restrained. The state of the market shows that there are more men than commerce requires, and a just system of economy would adapt the supply to the demand.

The Honorable William D. Kelley was a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas at Philadelphia, devoted (the man, not the court) to "the protection of the weak and downtrodden, the reformation of the ignorant and vicious, and the promotion of education." He became a member of Congress in 1860.

East Orange, N. J., November 10

A. G. BARNETT

Books for Commonwealth

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Probably every reader of *The Nation* has at least a few worth-while books which he ought to dispose of because he needs the space which they take for new books. At Commonwealth College, Mena, Arkansas, the students do industrial work for four hours a day for their maintenance; the rest of the time they attend classes and study or read. They have no funds with which to buy books, and so they are dependent for their study upon gifts of books from generous friends.

Perhaps the readers of *The Nation* might care to join the ranks of our generous friends and add new volumes to our library. Nowhere would books be more intelligently read and more deeply appreciated than at Commonwealth.

Mena, Ark., November 16

GEORGE YEISLEY RUSK

Chicago Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to get in touch with *Nation* readers and other liberals in and around Chicago who would be interested in joining a group for informal discussion of current problems. My address is 5121 University Avenue; telephone, Midway 0517.

Chicago, January 1

LESTER A. LESERMAN

Holiday Greetings

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The "trimming" you gave the "Crowded Days" of McAdoo was worth the subscription cost of *The Nation* for ten years. *The Nation* has been better the past six months than ever before, and I intend that comparison as a high compliment. More power to you!

Madison, Wis., December 23

ALFRED T. ROGERS

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Why Recognize Russia?"

A. E. HINDMARSH is assistant dean of Harvard University.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

HAROLD J. LASKI is professor of political science at London University.

I. M. LEVY is engaged in research work at the Central University of Madrid.

FRANCES M. FROST is the author of a book of verse, "Blue Harvest."

CAREY MCWILLIAMS, a Californian, is the author of "Ambrose Bierce."

GERALD SYKES is a writer of fiction.

ABRAM L. HARRIS, professor of economics at Howard University, is coauthor of "The Black Worker."

LIONEL TRILLING is at work on a critical study of Matthew Arnold.

WILLIAM SEAGLE is an assistant editor of the *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences*.

Finance

Aid or Prevention?

PROPOSALS are before Congress, in the form of bills or otherwise, to substitute government credit for private credit at a number of weak points in the country's economic structure. Government credit, judged by its going rate of about $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, is good, while private credit on the whole is somewhat worse than dubious, if we gauge it by the large number of railway and other bonds, regarded not long ago as first class, which are now selling to yield 10 per cent and more. The plan is, in this period of stress and strain, to employ government funds to meet emergencies and, if possible, to set the wheels of business to moving at a more rapid rate.

The money outlay in connection with the plans which are being considered at Washington runs into large figures. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation will apparently call for a Treasury subscription of half a billion dollars. The banks for discounting real-estate mortgages, if they are set up, will involve some \$150,000,000, according to preliminary estimates. An additional investment of \$100,000,000 of federal funds is scheduled for the existing land banks. Here is a total of three-quarters of a billion dollars.

Now, government credit is an extremely sensitive thing. Ordinarily it does not register its fluctuating position in the market with movements of five or ten points, like a common-stock "equity," but with trivial changes of eighths and quarters, which nevertheless convey their meaning emphatically to the initiated. It would, perhaps, be instructive if those who toss off proposals for casual billions of government bond issues to pull us out of the depression would note and interpret some of the things which have recently occurred in the bond market.

In connection with its December 15 financing, the Treasury offered \$600,000,000 of one-year $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent notes, \$300,000,000 of six-months $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent certificates, and \$400,000,000 of nine-months 3 per cent certificates. Of this total of \$1,300,000,000, the "new money" received from investors amounted to about \$300,000,000, the balance being paid for with outstanding Treasury obligations which had matured or been called in. Less than a week after these issues had been placed on the market, the two longer-term maturities were selling below par. The most recent issue of long-term bonds—\$800,000,000 of 3 per cents, 1951-55, sold last September—has recently changed hands below 87.

In the fiscal year ended last June, the Treasury deficit footed up at \$902,000,000. Next June there will be another shortage estimated at \$2,123,000,000, and in the June following still another of \$1,417,000,000. These are merely estimates; the actual results may be less—or greater. None of the projects in aid of industry now under consideration has been budgeted; prospective deficits are to be increased by the amounts appropriated.

These rather somber facts are here placed in evidence, not with the idea of proving that the government cannot or should not intervene to avert a serious situation, but to demonstrate that the federal Treasury is not a gold mine and that it behooves private enterprise to stir itself more vigorously in the direction of self-help. Our existing troubles will eventually be overcome, in one way or another; but when we consider the amazing extent to which it is proposed that government help be invoked, can anyone seriously doubt that a more profitable exercise of government powers would consist in the relentless suppression of an incipient boom, through the banking system or otherwise?

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books, Music, Films, Drama

Sunrise

By FRANCES M. FROST

Dark in the world's great morning, this mountain rose
Carved in wind, striking the weightless air
With plunging granite.

Now at the gradual close
Of the shadowless hours, when the strange high stars
Diminish and the earth moves into dawn
Slowly, this mountain, bare,
Sharp to the light, is, in the yellow skies,
Carved fiercely out.

And when the night has gone,
Is broken beneath deep sunlight poured upon
Forced westward from the bright and blowing meadows,
Driven from grooves in hills where the green waters
Descend with stony voice,

When the imperishable fire
Of morning rises above the mountain, the heart's despair
Is vanquished, the uncrying throat
The tall, glad body, the brow, the windy hair,
Which, like this mountain, are graven in luminous air.

Bret Harte

Bret Harte: Argonaut and Exile. By George R. Stewart, Jr.
Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

THIRTY-ONE years have passed since the death of Bret Harte. During this period his reputation has been dealt with rather carelessly by a number of hands. Merwin and Pemberton published biographies, and Mr. Boynton added a rather sour sketch. George Stewart, however, has written the first real "life" of Harte, and it is a book that will not be easily supplanted. In addition to being an excellent account of Harte's life, it is a model of biographical writing. Mr. Stewart has not been a close student of biography for nothing (he is giving a course on the subject this year at the University of California). "Bret Harte" is a biography in the traditional sense, and in its orderly presentation of fact and sane rationalization one will search in vain for the murky profundities of psycho-analytical "interpretation." Such a volume as Mr. Stewart's justifies the old notion that the first function of a biography is to tell the story of a human life and not to prove a thesis.

Mr. Stewart's survey of Harte's life is carefully balanced; no one period or influence is given disproportionate consideration. Harte's life falls rather naturally into three major divisions: boyhood, the California period from 1854 to 1871, and the period from 1871 until his death. The years that Harte spent in California embrace the best of his life—the beginning and end of his career as a writer. The chapters devoted to this period are of particular interest and importance. Harte's career after 1871 was strangely anti-climactic. Indeed, Mr. Stewart senses this himself, for he states that the chief problem with Harte is to account for the rise of his creative power in the sixties and its abrupt decline in the seventies. Harte, however, seems to have dated his career from the time that he visited W. D. Howells in Boston, when he was paraded as a romantic Western

writer of mysterious antecedents. Thoroughly enjoying the remarkable reception that was given him in the East, Harte did nothing to dissipate the legends about his past.

Bostonians should have realized that a dandy who wore green kid gloves when he lectured was, at best, but a histrionic Westerner. Harte was not a pioneer, nor a forty-niner. He followed his mother to California in 1854, and seems to have been chaperoned on the voyage by his sister. He lived under the protecting wing of his mother in Oakland for a number of years, evincing little interest or curiosity in the life about him and devoting himself very largely to Dickens. It is extremely doubtful, despite Mr. Stewart's gallant conjuring of possible proof, that he ever visited "the diggin's." This revelation will infuriate an entire generation of local historians in California who have mapped the Bret Harte country with marvelous latter-day precision and insight. Even after he began to contribute to the magazines it took Harte sixteen years to realize that there was anything to write about in California. He had just begun to tap this rich and unexploited field when, in 1871, his career was cut short by the disastrous success of a poem that he always disliked. With the success of "The Heathen Chinee," he disappeared "over the range" and did not return. He seems to have been eagerly waiting for a chance to escape; the trip East was like returning home after a long vacation. By that time, however, he had ceased to ridicule the pioneer and miner; they had become his stock-in-trade. Afterwards, he merely tried to remember California. Trying to remember California, in fact, became his business; his one lecture was "The Argonauts of '49," and the one always marketable story, the humorous yarn with a California background.

Harte's career was at an end by 1871. Prior to that he had written, while living in the West, the half-dozen stories and poems upon which his fame rests today. With the publication of "The Heathen Chinee," he became for a brief feverish season the most popular author in America; probably no other American author ever enjoyed such popularity. But the vein was soon exhausted. He had years of frightful anxiety with process-servers waiting for him in the wings of lecture auditoriums. It is slight wonder that he never returned to America after a minor appointment in the consular service took him to Europe.

Mr. Stewart's account of Harte's life is immensely readable, carefully constructed, and elaborately documented. His fine judgment and good sense about the important issues in Harte's life deserve unstinted praise. Few literary biographies of recent years are as satisfactory or as illuminating. But Mr. Stewart is too judicious. Having spent eight years of research on the facts, he still declines the responsibilities of interpretation. The lapse of thirty-one years is not "sufficient time" to warrant an evaluation of Harte's work. This reticence is unfortunate. The task of attempting to place a final value on Harte's work and of discussing the problems which it presents will probably be undertaken by a critic less qualified than Mr. Stewart. Of late years it has been the practice to dismiss Harte's work from careful consideration by some reference to its "sentimentality." But merely as an indication that a fresh examination of his work with reference to the period is needed, it might be pointed out that "sentimentality" is not its chief fault. The truth is that the miners and pioneers were rather sentimental. Harte's Three Partners are typical:

They had risen, and standing in the doorway, by common consent turned their faces to the east. It was the frequent attitude of the *home-remembering* miner.

Clarence King wrote of California in the sixties that "pathos and humor so tenderly blent can rarely be found as here." He might well have been writing of the work of Bret Harte.

CAREY McWILLIAMS

B: Courage

Laugh and Lie Down. By Robert Cantwell. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

ROBERT CANTWELL is twenty-three years old. Since this is his first novel to be published, the reviewer would seem to be expected to give a synopsis of the plot, congratulate him on the remarkable fluency of his style, point out a few flaws (if only to demonstrate the reviewer's acumen), and inform the reading public that Mr. Cantwell is "promising." Such is the standard procedure on these occasions. This time let us try to do something more.

The scene is Tacoma, Washington. In the background are run-down rented houses, rotgut whiskey, half-gratified lust, dance music, and second-hand roadsters, for the main characters are young people of college age who have had to go to work and who seek to shut out the drabness of poverty by an equally drab kind of "pleasure." The outer story concerns the jealousy that William McArdle feels of his brother Kenneth, who has taken his girl from him. Criticism cannot stop on the book's objective side, however, for this is shadowy, unrealized; we must penetrate to the inner story if we are to encounter flesh and blood. The author is but dimly aware of the inner story himself. His novel is not a conscious work of art but a groping self-revelation. The inner story is that of a modest, undersized boy, used to middle-class comfort and prestige, whose father dies when he is in college, obliging him to support his mother and sisters by working at night in a factory. It is a painful situation, made worse by sensibility. Before life has really begun the boy feels defeated and unnaturally tired out. The saddest part is that owing to his extreme youth and certain college-boy prejudices he cannot face the situation squarely and draw resolution and insight from it. He hides behind a literary snicker and wastes his sensibility in perfecting a patter that is simply an advanced form of "college humor." His whole life becomes an evasion by way of witticism and acquiescence. Apparently it would be a breach of his peculiar conventions to assert himself. If he doesn't want a drink but is told to "take one anyway," he takes one anyway. So he sits on in a dingy restaurant, unhappy, bored, frightened, superior, until he is drawn finally—or so the story runs—into crime, through sheer lack of will.

There is no question of Cantwell's talent. The grace with which he writes is precocious, but it is extraordinarily even and sustained. And he shows an exceptional refinement of the senses and fidelity to detail. At the root of his grace is modesty—the same modesty, by some law of retribution, that makes him the timid prey of convention. And convention is as much his foe in writing as it is William's in life. It has robbed his novel of backbone and individuality. There are no firm, clear outlines. Everything is like the end, which is blurred and indecisive.

But there is one hopeful note at the end, when William discovers his love for his brother and the girl. In that affirmative moment may lie the seed of future faith. Cantwell's career can be a heroic one, for he carries within him the possibility of both victory and defeat. Will he slip into that convenient refuge for the weary, the well-known "despair" of our war generation? His work already shows a dangerous lack of passion. But he belongs to a younger generation that has given evidence of a new strength.

Talent dies soon without passion. Unfortunately, whoever mentions faith in America is dismissed as a "mystic." Yet from a strictly literary standpoint it is plain that what Cantwell's work needs is just that. If he believed passionately in his "message," he would not waste so much cleverness on the

exact recording of trivial conversations; his similes would cease to be more important than what they illustrate; the characters would not dissolve into one another; the milieu would not fade away; the real story would be seen and told. Cantwell has been given a precocious talent and a precocious handicap. With courage—and lots of time—the two can be fused and a valuable writer born.

GERALD SYKES

The Brown American

Brown America: The Story of a New Race. By Edwin R. Embree. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

THIS book, as the subtitle explains, is a story of a new race in America. But its main thesis is not new to those who are acquainted with the work of Dr. Melville Herskovits—the thesis that the American Negro, cut off from his African background, has undergone serious biological transformation. In his veins is to be found "the blood of the principal branches of man—black, white, yellow-brown." In its cultural outlook and make-up the race is also new. It has taken over almost all "the white stereotypes in religion, in labor and business, and in social organization."

While in large measure an exposition of the assimilation of the Negro to Occidental culture, the book reveals the policy which guides one of the large wealthy foundations in its relation to the welfare of a minority whose future is still a perplexing problem. The author, Edwin R. Embree, is eminently fitted to handle these subjects. He is a grandson of John G. Fee, Kentucky abolitionist and founder of Berea College, for the "co-education of the races," where Mr. Embree received a part of his early education. He is also president of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, almost the whole of whose income is devoted to Negro welfare, and as such speaks not only from first-hand observation of Negro aspiration and achievement, but as one who actually influences the drift of Negro life by virtue of his discretionary power in giving or withholding financial support to this cause or that.

According to Mr. Embree, the Negro's first contribution to American life was the part played by his labor power in developing capitalism in the new world. In politics, where his record is somewhat besmirched by the corruption widespread at the height of his power in the post-Civil War South, he served the nation by giving the South its first adequate public schools, and by opening the ballot box and the jury system to white men formerly debarred by property qualifications. In more recent times the Negro's colorful folkways and his other-worldly spiritual simplicity have caused a world made prosaic by business discipline to scintillate with new life; and his mirth and joy of living expressed in jazz music and the tap dance have broken the spell of the machine. Although restricted to occasional and side-entrance association with white intellectuals, Negro poets, artists, essayists, and scholars have given evidence of the black man's genius. Despite their handicaps the brown Americans have shown slight susceptibility to radical ideas. The only radicalism to which any appreciable number of them have given assent is the civil libertarianism of W. E. B. Du Bois. As the radicalism of this school is nothing more than the political aspect of those natural-rights preconceptions that stirred the bourgeoisie in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Mr. Embree accepts it along with its economic ideology of thrift, private enterprise, and ownership as advocated by Booker T. Washington, the conservative leader in Negro social thought.

Mr. Embree feels that because of the Negro's accomplishments the Anglo-Saxon's sense of fair play and noblesse oblige should make for steady improvement in Negro living conditions. The mortality of Negroes should be lowered through adequate

hospitalization, medical education, and better sanitation. Greater provision should be made for Negro secondary and collegiate education. This work must take place largely in Southern States, where the Rosenwald Fund has already placed large sums for such purposes. Above all Mr. Embree thinks that Jim-Crowism and segregation must be gradually abandoned, if for no other reason than the exorbitant cost of maintaining a dual system of public welfare, especially in the South where it can be least afforded. He is, therefore, for admitting Negroes into free and spontaneous association with white people of like attainment. But right here there seems to be a conflict between what the author thinks desirable as an ideal, on the one hand, and as workable social policy, on the other.

Unique in this scheme of racial advancement inaugurated and financed by the Rosenwald Fund is the plan to establish four Negro university centers in the South. These institutions are to do graduate work, research, and award the advanced degrees. While it may be allowed that the separate college will be indefinitely necessary in the undergraduate training of Negro students in the South, the creation of Negro universities, involving the expenditure of millions of dollars, can be justified neither by special cultural considerations nor by social policy. So far as the reviewer has observed, no move has been initiated to eliminate Negro students from the first-rate Northern universities. And if such a move is under way, it should afford many of the Negro's friends an excellent opportunity to demonstrate with deeds their professed belief in "equal rights." If we are to build separate institutions as a means of shielding a social minority from the rebuffs and hurts commonly inflicted by the dominant majority, or of conciliating majority and minority, this institutional segregation that Mr. Embree himself says is uneconomic will go on ad infinitum, becoming more elaborate and pointless in its duplication of effort. Moreover, if these Negro graduate schools are to be something more than provincial fact-finding centers, it will take many years to equip them with adequate libraries, research materials and documents, and a personnel of eminent scholars, who are rare even in the great Northern universities. Granting that this is not a herculean task, it seems to the reviewer that the plan is hopelessly extravagant and serves no other purpose than the further intellectual segregation of the races. Instead of extending the boundaries of educational separation, the existing Negro colleges should be made into institutions of the highest undergraduate caliber, such as the old Atlanta University, Virginia Union University, and the old Fisk University were on the road toward becoming before they were smitten with research fever, professional education, and the itch to confer the advanced degrees.

ABRAM L. HARRIS

Two Novelized Biographies

The Marvellous Boy. By Ernst Penzoldt. Translated by John J. Trounstein and Eleanor Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

Special Hunger. The Tragedy of Keats. By George O'Neil. Horace Liveright. \$2.50.

THE heyday of the novelized biography seems to have passed. No more "Ariels" or "Glorious Apollos" head the best-seller list. But the genre, if it is no longer pre-eminent and profitable, has fully entrenched itself. It has settled down to complacent mediocrity and its production is now as established an industry as detective fiction. It is out of this mediocrity that these lives of Chatterton and Keats have come.

Ernst Penzoldt seeks to relieve his mediocrity by violence. He ruthlessly invents where the store of biographical fact is slim, filling in with whopping incidents of high-class melodra-

matic eroticism and the absurd trappings of the terror novels. He is perfectly willing to pervert the facts, and completely misrepresents Chatterton's parents. Anachronisms do not make him flinch—his eighteenth-century tipplers mix their brandy with uninvented soda water. In explanation of this mad and disagreeable farrago, the author with mild effrontery tells us that he has but followed Chatterton in mingling "the probable with the true"!

From the charge of invention George O'Neil is certainly free. Indeed, he veers to the opposite pole from that of Penzoldt and uses only the most commonly known facts in the life of Keats. Mr. O'Neil has a considerable reputation as a poet, and in the light of this it is a little difficult to explain the unimaginative dullness of his biography. His attempts to recreate the social circles in which the poet moved are far from convincing—the rich material of the Leigh Hunt ménage is slighted; Haydon becomes but a lay figure. The whole scene, so full of possibilities, is dull and lifeless, and, worst of all, Keats himself emerges as merely limp and sorrowful, not at all the essentially masculine and self-reliant person that his letters and the latest and fullest biographies indicate. Beside the quotations from the poems and the letters which it includes, the whole book becomes utterly feeble, and Mr. O'Neil's attempt to show how "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" was composed becomes a rather unpleasant travesty.

LIONEL TRILLING

The Paper Constitution

The Written Constitution and the Unwritten Attitude. By Charles Edward Merriam. Richard R. Smith. \$1.

THE three lectures delivered by Professor Merriam at the University of Rochester which are now issued in printed form constitute an interesting and stimulating little book, although its basic argument is neither entirely new nor entirely valid. In the present twilight of constitutionalism political scientists have become particularly aware of the extent to which usage has interstitially modified, if not transformed, the American Constitution. Apart from its amendments, the Constitution of 1931 is certainly not the same as that of 1789. But the Constitution still needs to undergo profound changes if it is to be adapted to the economic and political needs of industrialized twentieth-century America, and Professor Merriam, sensing this need, urges us in effect not so much to attempt to change the fundamental law as to disregard it. The Constitution has not yet reached the limits of its possible expansion. It was a profoundly revolutionary document when it was written, and we shall only be following tradition if under it revolutionary changes are wrought in the future. Professor Merriam all but asks: "What is the Constitution among friends?" when he invites us to contemplate the changes a Socialist government would be able to introduce under it even in its present form. Surely this is subversive doctrine to be preached by a respectable political scientist. In fact, it constitutes plain nullification.

I find the provocative mood of Professor Merriam very sympathetic. His words are brave and comforting in the present season of discontent. But I am afraid that they are due not so much to reason as to justifiable impatience with the rigidity of the amending process provided by the Fathers. Instead of succumbing to the hopelessness which has generally been inspired by the experience with the Eighteenth Amendment, he beats a muffled tocsin of revolt. But was the Constitution, even when it was first framed, really a revolutionary document? Professor Merriam disposes of such scholars as J. Allen Smith and Charles Beard, who have contended that the Constitution was erected as a bulwark of conservative interests, by arguing that it was revolutionary when compared to the forms of government

prevailing in European countries in the late eighteenth century. No doubt this is true, but the question is whether it was revolutionary intrinsically. I am afraid the answer must be in the negative. The conservatism of the Fathers is perhaps most convincingly shown by the very fact that they made it impossible to amend the Constitution except by a most cumbersome process, the essence of which was the rejection of majority decision, everywhere supposed to be the basis of democratic rule. The "unwritten attitudes" can thus get themselves expressed only with the greatest difficulty, when it is a question of introducing fundamental changes. Indeed, in the end, Professor Merriam is forced to admit that responsible cabinet government could not be introduced without the aid of specific constitutional amendments. But is that not tantamount to admitting that there is now no effective way of articulating public opinion even with respect to those changes which do not require constitutional amendments? So far as political science is concerned, the logical solution would seem to be in the amendment of the amending process itself. This, of course, would have to overcome the constitutional obstacles which any amendment would have to meet, but the issue would at least be fundamental. If, in some great period of unrest, constitutional changes should be discovered to be all but impossible, the Constitution may have to be disregarded even as the Articles of Confederation were in 1789. In other words, there will occur at least a bloodless revolution.

The most searching and also the soundest part of Professor Merriam's observations seems to me to be his second lecture, entitled *Nation, State, and City Under the Constitution*, which interprets in terms of constitutional principles the coming of age of our megalopolitan civilization. Political scientists as a rule still think in terms of States versus federal power, and mouth the outworn shibboleths of State or federal rights. Professor Merriam has a vivid realism on his side when he contends that the real struggle is rather between city and national rights. Our politically underrepresented and disfranchised cities are perhaps the best illustration of the extent to which constitutional limitations can repress natural political forces. Professor Merriam envisages the possibility of the formation of new States out of some of the great metropolitan areas. But when their terrific economic power is considered, it is perhaps just as well that they remain in at least a partial state of political vassalage.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

Books in Brief

Cross Country. By Solon R. Barber. The Hague, Holland: The Servire Press, Ltd.

This miscellany of prose sketches and poems has amazing vitality. The writer is possessed of striking individuality in observation and a unique command of rhythm. He can be objective or subjective at will. He may have learned a good deal from E. E. Cummings, but he has learned more from accurate observation of places and people and from attempting to interpret, almost entirely through rhythm, what he saw and felt in these places and people. Barber produces definitely contemporaneous patterns: he catches the rhythm of a speakeasy, a romance, Havana, a group of Negroes, Vera Cruz—people together, or people alone, himself alone—anything he touches. He realizes everything he sees emotionally. At times one catches this poet employing the imagist technique, but he is too much the individualist to stay within such rigid limits. He turns a perfect sonnet easily too, and after his own manner. But for the most part his talent is at its best when he is playing with interpretative rhythms, rhythms which convey the sense of the things directly. He employs repetition to great advantage:

Raise your dear face from your arms and listen:
I tell you all the stones of the past have spoken,
The wind is blowing, the wind is here.
There are tears in your eyes, your eyes are lonely,
Your eyes are Athens, your arms Troy.

In subject matter and in philosophy Solon Barber is a modern. His theme is chaos, but a jazz chaos scintillating with color and lights.

Sparks Fly Upward. By Oliver La Farge. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

The atmospheric content of this second novel by last year's Pulitzer prize-winner could sustain the actions of the characters if the characters were of any weight; but the young Indian who grows up detached from his ancestral traditions in a household really alien to him, and finally breaks away from the household and its lovely young mistress to become a brilliant general in a revolution, is too unemphatic, too simplified. There is a sufficient complexity in the events of the novel; but the characters are only names and descriptions of their supposed actions. They generate a charm—the young Indian particularly seems to have a gentle masculine charm—and this may very well be owing to the smoothness with which the novel is written. The novel, in fact, is too smoothly written; it flows over the characters with amazing calm and is never upheaved by any of their emotions, which, if the words are believed, are often violent and extreme.

Hester Craddock. By Alyse Gregory. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

Laid in the English downs, this is the tale of the interrelationships of two sisters and two men who are their neighbors. Both men love one sister who is amiable, innocent, kind, and lovely; the other sister, a neurotic with well-developed delusions of persecution, loves one of the men. The other is a hunchback whom no woman can ever love. Miss Gregory has contrived her situation intelligently and she writes with decorum and with a smooth, controlled style. Her protagonist, Hester, presents a problem which is most of the time too much for her. Hester is almost continually insane, first desperate with melancholy, then equally desperate with tenderness. To depict such a character convincingly requires the highest sort of novelistic power. Miss Gregory is more successful with Nelly, who is quite credibly lovable and good. The hunchback, in his malice and his pitiful need of love, is sharp and clear. But the whole story has a foggy, unreal quality, as if its author had not quite grasped it and pinned it down.

Red Like Crimson. By Jane Paradine. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

This is a slight but charming novel of a Victorian childhood in an English country rectory. It displays an unusual skill in the delineation of characters who, like most people, are a mass of contradictions; and it is especially effective in dealing with children's minds. The story, like the little girl who tells it, is delicate, well-bred, and only innocently naughty. Miss Paradine does no more than touch upon the starker side of childhood as experienced by some less fortunately placed or less carefully guarded or more violently independent youngsters. But her study of these little denizens of a well-stocked nursery in their relations with each other and with their parents and in their conflicts with new ideas and old taboos is carefully wrought.

Flight into Darkness. By Arthur Schnitzler. Simon and Schuster. \$2.

Schnitzler's last novel, or novelette, displays none of the remarkable characteristics associated with his previous plays

and novels; for this story of a man who is so obsessed with the fear of madness that he makes his brother promise to kill him, and then goes mad and kills the brother, is flat and painfully machine-like. The translation does not in the least improve what seems to be quite evil writing.

Green Memory. By M. Barnard Eldershaw. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

"Green Memory," the result of a collaboration between two Australian women, is compared on the jacket to Jane Austen's work. The resemblance is singularly small, if it exists at all, but the lack of resemblance does not in the least harm the story of an Austrian family thrown out of its accustomed calm, Victorian place by the disgrace and suicide of the father. The book is spotty and formless; phrases sometimes strain too much after effect. None the less, some of the spots are brilliant, particularly the treatment of the child Mina. And the characters actually live their stiffness or weakness or strength throughout the course of the novel.

Higher Command. By Edlef Koppen. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$2.50.

The only departure this war novel makes from the method of other war novels, particularly those written by Germans, is the inclusion of official documents and pronouncements within the text of the account. The intended effect is probably to show the amazing dissimilarity between the grand macroscopic program of war and the microscopic activities and feelings of one man. Once or twice the effect is gained, but eventually it is lost; for the point has been proved, and the eventual confinement of the hero in a madhouse for refusing to fight any more comes too late to have any effect on a reader long before wearied by endless repetition of horrible details.

Music

A Change in Structure

THE piano sonata of Roy Harris, which Harry Cumpson played at his Town Hall recital on Saturday afternoon, December 19, represents a quite new and original addition to the collection of answers returned by "modernism" to the question: "What's wrong with music, and what shall we do about it?" The significance of music at its best—unique and definite, yet undefinable in language—is unchanging throughout different periods and different styles. It corresponds to what Clive Bell calls "significant form." We cannot say what an organ fugue of Bach, a mass of Palestrina, a symphony of Beethoven, or a nocturne of Debussy means. But beyond and above the distinct differences in all the means they employ, and in the personalities they reflect, we feel the identity of their ultimate aim and of their final significance.

Thus the function of a composer is to reveal the reality he sees, and so to cause in us the same experience of beauty that we have had from other music, though he employs new and different means to bring it to us. The composer is, as Hugo said of genius, "a promontory into infinity." The road to the summit of each promontory is different from any other, but from each summit we glimpse the same reality. While the nature of the means employed to bring us to this point of vantage is a matter of comparative indifference to us, it is and must be of paramount importance to the composer. He must have faith that what he sees is true and real and worth revealing, and must devote all his attention to perfecting a clear and powerful medium of expression, which means—in a period like

this, when old formulae have lost their power—a new medium.

This has been one side of the work of leading "modernists" all over the world: Schönberg changing the interval-formation of chords and melodies and experimenting with atonality; Stravinsky working at new rhythms, orchestral colors, polytonal effects; Haba working with quarter-tones; everyone everywhere reshaping our conceptions of consonance and dissonance and the relations between them. Roy Harris, instead of basing his work on novelty in the sensuous materials of the art, focuses his attention on the structure of music. It is not just the vocabulary of music he wants to change; it is the more fundamental questions of the order in which ideas are presented, the kind of development that is given them, and the reasons for both that he feels need reexamination.

For nearly three centuries the cornerstone of musical structure has been tonality; melody and harmony have been grouped around pitch centers, and the structure of the work has been based on the relations between these centers and on their time-proportions. We have become so used to basing our ideas of form on key relationships of this sort that we are inclined to think form is necessarily based upon tonality. But such an assumption ignores the fact that no such logical key relationships are to be found in the masterpieces of the sixteenth century, for example, which are nevertheless not by any means formless.

Roy Harris is trying to work out an idiom in which the structure shall be based on the self-determined growth of the melodic material, not on any superimposed form. In theory, he is attempting to do in music what was done long ago in poetry—to free it from limitations corresponding to rhyme, meter, and conventional forms. He is convinced that the greatness of Bach and Beethoven and Debussy lay in their triumph over the structural limitations which their training and their environment placed upon them. He feels that the composer of the future must free himself of these shackles. His music must be just as cogent and logical and structurally perfect as he can make it. But its form must be determined by its content. It must grow as a plant or an animal grows, along lines dictated by its own inner necessity, not imposed on it from above.

One does not have to agree with Harris about the inevitability of his attitude to realize that it may be a fruitful one. It is true that we are rather fed up on experimentation with musical materials, and that Harris's approach seems in some ways more direct and more fundamental than many others. But fortunately or unfortunately, a composer's music does not stand or fall with his theories. The test of his music in the end will be the same as that of all music: does it give us a clear glimpse of something we should not have seen clearly without it?

It would be less than honest for me not to state that I am inclined, even from a very imperfect knowledge of a very limited amount of his music, to think that it does. It would be less than honest, too, not to admit that the force of Harris's personality, his entirely convincing sincerity, almost fanaticism, and my friendship for him may have something to do with my respect for his music. However that may be, I think there is no doubt that Roy Harris is going straight toward his goal with more than usual earnestness, intelligence, and talent; that he is in the enviable and today unusual position of having more to say than he can possibly get said; that almost unassisted he is acquiring with prodigious speed the technique he needs; that he is one of the most interesting and most promising composers we have, with several major works of importance (I am convinced of the value of the sextet, the string quartet, and the piano sonata) to his credit, and more coming fast.

If the contemplated performances of his quartet and of his Toccata for orchestra materialize this season, those who have any interest in the future of music will have a good deal to think about.

ARTHUR MENDEL

□ PLAYS □ FILMS □ THEATRES □ LECTURES □ DEBATES □

The Theatre Guild Presents
EUGENE O'NEILL'S TRILOGY
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

Composed of 3 plays

Homecoming, The Hunted, The Haunted

All 3 plays will be presented on one day, commencing at 5:30. Intermission of one hour at 7 o'clock. No matinee performances.

GUILD THEATRE, 111 St., West of Broadway

GALA HOLIDAY RETURN OF **GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERETTAS**
THE MIKADO FAMOUS CAST OF GILBERTIAN FAVORITES

HOWARD MARSH, WM. DANFORTH, FRANK MOULAN, HIZI KOYKE, HERBERT WATEROUS, ETHEL CLARK, ALLEN WATEROUS
ERLANGER'S THEATRE, W. 44th Street. Phone PENN. 6-7063
Nights (Incl. Holidays) 8 to 12.50.
Saturday and Holiday Mats. 50c to \$2.00.
MONDAY, JAN. 4, GILBERT & SULLIVAN'S IOLANTHE

JOE ZELLI'S Production of

PAPAVERT

An Up-to-Date Comedy by CHARLES K. GORDON

Vanderbilt Theatre 48 St., E. of Broadway | Eves. Best Seats \$3 | Wed. Mat. \$2; Sat. Mat. \$2.50

SECRETS of the ORIENT

A magnificent and stupendous spectacle of the "ARABIAN NIGHTS," surpassing "SHIRAZ" and "THIEF OF BAGDAD."

English Titles

Musical Score from

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF'S "SCHEHERAZADE"

EUROPA, 55th STREET. Just East of 7th Avenue. 35c to 1 P.M. Cont. Noon-Midnight. Circle 7-0129

THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS

REUNION IN VIENNA

A comedy by ROBERT B. SHERWOOD

MARTIN BECK THEA. 45 St. & Ave. PENN. 6-0100
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40



LYCEUM THEATRE, West 45th Street
Every Evening 8:50
Mats. Thursday and Saturday

James B. Pond presents

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

in the novelty sensation of the season

THE WIVES OF HENRY VIII

Preceded by Selections from Miss Skinner's Character Sketches

GILBERT MILLER Presents

HELEN HAYES

MOLNAR'S New Comedy

THE GOOD FAIRY

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd Street
Evenings 8:50 Matinees Thursday, Friday and Saturday 2:40

THE GROUP THEATRE presents THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY

By Paul Green, under Theatre Guild Auspices

MANSFIELD THEA., 47th St., W. of B'way.

Evs. & Sat. Mat. 50c to \$2.50. Thurs. Mat. 50c to \$2.

"First American play of the season of any sound quality; a play real in its character, real in its dialogue and consistently intelligent in its approach to its subject matter."—George Jean Nathan, Judge.

THE LEFT BANK

By ELMER RICE

LITTLE THEATRE, 44th Street. Telephone LA 4-0620
Eves. \$1 to \$3. Wed. Mat. \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Sat. Mat. \$1 - \$2.50

A Clearing House of Opinion. **THE GROUP** Meets at Auditorium 150 West 85th St.

Tuesday, January 5th, at 8:30 P. M.

DR. ALBERT P. VAN DUSEN speaks on:

"BIRTH CONTROL AND SOCIAL REBUILDING"

MARGARET SANGER, Honorary Guest Chairman

Sunday Afternoon, Jan. 3rd, at 4:30 P. M.

KEDAR NATH DAS GUPTA speaks on:

"My Meetings With Mahatma Gandhi."

The Institute of Arts and Sciences

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

A program of evening lectures, concerts, plays and recitals, carefully planned to cover the vital questions of the day in International Affairs, Politics, Philosophy, Exploration Science, Literature and the Arts.

A few of the lecturers are:

WILLIAM BEEBE
SHERWOOD ANDERSON
MAX EASTMAN
WILL DURANT

JOHN MASON BROWN
SIR NORMAN ANGELL
WILLIAM LYON PHELPS
ALBERT EDW. WIGGAM

Member's Mid-season Ticket (\$10) admits to these and to nearly 100 other worthwhile events in McMillin Theater, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th Street.

You may become a member and participate in this outstanding program.

— SEND TODAY FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION —

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

Brief Moment—Belasco—W. 44 St.
Bloody Laughter—49th St.—W. of B'way.
Civic Light Opera Co.—Erlanger's—W. 44 St.
Cornelia Otis Skinner—Lyceum—W. 45 St.
Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
Cynara—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way.
Louder, Please—Masque—45 St. W. of B'way.
Mourning Becomes Electra—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
OF Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.
Papavert—Vanderbilt—48 St. E. of B'way.
Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
Sing High, Sing Low—Sam H. Harris—42 St. W. of B'way.
Springtime for Henry—Bijou—45 St. W. of B'way.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—B'way. & 40 St.
The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
The Bride The Sun Shines On—Fulton—46 St. W. of B'way.
The Cat and The Fiddle—Globe—B'way & 46 St.
The Good Fairy—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.
The House of Connelly—Mansfield—47 St. W. of B'way.
The Passing Present—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.
The Left Bank—Little—44 St.
The Laugh Parade—Imperial—45 St. W. of B'way.

Films

"Based on the Play—"

HARDLY a movie has come to town these last weeks which has not been based on a Broadway play or a successful book. "Private Lives" (Capitol), which is based on Noel Coward's successful farce, has been very competently done by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery. In the movie version the divorced wife and husband who meet on the Riviera, where they are both spending second honeymoons with second spouses, run away not to Paris but to a chalet in the Swiss Alps. This change is altogether happy, providing exciting scenery as well as some thrilling moments when the two runaways carry on one of their sprightly conversations on the edge of a very real cliff above a very real chasm. There has apparently been no censorship either of the lines or of the hilarious and often very rough action.

Norma Shearer's performance, though at times it would gain by being slightly less eager, shows an excellent sense of comedy. Robert Montgomery starts out by being a trifle slow but he picks up rapidly, and the play takes on the quality of a fast eccentric dance in which the two principals, by turns quarreling violently and loving passionately, whirl to the top of a mountain and back again. They are very ably supported by Reginald Denny and Una Merkel, who finally get caught in the rhythm themselves and quarrel almost as well as the principals.

"Tonight or Never" (Rialto) is also a reproduced play, also a farce, but Gloria Swanson is not capable of giving it the warmth and gaiety it needs. Melvyn Douglas as the supposed gigolo who turns out to be the impresario from the Metropolitan Opera is handsome, passionate, and adroit. But unfortunately, Gloria Swanson as the temperamental prima donna whose voice needs, and gets, the tonic of a love affair is not supple enough for the part. Her acting and her speech, perhaps from too long experience in posing, clothes-wearing Hollywood parts, are a drag on the spirited pace of the play.

"Private Lives" and "Tonight or Never," both being photographed stage plays, have no particular significance as motion pictures, though in "Private Lives" the shifting of the scene to the mountains does employ one of the special gifts of the camera which adds variety and a certain spaciousness to the play. But why is Hollywood, notoriously for and of the people, going in so strongly for sophisticated farce and, in "Arrowsmith," for serious drama that does not even end happily? It is true that the two farces provide a certain amount of slapstick, but the fact remains that smart New York plays have never been considered good box office in the provinces. Anne O'Hare McCormick, writing in the *New York Times* after a very observant visit to Hollywood, remarks that the movies are a business beginning to be worried about art. She also says that Hollywood is now engaged in photographing all the plays and books that have met with any kind of success, while it looks forward with panic to what it considers a lack of material when these sources dry up. Is "Private Lives" to be attributed to the first or the second state of mind? However that may be, it will be a good thing when Hollywood does run through all the ready-made material in the form of plays and books. Then, perhaps, it will discover, of necessity, the wealth rather than the lack of material. For instance, history and mythology, fantasy and horror were "good box office" long before the movies were invented, yet they have been scarcely touched by the camera, which alone can exploit them fully and in a fresh form.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Drama

New Year Suggestions

THE following are the theatrical entertainments now current which seem to me the most worth visiting:

"Mourning Becomes Electra" (Guild Theater). O'Neill's superb play superbly done. The finest drama and the finest performances seen in many years. Nazimova is more striking than ever and Alice Brady at last has a part worthy of her.

"Brief Moment" (Belasco Theater). S. N. Behrman's witty and intelligent play in the finest tradition of high comedy. Francine Larrimore and Robert Douglas give admirable performances; Alexander Woollcott is amusing as Alexander Woollcott.

"Reunion in Vienna" (Martin Beck Theater). Robert Sherwood's naughty and amusing if not particularly weighty farce-comedy about a too consistent psychoanalyst is raised to a very high level by the delightful playing of the Lunts.

"Springtime for Henry" (Bijou Theater). A consistently mad comedy which would be painful if the perfect style of the playing did not make it one of the funniest brainstorms it has ever been my pleasure to see. Leslie Banks and Nigel Bruce seem to have been born for their roles. Helen Chandler and Frieda Inescort give able support.

"Counsellor-at-Law" (Plymouth Theater). Paul Muni in a characteristically shrewd comedy-drama by Elmer Rice. New York types so keenly observed and delineated that they become laughably lifelike.

"The Left Bank" (Little Theater). Mr. Rice again, but this time having his say about the young Americans who find that both art and adultery flourish best in the Latin Quarter. Not so good as "Counsellor-at-Law" but amusing because of similar deft touches of character.

"Cynara" (Morosco Theater). What happened when a steady husband wandered farther afield than he ever intended. Less profound than it pretends to be but well written, well played, and consistently entertaining. Philip Merivale and Adrienne Allen do it full justice. Henry Stephenson is also very effective as a worldly-wise counselor.

"The House of Connelly" (Mansfield Theater). By far the best play of Paul Green, the young South Carolinian who once won the Pulitzer Prize. His picture of a Southern family trying to live on pride and traditions has something of the charm and beauty of Chekhov. Produced by the Group Theater—a junior branch of the Guild—which has now resumed in this, its first success, after the failure of a second offering.

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" (Empire Theater). Katharine Cornell in a play about the Brownings which is held over from last season but is still very much worth seeing.

"The Good Fairy" (Henry Miller's Theater). Molnar's selfconsciously clever comedy irritates me but it is one of the great hits, and I agree with the general public to the extent of finding Miss Helen Hayes delightful in the role of the quixotically generous usher.

"Sing High, Sing Low" (Sam H. Harris Theater). Amusing burlesque on the opera racket.

"The Laugh Parade" (Imperial Theater). Ed Wynn in the most consistently amusing show he has ever presented. The Perfect Fool is more engagingly foolish than ever before and there is an abundance of talent in his support. Incidentally, Mr. Wynn is one of the very few producers who can put on a "clean" show without being offensive about it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1932

No. 3471

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	29
EDITORIALS:	
A Great Editor.....	31
An Open Letter to Samuel Seabury.....	32
War in India.....	33
Capital-Gains Tax	33
Grass by the Yard.....	34
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION... By Hendrik Willem van Loon.....	35
IF I WERE A (CONSTITUTIONAL) DICTATOR. By Morris L. Ernst.....	36
KEEPING THE ALIEN IN HIS PLACE. By George Horne.....	40
THEY ARE NOT ALWAYS LYNCHED. By Paul Blanshard.....	42
NICE STORY. By Paul Sifton.....	44
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	46
CORRESPONDENCE	46
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	48
FINANCE: SHALL WE "DEFLATE"? By S. Palmer Harman.....	48
BOOKS AND DRAMA:	
I Taught the Angel. By Hal Saunders White.....	49
Japanese Imperialism. By Mauritz A. Hallgren.....	49
False Start. By Granville Hicks.....	50
The Greatest French Poet. By Cuthbert Wright.....	51
Forty Farmers. By Mark Van Doren.....	52
Sargent's Blue Boy. By Horace Gregory.....	52
Science and Soviet Russia. By Jerome Rosenthal.....	53
Books in Brief.....	54
Drama: Westchester and Washington. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	54

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN

FREDA KIRCHWEY

MARK VAN DOREN

LEWIS S. GANNETT

H. L. MENCKEN

CARL VAN DOREN

JOHN A. HOBSON

NORMAN THOMAS

ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

MORE THAN SIX MILLION Americans were wholly without employment last January, according to an estimate announced in March by Secretary of Commerce Lamont. We have no quarrel with this estimate. It seemed to us at the time to be as accurate as could be hoped for considering our lack of machinery for gathering truly reliable employment statistics. But we do not understand why this estimate is widely held to be true of conditions today. The American Federation of Labor, the American Legion, Senator La Follette, and numerous other private and public authorities continue to estimate the number of unemployed at somewhere between six and seven million. They may be correct in their assumption, but statistics pertaining to industrial activity suggest that they are not. The New York *Times* general business index fell from 79.4 on December 20, 1930, to 63.1 on December 19, 1931. The steel-production index dropped in the same period from 51.7 to 32.4; automobile production from 98.3 to 39.8; and weekly freight-car loadings declined from 713,865 to 581,733. Each of these indicators, as well as numerous others, points very clearly to a sharp reduction in industrial activity in the past twelve months. It may be barely possible that out of the goodness of their hearts, or for some other reason, employers of labor have kept their workers on the pay rolls although there has been no work for them to do. But our guess, sup-

ported by numerous authentic reports, is that the reduction of working forces continued apace throughout 1931. It is likely, if the above indices can be accepted as dependable, that the total number of unemployed today exceeds ten million.

JUST AS THE DISARMAMENT COMMISSION, strengthened by the appointment of Norman H. Davis, Undersecretary of State under President Wilson, is about to meet, the public is informed that it will not go to Geneva with any idea of taking the lead at the outset and presenting definite proposals. If that program is adhered to, we shall undoubtedly fall far short of the role we should play. No other nation is in so strategic a position; no other nation could achieve so much if the will to succeed were drilled into its delegates and they were themselves determined to achieve that disarmament upon which to a considerable degree rests the fate of the world during the next decade. We shall hope for the best until the end, because failure will be a world disaster; but when we read an utterance like this from Senator Swanson, one of the delegates, we must be pardoned for extreme discouragement: "When the war is concluded, this nation will be rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice. If we have naval strength we shall be able to hold our wealth, power, and prestige. If we are weak in this respect the day of our despoilment will inevitably come." This was said during the World War; but Senator Swanson has repeatedly voiced big-navy sentiments since then. How is it possible to expect wisdom from one who looked upon the carnage in Europe and believed that the exhausted nations would at its close turn to rend the richest and most powerful? Meanwhile, we note increasing signs of public desire for real results in Geneva. It was perhaps merely a gesture that a committee of the Student Volunteer Movement representing a convention in Buffalo of six hundred universities made in asking the President to appoint a student on the commission. But if abstract justice is to be considered, those who are to be butchered in the next war ought to have some voice in preventing it.

WE LIKE ex-Senator Joseph I. France's pluck. Several months ago he boldly announced his candidacy for the Presidency. Unlike most of those Republicans who hold Hoover unfit, he did not propose to confine his rebellion to growling about the President in his club. So he has not only entered the Maryland primary but the North Dakota primary as well, and by the latter move so frightened Mr. Hoover's friends that they are proceeding at once to form a committee which shall see to it that no State is lost by default, that the President is run in all States in which there are to be Presidential primaries. People may laugh if they please at Mr. France, but he is doing a real service in reminding the country that it was intended that any citizen might enter the Presidential lists without being compelled to ask any party's permission. We are also glad to see that Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick has come out against Mr. Hoover's renomination. The more persons who speak out against this form of Republican

suicide, the more will follow suit. It would not take much courage on the part of a few well-known men to make Mr. Hoover see the utter folly of a fresh candidacy, especially if Mr. Borah, too, should decide to run.

FOUR WASHINGTON DISPATCHES in the same edition of one newspaper show with what clarity the economic situation is being studied in the national capital. President Hoover, according to the dispatch most prominently displayed, believes that what we primarily need is "courage and confidence in the principles and institutions which this country exemplifies." With them "we can do much to promote economic recovery." Secretary of Commerce Lamont feels that it is not so much a lack of courage on our part that is holding back prosperity. He blames Europe, and although he sees "natural upbuilding forces . . . beginning to take hold" in this country, he warns us against "possible additional shocks from Europe." Getting down to more substantial facts, Secretary of Agriculture Hyde reports that the American farm income in 1931 was \$6,920,000,000 as compared with \$9,347,000,000 in 1930, and \$11,911,000,000 in 1929. But officials of four federal land banks, taking Mr. Hoover's counsel of courage at its face value, appear before a Senate subcommittee and argue that a moratorium on farm mortgages "would hurt the farmer more than it would help him." The farmer apparently should have courage enough to get along on his depleted income without help from the government agencies which have been set up for that very purpose. But the Senate subcommittee has none the less voted to approve the bill permitting postponement of mortgage instalment payments on the ground that this measure "is a part of President Hoover's reconstruction program."

THE REACTIONARY American Federation of Labor at last has had to give way before the inevitable. Despite its long and bitter opposition to the "dole," the federation is now formally on record as favoring federal appropriations for unemployment relief. Its legislative representative testified before the Senate subcommittee of which Robert M. La Follette is chairman that the workers "are entitled not to a 'dole,' but to maintenance on the part of the government." Thus William Green, Matthew Woll, and other labor leaders have been forced to swallow their recent heated denunciations of direct relief for the jobless. The federation was, of course, in an untenable position. Its opposition to direct relief and to unemployment insurance, as registered at the Vancouver convention and upon numerous other occasions, played directly into the hands of the progressive labor leaders and the Communists. These latter groups, by supporting the plea for direct relief, were finding ever-wider audiences among the rank and file of the federation's members, at least 30 per cent of whom are out of work. No doubt it was in an attempt to reestablish themselves with these discontented elements in their own unions that the autocratic leaders of the Federation of Labor suddenly approved direct government relief for the jobless.

THE REIGN OF TERROR in Harlan County, Kentucky, has been subjected to a searching investigation by two lawyers commissioned for that purpose by the Governor of the State. Their report was recently completed.

If there is still doubt as to the motives behind this official terrorism, it should be quickly dispelled by the report. The authorities were not primarily or even chiefly interested in driving out a few radicals who had gone into Kentucky to agitate among the miners, which is what County Judge D. C. Jones and others would have us believe. The testimony of innumerable witnesses, set down in the nine volumes of the report, shows unmistakably that the unlawful and vicious tactics of the authorities were intended to break the spontaneous rebellion of the miners against long-continued starvation wages and virtually impossible working conditions. Apparently every brutal device known to police officials was used—and so far as is known is still being used—to cow the workers into complete submission. Miners have been whipped, beaten, and otherwise tortured, the report proves. They have been arrested without warrants, taken to jail, and there put through the third degree. Others have not even been arrested, but have been taken into the hills by gangs of officers and company guards, and there have had justice of the Harlan County brand dealt them. Personal liberties have been almost entirely ignored, the rights of free speech and free assemblage completely suppressed. When these measures have not sufficed, the workers have been indicted on charges of murder or criminal syndicalism.

SO MANY ACTS of repression are described in the report that it is difficult to select outstanding examples for comment. However, the case of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Appleman cannot be ignored. The Applemans, who are not mining people, had been saving their money to buy a new automobile. But so distressing were the conditions of the miners' families living all about them that they decided instead to spend their money on food for the workers and their children. They posted notices saying that on a certain date they would give away a carload of flour at the Evarts railroad station. Appleman was promptly indicted on a charge of criminal syndicalism. Mrs. Appleman went to the prosecuting attorney for an explanation. He told her that he had nothing against the Applemans personally, but the Black Mountain Coal Corporation did not like her husband. Thinking the matter over, he added: "You gave away flour. You are feeding the children. We don't like that." This clearly suggests that the mine operators and authorities have deliberately included starvation among their coercive weapons. But what the outcome of this investigation will be is not so clear. The investigators were appointed by Governor Flem Sampson. He has since been succeeded in office by Ruby Laffoon, to whom he turned over the report. Governor Laffoon has shown not the slightest disposition to act upon it—although fresh reports of disturbances and official terrorism are coming up from Harlan County.

THE TREMENDOUS anti-prohibition vote in Finland is being variously interpreted in this country. To the wets the result of the Finnish referendum has naturally given much joy. They feel that they have been reinforced in their propaganda campaign against the Eighteenth Amendment. The dries, clearly placed on the defensive, have sought to interpret the defeat of prohibition in Finland as being the result of "pressure from international organizations that sell liquor." It is probably true that the wine-growing countries of Europe tried by various means to influence the

outcome of the referendum. But, viewed objectively, it seems highly unlikely that 75 per cent of the Finnish voters would have succumbed to this foreign wet propaganda if they had sincerely wanted to retain prohibition. Even the most ardent foes of prohibition were surprised by the size of the wet vote. Most surprising is the fact that the rural districts rolled up anti-prohibition majorities hardly less imposing than the majorities recorded in the towns and cities. Obviously, except as our wets will be encouraged to redouble their efforts to abolish our own prohibitory laws, the Finnish referendum can have no effect upon this country. Indeed, we fear that the dries will be more determined than ever to prevent a similar referendum in the United States.

THE LATE RICHARD V. OULAHAN, chief of the Washington Bureau of the *New York Times*, and for some time the dean of the whole corps of Washington correspondents, was eminently fitted to represent the *Times* at the seat of government. A man of great personal charm, of distinguished presence, who was at home in any assembly he was *persona grata* everywhere. In the course of his long newspaper career he reported a number of international conferences and all the important political happenings at home. He was especially fitted to work for the *Times* because he was entirely in accord with that newspaper's policy of never antagonizing those high in office, of standing in with the powers that be, and of attacking a personality only when the whole pack was baying after him, as, for instance, Senator La Follette for his opposition to the war. His own professional philosophy was that practically all reporting of governmental activities is "interpretative." As he said last April, "Interpretation does not necessarily imply reflection of one's own opinion. It is much more important, as it is more honest, to tell one's readers what is likely to happen than to insist upon one's own particular, individualistic view of what one wishes to happen." With this philosophy by no means all of his colleagues would agree, but they were delighted to honor him and to turn to him for guidance.

TWO OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTIONS to medicine and healing were announced at the annual meeting in New Orleans of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. One was the discovery that the nervous system expands by means of outgrowths from a single cell in the central nervous system. This observation was made by Dr. Carl Caskey Speidel of the University of Virginia Medical School, and as a result of his research, which seems to disprove the earlier theory of the formation of nerve cells by an expanding chain, Dr. Speidel received a prize of \$1,000 for a "notable contribution to science." To the layman, the announcement that Dr. Frederick Eberson, of the University of California Medical School, has succeeded in isolating the germ of infantile paralysis will seem an event to be hailed the world over. Candid physicians admit that they are almost entirely in the dark in the treatment of poliomyelitis; what causes the affliction they cannot say, although they recognize its manifestations; how the germ is transmitted is equally doubtful. If the organism can now be perceived and studied, progress will surely be made not only in treatment but in prevention. As it is, the worst feature of the disease today is the mystery which surrounds it.

A Great Editor

IT is a tragic fact that the death of C. P. Scott, the greatest Liberal editor in the history of English daily journalism, has occurred when the Liberal Party he knew it and so long supported it in the *Manchester Guardian* is at the point of extinction. From 1872 until 1929 he conducted that great newspaper and made it the world's greatest daily, greatest certainly in the development of liberal and well-informed public opinion, both at home and abroad. During those years Mr. Scott witnessed and championed the rise of William E. Gladstone, of Campbell-Bannerman, and of the reforming Lloyd George in the early days when he opposed the Boer War at the risk of his life, and supported land and tax reforms. Like him, the *Manchester Guardian* refused to approve the action of the government throughout the entire Boer War, declining to subscribe to the doctrine that it should uphold its country right or wrong. Faced with an imperialist and "patriotic" boycott that threatened its very existence, it came out of the struggle stronger than ever.

As is usually the case, such courage and fidelity to principle as C. P. Scott showed found recognition not only outside the ranks of his own party, but far beyond the boundaries of his own country. When Mr. Scott reached his jubilee as editor of the paper which he personally raised from a second-rank provincial daily to the front rank of the most influential papers in the world, the Conservative Lord Derby was happy to preside at the banquet given to honor him. It is true, of course, that the *Guardian* has not rejoiced in huge circulation. That is entirely to its credit; Mr. Scott would long ago have abandoned his pen had he been obliged to gain public favor by catering to the appetite for sensationalism, scandal, and the news of crime. Quite naturally such a man drew to himself as assistant editors or contributors the finest minds in journalism and letters, such men as Sir Arthur Evans, W. T. Arnold, C. E. Montague, John A. Hobson, and the late Professor L. T. Hobhouse, to name a few. But even more important than that was Mr. Scott's own ability to grow, and to adjust himself to the new political and economic conditions of life, while never abandoning the yardstick of the principles to which he was so unswervingly devoted. Steeped in the glorious Cobden and Bright school of *laissez faire* economics, he was at a great age able to realize that government action in developing and safeguarding personal, political, and economic liberty was essential to a degree that would have seemed heresy in the seventies.

If there was one blemish upon his editorship, it was that he allowed himself to be misled at the outbreak of the World War into supporting that struggle. But that did not prevent him from keeping his head when others were blinded by passion, prejudice, and the falsehoods of war. He lived to behold the practical disappearance of the Liberal Party in Parliament, in part as a result of its compromise with that war, and to see a Conservative victory without parallel in the political annals of his country. But we are bold enough to believe that until his last hour his courage was unbroken, his faith undimmed in the beliefs he championed so magnificently and for so long.

An Open Letter to Samuel Seabury

DEAR MR. SEABURY: For months past you have been ably conducting the inquiry into the courts and the government of the City of New York authorized by the Legislature of the State on March 23, 1931. This investigation has attracted attention far beyond the limits of the city; for municipal developments in the metropolis are watched the country over. What you have thus far brought out has surprised no one familiar with what is happening in New York. It has, moreover, confirmed the opinions of those who have insisted throughout all the talk of the "New Tammany," for which the rise of Alfred E. Smith was largely responsible, that there was no change in that organization whatever, save that the graft of today is far larger and more easily obtained than in the days before our recent prosperity and before prohibition. Then the chief sources of revenue were the prostitute, the gambler, and the saloon-keeper, along with the campaign contributions of business men who wished to stand well with those in power. The latter are still ready to pay heavy fees to get what they desire; witness the case of the North German Lloyd, which, it appears, greased some willing hands with \$50,000 in order to obtain a pier that it should have had, and it was to the interest of the city that it have. Tammany today, as throughout its history, exists because the great business interests with their church-going and highly respectable presidents, vice-presidents, and general managers wish it to continue and refuse to come together to smash it.

How the office-holders have grown rich you, Mr. Seabury, have clearly brought out. The sheriff, Thomas M. Farley, banked \$360,660.34 in six and one-quarter years, during which time his salary ranged from \$6,500 to \$15,000 a year. James A. McQuade, Registrar and a Democratic leader of Brooklyn, deposited between 1925 and 1931 \$547,254.03, of which \$349,196.60 went into the banks in cash. The chief clerk of the city court banked \$135,061.50 in the same period; his best explanation was: "I probably won some bets." The city clerk "saved" \$143,758; an assistant deputy sheriff deposited \$20,000 in four months on a salary of \$2,700; an under-sheriff, who is also president of the Tammany club in the Fourteenth Assembly District, deposited \$662,311.11 in six and three-quarter years—pickings that make the similar sums revealed in the Lexow and other official inquests of previous decades seem small indeed. For the rest the picture has been the old one of sales of favors, of the buying of political influence, of the calling off of the police when they were unwise enough to raid clubs, or lawless friends, of the ruling powers, of their enrichment through the speakeasies, and so forth. You have even shown that the Mayor shared a safe-deposit box with one Russell T. Sherwood, who, though subpoenaed, has refused to appear as a witness and has been fined \$50,000 for his recalcitrance.

Now, have all your revelations stirred the citizens of New York to mutiny and rage? Obviously not. At the last election they elected the Tammany candidates with overwhelming majorities. They have not risen to demand that these get-rich-quick office-holders resign their jobs and leave

town. We recall only one mass-meeting to demand that the Mayor prefer charges against these men or remove them; none that he produce his missing partner in that safe-deposit box and himself voluntarily explain that partnership. The Mayor has persistently acted as if in no wise affected, and if you, Mr. Seabury, had not forwarded recommendations to the Governor for the removal of the sheriff, not one step would have been taken toward the purging of the list of office-holders, and the voters would not have protested. The reason for this apathy is partly that you have failed to impress the public because your greatest sensations have been succeeded by weeks of less interesting matter, because the investigation itself has of necessity run into months, because you have as yet shown nothing that the public did not know to exist in general though without detail, and because no one has as yet been convicted, with the exception of certain of the magistrates. No stamp of criminality has as yet been placed upon any of the big men in Tammany Hall. In a city in which some of the biggest rackets in the world are going on untouched by justice, the public is less interested in the punishment of men who are merely following higher examples.

What, then, is to be the net outcome of your investigation? Obviously, if it is only going to result in a few convictions and the bringing out of more of the same kind of testimony, it will not advance the cause of good government a whit. But the charter granted to the Hofstadter Committee of which you are counsel went farther than the mere authorization of an inquiry. The legislature specifically voted that the committee might review any matter "relevant to the general question of ascertaining and *improving* the administration, conditions, and conduct" of government and courts as the committee might desire. Now, mere revelations will not lead to any permanent improvement, unless there are presented to the legislature and to the people suggestions for governmental reorganization and reforms. Are you, Mr. Seabury, thinking of these further and permanent aims in the midst of your extremely tedious and difficult task of unearthing official misconduct? If not, you are merely wasting time. If, on the other hand, you, with the aid of the innumerable volunteers who will come to your assistance the moment you express the wish, will plan for the future, you will have served not only your city and your State but the whole country. As long as Tammany remains in charge of New York the entire system of city government in America is disgraced. Shall we work toward a city-manager system? Shall we ask the legislature for a complete reorganization of the government and a decrease of the elective officers to two or three? Can we as a result of your labors point to some weakness in our machinery which enables rascals in office to profit at the expense of the taxpayers? These and a multitude of other questions suggest themselves. Upon how you answer them, and whether you will undertake to answer them at all, depends entirely the outcome of your inquiry, whether it is to be merely a passing bit of fireworks or something of lasting value to your fellow-citizens.

THE EDITORS OF THE NATION

War in India

WAR is on in India. The harassed and despairing world is now to be the scene of another bitter and, we fear, bloody struggle which can have only one outcome—the end of British control in India. With Mahatma Gandhi in jail, Nehru sentenced to two years of hard labor, and more drastic measures of repression daily being applied, the British government is trying in 1932 to rule by force and violence an unwilling people. The issues are substantially the same as in the previous clashes; but this time Gandhi enters upon his campaign morally strengthened. No one now can say, as many said during the last crusade of civil disobedience, that the Indian leader has shown unwillingness to discuss controversial matters, for he sat through weary weeks at the Second Round Table Conference, steadily more convinced that British promises of autonomy were meaningless and would not be carried out except under conditions so guarded as to nullify them. The final break came over the refusal of the Viceroy, the Earl of Willingdon, to discuss with Gandhi the stern enactments recently instituted in Bengal, the United Provinces, and on the northwestern frontier. These measures, ostensibly set in action to prevent assassination or lesser crimes of violence, were so extreme that every vestige of freedom could be denied to Indians and every kind of Nationalist assertion ruthlessly put down.

It is clear as crystal that after the demise of the Labor Government, which left an unenviable record on India, the National Government intended to resort, if "necessary," to the sternest expedients in order to quell the expected uprising following the fiasco at London. Gandhi points out, with justice, that the pact he consummated with Lord Irwin, the previous Viceroy, tacitly permitted the continuance of civil disobedience and the boycott during negotiations. But no such mood is now discernible among the British leaders, even that erstwhile champion of Indian self-government, Prime Minister MacDonald. The absolute outlawry of the Indian National Congress, the barring of Nationalist literature and messages from the mails and wires, the confiscation of property and contributions to the cause of *swaraj* are threatened and doubtless will soon be in actual operation. Well may Gandhi predict a reign of terror. During the civil disobedience of a year ago the innumerable annoyances by the Indian crusaders brought ferocious floggings, torture, even at times the actual caging of demonstrators.

It seems to us that Gandhi, whose inconsistencies have been more than a few, has maintained throughout the present conflict a straight and unassailable position. During his first public address on arriving in London he said: "The Congress wants freedom"—and his voice underscored the word. Continuing, he declared: "The Congress has chosen as the method of winning this freedom, *truth* and *non-violence*. If the dumb millions are to win freedom, it can be secured by these means and none other." His frequent hesitations, his kindness to the English when in England, his patient willingness to wait as long as any hope of a genuine settlement remained were not recessions but were all in keeping with his way of life. There is a damning contrast between this frail but mighty rebel and the Empire

that he challenges. The official pomposity of a Willingdon fades into insignificance beside the nobility of the man who, smiling into the faces of those sent to carry him away to prison, declares in transparent sincerity: "We are prepared to sacrifice all. We shall forget families and friends, we shall sacrifice our property, we shall bear the utmost privation and greatest oppression, including *lathi* and machine-gun. But we shall bear no hatred toward the British." In this spirit and by this sign will India conquer.

Capital-Gains Tax

NO taxation problem now before Congress is likely to prove quite as difficult to solve satisfactorily as that of the tax on capital gains. Democratic Congressmen are being rapidly won over to the view that the provisions of the revenue law applying to capital gains and losses ought to be abolished entirely, and that the abolition should apply to taxes on 1931 incomes. The removal of these provisions, certainly, is essential if any substantial revenue is to be derived from the individual income tax next March. If they remain in force, the deficit that the federal government will confront at the end of the present fiscal year will be far greater than the official Treasury estimates. For with the unparalleled collapse in all security values in the last two years, there are few wealthy men indeed who will not be able to show capital losses for either the year or the two-year period that more than cancel their year's income from interest and dividends, and in many cases even from salaries. This is equivalent to saying that from the standpoint of revenues to be received next March it is much less important whether the maximum individual income-tax rates are raised to 40, 50, or 60 per cent than whether the capital-gain-and-loss provisions are repealed.

It may be regarded as extremely unfair that individuals who were taxed heavily on their gains in 1927, 1928, and 1929 should not be permitted to make corresponding deductions for their losses in 1931, particularly when many of them have already sold their securities for that purpose. The only reply that could be made to such a view—aside from that concerning the pressing need for revenues—is that if the capital-gains provisions of the law are unsound and ought in any case to be repealed, then the government is certainly as much entitled to repeal them in a year when it stands to gain heavily by doing so as in a year when it stands to lose by doing so.

But if Congress now repeals the capital-gain-and-loss provisions, it should be prepared to accept the full consequences of its action. There can be no defense whatever of a cat-and-mouse policy of repealing these provisions in every year in which the government stands to gain by repeal and restoring them whenever the government stands to gain by restoring them. If Congress refuses to allow deduction for losses, then no principle of equity or ability to pay can justify it in taxing capital gains. And the receipts from the capital-gains tax in the past have been rather high. In 1929 the income tax on net gains of individuals amounted to \$285,000,000, or 28 per cent of the total income-tax receipts of \$1,002,000,000; and Professor Seligman estimates that when account is taken of capital gains not separately

entered for the sake of a lower tax rate, the receipts from the capital-gains tax amounted to at least a third of those from the entire individual income tax.

These large revenues do not in themselves mean that it is inadvisable now to repeal the capital-gains provisions. It is quite possible that in the long run the gains and losses of the government through these provisions would tend to balance each other. That at least appears to be the theory of practically every European government with an income tax. The British income-tax law ignores capital gains and losses, though the government offsets this to some extent by its high inheritance taxes, which enable it to receive the benefits of accretions to capital over a lifetime. Probably the best solution at present would be some compromise between our own policy up to now and the British policy. Our present law is itself the result of a compromise. Originally all capital gains were taxed as ordinary income. When this was seen often to work inequitably, the existing provisions were adopted, which impose a maximum tax of 12½ per cent on capital gains made in a period of more than two years and allow a maximum deduction of 12½ per cent for capital losses incurred in a similar period, while capital gains or losses for a shorter period are added to or deducted from ordinary income. A year ago Albert H. Wiggin made the interesting suggestion that capital gains be taxed a maximum rate of 7½ per cent, disregarding the time between purchase and sale, and that offsets for capital losses be applied only against capital gains. Such a plan would certainly be free from one of the most serious objections to the present capital-gains provisions—that they increase the violence of the long-run swings of the stock market through the reluctance of wealthy individuals to sell and record profits in a rising market and through the anxiety of these same individuals to sell and record losses in a falling market.

Grass by the Yard

THE astonished residents of Queens Borough in New York City woke up the other morning and discovered that on the sides of one of the main highways, which they had been wont to see littered with bits of paper, weeds, and a spear or two of wretched dry grass, a carpet of green, smooth and clipped, lay before their eyes. Did grass grow overnight? Was modern science responsible for this miracle? Or was the Genie of the Lamp also in the pay of Tammany Hall? The answer to all these questions was a simple negative. The explanation was equally simple. The strip of verdure was not grass at all but a combination of slate and asphalt, colored green and so cunningly constructed that at a distance of a few feet it appeared to be the real thing.

The merits of the new invention are that it looks enough like grass to pass easy muster; that it requires no care—no cutting, no watering, no raking; and that the spots along the city streets which ought to be grassed but are actually mere eyesores, will shine with a new beauty. In other words, the great trouble with artificial grass is not that it is inferior to the plant itself but that it is so superior, so good. In this respect it could very well serve as a symbol for modern American life. The imitation is so much better than the

original that the original is no longer worth while. More and more we live vicariously—in the radio, the movies, the tabloids. We move mechanically—by the motor car, the subway, the innumerable substitutes for the human foot. We actually look forward to the day when a pill containing all vitamins and all proper nourishment values can be swallowed three times a day in place of eating. Why should we be horrified by the prospect of buying our grass by the square yard and cementing it down over the humble and inoffensive earth?

If this artificial living were carried to its logical extreme, we should have the sort of life pictured by Bernard Shaw in his "Back to Methuselah," life deprived of every necessity for bodily function. There would, however, be this important difference. Mr. Shaw's play pictures the ideal life, once the compulsions of the body are removed, as one of rapacious thought. "One moment of the ecstasy of life as I live it," says the Female Ancient to one of those beings not yet raised to the heights, "would strike you dead." But those persons who live in the newsreels and the love movie do not occupy the time thus spared from the labor of living in thought. They go to the movie because they cannot think. They fumble through the tabloids, looking hastily at the more revealing photographs, because they are incapable of sustained occupation with an idea, with facts, with simple information about the world in which they live. They must receive information by means of shocks to their nervous systems—pretty girl, bare leg, love-nest, tot murderer. They spend a certain number of hours of each day in sleep, in eating, in working at a monotonous task. When they are free of these, they live—in the life of some louder, brasher, bawdier person than themselves; or one more beautiful, more dashing, more successful. The shopgirl, buying her clothes on Fourteenth Street, watches Gloria Swanson sweeping around a richly furnished room in satin and sables, and sees not a movie actress but herself, suave, perfumed, irresistible.

This release from a drab life into romance is by no means peculiar to our age. But the mechanical manner of doing it we can perhaps claim title to, a dubious honor enough. When the peasants of France escaped from a hard life into the sublimities of the church, they went themselves and in person to take part in the miracle. Each one of them saw the bread and wine changed to the Body and Blood; each one looked at the Mother of God and knew her for queen and comforter. And their hard lot became somehow not only more bearable but in a sense glorified thereby. With their hands they made a life; with their hearts they made a heaven. Not a heaven sent them ready wrapped and guaranteed free from adulterants, not grass by the yard, but turf sown in the earth they had worked, freshened and tended not only with water but with sweat.

There is no plant more sturdy or more faithful than grass; its roots actually spread under the very ministrations of the knife. It lives more fully because it dies so often. It requires, however, to achieve complete fulfillment, air, sun, food, and water. Yet in the cities in which the majority of our population elects to live, grass cannot grow. This might perhaps be the epitaph of our civilization: Our way of life kills grass. It is not entirely discouraging that we still feel the loss of it, even to the extent of inventing an artificial substitute. Only when we refuse to be interested even in synthetic grass shall be wholly lost.

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



I SPENT the day looking at pictures. It is a nice way to spend a day soon after Christmas and the pictures were very interesting. They were photographs of the new Russia—smokestacks and turbines and bearded mujiks worshipping pieces of cast iron with the same reverence and awe with which a few years ago they wor-

shipped their icons of St. Nicholas and St. Michael.

It was a most imposing collection and rather startling for those of us who only knew the old Russia of squalor and genius. Then, from the pictures, I wandered to the text and read all about the plans to turn the plains from the Baltic to Kamchatka into one vast Pittsburgh—factories on this side of the Urals and factories on that side of the Urals, factories in Bokhara and factories around Lake Baikal, and all of those factories puffing and hammering and grinding and turning things out—billions of tons of millions of things—sold dirt cheap to all the world—take 'em away—order new billions of tons—we can make them—let the factories puff and hammer and produce. And then suddenly I was reminded of the words of one of our two great philosophers and I asked myself the question, "Suppose they can produce those billions of tons of millions of things, then what in Heck are they going to do with them?"

Since this is an article on Russia, a little metaphysical detour will not be out of place. According to the best of my knowledge and belief, there are only two really great philosophers in our country. One is Rube Goldberg and the other is Professor Doctor Herriman, author of the epoch-making volume "Über das kategorische Benehmen der verrückten Katze-Krazy, im Lichte der allerneuesten Forschungen über die Herkunft des Ignatius Mäuschen."

Those two scholars have been able to interpret the American soul for me as no professional philosopher of the last twenty years has succeeded in doing, no matter how diligently I have ransacked their learned tomes. Yes, there is a man here in New York by the name of Cohen, and once in a while I get a glimpse of what he means. I have now given up reading the more popular philosophies—those that have entirely revolutionized thought and those that have put thought into revolution. I shall patiently wait until those books have been translated into the English language.

But to return to Russia and those lovely pictures of factories and power-houses in Magnetopolis and Steelgorod and Bicarbonas Veliki—not to forget Stalinville, which reminds one incidentally of the vainglorious and absurd custom of the ancient rulers of Russia of giving their cities such names as Petersburg or Alexandropol. Suppose they all begin to hammer and puff and grind and turn out tons and tons and tons and still more tons and thousands of tons and millions of tons and billions of tons of goods—suppose

they are able to turn out millions and billions of tons for a million or a billion years—suppose they are, and I am not the one to claim that they are not—then what in the name of the Ten Thousand Virgins (they are now in heaven but they perished miserably crossing the Rhine. French papers please copy!) are the Comrades going to do with them?

No, I am not trying to start an argument. I would like to discuss the true nature of the Trinity with the general of the Society of Jesus as to argue with a disciple of Lenin about a single comma in the immortal works of that member of the Marx family who married into the house of Argyle. (This little aside will flatter the pride of the Marx Brothers. One has got to be nice to one's cousins once in a while.) I will even overlook the somewhat perplexing problem of how to finance the sale of these billions of tons of articles or to provide the billions of customers with the necessary cash. But who in the name of a merciful heaven will want to buy all this truck?

That question is unavoidable in the after-Christmas season. I am a poor man and I spend a great deal of my time riding on top of a bus. Whenever the stenographers and shopgirls who are my faithful traveling companions light a fresh cigarette, and stop smoking the old one, I am given a momentary opportunity to study the contents of the shop windows. Since *The Nation*, like *Ballyhoo* and the *Congressional Record* (why don't the latter two merge? They print about the same stuff right now), carries no commercial advertisements, we can say many things which are on the reportorial black list of magazines like the *Mercury* and the *Sunny Side*, that admirably edited publication devoted to the interests of the Morticians. But contemplating the wares I saw offered for sale on my last bus trip, I felt grateful that the depression had definitely deprived my friends of the wherewithal to buy me any more Christmas presents.

And that, if you please, was on the Avenue. For fairness's sake I made a pilgrimage through the less favored sections in search of some cheap but charming Italian products which used to be for sale there before we got the quota system and the foreigners became Americanized. It was terrible. It was so terrible that Noodle refused a piece of salami, against a background of such statuary.

And now we are invited to contemplate the hour when all these Slavic mills will start to grind and flood the planet with their products. The prospect is terrible. It is too terrible for words. The lovely photographs of all those power-houses have suddenly reminded me of those incredible interiors which the old Russians used to consider the height of elegance. And now we shall see our fair planet deluged with their proletarian counterparts.

These products, of course, won't look the least little bit bourgeois. They will look like the furniture of the ancient imperial palaces or the Christmas cards of the English royal family.

By the millions and billions of tons—O Lord, have mercy upon us! By the millions of tons!

If I Were a (Constitutional) Dictator*

By MORRIS L. ERNST

THE cloak of a dictator slips easily over any pair of shoulders. Under such a garment the dictators in this series have glided off into delightful realms of fancy, into lands barren of warning lights. I shall keep within the four corners of the Constitution and obey even the mandates of the nine venerable men who sit in the United States Supreme Court as ultimate-veto dictators. No inference should be drawn from the order of presentation or the arrangement of subheadings, and it must be assumed that I am acting as President, Congress, governors, legislatures, selectmen—in fact, all duly constituted governmental servants of the people. If I were dictator, under the Constitution, therefore, I should proceed as follows:

IN PURSUIT OF JOY

1. Repeal all legislation giving the state power to censor ideas by control of mails, customs, movies, and so on, or by forbidding free discussion of obscenity, sedition, birth control, et cetera. Only a constitutional dictatorship can afford to allow free trade in thought and wait to act until the commission of an overt deed.

2. Repeal the Volstead Act and the prohibition amendment *in toto*, leaving that problem to the separate States to handle by process other than injunctive.

3. Cancel all radio licenses, paying nothing for permits because no vested right has been transferred to broadcasting companies. Then establish governmental broadcasting companies with decentralized control in order to prevent all of our culture from flowing through Manhattan.

4. See that cities and States pepper each community with adequate playgrounds and park spaces. Enact legislation so that the various government agencies may condemn less than the fee of land, that is, condemnation on lease basis. This is temporarily necessary because of previous unwise extension of borrowing capacities.

5. Open up and expand the Bureau of Standards so that it gives service directly to the public, and amend the libel laws so that freedom of criticism of commodities is as generous as the latitude allowed dramatic critics and book reviewers. This would end most of the waste of advertising.

6. Establish the public-health service on a basis of actual public service so that physical comfort would be considered a governmental activity.

7. Abolish all private hospitals, raising the necessary funds through taxation rather than through charity.

8. Organize a federal educational department but only for the purpose of distribution of information, with complete protection against the freezing into our life of any single educational concept, even my own.

9. Organize departments of arts and culture for the perpetuation and spread of those elements of life which, added to a full stomach, make it worth living.

10. Instruct the various governments to conduct or indirectly subsidize music, opera, theater, movies, and other

forms of entertainment as they now handle playgrounds and parks. I will also want bowling alleys and hurdy-gurdies to satisfy a personal weakness.

11. Direct each community to set aside attractive, convenient areas as gathering places for debates and open-air meetings held by any and all groups in the community.

12. Assure academic freedom, both in and out of the classroom, for teachers and pupils.

13. Liberalize and modify divorce laws so as to prevent chicanery and hypocrisy. We will still continue forty-eight separate divorce systems because we are not finished with experimentation on this kind of social problem. Divorce courts, however, will collate their experience so that it will be of advantage to the half-million or more spouses who split up every year.

14. Adopt accident insurance for automobile cases, along the lines of workmen's compensation insurance with fixed awards, limitation of defenses, and great relief to the courts.

15. Procure advice from the medical profession, and on its judgment legalize abortions within that period which the profession reports as medically safe. I will thus stop at once thousands of needless deaths and the present enormous practice of stealthy operations. I will relieve hundreds of thousands of women from disturbing fears. After our economic reforms are established, our birth-rate will increase—but only of wanted offspring born into adequate economic surroundings.

16. Immediately take steps to minimize many of the public nuisances, such as noise, litter, smoke, insects. Some of this will be done through the research laboratories, some through education, and the remainder through enforcement of existing laws.

17. Immediately prepare legislation for conscription of males and females for peaceful purposes such as extermination of pests, cleaning up cities, and so on. The burden of the more disagreeable but unavoidable labors of communal life will be spread among the qualified persons. I estimate that two months out of each person's life will be enough.

18. Increase all the budgets of educational departments and reduce the outrageous disproportion of teachers to pupils.

19. Immediately place all property abutting on public highways within the public domain to the extent that signboards, litter, and so on will be banned.

20. Immediately raise the age limit of children in industry to eighteen, thus spreading employment and increasing education.

IN PURSUIT OF JUSTICE

21. Provide that all laws hereafter enacted expire after ten years unless previously reenacted. Thus do we establish lawmaking as a growing process, subject to stock-taking each decade.

22. Repeal at once thousands of laws (more than 10 per cent of the New York State penal laws, for example) so

* The seventh of a series of articles on this subject. The eighth, and last, by Oswald Garrison Villard, will appear next week.

that nullification shall be diminished. We are lawless because we have too many laws.

23. Abolish all injunctions of every kind, including liquor padlock, labor union, et cetera. The use of the injunction breaks down the ordinary process of the law—to wit, the police and the criminal courts. The penal laws written into the statute books by elected officials will be the only injunctions to the people.

24. Abolish the process of contempt of court except for those obstructive acts committed in the courtroom, and even for those provide trial by jury. This includes the closing of our last remnant of a debtors' prison, the alimony jails.

25. Take away from all courts the power to impose sentences in criminal cases, leaving to the judge and jury only the determination of the fact of innocence or guilt. The imposition of the sentence will reside in boards of educators, psychiatrists, and penologists. Criminal process will no longer serve as a drain for national sadism. Capital punishment will be abolished.

26. Recognize the fact that the prison population requires our greatest expenditure of energy for rehabilitation, and provide a five-hour day for all prison officials, and salaries on a scale higher than those paid to the staff employed in the education of bond salesmen at the leading universities of the land.

27. Analyze the prison population so that the major portion will be treated as health, hospital, or educational cases. In time, our art of education, once infected with this point of view, will be expanded so that we shall recognize the curable possibilities of nearly every prison patient.

28. Establish public defenders in criminal courts and impose upon prosecutors the duty of calling all material witnesses and a prohibition against concealing testimony of innocence.

29. Reappraise the position of the American Indians so as to relieve them of the stigma of an inferior minority, continuing the subsidies previously allowed but applying these toward health and rehabilitation. Restore their full and equal civil rights.

30. Put into actual effect those civil rights which many persons thought were obtained for the Negro as a result of the Civil War, including right to serve on jury, discontinuation of segregated areas, right to vote, equal and impartial distribution of tax funds for Negro schools, and abolition of Jim Crow customs.

31. Abolish all private police and privately subsidized public protection, such as the Coal and Iron Police and private deputy sheriffs. Public peace should be paid for out of public funds without any privilege to class.

32. Put the courts, at present operating without an administrative head, on a business basis, with business administrators, either individuals or councils, in charge of the administration of this, our most defective branch of government.

33. Expedite trials, modify limitations on rules of evidence, grant judges broader powers, and maintain jury trials. Each case will be tried within six weeks instead of possibly three years as at present.

34. Immediately call constitutional conventions so as to allow the people to restate basic provisions of our Constitution, and provide for automatic constitutional conven-

tions every ten years. I will urge ■ reconsideration of our present wasteful theory of checks and balances.

35. Enact a lame-duck amendment to the Constitution so that we shall not be ruled by discredited representatives.

36. Force all public officials by contract to waive immunity in any investigation or criminal proceeding. The most serious of all criminal offenses shall be that of betrayal of ■ public trust by a public official. Severe punishment for such offenses will be necessary for a short time in order to overcome the present general corruption of government. My entire program rests on the development of honesty in officialdom, for through this program additional duties will be placed upon the state as such. No system can work with corrupt or lethargic prosecutors, as at present. On the other hand public service will be better rewarded by proper systems of promotion.

IN PURSUIT OF INTERNATIONAL GOOD-WILL

37. Compel all the activities of the State Department to be arrived at by open covenant, and by all, I mean all. There is no valid reason for a servant of the people, called ■ Secretary of State, ever to deceive the people by silence.

38. Join the League of Nations, the World Court, the international economic boards, and practically all international movements tending toward an international point of view. This, irrespective of whether or not we have a definite conviction that any particular program of this era will be lasting and definitive.

39. Restore the country to its former proud position ■ ■ haven for political outcasts from abroad.

40. Liberalize the immigration laws so as gradually to restore us to the position of open door. This means for Japanese, Chinese, and all other peoples. The sole basis for restriction will be the ability to assimilate by trades. After a decade we shall be able to assimilate all who want to enter because all workers then will be able to buy back the amount they produce.

41. Encourage all international cartels, because we are convinced of the dire results of competition and because we wish to save our great industries from the painful effects of "rugged individualism."

42. Adopt the policy of recognition of all countries. I am not too proud to bow to anyone. This, of course, includes Russia, which country we have only recognized at our counting-houses when gold was carried as ■ passport.

43. Withdraw immediately all our troops and controls from all foreign countries—Haiti, Nicaragua, the Philippines, and the like. In no case will we go into any country except on a plebiscite of the people themselves, and only if they ask for advice or assistance. We have given too many small nations an inferiority complex.

44. Immediately cancel all moneys owed to us on war debts. I will attach no conditions thereto but will merely urge other countries to do likewise.

IN PURSUIT OF OUR COMMUNAL BUDGET

45. Abolish all commodity taxes of every nature. They are not based on ability to pay, and they increase the cost of living.

46. Increase income taxes, if necessary, to the level of the highest rates established by us during the war for the purpose of killing Germans.

47. Increase inheritance-tax rates, coupling therewith ■ graduated gift tax in order to prevent evasion of death duties. The rates will be made commensurate with governmental budgetary needs, so that each annual budget will be made to match.

48. Create ■ graduated tax on labor turn-over as ■ partial throttle on ill-advised and still uncontrolled expansions.

49. Pass legislation to eliminate the tariff at the end of ten years and intrust the formula for gradual restoration to ■ free-trade basis to a commission of pronounced free traders. They will realize that our past errors of protective policy will of necessity require ■ gradual withdrawal of economic subsidy or support.

50. Abolish all military appropriations but retain airplane manufacture and transportation, to be conducted by the government for mail, passenger, and freight purposes.

51. Open all income-tax returns for public inspection.

52. Secure tax relief for the general community in part by removal of exemptions now granted to special interests such as churches. It costs at present \$22 per seat per sermon at any fashionable church in New York and this burden should be placed on those directly benefited rather than on the general public.

IN PURSUIT OF PEACE OF MIND

53. Establish "federal-State-city" public employment agencies, on a federal-to-State and State-to-city subsidy basis. Thus we shall insure uniformity of practices and adequate interstate movement of productive power. This is a prerequisite for all forms of worker insurance.

54. Abolish all private employment agencies, including newspaper advertising for Help and Situations Wanted, thus saving hundreds of millions of dollars, the second largest item of easily preventable waste in the land. Public employment facilities must be ■ monopoly like the Post Office.

55. Establish health insurance on the same basic theory ■ that on which workmen's accident insurance is conducted now. The social implications of a leg cut off by a machine are identical with phossy jaw, radium poisoning, or appendicitis.

56. Establish old-age insurance on the same basis—i. e., a worker to receive support as a matter of right, not as a hand-out.

57. Establish unemployment insurance and thus abolish the dole system now carried on in most cities and States through soup kitchens.

58. Abolish all war pensions, the needy recipients to be taken care of under accident, health, unemployment, or old-age allowances.

59. Reduce the work day to six hours and treat the hours of labor on a barometer basis, decreasing them as a surplus of supplies is created and increasing them in the event of an impending shortage.

60. Promptly abolish, in view of the improved working conditions, all legal or economic preferentials between men and women except as actual health conditions create immediate and clear variable factors.

61. Impose, as a temporary measure, ■ minimum-wage scale, but this would have a definite period of termination, possibly five years, because after that time it would be unnecessary.

IN PURSUIT OF A USABLE PLENTY

62. I will take over the telephone, telegraph, and express lines and combine their administration with the Post Office Department. This can be accomplished by purchase, at present depressed values, or by operating ■ competing service.

63. The government will acquire, own, and operate and will have the right to distribute all power arising from streams and rivers. The right to distribute may not be used but it is necessary in order to place the government in a bargaining position.

64. The government will encourage the elimination of slums and the development of decent housing either by direct construction, tax relief, or government financing.

65. The Patent Office will be reorganized so that all new inventions will vest in the United States ■ such, the government to license and to make fair compensation to the inventor and to all those who have contributed to the improvement of the device. This will be one of the many methods of controlling production and price.

66. The pooling of all the railroads will be accomplished at once, to the end that competitive waste may be eliminated.

67. As a temporary measure, all of the real estate and farms repossessed by banks, insurance companies, and other lenders will be pooled so as to provide economic cheap management and the proper further treatment of these assets. Farm reorganization will be initiated through the back-door method of existing mortgage controls.

68. Out of the farm holdings repossessed or about to be repossessed by insurance companies and other lending institutions, the largest farm corporation in the history of the world will be formed for the cooperative development of the farming industry and for the abandonment of those farms which in our economic situation should no longer be worked.

69. Milk, bread, coal, and other necessities of life will be declared public utilities because they are more essential to a decent life than gas or electric light. These basic commodities will immediately come under the control of regulatory bodies.

70. I will immediately make plans for a five- and ten-year basis of public works, arranging a program of delaying public works for possible periods of depression.

71. As a temporary measure, to reduce the distress caused by our previous stupidities, I will float a five-billion-dollar bond issue for public works.

72. I will forbid the erection of any new building of any kind without a certificate of reasonable necessity from the proper city, State, or federal planning commission. We now restrict the right to the development of property by fire, health, city zoning, safety, and other laws. It is equally important to restrict on the basis of a social necessity, to prevent the waste of community wealth.

73. I will place the banks in the limited-income category along the general lines of other public utilities. This result can be obtained through Federal Reserve Board powers or through taxation.

74. I will restrict the issuance of securities sold to the public as the issuance of public-utility securities are now restricted, but the restriction will be made effective. This is essential to prevent undue overexpansion. Also the disastrous

competition of banks, lending for projects of slight social value, will be minimized through consolidation of lending facilities by trades or localities.

75. I will immediately cause every community to create city-planning boards with wide powers and clearly conceived programs, so that communities will no longer grow in Topsy fashion.

76. I will merge all non-profit-making insurance companies, savings banks, et cetera (a large proportion are mutual and so-called cooperative institutions). If there is no other way to save the present overlapping and competitive wastes in these fields, I will use the power of taxation.

77. I will limit the Sherman Law, the Clayton Act, and all other legislation which endeavors to make competition compulsory so that they will apply only to offending companies which fail to submit to complete regulation (including fixing of price and expansion policies), on the theory of railroad-rate regulation, before an enlarged Federal Trade Commission. This is what the Swope plan indicated but didn't dare say.

78. I will revamp our regulatory system. At present it operates as an inducement to waste and a penalty to thrift. The commissions should have the power to disallow unwise and unnecessary expenditures. They must be given power over holding companies, affiliates, and subsidiaries. The present position of regulated companies is one of "heads I win, tails you lose," because the contests of companies now carried on against commissions' findings are at the expense of consumers and not stockholders.

79. I will reorganize the regulatory bodies so as to remove them from their present paradoxical position of being both a judicial body and the representative of the consumers. They will all be constituted as judicial bodies but, in addition, attached to each there will be the office of a People's Counsel, to represent the consumers' interests as opposed to the attorneys of the companies, representing the stockholders.

80. I will immediately legalize broad extension of government-owned utilities by mergers, consolidations, and so on, in the fields of power, water, et cetera.

81. I will lay great stress upon the development of cooperatives, particularly in the farm field, appreciating throughout that these cooperatives are not *bona fide* cooperatives but are merely cooperatives for the producers. With proper regulatory control, however, the consumers will be protected by regulation rather than by domination of the producing entities.

82. I will promptly adopt most of the suggestions made by the Congressional commissions in the last eight years in respect to the coal industry, including particularly the elimination of the "snow-bird" high-cost mines, the improvement of labor and marketing conditions, and ultimate incentives to further consolidations.

83. I will encourage, induce, or compel the development of business into separate large trusts, so that each major section of American business will become "one big office." We shall thus eliminate many of the wastes of competition and, through the offices of the government and the powers mentioned above of the Federal Trade Commission, be able more accurately to tie up consumption with production. To this end I will encourage labor organizations on the basis of industries rather than of distinct occupations, thus eliminating most of the jurisdictional deficiencies

of present labor organizations. To this end voting in employers' and employees' organizations will be protected by secret ballot and honest impartial counting. Duress at economic voting booths is greater today than at political ballot boxes.

84. I will immediately procure ample appropriations so that the Federal Trade Commission can really gather all the facts in regard to trade associations now in existence and project programs for the building up of such associations within definite groups. This is necessary particularly during the interval of transition to large-scale regulated trusts.

85. I will extend our forestry program and adopt a strict conservation policy. This problem will diminish in importance as we progress in the field of proper planning of industry.

86. In all fields of business I will insist on full publicity—for example, in all banking matters and the Stock Exchange. As a temporary measure, I will abolish floor trading on the Stock Exchange and encourage by legislation the development of the profession of financial advisers, pending such time as the government will open its own bureau of financial advice to those who invest. Open disclosure will not be satisfied by the present rule of "all that is said must be truthful." I will insist on the theory that if any representation as to a commodity or a security is made, all the facts must be disclosed.

87. I will abolish all private trusteeships and executorships of estates and arrange for a government trust following roughly the New Zealand program. This will rest in the Federal Reserve Board and act as a partial stabilizer.

WHEN IN DOUBT REMEMBER:

88. This entire program is directed not toward restriction of output as is our present policy (note 26 per cent copper limitation), but rather toward wider distribution of purchasing power. I will aim at higher payments for productive services, lower costs, and distribution of wealth in proportion to social functions performed.

I feel that law is only a translation of community desires, and the program enunciated above is as much as our community will accept at this moment. As a keynote for the next program, I indicate:

(a) I will provide that courts of final jurisdiction may not declare statutes unconstitutional. If necessary, as a temporary compromise I will establish a three-quarter or four-fifths rule for such purposes.

(b) I will pass legislation for proportional representation, direct primaries, simplicity of independent nominations, initiative, referendum, and recall.

These are a few of the steps that I would take as a constitutional dictator. They by no means represent my ideal or my ultimate plan for the organization of mankind. They are only a springboard for action which will lead to a fuller life of joy for all people.

Our present troubles arise not from scarcity but from overabundance. After this program is adopted, we shall no doubt have periods of abundance when we shall go bowling, fishing, and sailing until our supplies are used up. Plenty will not spell suffering. In the meanwhile we may develop a spiritual crusade for a more exciting adventure in this interval we call living.

Keeping the Alien in His Place

By GEORGE HORNE

A FEW years ago all that was required of one wishing to enter the United States was mental health, soundness of limb, a dislike of anarchism, and a ticket entitling the immigrant to a crowded corner in the stable-like bowels of third-rate ships; with, in addition, enough money for rail passage to Upper Sandusky.

Try to get in now! The great human movement which began more than a century ago and continued with force enough to populate the country from Liberty Street to Arizona is ended. We have seen our last large immigration figures. Migration westward is comparatively nothing, and steamship lines are lean and hungry.

From distant history's standpoint observers will see that, as time is reckoned, the population of a new and wild continent was incredibly swift, and that it ended with apparent suddenness in the twelve years following the Great War. This is for historians. As for us, we see our government, often accused of bluntness, staging many a little drama in the consular offices where Hans Svenson and Willy So-and-So apply timidly for admission to the great New World. What power has been given the consul abroad who sits in judgment on visa applications? What chance has a man when he steps into the consular office, hoping for an opportunity to come to America? And even though fortune smiles upon him and he sails away toward America with a visa and a smile, are his troubles ended?

The majority of aliens reaching these shores today are not prospective residents, but visitors, here for one purpose or another, and most of these latter have been granted sixty-day visitor's permits. One would suppose that after consuls had granted these visitors permission to enter the country and had carefully scrutinized their credentials in Europe, they could pass into the country without trouble. As a rule they are met with the same suspicion accorded immigrants, and are frequently detained on Ellis Island awaiting possible exclusion. The principle of selection, which any up-to-the-minute business man would apply in a similar situation, is an unknown quantity in our immigration policy.

American consuls are little czars. Their clerks, their stenographers, their doormen and employees of whatever status who have come under the influence of the consular policy are little czars. Even American citizens entering many of their own consular offices have to identify themselves as such before they are accorded courtesy. This is not true everywhere. I met a consul in Canada who was soft-spoken and a gentleman; but in his outer office a mouse-faced, bitter-tongued young lady snapped and growled at every alien who entered the office. It was, "Well, what d'ya want?" and then, "Aw right, sit down till you're called." I wondered if it could not be arranged some other way.

Students of the immigration problem are inclined to believe in the present system as the best solution under immigration laws which are antedated, prejudiced, and intolerant. It began in 1929, five years after the act of 1924 shut down European immigration. There were and are now no quotas in the Western Hemisphere. Canada and Mexico,

for instance, are permitted to send in aliens without limit, subject naturally to "other restricting clauses."

As a result of the vacuum created by the rapid decreases in European entries, immigration from Western countries suddenly increased and it was impossible to cut down the numbers by law. Thus evolved the new consular policy by which it is now possible to deny anyone a visa. Carrying the phrase "other restricting clauses" like a battle-ax, the consuls have performed major operations on the stated quota numbers. A consul can jolly well turn down any applicant he pleases, muttering behind his whiskers (the consul's) that the applicant "is likely to become a public charge." Thousands have gone down under this blow. And there is no answer to it, because it is true.

Unfortunately, this system has not worked out in a straightforward way, thus adding another charge to the world-wide criticism leveled at the United States by millions who have felt the humiliation which is a part of contact with immigration procedure. So this is why your friend in Europe cannot join you here, even though he has funds in an amount which, five years ago, would have been more than sufficient. That is, also, why Ole Oleson, applying at the consulate in Stockholm, was asked how much money he had.

Ole replied: "Two hundred fifty dollars."

"Hmmm," hummed the vice-consul. "Have you your ticket, besides that?"

"Yes."

"Where are you going, Ole?"

"To Racine, Wisconsin," Ole replies.

"Why do you want to go there?" The consul does not mean this as a slap at Racine, for Racine is a very nice city. The question is a tricky one, as may be seen.

"Because my Uncle Ben lives there." This seems reasonable enough, but it doesn't help Ole.

"Have you a job waiting for you in Racine?"

"No, but my uncle will help me get one."

"Hmmm. So you have no job, eh? Too bad, too bad. Well, I'm afraid we will have to defer your case. Your money will not last long in America, Ole. You might become a public charge. No, you'll have to wait a while, get more money." And Ole departs, cursing his stupidity.

"Why didn't I say I had a job?" Ole kicks himself.

Ole's cousin, Sven, is applying for the quota on the following day and is benefited—or so he thinks—by Ole's mistake. He sits at the vice-consul's table and the first part of the conversation is quite similar to that in which poor, luckless Ole engaged, except that Sven is going to Minneapolis. This, again, is a cause of wonderment to our vice-consul.

"And why are you going to Minneapolis, Sven?"

"I got a brother there, sir!" returns Sven, sure of his ground.

"Have you a job waiting there, or has your brother secured work for you, Sven?"

Sven remembers Ole's error. He is ready. Poor Sven. "Oh, but yes sir," he replies. "My job is waiting. 'I'm

to get a good salary each week, so will never become ■ charge of your public, sir." Sven settles back in the chair with the air of a man who has done well by himself. But the consul looks grave.

"Tsk, tsk," Ole hears. The consul shakes his head, in sympathy with Sven's sad fate.

Sven cannot go to America because, if he did, it would be in violation of the contract-labor section of the immigration law. Ole cannot go because he hasn't a job and Sven cannot go because he has. There you are; and there also are Ole and Sven.

But the consul at Glasgow, Scotland, raised the ante in the quota game. A few weeks ago a resident of a nearby town inquired at the consulate regarding quota requirements. This applicant was informed that she must promise to accept no form of employment if admitted to the United States; and further, that she must show proof before sailing that she had funds sufficient for from five years' to ten years' residence in New York City.

What does this mean? The answer is that very few are receiving quota visas at the present time. In most cases, persons desiring to settle in the United States are not moneyed; those who have fortunes would prefer to live abroad, anyhow. It means that nearly all applications are being rejected and that those whose applications are approved are of the non-quota or quota-preference classes. Perhaps this system is not so abominable as it may seem. However, the only apparent virtue must lie in the fact that ■ small degree of selection may be employed. But it is a question if this can ever be ■ successful method.

A talented young lady who had held important posts with the Rockefeller Foundation in the Far East applied to a consular officer, requesting a quota number. She was asked for everything but ■ ticket to Ziegfeld's "Follies," and was finally refused. The consular officer asked how much money the young lady had. She told him her present cash supply was approximately \$350, and that she had her ticket. This was not nearly enough, she was told. For admission to the United States she would be required to possess sufficient money to live in a New York hotel for ■ year, and would have to have her father's pledge of support in case her funds ran out. A scrutiny of available visa procedure fails to reveal a basis for such requirements.

A young German was brought to the United States last year for the purpose of rejuvenating ■ mill plant after the combined efforts of several local experts had led only to deterioration. He had a visitor's permit, remained for sixty days until he had put the mill on ■ paying basis, and was then forced to return because his time was up. He would have been an asset to the state. His employer needed him, but he will have to go back to his native land and wait for a quota number. Even then the chances are that he will be denied.

Several years ago a young farmer, born in Canada, was smuggled into the United States as part of ■ wagon-load of vegetables. He obtained employment on a farm in a Northern State and after a year or so married his employer's daughter. A child was born, but the mother died, leaving the young farmer an added responsibility. He managed for a few years, and then, in 1929, Congress passed a law providing that an alien expelled from the United States or ordered deported can never under any circumstances enter

the country again. Frightened, this alien left the country voluntarily, leaving the child in the keeping of friends. His purpose was to obtain a visa legally and enter the country with sanction. He succeeded in obtaining the visa but as he approached the border he was excluded as an alien contract laborer on the ground that he was going to employment secured while unlawfully in the country. He carried the fight to the highest authorities, with, incidentally, the support of several immigration officials. After the department had discussed the problem from every angle, a special dispensation was ordered and the man admitted. This is one case, among many decided otherwise, where the letter of the law was disregarded for humane purposes.

What happens to the European alien who manages miraculously to obtain a visa as a prospective resident of the United States, or a visitor's permit to tarry in American cities for sixty days? What is the matter with American officials that they should so maltreat foreigners with a tentative foot on the American shore?

Our largest immigration station, located on an island in the center of New York harbor, is an unfortunate combination of ■ prison and the dunce's corner. In the last few years, as ■ reporter of ship news, I have very frequently made the trip from the United States quarantine anchorage to a New York pier, and have watched with amazement the lack of consideration meted out to those unfortunates who happen to be in the alien class. Leading industrialists, artists, merchants, lawyers, educators, men of high standing in nearly every field of endeavor come to this country on every ship. By a dozen means they are made aware when the ship has entered American waters. First, they are herded apart from other human beings. Stewards stand in foyers and classify them in loud voices. They call out to bewildered visitors: "Are you an alien?" The word "alien" thus has acquired the same pleasant quality attached to "fever," to "plague," and to "thief." An alien is not allowed to associate with regular passengers until he has been cleansed of his ills by the immigration fire.

Perhaps there should be no serious criticism of this system, but a shrinking from the methods used is surely admissible. Other countries separate aliens from citizens in a similar manner, but possibly with more delicacy. Here immigration inspectors arrange their papers and manifests at tables in the public rooms and the aliens pass before them in single file. Few of the inspectors ever remove their hats. Naturally there are some gentlemen in the service, but in all honesty the general tone of the service as the visiting foreigner sees it is one of arrogance, discourtesy, and unconscionable disregard of the feelings of others. One wonders if most of the immigration inspectors do not have indigestion. They so frequently are in such bad humor, and one observes foreigners gazing at them contemptuously for their uncouth speech and generally uncultivated demeanor. Must foreign visitors be ushered into the country with an initiation designed to impress them with the fact that we know what they are and they needn't try to get away with anything?

Obviously, it becomes necessary to detain certain prospective visitors and other aliens. But this is no reason for treating them as live stock. If not like animals, they are treated like prisoners. They are held in detention rooms. They are given no freedom, although it would be ■ physical impossibility for them to leave the island if the authorities

wanted to initiate a simple system of checking the passengers on the ferry to Manhattan. Even without that it would be feasible to fence off a part of the large island where aliens could move about freely. Still as prisoners they are marched to their meals, and by complaints issuing from the governmental table one judges the meals are pretty third rate. The aliens are not allowed to communicate with their friends by telephone, but may send a telegram, which is never so satisfactory to one in trouble.

Even were it granted that this treatment is right for lower-class immigrants, it is certainly unjustified in the case of cultured men and women; yet they are given the same mental lashing as the less sensitive characters. A few days ago an educated man who owns and directs a museum in Spain was "given the works" on the island. Bound for a few weeks of research in a large private library here, he arrived on a ship which docked on a Friday afternoon. He was detained without any substantial reason and taken to Ellis Island on the following day. He had no American money, but plenty of cash in foreign notes. He could not exchange these on Saturday or on Sunday. After borrowing a coin from a fellow-inmate he was refused permission to use the telephone to communicate with friends here. He could not eat the food placed before him at the prisoners' table, and although he was told he could purchase better food, this was impossible, for his money could not be passed. He tried to leave the table because the food was distasteful to him, but a guard would not allow him to leave the dinner bench and told him he would have to "sit there" whether he wanted to eat or not. He hoped that his case would be called on Saturday, but the board of inquiry on the island

was very busy that day, as officials later explained. Sunday, being a holiday, was simply another twenty-four hours. On Monday he succeeded in reaching officials of an art association in the city and on Tuesday his case was called. He was released after posting \$500 surety bond. The reason for detaining this visitor was given as follows: He had visited the United States last year and remained here longer than his original sixty-day permit allowed. However, it was later admitted that on this occasion he had obtained an extension of his permit, and had tarried here in perfect accordance with rules and laws. In further support of the treatment of this alien, an official on the island said that there had recently been a revolution in Spain and the examining inspector had probably been on that account "a little nervous."

It is more difficult to visit a detained alien on Ellis Island than to slip a jigsaw to a Sing Sing convict. So far as I know, no one in the detention pens has ever had an opportunity to tell his story to a newspaperman. No one knows what goes on on Ellis Island except what is gleaned from those who manage to escape its hospitality after detention. Frankly then, this information is second hand, but too many visitors have protested bitterly of identical treatment to reject their view as prejudiced.

It is only fair to emphasize that not all our immigration agents are boors. Some treat our visitors kindly and with the greatest courtesy, but the visitors do not remember them at all because they naturally expect such treatment. Why not? Courtesy is no especial virtue. What they do remember is the offensive crudity of United States officialdom. They remember that someone humiliated and shamed them when they reached America.

They Are Not Always Lynched

By PAUL BLANSHARD

THE electric chair at Kilby prison is made of plain wooden timbers painted yellow and it stands in a tiny stone room of the new model penitentiary near Montgomery, Alabama, where the Negro boys convicted of rape in the Scottsboro case are now confined. The prison warden was kind enough to show me how the chair operated after I had visited the death house.

"You see," he said, "I pull this handle here in the next room. I don't see the men die at all. I look at that little hole in the wall and I pull the handle when one of the guards holds up that black disk marked Ready."

The warden did not realize that his yellow-timbered chair has become the focal point of the race struggle in the United States. In that chair, when the white leaders of Alabama say "Ready," ten Negroes may die this winter, the nine boys of the Scottsboro case and Willie Peterson. Of these the most important is Willie Peterson. His case is little known in the North but he has become a symbol of the fight of intelligent Southerners for more even-handed justice to the Negro. This is his story.

On an afternoon last August three white girls from well-to-do families in Birmingham were driving in an automobile along a road in Mountain Brook, a suburb of the city, when a small car containing three Negroes drove up from

behind. One of the Negroes jumped on the running board of the girls' car, held a pistol to the head of the girl who was driving, and ordered her to give him any money that she had. Then he directed her to drive the car off the main road into a wooded area, where he held the girls three hours, ranting to them about justice, religion, and race oppression. When he finally became "insulting," one of the girls attempted to take his gun from him, whereupon he opened fire, fatally wounding two of the girls and shooting the third through the arm. The third girl, Miss Nell Williams, survived because she fell to the ground and pretended to be dead. After the Negro had gone, she drove her car with one arm to a nearby house and summoned help. Her sister died that day; the other girl died nine days later from a bullet-shattered spine.

Birmingham the next day was in a craze of excitement. Special posses scoured the country preventing all suspected Negroes from leaving the region and taking servants bodily out of scores of suburban homes for examination. One Negro employee of the Birmingham Electric Company who was alleged to have belittled the crime was taken out that night by two white men and shot through the head. Civic groups offered \$3,000 for the apprehension of the murderer, and the following description based upon Nell Williams's recollection was broadcast for use in the search:

The Negro is black, about 35 years of age, between 5 feet 8 and 10 inches tall, and weight between 135 and 145. He has straight long hair, parted on the left side, large brown eyes, lower gold tooth, sunken cheeks, medium voice with Southern accent, pimple below the right corner of mouth, and a staring gaze. He was wearing blue coveralls with thin white stripes, the sleeves were torn at the elbows, and a gray felt hat badly worn.

A score of Negroes were rounded up and paraded before Nell Williams. She declined to identify them. Then seven weeks later, on September 24, while driving down one of the main streets of Birmingham, she saw Willie Peterson walking on the sidewalk and positively identified him as the murderer. He was arrested and rushed to safety in Kilby prison, but death almost claimed him a few days later when he was secretly brought to the Birmingham County jail and Dent Williams, brother of Nell Williams, who had smuggled a pistol into the prison, shot him through the lung. For this offense young Williams has been indicted.

The trial of Peterson came in December. Here was a perfect setting for swift retributive justice. A Negro charged with a crime against Southern white women had been positively identified by one of his victims. The identification was made deliberately, long after the period of hysteria was past. The girl herself, as I heard her testify from the witness stand, appeared calm, poised, and intelligent. Her testimony stood up well under cross-examination. The alibis of Peterson were not very impressive, although he had a good reputation.

But the miracle happened! Willie Peterson was not convicted because there was a reasonable doubt that he was the right man. A white Southern jury did not blindly accept the white woman's word against the black man. It weighed the evidence and disagreed. Rumor has it that the verdict was seven to five for acquittal and that Peterson will get a new trial in January, with the chances for acquittal greater than in the first trial.

The credit for this astonishing result must go not only to Peterson's attorneys but to a young Southern judge, J. Russell McElroy, who was scrupulously fair during the trial, and to the newspapers of Birmingham, which have studiously refrained from appeals to mob hysteria. During the trial no machine-guns were in evidence and no uniformed officers were in the court. Half of the main floor of the courtroom was given to Negroes and half to whites.

Miss Williams had said upon the night of the murder that her assailant was about 5 feet 8 or 10 inches tall and that he weighed 135 to 145 pounds. Peterson answered that description pretty well. Miss Williams said that the murderer had sunken cheeks and a gray, ragged hat. Peterson had thin cheeks and a gray, ragged hat which the police found in his house and which Miss Williams flatly swore was the hat worn by the murderer at the time of the crime. When the prosecuting attorney pointed his finger at Peterson during the trial and asked, "Is that the man who murdered your sister?" Miss Williams's positive answer, "I know it is the man," seemed to seal his fate.

But when Peterson's lawyers, Roach and Johnson, brought on the defense witnesses, three important discrepancies in Miss Williams's testimony became apparent. The police said that she had described her assailant on the night of the murder as a black Negro with straight long hair and

a lower gold tooth. The murderer, it is reported, kept pushing his hair back from his forehead. Now, Peterson has no gold filling in his teeth, he is a dark brown rather than a black Negro, and his short closely kinked hair is the kind that even if allowed to grow long would not be described as straight unless it had a huge quantity of Harlem hair oil poured upon it. And if it were heavily oiled it would not keep falling in his face!

The report also persists in Birmingham that Jennie Wood, one of the murdered girls, gave to Wade Wood, her father, shortly before she died, a description of the murderer that would not apply to Willie Peterson. Mr. Wood was not permitted to appear as a witness for the defense and quote this description because of our peculiar laws of evidence.

Apparently these discrepancies in identification have saved Peterson temporarily from the electric chair. A Southern white jury has dared to consider the evidence on its merits and weigh the word of a destitute Negro workingman against a socially prominent white woman.

The full meaning of this event can only be appreciated against the background of race prejudice and sex hysteria which still manifests itself whenever crimes of Negroes against white women are committed. When the recent report upon lynching was made by the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching, headed by George Fort Milton, the leading Southern newspapers gave it reasonable display and considerable comment, but bitter counter-attacks upon the commission were launched by the Woman's National Association for the Preservation of the White Race. This association has recently issued one of the most stimulating documents of contemporary history under the slogan "God must be the Father and the White Race the Sire of Civilization." It says:

The white race is threatened with extinction. It has become necessary for the white women of the American nation to organize for self preservation. . . .

The white woman has bent her back to the burden of service for her Negro friends and for the race generally. Before and since the war between the States she has ministered to the Negroes in sickness and in health without compensation. The white sister has led in every helpful, uplifting movement, sharing every privilege of hers with the Negro race, helping them in every endeavor, sharing their sorrows, encouraging them onward and upward, and now that same white sister has to sit and listen to bitter denunciations, abuse and hatred of the white woman and her child at every interracial meeting that is held, and read it in every scrap of literature that is in circulation and published by the Negro race. Negro magazines and newspapers for years past have been full of bitterness to white women, and in the past two or three years no insult has been too great to hurl at the white woman and her daughters. The only apparent reason being the desire of the white woman to live her own life, in her own way, without molestation from Negro men, and a desire to keep her descendants the pure strain which God created. . . .

At all these things and conditions we most solemnly protest. We protest at teaching socialism to Negro men, if it teaches them that they have the right to intercept young white women on the highway, as was done in Birmingham, Alabama, and force them into relations to which death is preferable, but to which they must submit or be slain.

No one has a right to force a possibility of unwelcome motherhood upon any woman, or to violate the sacred

rights of the human body. We protect our fine chickens, our animals, our birds. We even protect our dogs. In the name of our Heavenly Father let us protect our girls. We select a pedigreed sire for our animals. Future America must not be sired by ■ mongul [sic] black race.

To our law-enforcement officials let us say that the sacred honor of a pure, good woman is as dear to her as is the life of any man. . . .

Let the Negroes stop their determined efforts to cor-

rupt the white race, and their encouragements of assaults upon white women, in their papers, their magazines, in their interracial meetings, and among themselves. . . .

This is the answer of one section of the white population of the South to the long, patient labors of the Interracial Commission. Fortunately it is not the answer of the dominant groups in the cities, for these groups are becoming increasingly sensitive to national criticism.

Nice Story

By PAUL SIFTON

WHEN and if the sentimental halo about the late New York *World* becomes too thick, I'll remember Arturo Sandoval. Arturo Sandoval got his name in the papers one dull Monday morning after he had snatched ■ purse from a woman as she was leaving St. Malachi's Church. It just happened that a cop was in the crowd descending the steps after mass. Sandoval was arrested on the spot; the woman's pocket-book was returned before anyone could find out whether it contained more than carfare, and Sandoval was hustled to the West Forty-seventh Street Station.

This was some years back, while Coolidge was still jacking up prosperity until he could get from under. Consequently, when Sandoval said he took the purse because he had a wife and four starving children who were due to be put out on the street, the city editors thought it was news. The papers gave Arturo ■ break: "Jobless, Wife, Four Babies Hungry, Snatches Purse on Church Steps."

The presiding genius of the Sunday side needed a "popular" story. He read about poor Sandoval and proceeded to get hot. "It has everything. It sums up modern society. There you are, out of ■ job, family starving, evicted; you steal! Instinct to survive, first law of nature—he's dumb, gets caught. Now they'll soak him! God damn it, let's get on this—maybe they'll let him off easy. Page one, editorial section."

He had a girl reporter at his desk. "Ask the first twenty-five people you meet what they'd do in his place. Do they blame him? Do they think he ought to be punished? Why? Get names."

"Names?" said the girl. She wasn't so dumb.

"Hell, yes, names and addresses. Don't you know you can't use quotes in this paper unless you have names?"

The girl delivered. Twenty-five citizens ranging from lawyers to housewives and an airplane mechanic (he was ■ friend of the girl) bent their minds to the problem. Sandoval was exonerated, by a big majority, of everything but stupidity. To be sure, he could have arranged a murder-and-suicide pact, or gone to the Charity Organization, but he hadn't thought of either. The piece looked so good that the editor, who was a congenital radical anyway, decided to give it another whirl the following week. He called me over.

"Let's get twenty-five names out of 'Who's Who' and put it up to them. They can't get around it. What would they do? They've got to say something. Make 'em talk. We'll get 'em on record as—or else they've got to okay what he did. See?"

I saw. Half his day's work was done. Omitting the painful details of hunting up twenty-five assorted inmates of "Who's Who," making them listen while I told them all about Arturo Sandoval, aged thirty, jobless, wife and four babies starving, landlord hourly threatening eviction, snatches purse from woman as she leaves St. Malachi's Church, it may be said, briefly, that I didn't do as well as the girl.

What would you do if you were a struggling, earnest young reporter who had to ask twenty-five people what they thought of a man with a wife, etc.? Probably about what I finally did—get up a list of persons who had been exposed to reporters before, the good old reliable Leading Citizens.

One was Francis Sisson, the vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company who dealt with the press. I had interviewed him on some banking subject and could get in. Now, in whimsical desperation, I went to consult him about the man who, etc. At first the proposition rather staggered him, but after I had explained Sandoval's dilemma and my own, he lit a cigarette, leaned back, and philosophized.

"It's curious how it works—this instinct of self-preservation," he said, in effect. "You never can tell how it will come out. You say he'd been sick, couldn't get work, wife sick, four babies, starving, rent overdue, going to be dispossessed. He'd let life get him down. But he had to do something. We're most of us like animals. We can't lie down and starve to death. We are driven to do something. Now, take this Sandoval; he grabbed that pocket-book. Probably he didn't know what he was doing, consciously. Who knows, perhaps the working of his instinct will do something for him; save him, in a roundabout way. What are they going to do with him and his family?"

I said there had been offers of aid and there was a chance that Sandoval might get off easy in court. Sisson put out his hand, palm upward, as if the answer proved his point. It was a nice interview. He knew what he was saying and of course the story did not draw the explicit moral that direct action sometimes had its practical and immediate reward.

Encouraged, I tried to get to Max Steuer, but he was in court. The office of Charles S. Whitman, former District Attorney and Governor, was nearby, so I tried him. The *World* name admitted me. Whitman couldn't believe his ears. He looked from me to the door and back. I explained the social significance and importance of the problem. He decided not to throw me out. After all, the *World* was still more or less the *World* and you never could tell.

"I didn't quite get it straight—the circumstances."

I told him again about Arturo Sandoval. He listened carefully.

"I don't believe it," he said. "Things don't happen that way. Have you seen this Sandoval? How do you know this story is straight?"

I told Whitman I would check on the story. But while I was here I'd get his quotes anyway. "Supposing it is straight, what would you do?"

"It just didn't happen, not that way," said Whitman. "There's always some explanation—"

"But he was broke, the kids—"

"No, I mean something else that made him do it, some unique circumstance, something in his character, his record."

"I'll look him up," I said, and left, minus quotes. I could have ignored Whitman's objection, but by this time I was sore about the assignment. Who was this Arturo Sandoval anyway? Was there a catch in the story?

The address was in West Twenty-third Street, four hundred something. It was a slum building, no names in the hall. I raised the janitor. He didn't know the name. Somebody had been pinched—oh, yes, the cops had been in the basement. A family lived down there in the back. Wops or Spaniards. I could go down.

By lighting matches to get through the basement, I found the door. Cracks of light showed here and there in the thin board partition. When I knocked, all sound stopped inside. I knocked again. After awhile the door opened. A girl not more than twenty-five years old looked out through the half-opened door. She was very pretty.

"Is Arturo Sandoval here?"

Her answer was simply to open the door wide to show me he was not at home. It was a dark, damp place, but clean, a scrap of white curtain at the one blind window and an electric lamp on the low ceiling. Three boys, all under four, were on the floor. The baby was lying on the sagging white iron bed.

I wanted to talk to her husband. Important. Where was he? I made out that he was at the police station. He'd be back at six, she said. I told her I'd be back.

The sergeant at the West Forty-seventh Street Station didn't know me. He kept his lip buttoned. A police card cracked him a little. Sandoval's case had come up. Suspended sentence. I went back to Twenty-third Street.

Sandoval hadn't come home yet. I tried to tell the girl that he had got off. She wiped off a chair and I sat down. In about five minutes Sandoval came. He was short, about five feet four, probably 145 pounds. Maybe less. His wife pointed to me without a word. His excitement sagged and he was tired and hunted. We sat down. I asked him how it happened. With the meek, helpless obedience of the shamed poor, he told me from the beginning. The published account was straight, as far as it went.

Sandoval's story went back to the time when he had a good job making coffee in the window of a restaurant in Canal Street, five years ago, when he came from Venezuela. His father had money, not much, but a big house and a business in Maracaibo. He wrote out the name. If he could get back, his father would help him. Well, after the job on Canal Street, he had a couple of others, then he got a good job in a chocolate factory on Ninth Avenue—seventeen dollars a week.

His English was very sketchy. I had to make him re-

peat. Now he seemed to get excited and it was harder to follow him. Last summer he had an accident. His leg, he was in a hospital—very bad, six weeks. When he got out he couldn't go back to work at the chocolate factory, no job for him. At first I had the impression that the accident occurred in the factory. Possibly it was his fault and that was why he couldn't get back. No, it wasn't that way at all. The factory was nice place, but no jobs. No, he had been hit by a truck. He tried to demonstrate. He pulled his trouser leg above his knee to show me the scarred flesh, still blue and livid, streaked where it had been stitched.

It began to look like a good story: genesis of a crime, ambitious young immigrant, works hard, loyal wife, healthy children, steady job, contented; hard luck, hit by speeding truck, hospital, no wages, loses job—what else? Why didn't he go home? He would if he had \$300. He said it as if it were a million. I led him to tell of the time between his discharge from hospital and his arrest. He couldn't get a good job. He washed dishes—dollar and a half a day—working nights, too—but he couldn't pay the rent, buy food. Four weeks ago the baby had come.

I asked him why he grabbed the purse. He looked at me and stopped talking. "I don't know. Why you ask me? How should I know? On Saturday the landlord he say 'Pay me or you get out.' I can't sleep. I go out. Then I do it. How should I know?"

That was all right. It could be worked up. I went back to the accident. That was the key. If he hadn't been hurt he would still be making chocolate.

Didn't he get damages? Who paid for the hospital? The company. What company? The truck. What truck? What about damages, how did it happen, anyway? Was it his fault? No, no, it was like this. He showed me, diagramming a street crossing with his hands. They hit him. It was the truck's fault.

I wanted him to stick to the point about the truck. Perhaps there was a hook-up—maybe the people who owned the truck could be made to cough up damages. Use a little publicity on them. The *World* had come out strong against reckless driving, the death toll of the automobile.

Had he tried to get damages? Yes, he had a lawyer. The lawyer said \$200. He would get half, but it took a long time. Sandoval had just been to see him again. Better and better—an ambulance chaser! Fifty per cent! The *Evening World* was death on those birds. I got the lawyer's name. This was getting hot. It hooked up all the way round. Nice story!

Now I wanted the name of the truck. Whose truck was it? I hoped it was some big firm. He was very excited, as if he didn't want to give me the name. He said something, as far as I could make out, about me and the *World*. Sure I was from the *World*. Maybe we could get some money for him—I had an idea—make the company that owned the truck kick through with enough money to ship him back to Venezuela. Was he sure \$300 would cover the whole family? It sounded incredible. Yes, he was sure. Three hundred and he could go home. All right, now what was the name of the company, the truck, you know, that hit you? We'll make them tickled to death to put up!

Three words emerged from a stream of talk, mostly in Spanish: "New York *World*."

"Yes, I'm on the *World*," I said, impatiently. "I told

you that before. What was the name of the company? I'm trying to help you. Who owned the truck?"

"New York *World*."

"Yes, sure, but—" I stopped and he repeated.

"New York *World* truck. He hit me."

The Sunday impresario was shocked. He agreed that something should be done. The *World* could put up another hundred, together with the damages, and generously ship the Sandoval family back to Venezuela—before Hearst, or the *Daily News*, or Sandoval's lawyer should start exploiting the fact that the man the *World* had been jerking tears over had been driven to purse-snatching as the direct result of being hit by a *World* truck and because he had to wait months for settlement of his claim for damages.

The Sunday editor went down to hit up Ralph Pulitzer for the money. He came back shortly and told me to take the matter up with the Bureau of Accuracy and Fair Play. Pulitzer, it seemed, just couldn't do anything about it. The Bureau of Accuracy and Fair Play, after telephoning the lawyers to make sure Sandoval had a claim, explained the impossibility of doing anything for him. Trucks were insured against such claims. The surety company settled everything. The *World* couldn't interfere. It would set a bad precedent. As I understood it, to have made any move to give Sandoval a cent would have been practically immoral and legally indecent. As for the ambulance chaser getting half of the \$200, well, it was too bad, but such contingent fees were not so unusual as one might think.

And so Arturo Sandoval didn't get \$300 compensation for being knocked out of his good job in the chocolate factory, and the *World* passed up a chance to shrive its soul while performing a small but spectacular act of decency that would have added up in the cash register in respect, goodwill, and the public's blind faith, without which no newspaper can long endure.

Oh yes, in the story the following Sunday the circumstances of the accident and its results were included, but the name of the company owning the truck was not given.

In the Driftway

"MAN must work." Last week the Drifter stated his credo, in spite of the fact that his own profession is drifting. As if in support of his thesis, he received a letter from a Chicago lawyer. It quoted the following sentence from the memorial services for a deceased justice of our Supreme Court:

Judge Farmer in his early youth acquired the habit of industry. He appreciated the importance of constant employment and never indulged in any form of idleness. He never acquired the habit of taking an occasional rest from his work for the purpose of recreation. To him, to be happy was to be engaged in some useful occupation.

From this melancholy picture the Drifter turns away. He need hardly say that such a life of bee-like industry was not what he meant. In the lively *New Yorker* he remembers reading a sketch of Herbert Hoover which described the President's day as one that began with a serious game of medicine ball at 7 a. m. and proceeded by regular stages

of labor to his retirement at a late hour. He read his mail from 9 to 9:15 a. m. He ate his lunch from 12:40 to 1:10. Even after he had gone to bed he kept on working, for he would often—or so the article declared—rise from his couch after midnight and read some instructive and uplifting tome.

IF this is true of President Hoover, the Drifter is sorry for him. Quite the opposite, so the legend runs, was the case with his predecessor. Mr. Coolidge, it seems, wandered down to the Executive Offices around ten o'clock in the morning and beat a leisurely retreat about four. When documents were handed to him for consideration, the rule was that they should be accompanied by an abstract prepared by a secretary, who, being a wage-slave, had nothing to do but read them through. Mr. Hoover reads them himself. The sad part about this heavy industriousness is that it rarely produces appropriate results. Mr. Hoover might read his days and nights through, and he would still lack the acumen that makes a successful politician. Politics, however, are far afield from drifting. When the Drifter declares that man must work, he does not mean that he must be blindly and owlishly occupied at a desk eighteen hours a day, that he must eschew leisure, shun vacations, and despise play. The ideal life of toil, of course, is drifting. Let no one imagine that a drifter spends his days rocking on the back porch. He must get out and see the world; he must walk, ride, swim, fly; he must read books, papers, billboards, and advertisements; he must talk to the butcher, baker, candlestick maker, and editor; he must taste all foods, sip all drinks; try his hand at all occupations. He must be always busy but never at work.

THIS is as far as possible from the poor unfortunates who have no work to do and therefore no money on which to live. Their lack of occupation leads to hunger, cold, and suffering. Nor does it cover the listless and pointless inactivity of those whose hands are idle because their brains are dead. Man must work. He must work to eat and be clothed; he must work for shelter, for love, for his children; he must work for his immortal soul. But as soon as he lets himself be ruled by pure busyness for its own sake, he is lost. He is forever rolling the stone uphill and never reaching the top.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Hands Off Nicaraguan Elections

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The plan announced by the State Department to withdraw all United States marines from Nicaragua before the end of 1932 makes it particularly important that the presidential elections of October, 1932, which apparently will be supervised by United States forces, shall see as candidates the country's strongest men—men who if they attain power can command some considerable measure of popular support. Prominent members, however, of both the Conservative and the Liberal Party, as well as Americans long resident in the country, informed me during a recent visit that State Department approval

must necessarily be one important factor in determining the choice of candidates. It is common opinion in Nicaragua that the parties there will not be left free in making their nominations, but must select a candidate who is known to be *persona grata* to the United States legation.

In the past, unfortunately, State Department approval has fallen on men like Adolfo Díaz, to cite only one example, who in spite of, or perhaps because of, a pro-intervention attitude amounting to servility did not command sufficient support in Nicaragua itself to maintain himself in power unaided. Consequently, when threatened with opposition, he called for the landing of United States marines, involving the United States in an intervention which has proved costly in lives, money, and prestige. Past experience, therefore, suggests that the injection of State Department influence in the choice of Nicaraguan candidates has not proved ultimately beneficial either to Nicaragua or to the United States, and that in the 1932 campaign also it may have unfortunate results.

For these reasons, many Nicaraguans feel that a declaration from the Department of State (to which of course the policy of the Managua legation would conform) making clear the interest of the United States government in the complete freedom of party nominations, those of minority political groups as well as of the two historic parties, would materially forward the possibility of candidates being selected for their ability and political strength in Nicaragua, rather than for their supposed skill in courting the favor of the United States legation in Managua.

Many with whom I talked during this last visit—Conservatives, Liberals, and Nationalists—believe that to permit a more accurate expression of the popular will in the 1932 presidential elections, more reasonable provisions should be adopted relative to the formation of third parties, eliminating the literacy provision for petitions, and probably reducing the required percentage of signatures from 10 per cent to 5 per cent, which latter figure was that fixed in the 1923 electoral law, drafted by the American expert, H. W. Dodds. In the determination of these points State Department influence, through the machinery of election supervision, is expected to be decisive.

CHARLES A. THOMSON

San José, Costa Rica, December 1

On to Russia!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This is a protest against the useless practice of dragging our feet because the train is going the wrong way. In my opinion every progressive-minded individual interested in world advancement should migrate to Russia and work for the only system which has discarded the profit motive. There is now a definite best to be chosen among the governments of the world.

It is an atrocious waste of energy in this country to plan and work constantly for palliatives that go unheeded. The profit motive and big business are entwined in an inextricable manner in every phase of our life—education, literature, art, government, law, medicine; even incorruptible science, according to F. J. Schlink, has become a myth. What good does it do in progressive education for us to develop the social motive when the children are surrounded by a competitive world? The system must go first. All thinking and informed men agree pretty well on what should be done if one of them became dictator. However, the Hoover Administration goes right on raising the tariff and preparing for war. Ramsay MacDonald could not do much in Great Britain; Norman Thomas as President would be sunk in the maelstrom of politics. You can't

buck the system! Why don't we act on this principle. Let's all join hands and go to Russia.

Today freedom and democracy are phantoms. Russia has the greatest freedom possible, namely: You can say what you like as long as you keep on working for us. Bertrand Russell has shown in his latest book that a scientific society—or any competent organization, for that matter—cannot allow internal discord if it is to keep on running. It is the duty of a citizen of the world to support the most enlightened oligarchy, the most efficient and humanitarian system. The best to be found is in Russia, a country run by trained experts, and one where the moving power is cooperation.

Ross, Cal., December 22

MARGARET F. GUTELIUS

Let's All Guide the Revolution!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The height of the absurdity to which the liberal attitude can lead individuals is amusingly—no, tragically—illustrated in the advertisement of the L. I. D. Student Conferences in *The Nation* for December 23. "Guiding the Revolution"! Oh, yeah? The "superior brains" of the country, now living softly at Harvard or Vassar or Union Theological Seminary, will spend some of their leisure in determining in which direction it is best that the "revolution" should go. Fortunately, they are kidding themselves. The international bankers are guiding the revolution. Ramsay MacDonald, the liberal, kids himself into thinking that he is, but he only succeeds in postponing the day of its coming. Think of Gandhi asking the intelligentsia of Bombay and Calcutta to attend a conference with that for a topic; or imagine Lenin in 1916 issuing an advertisement calling a conference during "Christmas vacation" with the topic for discussion "Guiding the Revolution"!

Troy, N. Y., December 31

ARTHUR M. ALLEN

Banks and Bonds

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a felony for a borrower to make a false statement to a bank for the purpose of securing credit. Why shouldn't it also be a felony for a bank to make a false statement to a depositor for the purpose of securing deposits? It seems to me that the ruling of the Treasury Department permitting banks to carry bonds on their books at par instead of market value is dishonest, since the bank statement would not present a true picture of the condition of the bank.

We are told that confidence is the crying need just now and the way to gain that confidence is to put all the cards on the table.

Zanesville, Ohio, December 12

CLARK T. NORRIS

Thanks for Looking Your Wife in the Eye

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read Mr. Amos Pinchot's article in *The Nation* of December 16 with much satisfaction and some glee. It is encouraging and refreshing to have someone speak out as plainly as *The Nation* does. These are parlous times. Keep up the good work.

New York, December 23

HARFORD T. MARSHALL

"Saw Children Barefoot in Snow"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I ask you to publish the inclosed telegram from James Myers, Industrial Secretary, Federal Council of Churches, regarding the urgent need of clothing and food in the bituminous coal fields:

TOUR OF INSPECTION COAL FIELDS WEST VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY REVEALS ALARMING NEED AT LEAST TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND CHILDREN FOOD AND WARM CLOTHING. THOUSANDS UNABLE ATTEND SCHOOL. SAW CHILDREN BAREFOOT IN SNOW. SOME EVICTED FAMILIES LIVING IN TENTS. SICKNESS WILL TAKE TOLL UNLESS CLOTHES FOR ALL AGES SUPPLIED AT ONCE ESPECIALLY CHILDREN'S CLOTHING AND SHOES ALSO WARM BLANKETS QUILTS. HOT LUNCHESES SERVED BY QUAKERS MANY SCHOOLS ALREADY SHOW RESULTS IMPROVED HEALTH. THOUSANDS PRE-SCHOOL CHILDREN AND BABIES WITHOUT MILK. MORE MONEY NEEDED AT ONCE AS WINTER WEATHER GRIPS MOUNTAIN REGIONS. PLEASE SEND OUT WIDE APPEAL URGENT.—JAMES MYERS.

Clothing should be shipped (prepaid) from the East to American Friends Service Committee, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and from the West to American Friends Service Committee, Morgantown, West Virginia.

Checks should be made out and mailed to Olive Van Horn, Treasurer, Coal Areas Relief, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City. All funds will be forwarded to the American Friends Service Committee (Quakers) for relief in the field.

New York, December 29

OLIVE VAN HORN

Contributors to This Issue

MORRIS L. ERNST, ■ New York attorney, is the author of "America's Primer."

GEORGE HORNE is ■ ship-news reporter on a New York paper.

PAUL BLANSHARD is the executive director of the City Affairs Committee of New York.

PAUL SIFTON is coauthor with Claire Sifton of the play "1931," recently produced by the Group Theater.

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE is in the English department of Washington Square College, New York University.

GRANVILLE HICKS is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT is the author of "The Story of the Catholic Church."

MARK VAN DOREN is the author of "Jonathan Gentry."

HORACE GREGORY is author of ■ translation of Catullus.

JEROME ROSENTHAL has contributed articles on philosophical subjects to the *Bookman*, *Current History*, and the *Thinker*.

Finance Shall We "Inflate"?

STUDENTS of the depression and of the government measures for relieving it now under discussion are commenting with guarded approval on the "mild inflation" which most of these measures contemplate. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation is expected to provide some half-billion dollars of Treasury money to aid distressed railroads and banks, while additional amounts are to be appropriated, according to present plans, for easing the pressure on existing mortgage institutions, urban and rural. In this program of government aid are discerned the seeds of a moderate and hence beneficial inflation.

The word has numerous definitions, but its present use conforms to none of them, nor to the practical probabilities of the case. Since a considerable number of people are apparently pinning their hopes of business recovery and an advance in stock-market prices on this so-called inflationary policy, it will be worth while to consider the term with some care and note wherein it differs from the kind of credit emission now proposed. Without attempting to be over-precise or all-inclusive, it may be said that inflation connotes the creation of credit at a more rapid rate than the output of commodities and services, resulting in a rise in prices. The essential point is that the credit created shall be used directly as purchasing power.

It seems to be plain enough that the credit which it is proposed to create under the various relief plans would have no such direct use. What is intended, thus far, is that government obligations, in one form or another, shall take the place of corporate or other private obligations. Thus, a bank owning "frozen" but presumably sound foreign bonds will present them to the government lending institution and obtain a loan on them, the funds for that loan having been obtained through the sale of government bonds or notes to other banks or the public. The fact that no new purchasing power is directly created is plainly shown if we assume that the frozen foreign bonds thus disposed of by the distressed bank were purchased from an individual, who uses the funds thus obtained to buy the government bonds involved in the triangular transaction. The money loaned to the bank could become purchasing power, but is far more likely to become merely additional reserves.

This is something very different from the inflation which raises commodity and security prices. Inflation of this sort, it may be said, flows from one of two sources—confidence or fear. We are familiar enough with the type which springs from confidence, the latest example of it having occurred in the period of several years culminating in October, 1929. The confidence underlying such a movement consists in the feeling of certainty that business profits or speculative gains will prove sufficient to pay off the debts incurred. When such a mass of credit is created that payment become difficult or impossible, we have collapse and "deflation." The other type, originating in fear, comes into play when increasing numbers of people become convinced that the currency passing through their hands is headed for depreciation or ultimate worthlessness through the issue of increasing amounts of irredeemable paper money by the government. The old German mark furnished ■ classic example.

In the United States, as 1932 begins, we are displaying neither of the two opposite symptoms of incipient inflation and a rise in prices. Considerable doses of credit are apparently to be administered to business, but they will differ from the great voluntary drafts we have known in the past, much as the teaspoonful of whiskey given to a sick man differs from the potatoes of a festive evening.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Unusual people
with
unusual tastes

MEET IN
THE
NATION

Unusual Shops
with unusual
things to sell

Write for rates.

20 Vesey Street

Books and Drama

I Taught the Angel

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

I taught the angel of my will
To walk upon this sunny hill.

Trailing the fire of his wings
Disdainful over juniper
He dainty stepped for nettle stings
And beggars'-lice and dock-weed burr.

I coaxed him with wild strawberries
And the white roots of grass to eat
And though he was not full at ease
For memory of worlds unwon
I led him to a grassy seat
And he sat down like anyone.

I taught the angel of my will
To sit in sunshine on this hill.

For he was weary of his wings
And only half resented me
When I unstrapped the silly things
And buckled on humility.

Japanese Imperialism

Japan: An Economic and Financial Appraisal. By Harold G. Moulton. Washington: The Brookings Institution. \$4.

The Japanese Population Problem. By W. R. Crocker. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

Japan's Special Position in Manchuria. By C. Walter Young. The Johns Hopkins Press. \$3.

The International Legal Status of the Kwantung Leased Territory. By C. Walter Young. The Johns Hopkins Press. \$2.25.

Japanese Jurisdiction in the South Manchuria Railway Areas. By C. Walter Young. The John Hopkins Press. \$3.

British Far Eastern Policy. By R. Stanley McCordock. Columbia University Press. \$6.

HERE are six excellent volumes dealing directly or indirectly with the Japanese problem in the Far East. There is a Japanese problem. Let there be no doubt about that. And history may show that it is far graver and more portentous than the Chinese or Manchurian problem. Each of these four writers makes a substantial contribution to our understanding of the background and development of Japanese imperialism. Each approaches his special field in a wholly objective manner. There is no attempt in any of these books to prove or disprove the existence of a Japanese imperialist policy, or to attempt to criticize or justify that policy. Indeed, it is clear that not one of the writers had Japanese imperialism especially in mind when he set to work in his particular field. But we have nevertheless obtained from them a comprehensive, yet simple, explanation of the factors behind Japan's *Drang nach Westen*. In addition, we have in Dr. Young's three volumes an accurate survey of Japanese operations and the Japanese position in Manchuria.

For the general reader Dr. Young's three volumes are a

great improvement over his earlier work, "The International Relations of Manchuria," which was a specialized digest of the various negotiations, agreements, and treaties affecting the Three Eastern Provinces. Unhappily, he pays only scant attention to the economic background of either the Manchurian or the Japanese problem, which, of course, is the key to Japanese activities on the mainland of Asia. He sometimes forgets that the endless quarrels over the railways, the Kwantung lease, political jurisdiction, the 1915 treaties, and the rest are merely surface quarrels, arising from what Mr. Crocker in another connection has called the "accidents of strategy." These controversies are but outward expressions of the real imperialist contradiction that lies far deeper than any dispute over the financing or operation of a railway in Manchuria.

In the work of Professor Moulton and Mr. Crocker we get that economic and social background which is necessary to a more complete understanding of Dr. Young's splendid survey. Professor Moulton regales us with innumerable statistics concerning Japanese economics and finance, a goodly proportion of which are presented here in print for the first time. His book is without question the best reference work of its kind at present available. It is especially valuable for the analysis of Japan's international debt and investment position (which will largely control the lengths to which Japan can go in enforcing its policy in Manchuria) and for the numerous statistical tables contained in its two appendixes. After a most unfortunate opening chapter in which he absurdly attempts to play the role of political prophet, Mr. Crocker discusses clearly and convincingly the pressure of overpopulation upon Japan's food supply, industry, foreign trade, and social relationships. He sees in the overpopulation of a country with as meager economic resources as has Japan the danger of a social explosion should there be no effective relief by way of steady emigration during the next several decades. His work has also an excellent bibliography on the general subject of Japan.

At first glance it would appear that Dr. McCordock's book has little to do with the Japanese problem. But it must not be forgotten that Japan, besides having aspirations of its own, has inherited the British imperialist policy in the northern Pacific area. When England allied itself with Japan in 1902 it confessed that it was unable to check Russian aggression without assistance. Twenty years later, at the Washington conference, the British formally surrendered their imperialist policy in the northern area to the Japanese. Thus Japan in a large sense is carrying forward much of the British policy discussed here by Dr. McCordock.

It is relatively simple to explain Japanese imperialism. It is based in minor part upon the comparative scarcity of home-grown foodstuffs which are needed to keep an already large Japanese population from starvation—Japan proper, with an area approximating that of West Virginia, and with a good deal of that area untillable mountain land, has a population of more than 64,000,000. But in greater measure Japanese imperialism finds its motivating force in a lack of domestic mineral resources, particularly iron ore. Without an adequate supply of iron and fuel, or without free and immediate access to such a supply, Japan can never hope to become or remain that great industrial state of which her leaders have dreamed since 1868, and to which position she must attain (she has not yet reached the goal) if she would have the capitalist states of the West regard her as one of themselves. Hence she has set out upon the high road of exploitation and colonization that Karl Marx called the "brute-force" route to capitalist accumulation. Marx pointed out that Spain, Portugal, Holland, France, and England all employed "the power of the state, the concentrated and organized force of society, to hasten, hothouse fashion, the process

of transformation of the feudal mode of production into the capitalist mode, and to shorten the transition." But if this was true of the earlier imperialist Powers, it has been more especially true of Japan, as its history in the last sixty-three years so pointedly shows.

Unlike the United States, where colonial exploitation has been left to private initiative, although with the full understanding that the exploiters would have the support of the government whenever necessary, but very much like France, a country that closely resembles Japan in its intensely nationalistic outlook, Japan has exercised virtually complete governmental control over colonial exploitation and investments abroad. Private greed has not been without its influence on this policy, of course, as Dr. Moulton suggests on pages 304 and 305 of his book. But on the whole individual entrepreneurs and investors have had to subordinate their own ends to the larger goal of the state. Particularly with regard to minerals has this been the case. In "World Minerals and World Politics," C. K. Leith declared that the "Japanese government keenly realizes its lack of raw materials, and the acquirement of minerals is one of the cardinal features of its foreign policy." The government is very active in the development of the domestic iron-and-steel industry. It is directly associated in the exploitation of the mineral resources of Japan proper, certain sections of China, Formosa, and Sakhalin Island. It owns and controls the South Manchuria Railway, and by virtue of the collateral privileges attaching to the original Russo-Chinese railway agreement it controls the coal and oil deposits in the Fuchun district and the iron ore in the Anshan district of Manchuria. Thus it may readily be seen what emphasis the government places upon iron ore and fuel as essential factors in Japan's imperialistic development. It is unfortunate for the political and territorial integrity of China that Japan has had to go to Manchuria for so much of its iron and fuel. The present controversy in Manchuria, though ostensibly a dispute over railway rights and political treaties, is actually a consequence of that compelling economic necessity.

There is still another angle of Japanese imperialism that needs careful exploration. No writer has yet attempted the task of inquiring into the purely military aspects of Japanese policy in such a way as to make the program of the militarists really intelligible. In speaking before the Council on Foreign Relations last winter, Secretary Stimson sought to excuse American activity in Central America and the Caribbean area partly on the ground that the present position of the United States in that region must be maintained in the interest of national security. The same excuse can be advanced with regard to Japan's position on the Asiatic mainland. The military problems here involved are tremendous; all of Northern Asia as far west as Lake Baikal is level and open; this section offers no natural defenses whatever for Japan or for Japanese holdings in Korea and Manchuria; it would be but logical, from the standpoint of the Japanese nationalists, to desire to have this stretch of territory brought under Japanese control. A military program with this in view must exist. There was a hint of it in various public utterances of the later Premier Tanaka, and again in the infamous Twenty-one Demands. There was more than a hint of it in Japanese activities in Siberia during the Allied intervention of 1918-20. The Japanese poured 72,000 troops into Siberia; they spent more than \$450,000,000 on this adventure; their forces reached all the way from Vladivostok to Lake Baikal—but their aggressive interest stopped short of the mountains in the vicinity of Lake Baikal. Beyond these mountains, beyond this natural defense, they did not care to look. Let someone inquire into this question and we may learn that there is something more than economic pressure behind Japan's *Drang nach Westen*.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

False Start

American Writers on American Literature. Edited by John Macy. Horace Liveright. \$5.

MR. MACY has collected thirty-seven essays on American literature. That is all the book is—a collection of essays. Though "all the more important figures in American letters are treated," the book presents neither a comprehensive account nor a consistent interpretation of American literature. Mr. Macy has merely brought together "a diversified group of collaborators" and "left them free to treat their subjects in their own ways."

As is inevitable in such a collection, the essays are uneven, some good and some bad, some fresh and some familiar, some objective and some personal. Most of them are fairly good, but Louis Bromfield's Hawthorne, Llewellyn Jones's Contemporary Fiction, and one or two others are downright bad. Most of them are reasonably fresh, but a few of them, like Raymond Weaver's Melville and Louis Untermeyer's Contemporary Poetry, merely rehearse facts and opinions that their authors have published elsewhere. Most of the writers are objective, but Hamlin Garland delivers a lecture on the state of literary morals, William Allen White makes a plea for the writers of the eighties, and James Oppenheim airs his rather bizarre views of psychology. If one were to announce an honor roll, it would certainly include Rupert Hughes's essay on the Revolutionary writers, Alfred Stanford's Cooper, Robert Morss Lovett's Lowell, Robert Herrick's Henry James, and George F. Whicher's Poetry After the Civil War. But by far the greater number of the contributors are competent or better than competent, though those who discuss the literature of the twentieth century seem less obviously adequate than the majority of the others.

In short, the book is, of its kind, as good as could be expected. What one objects to is the kind. The truth is that we have had enough essays and collections of essays on American literature. What we need is a comprehensive and consistent interpretation of that literature. Parrington has come closer than anyone else to giving us one; but "Main Currents in American Thought" suffers because it is so much more than a history of literature, because the author's literary taste was by no means reliable, and because his liberalism frequently blurred his vision. Nevertheless, Parrington showed the way, making clear the value of finding a point of view and sticking to it. That is why his "Main Currents" is so much more valuable than the "Cambridge History." That is, indeed, why Mr. Macy's own bit of pioneering, his "Spirit of American Literature," has a kind of historical importance that this collection of essays can never have.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that Macy is right when he says in his introduction that no individual can master the entire field of American literature. That is why we must expect to have an increasing number of collective enterprises. But the collective enterprise, whatever its quantitative advantages, cannot surpass, cannot even equal, the individual effort unless it is genuinely collective. If the collaborators have a common point of view, then their product will be not only comprehensive and accurate but also unified and interpretative.

What point of view, someone may ask, would serve? Any point of view, one might answer, and with some truth. But we need not leave the question there. It is to be observed that very few of Mr. Macy's authors manage to write their essays without discussing the American scene. Surely even Mr. Macy, who is distressed because critics of a certain school will not permit him to read about Mark Twain or Walt Whitman without becoming "entangled in economics and philosophy," will

grant that if critics are to discuss American life they ought to know something about it. Many of his contributors seem to know very little indeed. It may be suggested, then, that the desired point of view must permit an understanding of economic and historical processes as well as literary values. Where are we to find such an attitude? One answer to this query, adopted by a gradually increasing number of critics, is based on the doctrines of Marx and his followers. Some day, when the number is large enough, these critics may band together and try the systematic application of their attitude to the field of American literature. Such a venture will demonstrate, I am convinced, just how superficial and unimportant "American Writers on American Literature" really is.

GRANVILLE HICKS

The Greatest French Poet

A Season in Hell: The Life of Arthur Rimbaud. By Jean-Marie Carré. Translated by Hannah and Matthew Josephson. The Macaulay Company. \$3.

SOMEONE for whose opinion I have respect once said to me of Rimbaud, the boy who wrote the bulk of his poetry in his sixteenth year, deserting all literature with horror and disgust at eighteen: "It is not really his poetry which charms you into penning titles like the one above, but rather the circumstances of his extraordinary life." Mr. Josephson, in his excellent preface to this biography, shares, apparently, my friend's sentiment. "Genius of poetry," says he, "though he undoubtedly was, the most beautiful and enigmatic thing of all Rimbaud did was certainly his own life." And again: "His life had a dreadful beauty." The biographer himself agrees with his translator, for he has told and told well the tale of Rimbaud's qualifications for the martyrology of artists, but he has also said remarkably little about Rimbaud's art. Since I myself have written no fewer than five times of Rimbaud's life, I will limit myself here to his poetry.

In other words, the three problems which so constantly agitate Rimbaudians—those of his precise relationship with Verlaine, his desertion of literature, the reality of his deathbed reversion to his childhood's religion—do not, in this brief notice, interest me at all. As regards the first of these one can only say *non probatum*, adding that a boy who deliberately sets out (at fifteen) "to become a seer by a long, immense derangement of all the senses" might well include perversion within that *dérèglement* without this fact being a forty years' wonder for two generations of pious scribes. As regards the second, the poet has explained himself in "Un Saison en Enfer." As regards the third, the last word on the subject was uttered, not by Paterne Berrichon, nor by the present French Ambassador to the United States, but by the old chaplain who attended Arthur in his death agony long ago, when he said to Isabelle Rimbaud: "Your brother has faith, *mon enfant*; what were you telling us just now? He has faith such as I have never beheld before."

As for his work, it has been too much approached from the psychologic, or rather psychopathic, standpoint. It would be interesting, for instance, if some talented scholar like Professor Lowes would do for the boy's reading what Professor Lowes has done for that of Coleridge, showing how little of Rimbaud's poetry is properly comprehensible without reference to what he read before the year 1870. Incidentally the great crisis in modern French history—namely, Sedan and the Commune—coincided with the crisis in Rimbaud's development, with his great year as a lyric poet. Nor was he unaffected by these events; witness the terrible poem beginning:

Société! Tout est rétabli: les orgies
Pleurent leur ancien rôle aux anciens lupanars . . .

When all is reestablished after the depression, doubtless we should have our Rimbaud, but we shall not get him. "Shall we dare," as Mr. Josephson writes harmoniously, "to begin at the horizons where he expired?"

In a curious page of literary history, written at sixteen, Rimbaud himself judges his nation from the standpoint of poetic art. "Nothing has existed in poetry," he says with juvenile arrogance, "since the time of the Greeks." (At that time Rimbaud knew nothing of Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, and other English romantics, only hearing of these last when he was feverishly learning English, a year or so later, in the alcoholic company of Verlaine.) Most authors, he continues, are mere egoists, who are authors by profession because authorship gives them the opportunity to employ the first person singular the maximum number of occasions in print. Then follows the famous "seer" passage, the "long, immense derangement of all the senses," etc. "Other horrible workers," he concludes, "will begin at the very horizons in sight of which he expired." Such was Rimbaud's theory of "poetic inspiration."

The results of the theory can be interestingly studied in that chapter of M. Carré's life entitled *The Death of Chimeras*. The results were, on one hand, several examples of the most absolute poetry to be found in any tongue, and on the other "a season in hell," companioned by such strange associates as alcohol, drugs, vagabondage, possible perversion, and the society of M. Paul Verlaine, all encountered at the critical age of sixteen to seventeen. The result, in a word, was the death, poetically speaking, of the poet. Rimbaud's sin was that heroic and mysterious one, the sin against the Holy Ghost perhaps, of attempting to take heaven by storm. His work during those three years (1870-73) was, according to the expression of Duhamel, "a violent abbreviation of the history of literature; in three years he had passed through the entire literary evolution of modern times." "In his progress toward the impossible," M. Carré concludes, "he touched madness, and suddenly sobering, stopped short." It was high time, and the sequel is that Rimbaud eventually became a commercial agent, and was reconciled with the Catholic church on his deathbed at Marseilles.

It was Rimbaud's aim to realize within himself an absolute and burning unity which should express itself wholly in his art. By 1873 he had already discovered the impossibility of this horrible ideal. "I have said God. I want *liberty in salvation*," he cries poignantly in "A Season in Hell." But we are not, psychologically, a unity, but a whole colony. There is the athletic self, the animal self, the intellectual self, the poetic self, the religious self, and so on. "In the rich counterpoint of life," Mr. Huxley has written, "each separate melody plays its indispensable part. The diapason closes full in the complete *man*." It was Rimbaud's tragedy that, great seer though he was, he never quite seemed to understand this desirable polytheism, or polyphony if you will, of the human being. No, one of his selves must be prepared for the profession of letters by a long, deliberate "derangement," and the other selves must be lopped and mutilated in the process. Because, when he had hardly traversed the crisis of puberty, he was exposed to a prolonged hang-over, made up of narcotics, alcohol, and Verlaine, he must abandon literature, beauty, and love. Because there was in him both a pagan and a Christian (and heaven knows how many other things also), the Christian must not gain the mastery until the bitter end. Obviously this boy was a truly tormented being as well as a very great poet. It might have been better for him (though not for the *surréaliste* sect) if he had never seen Paris. There is an early poem, written at fifteen, the first lines of which I am quoting in conclusion:

Par les soirs bleus d'été, j'irai dans les sentiers,
Picoté par les blés, fouler l'herbe menue;
Rêveur, j'en sentirai la fraîcheur à mes pieds,
Je laisserai le vent baigner ma tête nue.

Among the many selves in Rimbaud there was one to which in his fashion he was true, the nature that bore him. Again Mr. Huxley has put it better than anyone else in one of his philosophic essays: "I like the moist, still, earthy perfume of the flowers on the growing plant that has its roots deep burrowing and darkly living in the soil!"

CUTHBERT WRIGHT

Forty Farmers

Men of Earth. By Russell Lord. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.

MR. LORD relates that the United States Department of Agriculture once sent its best photographer out over the country with instructions to bring in pictures of real farmers—all kinds, caught in representative poses. He does not add, as he might, that the department should have sent him also, with instructions to bring in literary likenesses which could serve as accompanying texts. For all one knows, that is the destiny reserved for the chapters in this admirable book. Mr. Lord, who went at the command of a magazine to study forty farmers on their farms, came back with sketches which certainly make their originals clear, which certainly make them interesting, and which in themselves are literature of a valuable kind. The American farmer has been much written about in his time, but seldom has he been studied to better effect than he is here, or by a better writer.

Mr. Lord, himself brought up in the country, was educated in agriculture and has spent his whole adult life thinking and writing about the contemporary American farmer. So of necessity he is much interested in a certain transitional aspect which this person now presents. He is interested, that is to say, in the tendency, or the fate, of the farmer to become an industrialist. Many of his pages are devoted in consequence to corporate farming, to large-scale machine methods, and to individuals in the Middle or Far West who see a future which shall be nothing at all like the past. He records, for instance, the opinion of M. L. Wilson, Montana prophet of the new wholesale day, that there will come a time when "the fellow who's simply farming to have a home in the country can't stand the pace." He listens to H. P. Miller, Ohio corporate farmer, saying to his neighbors: "We'll come and farm your fields for you. We'll crop for you in the same way that threshermen have always come in and threshed for you. Plant, cultivate, harvest—the whole business." And he keeps everywhere in the foreground the picture of an America which before long may be as organized and mechanized between its cities as it is within them.

But that is not his whole story, nor is it, one can imagine, the part of it which really interests him most. Without any sentimentality of the sort that wishes to recall the century of Currier and Ives, Mr. Lord is still possessed of a great affection for the kind of farm which supports a family, affords an absorbing existence for all of its members, creates in them a definite character, and in short provides what nothing else in modern America provides—a home. He has respect for the special wisdom which a good farmer must have. "I," he says, "am the sort of man whose mind stops at his collar. A good farmer must be smart all over." When he comes to enumerate the blessings of country life he does not bother about fresh air and the smell of the soil. Those are the things city people talk about. Mr. Lord speaks rather of the pride which a man may take in "(1) owning land and a home; (2) owning and driving a car; (3) running his own business; (4) knowing everybody for miles around, and being known to them." And in the course of his journeyings among individual farmers, from Massachusetts and Maryland to any number of points west, no one has

touched him more than Eugene Elkins of Kansas, whose government photograph, by the way, stands on an opposite page.

He is a powerful, rugged man. He has done in his lifetime an immense amount of hard work. His hands are thick, heavy; the fingers, blunt. Yet when he parts the leaves to show you his best fruit, those hands move deftly, and there is something about them, too, which suggests a devout person handling the Bible. "If you don't like farming," he says cheerfully, "there's nothing to it. I always did like to take care of things around a farm. My boy and I ship a load of cattle a year, as a rule, and two carlots of hogs. But my main pleasure always has been in my lawn and house and garden, and in raising a hundred or a one different little things, just to see what a fellow can do." He led me to a loft room in one of the barns, where he was assembling his exhibit for the coming county fair. One year he showed eighty-three distinct varieties of plants, all raised on the place. He carries the key to that private shop and exhibit room in his own pocket, and leads you there with the delight of a boy.

Mr. Lord, in other words, is old-fashioned enough to be interested less in the economics of agriculture than in its ethics. But it is probably not a matter of fashion with him so much as it is a matter of art. For Mr. Lord, I suspect, is a novelist without knowing it. It is the individuals here—on an island in Lake Michigan, in St. Mary's County, Maryland, on an Indian reservation in New York State, in Ohio, in Illinois, in Indiana—that count and that one will remember. Mr. Lord has sketched many of these individuals with master-strokes. All true, and all different, they make a brilliant book; and remind us how interesting a place the United States still actually is.

MARK VAN DOREN

Sargent's Blue Boy

Life Was Worth Living. By W. Graham Robertson. Harper and Brothers. \$5.

IN one sense the surviving Victorians are more alive today than they ever were. They are busily writing memoirs and biographies. The past year has unearthed William Rothenstein, Arthur Symonds, Evan Charteris, Frank Harris, and now W. Graham Robertson, who stood for Sargent's masterpiece, a portrait that in all likelihood will go down in history as a companion to Gainsborough's Blue Boy.

Sargent's Titian-haired model, a Diana of young men, lives up to whatever may be expected from him—and more. Superficially he is a garrulous ghost of the yellow and lavender nineties, an illustrator and stage-costume designer who has long outlived his reputation. But anyone who takes him for a chattering fool is very much mistaken. He assumes his cap and bells with deliberate art, an art that he mastered as a boy sitting at the feet of Burne-Jones, Henry James, Sarah Bernhardt, Henry Irving, John Sargent, Ellen Terry, James Whistler. Even now, he takes the advantage gained by his physical beauty; the innocent soprano voice is heard and the mild eyes are wide with artfully simulated naivete.

His sketches of Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, John Sargent, and Henry James are priceless. He recreates the divine Sarah quite as she must have been—a marvelous girl whose energy swept away all opposition. Good actress or bad (what does it matter?) it was enough to hear the curiously artificial voice, to see the Bernhardt symbol of immortal youth, her favorite role, a sixteen-year-old girl decomposing in a coffin. It becomes evident that the secret of her art lay in a play of her own making. The extremes of life and death were compressed into a single image; whatever part she acted, or pretended to act, was made to fit the picture, a melodrama in

itself, the perfect expression of her time, significant as ■ paradox recited by Oscar Wilde.

Graham Robertson has nothing but praise for Henry Irving, lavish praise of the sort that convinces one that Irving was the father of Shakespearean ham acting. Irving as King Lear, spitting on his hands before lifting the body of a murdered girl, is a remarkable portrait. Irving would have none of his contemporaries; they were disgusting. But "Macbeth isn't disgusting," he said. "I don't believe the public wants disgusting things."

The story of the Sargent masterpiece fully discloses Graham Robertson's value as a raconteur. Sargent asked him why he had never painted himself, and Robertson replied gravely, "Because I am not my style." Sargent did not see the joke until three days afterward at a dinner party. Robertson still protests, modestly, that the epigram was unconscious. Perhaps he would like to have us take his entire book as a piece of unconscious writing and completely sublimated wit. The attitude, however, drops from his shoulders upon the very last page. We see him an old man in the country taking excellent care of his pet dogs. He hopes that he has told nothing that will offend the dead, that he has been discreet. Then, with the now familiar, innocent smile, he says: "A really interesting book could be compiled from my omissions and I think I could promise that it would prove a best-seller. . . . I know I can promise that it will never be written."

HORACE GREGORY

Science and Soviet Russia

Science at the Cross Roads. London: Kniga.

THIS book is a collection of papers presented by the delegation of Soviet scientists to the Second International Congress of the History of Science and Technology, held in London last summer. It is built around a double theme, is both a plea for rational planning and for a thorough scientific organization of social life, and an advocacy of a socialistic reconstruction of science itself.

Arguments in favor of rational planning may not strike American readers as startling or even as novel. They are, however, timely enough as an answer to those who clamor for "slackening the jazz band of industry," as well as to those who come forward with schemes for an organized and rationalized capitalism. To the advocates of machine-wrecking the authors rightly point out that our troubles lie not in machine industry and mass production but in the archaic property relationships behind our industrial system. The two articles by M. Rubinstein on Science and Technology and on Electrification are especially interesting as showing clearly the folly of those of us who cherish the naive belief that scientific organization of industry is compatible with capitalism. Like everything else, the application of science is subordinated in our societies to the motive of profit. And those who are responsible for the management or rather mismanagement of our economic life have at their disposal a thousand and one ways by which they can sterilize the work of science the moment it comes into conflict with this supreme motive. "Buying out patents, supporting obsolete plants, fixing cartel prices according to the manufacturing cost of the worst plants, secrecy in scientific research, fear of innovations that threaten depreciation of old capital stock"—these items of Professor Rubinstein's indictment are too familiar to be in need of special comment.

The center of gravity of the book, however, lies in the second theme. Most of the articles are concerned with showing that science itself is badly in need of redemption and that communism is the new Messiah. We should certainly have no reason to quarrel with the authors if what they meant by a recon-

struction of science were the necessity of coordinating the application and teaching of science with industrial requirements and making them a deliberately planned, publicly controlled collective enterprise energized with cultural meaning and social-mindedness. This the authors largely have in mind. And the present volume offers highly valuable illustrations of how the gulf is being spanned in Russia between brain and hand workers, how closely the school and laboratory are being brought together with the factory and farm, how intimately theory and practice are being fused.

But the ambition of the authors, which is representative of the aspirations of Soviet intellectuals in general, goes much farther than that of securing ■ more intimate union between industry and science. Aiming at rewriting the entire European cultural inheritance, they try to carry the work of reconstruction into the heart of scientific theories. For, as one of the authors, B. Zavadovsky, says, "scientific theories express not only the actual level of knowledge attained by science but also the ideological justification of economic interests of warring groups and classes." Not only economics but also sciences like mathematics and physics are thus marked by the stamp of capitalistic degradation. All Western sciences are afflicted with incurable antinomies and crises reflecting the disintegration of capitalism in general. It is only communism that can rescue science from the morass of mysticism and spiritualism into which it has been sinking of late.

Soviet writers are notoriously prone to exaggerate the troubles of other people. The tale of Western science is not so woeful as our authors would have us believe. The private mystical vagaries of the Eddingtons and Jeanses have no more interfered with their practical scientific work than Newton's interest in the apocalypses obscured his judgment in his studies in optics. Nor have they influenced students to give up science for theology. The fact is that the enrolment of students for scientific courses has been growing tremendously everywhere. In the United States, the citadel of capitalism, it is the anti-vitalists that are doing a most thriving business in biology. To believe our authors, most Western physicists are drifting away from determinism. Even if this were true, it would not prove much; it might signify merely ■ repudiation of dogmatism.

That there is something the matter with Western science is not ■ Soviet invention. The breakdown of traditional categories in physics and the vicious circle in which mathematics seems to have become involved have led many scientists to speak of an actual crisis in science. But one wonders how communism can be a remedy for logical evils. The release of pent-up energies, an increase of leisure, an enthusiasm methodically stimulated by all social agencies may lead in Russia to a great expansion of science and thus indirectly to a solution of many of its difficulties. Of course the opposite may also happen. The refinement of analysis and a wider interest may bring to light difficulties that were not obvious to cruder methods of research, may, in other words, create ■ situation analogous to the one confronting us at present. In any case the citizens of Soviet Russia will solve our problems as scientists and not as Communists.

It is true that our authors claim to possess a master-key for unlocking all mysteries. We are assured in all seriousness that all our scientific troubles will be over as soon as the scientists adopt the philosophy of dialectic materialism. The recommendation to cure scientific difficulties by means of metaphysics certainly sounds queer on the lips of thinkers priding themselves upon being 100 per cent scientific.* For dialectic materialism is essentially a metaphysical doctrine. Modeled upon the Hegelian dialectic, it infuses into history and nature the dynamism and advance through contradiction which characterized the development of logical thought for Hegel. By means of a Hegelian legerdemain the dialectic materialists believe that they

can transform wishes into facts and overcome the antagonisms between determinism and chance, between continuity and discreteness, between the finite and the infinite, which prevail in contemporary science. In accordance with the magic formula of the unity of opposites these antagonistic categories are simply declared to be complementary. It is needless to say that we cannot solve difficulties by naming them.

The value of the present volume lies above all in the light it sheds on the new style of ideas that is at present fashionable in Soviet Russia. The repudiation of the policy of watchful waiting and spontaneity, the glorification of conscious planning and guidance from above, the shift of allegiance from speculation and theories to thinking inspired and guided by practice—all this is a manifest tribute to the ascendancy gained by Stalinism in contemporary Russian thought.

JEROME ROSENTHAL

Books in Brief

Sergei Koussevitzky and His Epoch. By Arthur Lourie. Translated from the Russian by S. W. Pring. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

If the padding were removed from this book, the residue would be an inadequate biographical sketch. The author presents his observations on the "epoch" and his opinions about various composers to the detriment of his subject. He justifies these divagations by pleading that there are no tragic shades in Koussevitzky's life. "Fate has always been kind to him; from the very beginning of his artistic career everything has gone smoothly and happily. . . . Confronted with this, one hardly knows which way to turn. One writes a biography and suddenly perceives that there is essentially no biography." On the contrary, the materials for an interesting "life" are ready to hand. The kindness of fate has smothered in many a man the possibilities of development. In Koussevitzky artistic sensitiveness, dynamic personality, and unflagging energy carried him from an obscure provincial town to the heights of his profession. Abundant drama lies in the story of the boy who arrived in Moscow penniless at the age of fourteen, mastered the most unwieldy of the fiddle family so rapidly that at eighteen he was first double-bass in the Imperial Theater orchestra, and at twenty-four won European recognition as one of the three greatest double-bass virtuosi of musical history. When he could have retired with fame and fortune, he made a fresh start as a conductor. Fate has indeed been kind to a man who has shown no fear of fate.

Return I Dare Not. By Margaret Kennedy. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

This is amiable, smart writing about a house party in English high society at which the *pièce de résistance* is a young and incredibly successful playwright. A dowager duchess who has seen life but is now too old for it, her dashing and irresponsible daughter, an extremely beautiful and excessively stupid young married woman, a famous courtesan who is also an earl's daughter, a demure but bright young miss, a famous scientist, a literary pander, and a professional gossip are the other guests. The tale of the playwright's revolt from this artificial fame and these trivial, dashing people makes the novel. The tone is breezy and amusing; an air of sophistication is preserved, with at the same time a cynical awareness of how empty the sophistication is. But the whole thing is unimportant just because the people are trivial and their lives empty. In spite of the fact that she does not always do them justice, Miss Kennedy should stick to her artists. Her Sangers at least had blood in them.

Tune In, America: A Study of Our Coming Musical Independence. By Daniel Gregory Mason. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

Dr. Mason both practices and preaches the doctrine of our musical autonomy. His own compositions constitute as cogent an argument as any he advances in the fourteen articles here assembled from the periodicals in which they first appeared. Independence in act and thought is the theme underlying all these topical papers. "As our American impatience too often defeats us in the achievement of workmanship, so our long habit of feeling inferior to Europe sorely impedes our originality." In place of third-rate imitators of Schönberg and Stravinsky he would have us produce more MacDowells. He reproaches Arturo Toscanini and sundry imported conductors for their neglect of American composers. Taking inventory of the radio repertoire, he finds it overstocked with jazz, and advises the directors to emulate the procedure of the British Broadcasting Corporation. His book is a study not so much of a future condition as of current symptoms.

Drama

Westchester and Washington

SENTIMENT and farce do not usually form a very happy combination. It is hard enough for the outsider to take a lover's pain with appropriate seriousness even under the most favorable conditions, and if he has been encouraged into a laughing mood he is very likely to laugh at the wrong situation. However, Mr. Will Cotton has managed pretty successfully to avoid the pitfalls of his method, and in "The Bride the Sun Shines On" (Fulton Theater) he has turned out the materials for an amusing evening. Add the delightful comic gift of Miss Dorothy Gish and you have a gay little diversion which ought to keep anyone in a good humor without imposing any undue strain upon the higher faculties.

Henry Hull plays the Benedict to Miss Gish's Beatrice. He is a spoiled young composer who carries on a running quarrel with his true love all through the preparations for her marriage to a very dull youth, and who, after declaring that he would not marry her if she were the last girl in Westchester, proposes just as the wedding procession starts for the altar. Then the bride-to-be, in a delightfully unexpected gesture, gives him one swift blow over the head with the three Easter lilies which form her bridal bouquet and exits solemnly in the general direction of the waiting minister. It is hardly necessary to add that the two of them elope before the unfortunate marriage is actually consummated, but it is worth while to pay a tribute to Miss Gish's comic verve, which contributes the touch of distinction necessary to raise the whole thing above the level of pleasant routine. She plays with a certain droll ruefulness which is irresistibly taking, and yet, admirable as her performance is, I believe it less good than one she will be able to give when she has had a longer training in the methods of the stage. At present her performance is a series of brilliant flashes. She rises to each crucial scene with dependable regularity, and in each of them she makes an actual, creative contribution to the humor of the situation. But in the moments between she sometimes seems almost insignificant, and she has a way of appearing to come suddenly to life when something definite is expected of her. For an explanation one turns naturally to the fragmentary technique of the movies in which she got her first training, and one is encouraged in this perhaps too easy theory by a certain delicate play of facial expression which seems almost to demand a close-up to do it justice. In any event,

□ PLAYS □ FILMS □ DANCE □ LECTURES □ DEBATES □

GILBERT and SULLIVAN'S
CIVIC LIGHT OPERA CO. in
IOLANTHE
WITH FAMOUS GILBERTIAN CAST
ERLANGER'S THEA., W. 44th St. Phone. PEnn 6-7963
Nights, 50c to \$2.50 Wed. Mat. 50c to \$1.50. Sat. Mat. 50c to \$2.00
MONDAY, JANUARY 11th—"THE GONDOLIERS"

The Theatre Guild Presents
EUGENE O'NEILL'S TRILOGY
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

Composed of 3 plays

Homecoming, The Hunted, The Haunted

All 3 plays will be presented on one day, commencing at 5:30 sharp. Dinner intermission of one hour at 7 o'clock. No matinee performances.

GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of Broadway

THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS
REUNION IN VIENNA

A comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

MARTIN BECK THEA., 45 St. & 8 Ave. PEnn. 6-6100
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

ARCH SELWYN presents

THE DEVIL PASSES

A NEW
PLAY BY
BENN W. LEVY

with ARTHUR BYRON, BASIL RATHBONE, ROBERT LORAIN, MARY NASH, DIANA WYNARD, CECILIA LOFTFUS, ERNEST THESIGER, ERNEST COSSART.

SELWYN THEA., W. 42nd St. Evs. 8:30 | Prices Evs. \$1 to \$3
Mats.: Thurs. and Sat. | Mats. \$1 to \$2.50

GILBERT MILLER Presents

HELEN HAYES

in MOLNAR'S New Comedy

THE GOOD FAIRY

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd Street

Evenings 8:50

Matinees Thursday and Saturday 2:40

"First American play of the season of any sound quality; a play real in its character, real in its dialogue and consistently intelligent in its approach to its subject matter."—George Jean Nathan, Judge.

THE LEFT BANK

By ELMER RICE

LITTLE THEATRE, 44th Street Telephone LA 4-6620
Evs. \$1 to \$3. Wed. Mat. \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Sat. Mat. \$1 - \$2.50

A Clearing House of Opinion **THE GROUP** Meets at Auditorium 150 West 85th St.

Tuesday, January 12th, at 8:30 p.m.

DEBATE: "HAS RELIGION CONTRIBUTED TO THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION"

RABBI S. GREENBERG, affirm., MAJOR JOSEPH WHELESS, neg.
PROF. WILLIAM MACDONALD, Guest Chairman

Weekly notices request

Subscription: 50c

DEBATE

RESOLVED: THAT THE SOCIALIST PARTY PROGRAM IS INADEQUATE TO SOLVE OUR SOCIAL PROBLEMS

LOUIS WALDMAN vs. A. J. MUSTE

Sunday, January 10th, 8:30 p.m.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC

30 Lafayette Avenue

Tickets: 25c-50c-\$1—At Box Office and Rand Book Store, 7 E. 15th St., N.Y.C.
Jan. 17—Lecture—Harry A. Overstreet

AUSPICES—BROOKLYN FORUM—SOCIALIST PARTY

LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL—2nd Ave. and 14th Street

DIRECTOR, DR. G. F. BECK

(New Session opens Monday, Jan. 4th)

THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION

Beginning Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8:30 p.m.

"Studies in Roman Civilization"

STUDIES IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE

Beginning Sunday, Jan. 10, at 5 p.m.

"The Magic Mountain" by THOMAS MANN

THE AMERICAN SCENE BY LEON SAMSON

Beginning Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 8:30 p.m.

and other courses.

Admission to each Lecture

25 CENTS



REUNION IN NEW YORK

Green Mansions'

DANCE

GREEN
MANSIONS

Friday, January 15, 1932

35 WEST 90TH ST.
Schuyler 4-3250

HOTEL ST. GEORGE

51 Clark Street

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Admission \$1.50

Informal

□

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

□

PLAYS TO SEE

Brief Moment—Belasco—W. 44 St.

Civic Light Opera Co.—Erlanger's—W. 44 St.

Cornelia Otis Skinner—Lyceum—W. 45 St.

Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.

Cynara—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way.

Fata Morgana—Royale—45 St. W. of B'way.

Hay Fever—Avon—W. 45 St.

Mourning Becomes Electra—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.

OF Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.

Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.

Sing High, Sing Low—Sam H. Harris—42 St. W. of B'way.

Springtime for Henry—Bijou—45 St. W. of B'way.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—B'way. & 40 St.

The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.

The Bride The Sun Shines On—Fulton—46 St. W. of B'way.

The Cat and The Fiddle—Globe—B'way & 46 St.

The Devil Passes—Selwyn—W. 42 St.

The Good Fairy—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.

The Left Bank—Little—44 St.

Wolves—49 St.

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LABOR NEWS

"In the Raw"

During this winter of discontent when the suffering of the workers is to be the greatest in American history, you will want to get your facts straight from original sources without "the editorial slant."

Federated Press, labor's only daily news service, offers you either a daily news service from bureaus in Washington and New York plus less frequent service from Pittsburgh and Chicago, at \$5 a month; or

A weekly news service including usually the most important release weekly from each of FP's four bureaus, at \$10 a year. Both payable in advance.

Federated Press is non-partisan, has 100 correspondents watching the hot spots, gets the news too hot to print—and no editor can keep it from you if you take this service. We suggest that clubs, groups, classes and libraries take the service. Republication is expressly forbidden.

FEDERATED PRESS

112 E. 19th STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Oswald Garrison Villard

writes

If I Were Dictator

in

The Nation

Next Week

Miss Gish is as richly endowed with comic talent as any actress now appearing on our stage.

"Of Thee I Sing" (Music Box Theater) is the long-awaited musical satire by the Messrs. Kaufman, Ryskind, and Gershwin. Already a success before the first New York performance, the piece lives up to the expectations which were formed, and it is funny from the moment the curtain goes up on the election parade until it descends upon the caperings of the Supreme Court judges who have been called in to pronounce upon the sex of the White House baby. For the inevitable comparison with Gilbert there is a certain justification. Some of the rhymes are faintly Gilbertian, and so too is the trick of having groups of solemn men break suddenly into a jig. But there is something savage about the extravagance which suggests even more strongly the mood which has made "Ballyhoo" and its imitators phenomenally popular. Kaufman and Ryskind are dealing bludgeon-like blows because there is an anger in the air which makes them seem justified, and the audience roars its approval of slogans like "Vote for Prosperity and See What You Get" in a fashion which suggests that its rage might be ominous if it were not, for the moment, released through laughter.

Doubtless some of the quips are harmless enough. There is nothing really subversive in the conception of the ex-hermit who is selected as the most suitable candidate for vice-president and who stubbornly refuses to concede his own election until the last moment. Neither, perhaps, is there anything dangerous in the resonant Senators. But it is doubtful if there has ever been a time before when the general public would have found pleasing so raucously contemptuous a treatment of the whole spectacle of our government from the President on up (or down) to the Supreme Court itself. John P. Wintergreen ("The Flavor Lasts") is triumphantly elected on a platform of "Love," after a stirring campaign in the course of which he has publicly proposed and been accepted in each of the forty-eight States. A wave of sentiment makes the electorate forget the mistake which his party had made when it sold Rhode Island, but it is annoyed when it learns that he has jilted the Miss White House duly elected at an Atlantic City beauty parade, and international complications threaten when the French Ambassador discovers that

She's the illegitimate daughter
Of an illegitimate son
Of an illegitimate nephew
Of Nap-o-le-on.

Impeachment proceedings are in progress when the lawful wife bursts into the Senate, announces that she is about to become a mother, and thus causes the august body (aware of the fact that it has never impeached an expectant father) to quash the charges, and to break into a triumphal chorus which proclaims that "posterity is just around the corner." "Of Thee I Sing" will assuredly last the season out, but there is at least one prominent out-of-town resident who will never come to see it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

In "Sentinels" (Biltmore Theater) Lula Vollmer, who will be remembered for her excellent "Sun Up," has written another play set in the South, but not one that will add to her reputation. It is the story of the scion of an aristocratic Southern family who kills a blackguardly politician to prevent him from exposing the past of his brother's fiancée, and of the old Negro servant who persuades her own son to take the blame for the murder to save "the honor of the Hathaways." The story would be a hard one to swallow in any case, and it is set forth with stock characters and stock situations. Its redeeming quality is a certain technical deftness.

H. H.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1932

No. 3472

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.....	57
EDITORIALS:	
If Germany Cannot Pay.....	59
The Madness of Great Britain.....	60
Foreign Loans.....	61
Scottsboro, Alabama.....	61
The Art and Mystery of Publishing.....	62
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION... By Hendrik Willem van Loon..	63
PATIENT GERMANY. By Henry Raymond Mussey.....	64
THE CRISIS REACHES WASHINGTON. By Paul V. Anderson....	66
IF I WERE DICTATOR. By Oswald Garrison Villard.....	67
PORTRAIT OF UNDERGRADUATE YALE. By Richard S. Childs..	70
PASADENA LIGHTS ITS OWN. By William Sidney.....	72
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	73
CORRESPONDENCE.....	74
FINANCE: EXPATRIATED INVESTMENTS. By S. Palmer Harman	75
BOOKS, MUSIC, FILMS, DRAMA:	
The Bore. By Mark Van Doren.....	76
Dispossessed. By Leslie Nelson Jennings.....	76
Two Critics. By Henry Hazlitt.....	76
Photography as an Art. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	77
"War Guilt" and France. By Harry Elmer Barnes.....	78
"I Saw Thrones." By Morton Dauwen Zabel.....	78
The Alibi Department. By Ernest Gruening.....	79
Books in Brief.....	80
Music: Composer and Performer. By Arthur Mendel.....	81
Films: "Spectacle" vs. Story. By Margaret Marshall.....	82
Drama: "Ten-Twenty-Third". By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	82
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	84

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

will not make them. It is to make loans that even the newly organized National Credit Corporation or the newly organized railroad pool will be unable or unwilling to make. This means that it is bound to have a high proportion of bad loans—that is, a fairly large proportion of the loans will turn out to be gifts, or doles, to industry. The bill itself, however necessary it may now seem to be, is another disturbing example of the naive faith that the federal government, with its own bonds at a discount, and faced by the prospect of a series of unparalleled deficits, can take care of every situation by huge bond issues.

THE HONOLULU AFFAIR is unfortunate from every angle. With the brutal attackers of a woman, whether or not she is white and the wife of an American naval officer, it is not possible to have any sympathy; when there was reason to believe that their trial for criminal assault was conducted half-heartedly by the prosecution and when they were defended—at evidently large expense provided by unknown persons—by the best counsel available in the islands, the result being a hung jury, enormous indignation among American residents was inevitably engendered. But the situation was not helped in the least when the husband and mother of the victim took the law into their own hands, and with the aid of two enlisted men kidnapped one of the men accused and are now charged with his murder. The situation is extremely tense. It is rendered more so by the thoroughly deplorable statement of Admiral William V. Pratt, chief of naval operations. "American men will not stand for the violation of women under any circumstances," said the Admiral. "For this crime they have taken the matter into their own hands repeatedly when they have felt that the law has failed to do justice." This is a plain incitement to riot and lynching, and should be answered at once by a severe official reprimand. In contrast to this intemperate statement is the report of Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, Jr., district commandant. Rear Admiral Stirling details, with admirable restraint and lack of visible prejudice, the attack, the trial, and the subsequent efforts to obtain a more effective city police administration. Denial, meanwhile, has come from physicians at the Honolulu emergency hospital of Admiral Pratt's statement that forty assaults had been committed in the last eleven months. Only two, according to Dr. Thomas Mossman, one of them being the case of Mrs. Massie, have been found to be bona fide cases of rape.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S annual message to the New York Legislature was described in great headlines by the New York City press as showing that the Governor's hat was in the Presidential ring and that he had boldly flung down the gauntlet to the Republican leaders. That was misrepresentation pure and simple, for the message was a politician's document with nothing outspoken in it. It is true that he demanded a new leadership in the country, but if anybody can find a vestige of leadership in this document itself, it is more than we can. What is one to think of a message in which the author says at one moment that we

CONGRESS can hardly be charged with failing to act with the proper rapidity on the bill to create a Reconstruction Finance Corporation, but in this, more than in most cases, speed purchased at the expense of thorough consideration may prove to be rather expensive in the long run. The powers granted to the proposed corporation are extremely broad; it is to make loans to railroads, to banks, to insurance companies, to exporters, and apparently to any business that applies for them. Some of these loans are to be long and some short term. The businesses with which the new corporation are to deal, in short, as well as the types of loans, are so diverse in nature that it may be asked whether, in the interests of sound administration, two or more corporations might not have been proposed instead of one. As no loan under the present bill is to be made to a railroad without the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission, one wonders whether it would not have been better in the first place to put the entire control of loans to railroads in the hands of a separate corporation conducted by the commission. The loans to banks might also better have been put into the hands of a separate corporation. Further, there should be a much clearer understanding than there is of just what the corporation is or is not going to attempt. It is apparently to make loans only where the Federal Reserve banks, or commercial banks, or private investors

must rebuild "our economic and social structure upon a surer foundation," and that the situation calls for the "reconstruction [*sic*] of a better-ordered civilization in which the economic freedom of the individual will be restored," and then goes on to say that the "American system of economics and government is everlasting"? The message is a great disappointment and merely confirms the belief that the Governor is a charming person, an increasingly astute politician, able to pull with reformers, the Republicans, and Tammany Hall, and a man who does not advance the cause of reform one whit. With all due regard for his many fine traits, his amazing courage in the face of personal adversity, we cannot see in Franklin Roosevelt any promise whatever of the leadership in national affairs of which the United States is in need.

THE LATEST Congressional election, that in the First New Hampshire District, resulted in another smashing defeat for the Hoover Administration. By about 3,000 votes, in weather below zero, with the roads blocked by snow, this rock-ribbed Republican district elected a Democrat, William N. Rogers. Five out of the six cities in the district were carried by Mr. Rogers, who is the first Democrat to enter the House from New Hampshire in ten years. During his campaign he freely criticized the Administration, and the paramount issues on both sides were unemployment and the industrial depression. The Administration must be further interested in the outcome because Mr. Rogers stood as an out-and-out wet. For once Senator Simeon Fess, Mr. Hoover's chairman of the National Republican Committee, did not come out and say that the election was, everything considered, really a vindication for the President. The gloom at Republican headquarters was apparently too much for his usual outburst of Pollyanna nonsense.

SECRETARY STIMSON appeared before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs on January 6 and assured it that "there is no gentleman or lady member of our delegation [to Geneva] who is either a man or woman of imperialistic tendencies. On the contrary, they are the most practical pacifists I know, sir." He is entitled to his opinion, but it cannot change ours that we have yet to perceive in any of their actions or utterances either true pacifism or practical leadership in the direction of disarmament or peace. We rejoice to hear him say that "the conference carries the hope of the peace-loving people of the entire world," and that when it meets in Geneva it will realize that "something must be done or the state of the whole world will be dashed into a disastrous condition." The day before, Mr. Stimson's colleague, Secretary Adams, was being challenged before the House Naval Committee to explain why it was that he and the Navy Department were urging a ten-year program to build 120 warships at a cost of \$616,000,000 so as to bring our navy up to the highest limit allowed by our treaty stipulations. In self-defense Secretary Adams declared that he was not disloyal to Mr. Hoover but represented Mr. Hoover's point of view. This is quite characteristic of the mental confusion of the Hoover Administration. The President has repeatedly demanded disarmament and at the same time urges that we build a larger fleet even in this time of economic disaster and of national deficit. Mr. Stimson, too, weakens our position by stating that our navy is already limited by international agreement and that

we have reduced our army to such figures that "no foreign statesman could with a straight face say that it could be regarded as a menace to anybody."

THE STIMSON NOTE to Japan and China has served to clarify the official American attitude toward the Manchurian problem, though the extravagant interpretation placed on the note abroad has tended to obscure the real purpose of the communication. According to this interpretation, Secretary Stimson has invoked the Nine-Power Treaty against Japan. Such is the view held in Geneva, Nanking, and elsewhere, but not, be it noted, in Tokio or Washington. A more careful reading of the document reveals it as a reminder to both Japan and China that whatever happens in Manchuria the United States intends to defend its treaty and other rights in that territory. A supplementary explanation by the State Department upholds this view. In this statement the department said that "we have no desire to question Japan's legitimate treaty rights in Manchuria," or "to intrude ourselves into any settlement which Japan and China may make of their present unhappy difficulties" so long as that settlement "does not impair our rights or our citizens' rights in China" and is "not achieved by a violation of the methods agreed to in the Kellogg pact." It may safely be said that in its Manchurian policy the State Department has placed American rights before all else, giving the Kellogg pact only secondary consideration. The department obviously does not intend to interfere in any arrangement whereby the sovereignty of Manchuria might be transferred to Japan, if that transfer is made peacefully, and if provision is made to maintain our traditionally cherished "open-door" policy in Manchuria.

THE STRAW VOTE taken by the council of the National Economic League among its members throws an extremely interesting sidelight on the present state of a rather liberal section of "expert" opinion on the leading economic issues that confront the country. On the question of war debt, it is interesting to learn that among the 1,607 ballots returned by its membership of 5,000, only 14 per cent favored complete cancelation of the war debts and only 32 per cent favored reduction, with 41 per cent favoring a further postponement and 13 per cent voting against any further action at all. The vote of the League's special committee of thirty-seven members, made up partly of industrialists and more largely of academic economists, revealed a more advanced opinion on these questions. Forty-four per cent voted for cancelation and 32 per cent for reduction, a total of 76 per cent for either one course or the other, as compared with an actual minority for either course on the part of the national council. On the tariff, 75 per cent of the membership of the council voted in favor of immediate reduction; thirty-three of the members of the special committee also voted for immediate reduction, while only three favored keeping the rates as they are at present and no member voted for an increase. It is significant that 83 per cent of the ballots favored a national economic advisory council "to suggest policies for promoting the economic betterment of the country," and that 85 per cent voted in favor of a proposal to amend the anti-trust laws to allow, with certain safeguards, business concerns "to enter into contracts for the purpose of equalizing production and consumption."

THE DELUSION PERSISTS, and under the impulsion of the depression gains ground, that low wages are an appropriate corollary of low prices. But new support has been given to the advocates of high wages by a costly and painstaking survey recently completed by the International Labor Office, which was financed by Edward A. Filene through the Twentieth Century Fund, of which he is president. The survey took two years to finish, and covered fourteen European cities. Its purpose was to discover the amount it would cost workmen in these cities, under the special conditions of each locality, to achieve the same standard of living as a Ford laborer in Detroit. This study reveals that the disparity in prices between this and foreign countries does not by any means account for the difference in wages. In fact, living costs in Stockholm were found to be in excess of those in Detroit. The real advantage possessed by the American worker is the growth of machine production, scientific management, large-scale distribution, and efficient labor, which makes the cost of many common articles lower here than similar goods abroad. The moral is, of course, as pointed out by Dr. Leo Wolman in analyzing the survey, that "high wages are not incompatible with low prices." Dr. Joseph H. Willits, of the University of Pennsylvania, also declared, "Certainly no great national prosperity can ever be founded upon low wages." We recommend the I. L. O. report to those hard-boiled "realists" in industry who leap instantly toward their pay rolls whenever conditions furnish the merest semblance of an excuse to dock their men.

JULIUS ROSENWALD was not only a pioneer in developing the highly useful mail-order house for general merchandising, he was also a notable philanthropist with a large sense of responsibility to the community. The latter is not too often found among men of wealth, despite our Carnegies, our Rockefellers, our Harknesses, and many others. The known gifts of Mr. Rosenwald total \$62,000,000, a sum which by no means covers the amount of his giving. To our mind his greatest benefaction was the aid extended by him to Negro education in the South. No less than 5,500 schools for Negroes have been erected, chiefly in rural communities, as a result of his offer to give a certain sum if the communities involved would raise the rest needed. That this meant double taxation for the Negroes is true; they paid their taxes and got no schools, and then when Mr. Rosenwald came along they had to put their hands in their pockets and raise the money for what should have been given to them as a matter of course. It is pleasant to add that in these undertakings the Negroes were constantly helped by generous and sympathetic white neighbors, occasionally by official bodies in the community. The result has been a marvelous increase in primary educational opportunities for colored people. This was only one phase of a life of extraordinary generosity; it must not be forgotten that Mr. Rosenwald played a remarkably useful role during the war as a member of the advisory commission of industrial experts in connection with the War Department, at the head of the division of food, clothing, and kindred supplies. That he gave of himself and his means without stint to civic enterprises in Chicago, where he made his home, goes without saying.

If Germany Cannot Pay

CHANCELLOR Brüning has declared that Germany can no longer pay reparations. His frank statement, though it did not come as a surprise, has brought about a new crisis in European affairs. It is not enough for German foreign-office spokesmen to explain that Brüning was merely reiterating Germany's position, which they say has long been known to foreign diplomats in Berlin. This is the first time that any responsible German official has publicly announced that Germany cannot continue to pay. It must be noted, however, that Brüning did not specifically repudiate the reparations agreement; he did not say that Germany will not pay. This is important because it has disarmed the extremists in some of the creditor countries in Europe who would like nothing better than to be furnished with an excuse for applying sanctions against Germany, that is to say, an excuse for reoccupying the industrial areas of western Germany. Brüning's announcement was apparently intended to prepare world opinion for the position the German delegation will take at the Lausanne conference. But it has had the effect of awakening new suspicions among the creditor Powers, especially France and Belgium.

In recent months nationalist sentiment in France had been appreciably weakened by the drastic inroads the economic depression has been making in that country. Not only the radicals of the left but even moderate newspapers and the leaders of the moderate political parties were beginning to ask whether the most practical way out of France's and Europe's difficulties did not lie in a general cancellation of all international financial obligations inherited from the war. That Premier Laval was not blind to this development was shown by his efforts to reconstruct his Cabinet so as to give the left increased representation, a move that could only have resulted in modifying the French attitude toward reparations. But with the publication of Brüning's announcement a decided reaction has set in. The press and the political leaders who recently were discussing cancellation are now insisting that France cannot afford to let reparations be dropped altogether. Had Brüning waited with his announcement until the opening of the Lausanne conference, he probably would have had to deal with a French delegation more than willing to listen to reason. He may now have to face a group opposed to any substantial change in the Young Plan, though perhaps willing to grant an extension of the moratorium.

Whatever position the French take, it appears from Premier MacDonald's statement of January 10 that the British will be inclined to support Brüning at Lausanne, but probably not to the extent of approving any move for complete cancellation. In any case it seems certain, to judge from both the British and French reaction to the Brüning statement, that neither delegation will accept any plan that does not provide for the scaling down or outright cancellation of European debts to the United States. Thus Brüning has virtually called upon Europe to choose between crushing Germany and repudiating the war debts owed us. There can be little doubt which course Europe will choose in its extremity.

The Madness of Great Britain

THE Union Jack flies over the buildings of the Indian National Congress but it stays there more as an emblem of dishonor than of victory. A campaign of ruthless repression has been instituted; "nowhere else in civilized or semi-civilized lands," says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* justifiably, "is there such a terroristic regime. . . . Crimes that are not crimes are being punished with amazing severity." Gandhi is treated kindly in his prison, though his deportation, recently demanded by British Tories, is being darkly hinted. Not only have funds of the Congress been confiscated; banking institutions in which Nationalist money had been deposited have been ordered to withhold payment. One after another the leaders of the rebel movement, no matter how non-violent, have been imprisoned at hard labor. The use of the mails and wires has been denied. Freedom of expression is dead. Every chance meeting place of rebellious Indians has been closed. Native ambulances are outlawed. Peaceful picketing is proscribed; children are not exempted from arrest and imprisonment; and the sound of *lathis* falling on Nationalist heads, however innocent of reprisal may be the non-resistant victims, calls forth hallelujahs from the more vindictive British press. Even the shooting of demonstrators—which happily does not parallel as yet the excesses of the previous clashes—is hailed by British officialdom as deplorable but necessary. And worst of all, judges are empowered to pass any sentence, even the death penalty, upon anyone violating the restrictive ordinances, this savage "justice" not requiring the personal presence of the defendant or any evidence beyond a brief description of the "crime." Well may Rabindranath Tagore, who has not always agreed with Gandhi, not to mention the National Congress as a whole, castigate "the primitive lawlessness of our lawmakers."

If jails enough do not exist to contain the Indians who are perfectly willing to fill them for their cause—60,000 Nationalists were confined at one time in 1930—Britain possesses islands in abundance where the casualties of her imperialism may be domiciled. The reckless use of force may, indeed, succeed in clamping down an outward "peace" while the committees authorized by Prime Minister MacDonald draw up a pseudo-constitutional outline of "self-government." But will this be victory for Britain? Can she carry conviction anywhere regarding her declared purpose of instituting a "new deal" in India, when she is obliged to ram it down the throats of an unwilling Indian majority, and by methods hardly removed from medieval barbarism?

The severity, the punishments, the vindictiveness are all evidences of a bad conscience and a hopeless cause. The failure of violence in the face of non-violent resistance has already been amply demonstrated. Gandhi almost at once has won a series of important triumphs. He has convinced the world that the dissatisfaction with British policy and the hand-picked Round Table conferences is not limited to small groups of chronic fanatics, but wells up from the hearts of aspiring millions. He has destroyed the efforts of propaganda to picture him as insincere and—to quote the words of the conservative *Observer*—as "one of the wildest tacticians

alive," filled with "personal hatred of the British regime" that is "senseless and implacable." By the smug scoffers who welcomed him to London (where he was well received by most) he can hardly now be labeled as one "chiefly to be remembered as the man who tried to defy the British climate with a loin-cloth." He has won back the loyal support of his eldest son, Harilal, who has hitherto opposed his policies—a conquest that may have its repercussions on the Indian youth movements. The All-Indian Moslem Congress, which a short time ago was opposing him, has split wide open, and what appears to be a substantial section, if not a majority, has swung behind the non-violent revolt. The Calcutta Corporation by a vote of twenty-seven to fifteen has adjourned as "a protest against the reactionary and oppressive policy." The *hartals*, or suspensions of all normal business and social activity, have closed down shops in the cities and caused commercial havoc. No less a figure than E. C. Benthall, described in dispatches as "president of the foremost European firm in India," has addressed a protest to Premier MacDonald against the Viceroy's crucial refusal to discuss the new repressive measures with Mahatma Gandhi.

The chief strength of Gandhi lies in his integrity of character; the chief weakness of the British raj is its patent willingness to use whatever means it can to impose its will. But the most immediately practical instrument for Indian freedom is the boycott. Indubitably, the boycott this time will be more effective than before. And the effects of previous boycotts have been devastating, although Indian enthusiasts are sometimes inclined to forget the general depression and attribute the decline in volume of business entirely to their efforts. Yet the mill-owners of Lancashire have not been howling at nothing. No amount of ferocity can make Indians purchase British goods. In March, 1931, for example, when Gandhi was out of jail but the boycott still prevailed, imports of cotton yarn and manufactures decreased \$13,000,000 as compared with March, 1930. Imports of gray cotton cloth went down from \$7,000,000 to \$1,000,000; white goods dropped from \$5,000,000 to \$2,000,000; and colored goods fell from \$3,000,000 to \$1,500,000. Associated Press reports disclose that business in Bombay is about 25 per cent of normal, that the exchanges for cotton, bullion, seeds, stocks, and piece goods have been shut down, and that "not one yard of British cloth has been sold in the Bombay wholesale market, which supplies the greater part of India."

Gandhi, however, relies not only on the boycott and other forms of non-violent coercion, not only upon world opinion outside of Britain, but upon the self-respect and conscience of the British people. We await with eager hope a sturdy cry within Great Britain for a cessation of the brutalities in India; we long for a demand that Gandhi and the Nationalists be freed and invited to state their terms anew, and those terms be met by a generosity on the part of Great Britain far less costly than the madness of her present policy. Short of this, the frail but mighty man who calmly spins and prays within the confines of Yerovda prison will shame the British people for all time.

Foreign Loans

NEVER has a mistaken government policy revenged itself so quickly and so completely upon its authors as has that of the State Department in reserving to itself the right to pass upon proposed international loans. We do not know whether it was the international bankers who first suggested this viséing of foreign loans by the government, or whether it was the bright idea of Secretary Hughes, nor do we care. When the policy was first announced we protested against it to the best of our ability. But the authorities were sure that they were right in thus supervising private business which might lead to international complications (which was all the more amusing since the practice began under President Harding and Secretary of Commerce Hoover, whose slogan was "Less government in business and more business in government"). Thus, they said, they could protect American citizens from unwise investments and could decide whether from the political point of view an investment in a given country was or was not unwise or inopportune. As time went on the practice became a precedent, an established policy, and the State Department was so sure of its own wisdom in the matter that it would not even listen to protests that came to it from at least one other department of the government, that of Commerce. Naturally, the bankers were in the main delighted by the arrangement. If now and again they were disappointed in not having certain issues approved, on the other hand they gained enormously by being able to go to their customers and say: "This issue is approved by the United States government, which is especially anxious that our citizens should not invest in bonds of a dubious character." Of course the government never went as far as that, and the bankers did not often put into writing anything so categorical. But the effect was the same.

As the years went on, the State Department was more than ever satisfied. It could keep Americans from lending money to Russia or to other countries on the black books of the government; it had gained additional political power. Things were exceedingly prosperous, our business was on the upswing, and everybody was happy. Then the depression set in and the whole situation changed. American investors wanted to know why it was that the South American loans, which the State Department had approved, defaulted to the extent of \$815,000,000. Of course the State Department explained again that it had never passed on the worth of the loans, but had merely certified that there was no political or international objection to them. But the investor had naturally not looked upon the government's specification as being thus limited. Now it even appears that various loans were approved by the State Department over the protest of the Department of Commerce for purely political reasons. Thus, when the commercial attaché in Colombia reported to the Department of Commerce that "Colombia is running wild on borrowing," that information did not prevent the State Department from approving an extension of a short-term credit of \$20,000,000. Again, in the case of a Bolivian loan of \$23,000,000, made in the United States in 1928, an official of the Department of Commerce protested to the State Department, but was finally induced to consent because

"at that particular moment our diplomatic relations with Latin America were a little upset. . . . As I recall the State Department said that it might result in embarrassment [in view of the approaching Pan-American Conference] if we turned down this loan proposition." So there you have it clearly; no consideration of the merits of the loan, no thought of American investors; just a decision based upon the sheerest political expediency, and stupid expediency at that. Of course the procedure was contrary to law, and it was moreover in defiance of a Senate resolution passed two years ago calling upon the State Department to desist, a resolution which Secretary Stimson practically said he would ignore.

As for the international bankers who have testified, we cannot see that they have added or detracted very much from the picture we already had. There was too much dwelling upon their own excellent motives, especially in the case of Mr. Kahn. James Speyer was refreshingly frank in saying that his firm was out to make money, that its profits were regrettably low, and that it had suffered with its clients through the depreciation of some of the securities it floated. Even here there is nothing new, though some of the Washington correspondents seem to think that there was never any unsuccessful flotation of foreign securities until recently. One need only think of Mexico and the Mexican railways to recall how bonds sponsored by the Morgans and Mr. Speyer's banking house were ruined by the revolutions which followed the end of the Díaz regime. The history of international banking contains many similar episodes. The bankers who deal in international securities are just what they have always been, men out to make as much money as they possibly can, often of limited vision and little understanding of the risks they are taking and the internal conditions of the countries to which they are lending American money; often heedless or unaware of the grave international complications they are invoking. It is not a pretty picture.

Scottsboro, Alabama

ON April 9, 1931, the last of eight boys was convicted of rape in Alabama. They were and are minors; they are Negroes; their alleged victims are white women. The trial, according to friendly and unfriendly reports at the time, was conducted with an accompaniment of obvious local prejudice of the most violent sort. Rape in Alabama is punishable with death. The boys were accordingly sentenced to the electric chair and the date of execution was set at July 10 last. However, notice of appeal was duly filed by counsel for the defense, the day of execution was postponed, and the appeal for reversal of the conviction is to be heard January 21 in the Alabama Supreme Court.

These facts about the Scottsboro case, by now promising to become as celebrated as the Sacco-Vanzetti case in Massachusetts or the Leo Frank case in Georgia, are indisputable. Would that other aspects of the situation were equally plain! For almost from the moment of conviction of the defendants, the unfortunate Negro boys, illiterate, ignorant, helpless, with their equally helpless parents, have been the pawns in a furious battle between two organizations, each, according to its contention, desirous only of saving them from death in the electric chair. We have no

intention of going into the contradictory and acrimonious details of the quarrel between the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the International Labor Defense over who should act as defense counsel in the case. Each side believes the other guilty of misrepresentation and duplicity. Each has been actually guilty of calling names and an attempt to elbow out the other. In a controversy as heated as this has now become it is impossible to take the word of either at its face value or to determine calmly and with assurances of accuracy where the truth lies. It is a fact that the National Association has finally—if anything in the case can be considered final—withdrawn, that Clarence Darrow, Arthur Garfield Hays, and Roderick Beddow, engaged by that association as defense counsel, have also withdrawn, and that as a result the International Labor Defense alone will argue the appeal.

If the merits of the quarrel cannot be discussed in the space which *The Nation* by any conceivable act of generosity could give to it, it is possible to discuss the difference of tactics out of which the quarrel arose and the attitude of mind which each organization displayed and will doubtless continue to display. The N. A. A. C. P. is an organization with a long record of successful championship of Negro rights, particularly in the conduct of court cases. Its membership and its administration are liberal, it is interested in civil liberty for Negroes, it believes in the orderly procedure of protest, newspaper publicity, and legal defense to secure the rights to which Negroes, as well as whites, are entitled. Often it has found that it could best conduct cases relating to Negroes in the South by minimizing its own participation in the cases, believing that white Southern antagonism to a Northern Negro organization would be lessened and the individual Negro victim in question have a better day in court thereby. It successfully carried through to the United States Supreme Court the Arkansas riot cases, the decision of which will be the guiding decision in case either the Alabama Supreme Court or the final federal tribunal decides to reverse the Scottsboro conviction.

What of the International Labor Defense? This organization declares that in the present case it wishes sincerely and solely to save the Negro defendants from execution. To that end, however, it invokes not only the time-honored methods of newspaper publicity and legal action, but it brings in the more complicated issue of the class struggle. The Negro boys are the exploited members of the working class; they are ignorant and poor because the workers are at the mercy of the ruling group; the workers, therefore, by mass-meeting, mass protest, telegrams and letters of disapproval, are urged to register as loudly and as widely as possible their championship of these unfortunate Negro workers and to demand that justice be done them.

This, in brief, expresses the attitudes of the two contending organizations. It is not necessary to take sides with either in order to point out that when principles are so heatedly held and so ardently fought for, the main point at issue, which is that eight black boys less than twenty-one years old shall not be electrocuted for a crime they have by no means been proved to have committed, is likely to be somewhat overlooked. The boys are not in any way able to defend themselves. In shouldering the grave responsibility for their defense the I. L. D. may rest assured that many thousands of persons will watch the case with anxious eyes.

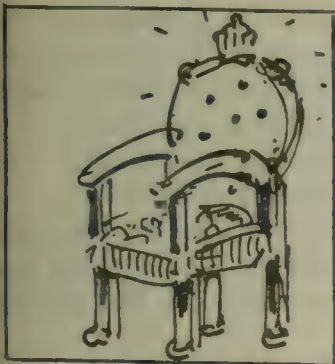
The Art and Mystery of Publishing

MR. O. H. CHENEY, former vice-president of the Irving Trust Company, called in by a group of publishers to diagnose and prescribe for a book business that is not as well as might be, has turned in a 150,000-word report that represents probably the most thorough analysis of the American book business ever made. While the report does not say anything that is completely novel to those within the trade, it does compile statistics that are certain to astonish the average layman. Mr. Cheney finds that less than half of the books on the list of the average publisher produce nearly 90 per cent of his revenue. Statistics on new fiction show that while nine novels in ten sell more than 1,000 copies in their first year, only five in ten sell more than 4,000 copies, only two in ten more than 10,000, and only one in ten more than 20,000. New non-fiction titles are even greater risks, with only six in ten selling more than 1,000 copies, only two in ten more than 3,000, and only one in ten reaching a sale of more than 6,000. Mr. Cheney finds that "the profits of the publishers show an instability second only to that of the returns of the theatrical producers," and concludes that the high percentage of unsuccessful books on the publishers' lists is the result of a policy "subject only to the laws of black magic."

Without attempting here to comment on Mr. Cheney's report as a whole, it is necessary to make certain warnings about it. Mr. Cheney may be entirely right when he argues that the book business is being run chiefly by "economic illiterates" and "incurable romantics," but it is certainly to be hoped that the book business never becomes entirely business-like—at least in the sense in which most other businesses are business-like. The best publishers have always been willing to accept some volumes, not primarily because they thought they would sell, but because they were proud to publish them, even though they were certain in many cases that they would lose money by doing so. This is not to imply that only bad books sell well; for if that were so, the publisher's problem, from the commercial side, would be as simple as if only good books sold well. The problem is simply that there does not appear to be the slightest correlation between the sales of a book and its goodness or badness. Good books sell well and bad books sell well; bad books fail and good books fail. True, certain kinds of goodness in books, as well as certain kinds of badness, achieve a high percentage of success, and a shrewd publisher can guess better on these matters than a stupid one. But the publishing business is essentially a gambling business and likely always to remain one. Intelligence, wide knowledge, and personal discernment will be the chief requirements of the successful publisher in the future as in the past; and Mr. Cheney is profoundly mistaken if he supposes that there are any "scientific" methods of determining in advance what a mercurial book-buying public is going to like. Not while the list of the six best-selling non-fiction books contains "The Stag at Eve" cheek by jowl with James Truslow Adams's "The Epic of America," and makes bedfellows of Eugene O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra" and Culbertson's "Blue Book."

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



I MUST confess that Mr. Ochs's well-known and justly celebrated Sunday supplement gives me great satisfaction. I refuse to wade through his bales of printed matter. He has reduced newspaper writing to the point of anonymity where it is difficult to differentiate it from sheer inanity. He gives us all the

facts fit to print. A warehouse containing fifty thousand cans of embalmed chicken bouillon may claim to give us all the soup fit to eat, but I will pass up on that meal and let Luigi get me a single bowl of *potage santé*, flavored after my own taste and seasoned by his own amiable philosophy of life.

But when it comes to the "pittures"—ah, then we are talking! Or rather the pictures are talking. Not as mere works of the photographer's art, for most of them are exceedingly dull, badly posed, and quite inferior to the art work of the two magazine sections. But for their silent comment upon many interesting little items never mentioned in the news paragraphs, with the headlines Paris or Shanghai or Westchester County, those pictures deserve to be studied much more carefully than is usually the case.

Take the value of these pictorial records as little straws which show the way the wind is blowing. At first the Japanese were preparing for war. The pictures showed us Japanese troops bringing in Chinese prisoners of war, duly garbed in what we were led to believe were regular Chinese uniforms. That was in the days when we still vaguely remembered that a certain ex-Secretary of State by the name of Frank Kellogg had received the Nobel prize for his famous "pact." We did not quite remember what this "pact" had been but it was something in the nature of an international safety-valve. As soon as a number of people got up so much steam that war threatened, there was a loud phoooo-eeeeee, and the Kellogg pact automatically made an end to the disturbance and prevented an explosion.

But somehow or other the Kellogg safety-valve failed to function. Everybody was too polite or too much lacking in honesty to say anything about mere "scraps of paper." Washington ceased to send notes to Tokio about the small barrel of treaties and conventions that had been dropped into the Yellow Sea, and the Japanese Ambassador reassured his dear friends, both north and south of the Potomac, that the whole Manchurian business was nothing but a highly necessary bit of house-cleaning, like that funny little expedition of ours in Nicaragua. "Bandits, Your Excellency and citizens of the great Republic. Just a few bandits and hoodlums."

And behold, the next week the bandits actually made their appearance in the pictorial supplements. Villainous-looking ruffians, scowling gangsters, heavily manacled and

closely guarded by neat and spruce Japanese soldiers doing a turn at "police duty."

By now the Manchurian bandit season is in full swing. Several army corps have apparently been mobilized to chase a few dozen bandits. The navy is on the job to bombard the bandits at long range. Guns are being unloaded to protect the trenches from bandit raids. *Liebesgaben* are being dispatched to the front. The Japanese Red Cross is having its lotus day. The imperial family is presenting gumdrops to victims of the bandits. And the inevitable O-Toyo-San has committed the inevitable hara-kiri that her soldier husband may not be held by domestic ties from chasing bandits.

And now we turn to the second section. There has been a revolution in Spain. When that revolution took place, the papers dug into their morgue and showed us Alfonso *aetat.* one, two, three, four, five, etc., etc., up to forty-nine. (We are contemporaries and how I used to envy him when his pictures first appeared upon the stamps.) There was one taken when the Hapsburg Hopeful got engaged. You may remember the picture. Alfonso, very Hapsburgish, in a uniform and a riding whip, sitting on a chair, and the lovely English bride with a sailor hat (Queen Mary, vintage 1905) standing right behind him. When that picture reappeared in April of last year, I heard a great deal of comment. After all, what could one have expected of a sovereign who quietly sat on his chair while his affianced bride had to do the standing? I remember that I took the monarch's side. I had just discovered that he was a direct descendant in the twelfth degree of that William of Orange whom his great-great-great-grandfather Philip had ordered to be murdered by a hired assassin. In a way, that made him a compatriot. And I took his side and said that it was an old Spanish custom to have your picture taken that way. But I was squelched, so to speak, by the general indignation of all those present. Yet there was one consolation, so the leader of the opposition declared—Spain was now a republic and woman would at last come into her own.

I hereby offer a vote of thanks to Mr. Ochs for his latest contribution to the debate. He brings us a picture of the first President of Spain and his children, taken in the palace where the pantry is still filled with the latest royally ordered groceries. It is a grand picture. All the Zamora men comfortably seated on the royal chairs and all the Zamora women, uncomfortably erect on their republican legs, standing dutifully behind dear papa and the dear brothers.

A great many things happen in this world but one thing always remains the same—someone is forever sitting on a chair and someone is forever standing behind a chair. Sometimes the two change places, but the chair remains the same.

And all the revolutions in the world cannot change that fact—unless we destroy the chair; and then everybody must stand. That, indeed, is a solution, but if you will pardon me—a hell of a solution!

Patient Germany

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Nürnberg, December 23

THE Germans are making brave but rather pitiful preparations to celebrate a cheerless Christmas. As they look forward into the new year, the prospect is one of unrelieved blackness, and not a person with whom I have talked sees a ray of light ahead. Yet after they have told you their personal troubles and perhaps have indicated something of the difficulties that hem in their beloved Fatherland, then almost always, with that incredible patience of theirs, they add a last word: "Hoffentlich geht's besser." Yes, for the sake of Germany and all the rest of the world, it is to be hoped that it will go better, but when and how and whither?

I have just been reading in the press the latest quarterly report of the Institut für Konjunkturforschung, perhaps the best-known German scientific institution for the study of the contemporary economic situation. It ends with December 14, and contains practically final estimates for the year 1931. Its sober statements of fact and opinion are enough to make Moscow chortle with joy. Despite its cheerlessness, it has the advantage of putting the German situation in its place as part of the world picture.

Let us first glance at the setting. The Institute's index of world industrial production, based on the output of 1928 as 100, fell from 83.3 in June of the present year to 79.4 in October. In other words, the world's factories are now turning out a fifth less of actual goods than they were producing three years ago. The Institute figures the fall of prices in the present down-swing at almost 40 per cent, or nearly twice as much as in the period of sharpest price decline during the past sixty years, namely, in the crisis of 1920-21. From 1925 to October of the present year, it finds, the buying power of gold nearly doubled, standing now appreciably above the level of 1913. But instead of the world's money capital having accumulated as a result of the contraction of the past two years, so as to give an impulse for a new upward swing of industry, it declares that the credit resources of the world have been exhausted, and that we are at present, accordingly, in a genuine financial crisis. Every such crisis, according to past experience, ushers in a period of liquidation. The Institute sees no hope in a prolongation of frozen credits, nor does it believe that the transforming of short credits into long ones alone will do much good. The fall of prices must be ended; "therefore, above all, the deflation process must be brought to a stop," and within the gold-standard system the initiative can come only from the creditor countries. On their credit policy, therefore, will depend the development of world economy during the coming months—which would seem to put a heavy responsibility on the statesmen and bankers of the United States and France.

Within this general framework what picture does this report paint of the German situation? The crisis, it declares, has more and more grown out of the realm of the conjunctural and fortuitous. The events in the exchange market, as well as the fall of prices of securities, goods, and real estate, have affected the very fundamentals of currency

and credit administration, which stand in pressing need of thoroughgoing reform. The shattering of credit during the summer gave German production and trade a further shove downhill. Industrial output has declined since July by 8.9 per cent. No one thinks of investing any new capital, and even the ordinary necessary replacement of machinery and equipment is increasingly neglected. With all this, the number of bankruptcies has now surpassed the figures of the disastrous winter of 1925-26, being estimated for the present year at no less than 17,000.

Coming to that which more intimately touches popular well-being, the total income of the German people, which in the prosperous year 1928 is estimated to have reached 75,400,000,000 marks and in 1929, 76,200,000,000 marks, fell in 1930 to a figure of from 68,000,000,000 to 70,000,000,000 marks, and in the present year to only 50,000,000,000 to 60,000,000,000 marks—a catastrophic drop of from a fifth to a third within three years. Nor is this simply a decline in money income; it means real goods. The industrial production of the present year is 30 per cent lower than that of 1928, while the volume of building has fallen from 8,900,000,000 marks in 1928 to 4,500,000,000 in 1931, or practically one-half. The unemployed, whose average number in 1928 was 1,391,000, count not less than 4,600,000 on the average for the present year. Of the 21,000,000 workers in Germany, 5,000,000 are now out of work, and the Institute figures on an increase of 750,000 to 1,000,000 during the winter months. Small wonder that the turnover of goods has declined from 134,100,000,000 marks in 1928 to 105,000,000,000 in 1931. Figures such as these tell their own story to anyone who is acquainted with the meaning of statistical material, and is even slightly conversant with the modest standard of comfort attained by the German people in the very best of times.

When we turn to the statistics of foreign trade, another set of interesting and important facts emerges. The figures for the past five years (in billions of marks) are as follows:

	<i>Imports</i>	<i>Exports</i>	<i>Balance</i>
1927.....	13.8.....	11.0.....	-2.8
1928.....	13.6.....	12.4.....	-1.2
1929.....	13.4.....	13.5.....	+0.1
1930.....	10.4.....	12.0.....	+1.6
1931.....	6.7.....	9.6.....	+2.9

During 1927 and 1928 the stream of foreign capital was flowing merrily in; it enabled Germany not only to make "reparation" "payments" (I use both quotes advisedly) but also to buy imports in excess of the value of her exports. As that stream gradually dried up and became insufficient to do more than cover the tribute the Germans had to pay, exports in 1929 balanced imports, and last year, primarily in consequence of the sharp cutting of imports, there was a "favorable" trade balance of 1,600,000,000 marks. This year there has been a disastrous shrinkage of both export and import trade, so that great numbers of trading firms are ruined—but the export balance has jumped to 2,900,000,-

000 marks, representing a genuine payment of interest and "reparations." But it ought never to be forgotten that up to the last two years, in consequence of the rapid inflow of foreign capital, the Germans never actually paid a dollar of the money tribute that was levied on them—that is, paid it in the sense of discharging an obligation and getting rid of it. They simply paid with borrowed money, mortgaging their patrimony and their future ever more deeply in the process. The attempt to make actual payments during the past two years, under existing price relations, has brought German finances and the German government to the existing state of virtual bankruptcy.

But there is no possibility, German financial conditions entirely aside, of a continuation of the recently existing trade situation, in which the world has been getting some blood out of the German turnip. German exports, which were at the low level of 865,800,000 marks in October, pitched downward to 738,200,000 marks in November, the favorable trade balance falling by just the same amount, 127,000,000 marks. Of the export decline, not more than a third is due to seasonal influences. For the rest, it is the countries that have gone off the gold standard that show, as would be expected, the sharpest fall in their takings of German goods, and now the German exporters stand face to face with what is to them the greatest of trade terrors, a British protective tariff. Small wonder that *Der Tag*, in a front-page article on the subject in its issue of December 16, declares that if the possibility of paying German debts by selling German goods abroad is to be lessened by unfavorable exchange developments and trade restrictions, then Germany may be obliged itself to limit imports in order to maintain its favorable trade balance, "which is necessary in order to guarantee the stability of its currency and to defend it successfully against all attacks from without." Was ever a people more successfully shut up in a squirrel cage and made to run faster and faster for the sake of getting nowhere?

I have made no mention of the Brüning Government's astounding Emergency Decree of December 8, which deserves a volume to itself. Various of the other newspapers share the judgment of *Vorwärts* that it is the sharpest and most comprehensive interference that has ever been made in economic life by a capitalistic state. Interest, rents, wages, and prices are all to be lowered arbitrarily in varying amounts under varying conditions. Everybody is to be better off, and nobody is to be worse off, and apparently it has not occurred to anybody to ask what it is all about. If capitalists by some mysterious hocus-pocus are to be compensated for lower interest and landlords for lower rents by lower prices, and employing business men for lower prices by lower interest and rents and wages, and laborers for lower wages by lower prices and rents, just where does anybody get off this astonishing merry-go-round? The whole thing is senseless except in its relation to politics, reparations, and foreign trade. If it means anything real at all, it means a desperate effort to cut costs by fiat, thus making possible more exports and therefore more payments of interest and tribute. The throwing into the scales of "Brüning's last reserve" by the raising of the sales tax from 0.85 per cent to 2 per cent in the effort to balance the budget is also, according to the Chancellor's own statement, a springboard for the reparation and debt negotiations. What the actual results of the Emergency Decree are to be, nobody actually knows; what

we do know is that it cannot materially increase the ability of the German people to meet foreign obligations.

Meanwhile the Price Commissioner, Dr. Goerdeler, Leipzig's popular Oberbürgermeister, has gone busily to work; various of the cities have already reduced street-car fares and prices of gas and electricity; and arbitrators are busy cutting wages to the decreed level of January, 1927, from which point they had risen considerably by 1930, only to fall again in the present year. In November the wages of skilled male workers in a few of the leading occupations were as follows, stated in marks per hour: coal miners, 1.06; metal workers, 0.89; chemical workers, 1.03; building workers, 1.13; printers, 1.10; textile workers, 0.72; brewery workers, 1.22. Thus the brewery workers, the best-paid of the list, are getting about 29 cents an hour; the textile workers 17 cents, when they have any work. These wages will be reduced from January 1 in amounts estimated at from 8 to 15 per cent in various trades. The decision of the arbitrators in the Rhenish-Westphalian iron industry, the first to be announced for a great industrial district, reduces the wages of skilled workers to 70 pfennigs (about 17 cents) per hour, those of helpers to 55 pfennigs (13 cents). In the light of such figures, there is little need for comment on the possibility of fresh taxes and renewed reparation payments.

And what are the German people doing? For the most part, patiently enduring their privations. For five months I have lived among them, seeing something of almost all classes except the little handful of the rich. I have seen a young miner who has had no work for five years and who has no hope of getting a job again—ever. His father was killed in a mine accident, so his mother draws a pension of thirty marks a month, of which she pays eight for rent. He draws no unemployment benefit, because he is supposed to live with his mother! No wonder he is a Communist. I have seen a well-to-do man of fifty, formerly the proprietor of a good business, now gone. He owns his own house, and the older two of his three children have good positions. They live comfortably, but I notice that in the cold of the North German winter my friend always carries his hands in his pockets. He has no gloves. I have seen a delightful student, the son of a professor, in the last year of a technical college. He had been saving out of his allowance for half a year to get his watch repaired, and had finally given it up. It would have cost seven or eight marks. I will not multiply instances. The three trifling ones I have given suggest the kind of thing I find wherever I go in Germany, with whatever people I talk. They have forgotten about luxuries—a bookbinder told me the other day that in seven years he had had orders for just three leather bindings—and now they are schooling themselves to cut down the necessities. Patient Germany!

In his note of last June to President Hoover, President Hindenburg said: "The possibilities of improving the situation by internal measures, without relief from foreign burdens, are exhausted." The months that have passed since have only confirmed the truth of his statement. Now comes an important French political leader, nameless because he holds public office, to declare in a periodical article, under the caption "Death or Salvation for Europe," that "the whole world, including the public opinion of France, knows that reparations have got a fearful blow." Germany, he declares, cannot pay, and in a few years no one will be able to comprehend "that the statesmen and business leaders of

today could contend over annuities and terms of payment, while the very foundations of the world were already shaken to their very center." The *Manchester Guardian*, in a remarkable editorial demanding that the coming world conference proceed along the broadest lines, declares truly that the present problem is much wider than the German question, important as that is:

We are in a more dangerous situation now, both politically and economically, than we have ever been since the war—not this country alone, but Europe as a whole. Every country is carrying on economic war against its neighbors, though the only thing that will save them is economic co-operation. . . . Economic nationalism has been given its head and is plainly drifting to destruction. Unless we can create

a genuine spirit of international cooperation, unless we can think broadly for generous ideals, there is every possibility of a calamity at least comparable to that of the war.

These are words of truth and wisdom; and as I go about among the simple, friendly men and women of this little but great country, now so thoroughly disarmed and despoiled, it is with the daily prayer that for their sakes and ours their patience may be rewarded, that the statesmen of the world, in this hour of world extremity, as the first necessary step in a world program, may at last have the vision, the courage, the simple human kindness to lift from the backs of these suffering, patient people the burdens that are dragging them and us down to destruction. "Hoffentlich geht's besser."

The Crisis Reaches Washington

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, January 9

WE may as well realize that the economic malady of the United States has progressed to a desperate stage, and that those in control of the government are incapable of doing anything to arrest it. The leaders of the Democratic Party can think of nothing but the next Presidential election, and consequently are torn between greedy anticipation and the horrible fear of committing a blunder. The Republicans, except the Progressives, have resigned themselves to despair, and Herbert Hoover has lapsed into utter panic. The condition of the man is really pathetic. He is not altogether responsible for the present state of affairs—he is less to blame for it than Calvin Coolidge and Andrew Mellon—but his fright and general ineptitude have done much to aggravate it. After refusing for nine months to call Congress into extra session, he now plies it with frenzied entreaties to enact all manner of legislative panaceas, many of which apparently came to him on the spur of the moment. There is an abundance of skill and intelligence in the country, but he avails himself of none of it. Instead, he turns for political counsel to such celebrated thinkers as Ray Benjamin, Jimmy Burke, and Simian Fess, while his economic ideas are derived from a succession of financial adventurers and industrial sweaters, most of whom helped to precipitate the present situation. The real brains of the country are not consulted and the nation plunges onward to complete demoralization and wholesale ruin.

the unprecedented load with which this Administration has insisted on burdening it. One hears of a destitute population of more than one million persons fighting starvation and illness in mining villages and camps far removed even from the pitiful benevolences of community chests and organized poor relief. We find there are at least 7,000,000 workers totally unemployed, and an equal number working on skeleton schedules. Governor Pinchot warns of incipient riots unless the federal government acts quickly, and a Communist leader boldly announces that "we intend to organize the unemployed to go out and fight in the streets—we intend to make it damned uncomfortable for those who refuse to help the unemployed." What is the Administration's response to these awful danger signals? In the main, it consists in a proposal to lend money to banks and railroads, and in a succession of shrieks against the "dole." Well, unless I misread the signs, the Ides of March will not pass before Mr. Hoover is confronted with an appropriation for unemployment relief—and I prophesy that he will be glad to sign it. Indeed, by that time he probably will be glad to do almost anything that offers hope.

DESPITE the hopeful chirping of the New York financial writers, Hiram Johnson's cross-examination of the international bankers already has produced sensational disclosures. Not only has he revealed that many of the great (and supposedly respectable) investment houses of this country engaged in a greedy scramble for opportunities to unload foreign securities on the American public, but he has discovered that these issues were floated with the approval of the State Department, in the face of printed warnings from the Commerce Department! But that is not the worst of it. Take the case of Colombia, whose precarious financial and economic condition had been sternly described in a Commerce Department bulletin. Three large American banking houses decided, notwithstanding, to extend a loan of \$20,000,000. Prior to this time the Colombian government had revoked an oil concession to the Gulf Company, owned by the Mellon family. After being told by the State Department that there was "no political objection" to the loan, the banks put

TO appreciate the extremes of the debacle, one needs to attend the hearings which Senators La Follette and Costigan are conducting on unemployment. The picture is appalling. One learns that the suicide rate has nearly doubled in the past year, that insanity cases are multiplying, that there is a heavy increase in child mortality from ailments induced by malnutrition, that thousands of girls are being driven into prostitution, that in countless instances family life has virtually disappeared under the compulsion of "doubling up" and overcrowding, that juvenile delinquency is increasing, and that the whole established system of welfare work and local charity is tottering toward collapse under

it through, whereupon the Colombian government restored the oil concession to Secretary Mellon's company! It is impossible here even to summarize the record which the inquiry has disclosed. The course of the State Department in giving its consent to the flotation of these blue-sky foreign loans impelled Senator Glass to exclaim that the federal government "was morally responsible for every cent of the two billion dollars which American citizens have lost." Yet in the face of the evidence, these financiers lecture the Senate and dilate upon their own virtue. I would wager all my Bolivian bonds against one copy of a Hoover prosperity oration that during the forty years in the wilderness Moses never used the word "moral" as often as Otto Kahn used it in one afternoon. Reversing an opinion recently expressed here, I must confess that I prefer hard-boiled men like Charlie Mitchell and Clarence Dillon, or that charming realist James Speyer, who whispered: "We are in the business to make a profit, Senator." Incidentally, one notes that the New York financial writers have vanished from the scene. The places of such little brothers of the rich as B. C. Forbes have been taken by journeymen reporters.

BUT all is not tragedy and gloom in the Washington madhouse. For amusement one can always turn to the antics of Bob Lucas, master-mind of the Republican National Committee. It is impossible to remain permanently angry at the fellow; he is too funny. Recently he prepared a speech charging the Democrats with publishing "scandal books by unnamed authors." Requested to specify, he replied that the books he had in mind were "The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover," by John Hamill, and "The Great Mistake," by John Knox. Not only do the names of the authors

appear on the covers of both books, but Lucas mentioned their names in his explanation. It was the most diverting performance he has given since his public announcement that "Prime Minister Grotius of Germany" would soon visit America in the interest of world peace. On that occasion the most thorough search of Germany failed to reveal any such office as that of "Prime Minister," or any official named Grotius. Subsequently it developed that Bob was thinking of Dr. Julius Curtius, the German Foreign Minister, who resigned two days later after explaining that he had never expressed any intention of visiting the United States. As to the books, wonderment does not cease. They contain many statements about Mr. Hoover's past life which, if untrue, constitute plain cases of criminal libel. Yet the Department of Justice has started no prosecution against the authors or publishers, and apparently has no intention of doing so. Why doesn't it?

I HAVE often betrayed a deep aversion to the personal ethics and official practices of Andrew Mellon. My conviction survives that during the past ten years he has been the most powerful individual influence for evil in this Republic. But now it is tinged with a certain pity. Every informed person in Washington knows that Ogden Mills is in absolute control of the Treasury. Hoover consults him constantly. When it is necessary to present the department's views to Congress, Mills is the official spokesman. Nobody consults Uncle Andy. Lonely, hurt, neglected, he lingers on in the twilight of a reputation which would shine today with redoubled splendor if only he had possessed the canniness which prompted his real affinity, Calvin Coolidge, to get out while the getting was good.

If I Were Dictator*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IF I were dictator? Well, I am sure that what I have to say will disappoint many readers who look for far more radical and violent changes than I have to suggest. I am conscious that the immediate remedies that offer themselves to me will seem lacking both in originality and in thoroughness, perhaps because I have not lost faith in democracy or the workability of our institutions, provided that these are adjusted to modern economic, social, and political conditions. The fault, in my judgment, has been less with the economic and political system under which we have lived than with the men that we have chosen to work it. But the evolution of capitalism has given ever-increasing opportunities for the selfishness and greed of the average human being in industry and politics, and these traits are bringing down the structure. We in America have learned the bitter lesson that uncontrolled individualism, whether rugged or otherwise, leads but to despair.

If I were dictator I should begin in the field of international relations, since it is in that field that we are today most menaced by conditions which not only threaten the peace of the world, but make an early recovery from the

economic chaos impossible. I should first of all muster out the fleet, laying it up as did Thomas Jefferson when President, and reduce the regular army to the police force of 25,000 men which it was at the outbreak of the war with Spain. I should retire every single one of the talking generals and admirals and send them all to Guam with the direction that they put that island into a state of 100 per cent preparedness and play at war maneuvers to their heart's content. Resuming the historic American attitude of being unarmed and unafraid, I should say to the rest of the world: "See how genuinely pacific we are. We have done away with the arts of war, have ceased to teach our soldiers how best to disembowel their fellow-men or how to kill innocent women and children by the use of aerial bombs and poison gas, which are not selective in dealing death and destruction. We are ready to take the risks of peace. We have faith not only in our own moral strength; we know that in modern war there are neither victors nor vanquished, but that all suffer alike, and that less than ever can one be assured that the heaviest battalions and the best generals will be on the side of right."

If I were dictator I should abolish every tariff because

* The last of a series of articles on this subject.—EDITOR THE NATION.

I know that the rapid rise of the three great industrial nations of modern times has been due chiefly to the fact that within their respective empires it has been free trade that has made them powerful and prosperous. Particularly I should say that this is true of the United States; that if tariffs are the blessings they are said to be, then we should surround every one of the forty-eight States of the Union with those magic walls which are supposed to raise the standard of living and bestow prosperity upon all inside their circle. I should put an end to the abomination that we must protect all trade within purely arbitrary geographic lines. I should first of all abolish the sugar tariff against Cuba, an island almost within sight of our shores, whose sugar would come into our country free and untaxed if the American flag floated over Morro Castle in Havana; instead of which, merely because Cuba is outside of our national lines, we raise the price of sugar to every man, woman, and child, and destroy the value of great American investments in that island. Also we help to reduce the working masses in that country to misery and despair, and help to render them the helpless and hapless victims of a ruthless dictator—merely in order to insure profits for some of our citizens who unnecessarily entered the sugar business at home.

If I were dictator I should serve notice upon Japan that if she did not withdraw within her former lines in Manchuria I should invoke an international boycott to compel her to do so, and, to demonstrate that I meant what I said in all sincerity, I should withdraw every last American soldier from Haiti, Nicaragua, Cuba, Samoa, and the Philippines. I should free the latter before their inhabitants had time to petition me for this action and so live up to our pledged national word. Then I should offer to China every possible help in the way of financial aid and expert advice and service to enable that harassed country to constitute a strong and honest central government. I should immediately recognize the Russia of the Soviets with every gesture of friendship and good-will to the Russian people. I should not be afraid of communism because I should set out really to constitute an honest and efficient government for the United States, one responding to the will of the American people as expressed through the initiative and referendum, and I am bold enough to believe that if I could have my way, our own system of government as reconstituted would not only challenge comparison with the Soviet program, but would seem infinitely more desirable so long as the Soviet Government is a bloody-handed class dictatorship.

To accomplish this I should do everything in my power to bring about economic equality, and equality before the law. As I do not believe in prisons as they now are constituted, I should relegate to prison farms every single American official—and their number runs into thousands upon thousands—who violates the law, believes himself superior to it, and connives at the abuse of personal liberties by men in the garb of police officers or in that of civil authority. For I believe that the chief explanation of our being the most lawless civilized nation is to be found in the fact that we have more lawless officials sworn to uphold the law than any other nation on earth.

I should remove from the statute books by one stroke of the pen every law regulating the private morals of individual citizens. I should declare that, however men and

women behaved in their relations with one another, it was their own affair, save where the public peace was disturbed. I should, however, continue and increase the control of the sale of narcotics, and my government would be as rigid as that of the Soviets in preventing the exploitation of the bodies of women for the gain of individuals. Censors of literature, art, or the theater would be my special game. I have long wondered where would be the proper place in which to exile the censors and snoopers, and then it came to me—the Virgin Islands! I should seek to find a method of dispensing liquors and wines in a way rigidly to control the drink habit, so that men should not profit by catering to that appetite of their fellow-men which undeniably has done more than any other one thing to fill our jails, our hospitals, and our asylums. I should appeal to my subjects to join me in treating alcohol from the same standpoint as that from which we treat the abuse of drugs, believing that unlimited use of alcohol is almost as much a danger to the race as is unlimited use of opium.

I should at once tackle the disgraceful statistics which reveal to all the world that the death-rate in childbirth is higher in the United States than anywhere else. I should follow the policy advocated by Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York when he asked the legislature to see to it that every community in his State received adequate medical and nursing care, and I should make it possible for the poor to have not only adequate medical care, but the dental service of which they are today deprived because it is beyond their means. And, of course, I should make free for all the necessary information as to birth control. I should free our schools from the domination of all the politicians and all the priests. I should introduce self-government not only among the scholars, but among the teachers, and I should not only guarantee absolute freedom of teaching but see to it that every new or old ism was carefully explored within the classrooms of school and college. One of my first steps would be to make impossible the control of our colleges by boards of trustees comprising wealthy men devoted chiefly to the old order of society and to the prevention of the teaching of new doctrines and new theories of economic and political life. I should read to each board of university trustees the famous words of Patrick Henry: "Give me liberty, or give me death," and then give them their choice. I should ask them not to come to me to explain that there are "certain things" that must not be laid before the "immature minds of undergraduates," and that there must be some limits to liberty and free speech lest they degenerate into license. If anyone sneaked through into my audience chamber and began to address me with the words: "I believe in liberty and freedom, but there are limits," I should immediately sentence him to twenty-five years on my most northern Alaskan prison farm, in company with all those benighted citizens who might appeal to me to continue intercollegiate athletic contests under present conditions. William Green and Matthew Woll of the American Federation of Labor I should designate as Governor and Deputy Governor of the Aleutian Islands. For Mr. Hoover and his Cabinet, and other talkers of economic nonsense, I should reserve the Island of Yap with the requirement that morning and evening they should meet together to inform one another that prosperity is just around the corner, and that every day in every way things are getting better and better.

Then I should give my attention to the revision of our own government, to vital alterations in our Constitution, a noble document, admirably constructed for the use of thirteen struggling States along the Atlantic seaboard when they did not know their own hinterland, when not one citizen had yet crossed the continent overland. I should change the Constitution so that the state should take over and operate, either directly or through some government corporation like the Mississippi Waterways Corporation, the railroads, the pipe-lines, the telephone and telegraph, the radio, the mines, the oil wells, water power, and all other natural resources, thus making enormous savings, closing avenues to the making of excessive fortunes, and destroying the foothold of many masters of privilege. By income taxes and inheritance taxes I should make impossible the transmission from one generation to another of swollen fortunes. I should enormously lighten the burden of taxation by having the profits of public utilities go into the pockets not of stockholders, but of the communities which operate them, or into a general treasury. In other words, I should endeavor to create social control of institutions as a source of funds for a progressive social policy. I should further reduce the expenses of government by saving almost entirely the \$750,000,000 now devoted to the annual upkeep of the army and navy. I should seek in every way to redeem my country from the stigma placed upon its common sense by the present Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, when he twice declared in his annual reports that 85 cents out of every dollar raised by taxation now goes to wars past and future.

With the money so saved and earned and raised, I should rebuild our cities so that every slum would disappear. I should frankly and boldly imitate the Russian government in that I should stress above all else the welfare, the prosperity, and the happiness of the plain people of Abraham Lincoln. Instead of making this a government by and for the well-to-do and rich, I should make it a government primarily concerned with the welfare of the toiling masses, and I should let the rich go hang. The ablest men that I could find I should set to the problem of the farmer, gradually and voluntarily bringing about the creation of great co-operative farms, and working out the problem of large industrial agricultural enterprises versus individual farming. I should find some way of eliminating the middleman so that the farmer living within forty miles of our greatest cities would no longer get between three and five cents a quart for the milk that sells at around fifteen on the streets of the metropolis.

Turning to the States, I should so devise their constitutions as to abolish the bicameral legislatures along the lines of a plan suggested by Senator Norris, creating a single chamber of some twenty-four members, more in the nature of a governor's council, to be elected without benefit of party. I should take every office now bestowable by a politician and put it under rigid civil-service rules. So with our municipalities, I should eliminate politics and make the office of mayor a scientific job to be held by professional mayors freed from all political control, precisely as is the case today in Germany, instituting local referendums that the people might vote upon policies. Judges I should put to work, real work, and I should make them simplify the processes of law so that they would be humanized and speeded up, as is the case in England; and, as is the case in Russia, I should abolish

the death penalty, and go farther than Russia by abolishing it for political offenses as well. Divorce would be, as now in Spain and in Russia, by mutual consent, and as in both those countries, there would no longer be any distinction, legal or social, between children born in or out of wedlock.

As for the immediate emergency, I should at once introduce the five-day week, and remove from industry all children under the age of eighteen. I should institute a scientific system of unemployment insurance, and make the system of old-age pensions recently adopted in New York State nationwide. To take care of the existing unemployment, I should immediately sell a bond issue running into the billions and utilize the proceeds for great public works, and especially for the rebuilding of our cities so that no city dweller should remain in dark and unsanitary quarters. Planning? Of course. Not only for caring for the unemployed today but for a general overhauling of the economic system in the belief that it is not overproduction but underdistribution which is troubling us and especially to prevent the recurrence of depressions like these. Naturally this would entail first of all planning to end the enormous waste of the competitive system in such an industry, for example, as that of the makers of rubber tires or of the producers of oil. But the most important means of ending the existing economic crisis would be those measures for the regulation of international trade, including means of putting an end to the hurtful heaping up of gold in this country, which I have already outlined, the abolition of tariffs, the forgiving of debts and reparations, complete disarmament, and the ending of the rule of fear and suspicion and hatred among peoples—at least so far as our example could bring this to pass.

By this time, I am sure, more than half the people of this Republic would have risen against me; the generosity of my dictatorship would be too much for them to stand. But one last thing I should strive to do before I was led off to the guillotine. I should close two-thirds of the churches of the country, allowing only those to remain open that were absolutely dedicated to peace at any price, whose ministers agreed that they would go to prison—our present type of prison abomination if you please—for life before one word of approval of mass killing should cross their lips. They would have to promise, moreover, to preach but one sermon a year dedicated to abstract theological doctrine. The rest of their time they would have to give over to social endeavor, to true spiritual leadership, according to the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, preaching sermons directly connected with the problems of society and the practical welfare of those about them. Finally, just to show that I was human and therefore extremely inconsistent, I should once more turn censor myself and abolish lip-sticks, high-heeled shoes, silk hats, all remaining Ford cars of the original model, the Navy League, the Civic Federation, and the Protective Tariff League, not to mention *Ballyhoo*, *College Humor*, the tabloids, and the *Saturday Evening Post*. I should send Henry Ford himself, with his humbug reputation as a model employer of labor, to join the heads of the American Federation of Labor in the Aleutian Islands.

If these things that I have outlined seem inadequate to some, too radical to others, as well as inconsistent, please remember that I have none the less stressed liberty in all the relations between human beings, and that I have had no other object in view than social, economic, and political equal-

ity. In other words, I have suggested nothing which does not seem to me in keeping with the true spirit of American institutions, with democracy and the desire for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Sometime, soon it is to be hoped, we must come to some such recasting of our governments—city, State, and national; if we do not, then we may be sure that a totally new system, whether that be com-

munist or something else, will have to be devised to insure equality of opportunity and of life, to curb and restrict greed and appetite for wealth, and to end all the special privileges which have been established under our modern industrial system and our government—as it has been perverted from the control of the masses into the hands of the dominating few.

Portrait of Undergraduate Yale

By RICHARD S. CHILDS

I
MISCONCEPTION brewed by generalities and much nonsense has distorted the common picture of undergraduate life. For one acquainted with the mass of reading matter on *College Life in America* there is little to be observed in New Haven to strengthen the validity of the usual assumptions. "Collegiatism" as popularly conceived is heartily despised. Fraternity life is important only through sophomore year as marking a tentative social recognition, and "houses" are frequented mostly as a refuge from the toasted-bun and coffee fare of New Haven Smoke Shops. The national brethren are apt to scowl on Yale. Old graduates bemoan the passing of something known as College Spirit. While the old-Ford-rah-rah-painted-slicker figure of collegiate mythology has not been replaced by that of the passionate scholar, a new figure has arisen, drawing its life from within the confines of York and College Streets, that, with allowances made for the inevitable caricature resulting from generalities, may be fairly described as the Yale undergraduate.

"You did not come to Yale for an education. If you had wanted only that you could have gone to some other place. You came here for other reasons: because your father did, because you had friends coming, or because of the contacts you could make here. You came for the *real* things that Yale and no other place could offer you." Not in mockery, not as broad satire, but earnestly were these words spoken by a graduate not so very many weeks ago. He was not an older graduate dreaming of the '90's; he was a young man. Just out of Yale. Just in business. He knew. He was believed and applauded by his undergraduate listeners.

Now, Yale is not the same university it was last year, the year before that. Year by year it has been making and will continue to make a little sandier the greased slide of minimum credit requirements. Reading periods and a postponement of midyear examinations this year show that the educational veneer is to be thickened by a layer or two, and New Haven tutoring schools and cramming institutions will become correspondingly enriched. All of this is so—yet it is only by realizing the full significance of the words "You did not come to Yale for an education" that any perspective may be gained on the undergraduate of today—and probably of tomorrow. Perspective is essential in a portrait. Educational systems will come and go. But the subject of our portrait will remain constant, and these same key words will continue to give meaning to an otherwise paradoxical spectacle as long as systems exist intended to care for young men whose main reason for being in college is to partake

primarily of a university's social facilities, to make their bow of conformity to a fetish of American so-called upper classes.

Forget for a moment the *nouveau riche* blatancy of Gothic buildings and assume that Yale is a university where young men are gathered who thirst not only for knowledge but also for the inspiration that comes from contact with the creativeness of the past, where teachers are in their own minds still students, a little farther along the way perhaps and eager to indicate the paths they have discovered. Make this assumption, and Yale the reality becomes immediately meaningless, open to violent criticism. Incredulity, indignation, and amazement must swim together confusingly before the spectacle of 3,000 undergraduates in daily forced attendance in the lecture rooms of New Haven, suspected, checked, tested, and ranked according to a still hovering form-routine—the privilege of education still held a doubtful one by teacher and scholar alike. Are the unfit and uninterested a university's concern? Can men be hired to face daily insult on the lecture platform? The whole thing is a nightmare! A travesty on educational ideals! "What is it for? What is it for?" must be the cry.

Yet such protests, while constantly recurring, are quite empty. They unnecessarily confuse matters because they spring from a wrong premise, that Yale College is exclusively an institution of higher education. Return to the key words, "You did not come to Yale for an education," and all swings into line with a certain inevitability. Confusion vanishes. Systems and methods of teaching become clear, tacit affirmers of the same attitude. And at last, in this light, the Yale undergraduate is understandable. And sympathy should follow understanding.

"If a man by his years at Yale learns to live more richly and more happily, he has not spent his time in vain. The measure of success is not a lot of canned knowledge, but the ability to get out and do something. The social side of his life at Yale is often more important to his development than his classes." It is essential that this point of view, one recently expressed in an editorial in the *Yale Daily News*, be fully grasped with all its implications. Yale and her undergraduates can never be torn from the background of American society on which they are patterned, and separately examined, if anything approaching comprehension is to result. To contrast present conditions with ideals of pure learning is hopeless at the outset and can only distort a not too horrible picture. Social life—learning to live through experience with other men, the chance to *do something* whether it be on the field of sport, in journalism, or what not, the opportunity to get somewhere through making friends, establishing

contacts—is the end-all of the American university and of Yale. And knowledge is forever “canned”; where, after ■ certain point, does it get you?

If the aim of four years of college is to create socially pleasant young men able to get along with their fellows, ready to accept the mode of living as they find it, to shoulder the burdens such acceptance implicitly imposes upon them, then Yale, by affording opportunity for training in community life, does its duty well. Undergraduate Yale knows very well what it is about. Education is ■ necessary stumbling-block to be tripped over willy-nilly on the path toward the *real* things of Yale. Philosophically, however, the undergraduate feels some good may come of it all. He has great faith. He has faith in the good that may be derived from Pictorial Art, Geology, Classical Civilization, and Elementary Economics, indiscriminately. Each, if marks are kept up—it really doesn't matter how—will turn into credits. Credits mean a diploma. A diploma means education. That a certain amount of education is good, America, swarming with packed universities, home-study courses, and five-foot book shelves will testify. Under new systems actual study seems to be increasingly demanded. The student is willing that it should be so, provided not too much time is required. Education must be kept in its place lest it should become confusing.

II

Extra-curricular activities are the basis of the real things. They are lent added depth and meaning through associations and traditions peculiar to Yale. The most miserably lost person in New Haven is he who, without the original social prestige of a well-known preparatory school behind him, without the zeal of scholarly pretention to bolster him, is unable to state with any definiteness just what he is doing. Yale's “big men” possess the virtues of those in society at large. They are safe, sane, and, according to their own standards, open-minded. They have all been successful “doers.”

It is natural that extra-curricular Yale, one foot planted in Eastern preparatory schools, the other in Wall Street, should mirror the social and religious organizations, the publications, the athletic interests of the one, magnified to strange monsters by the heavy seriousness and intensity of the other. These are the absorbents of Yale's youthful energy. The social Yale is Andover, Hotchkiss, what you will, on a large and business-conscious scale. Her undergraduate leaders are the leaders from such centers of high culture and liberal education. They are the men incoming freshmen look to for guidance and advice. They are the men who emphasize and make part of the very atmosphere of New Haven the necessity for extra-curricular activities in “spare” time. And spare time in their eyes is all time not spent in the classroom. And they are right, too. Education for them might well be ■ dusty, life-sucking adventure. Yale, inevitably, under the tyranny of college boards, must open her arms to such—though she wonders, rather ingenuously perhaps, why she is signally successful in turning out ■ large majority of Wall Street runners, bond salesmen, and young gentlemen with exceptionally bright prospects in the insurance and advertising lines.

It would be misleading, even in an article so shamelessly given to generalities as this, to imply that extra-curricular

activities are dependent for their dominating position on men who are socially “on the make.” Fraternities and senior societies may dignify the successful conclusion of an undergraduate athletic, social, or publishing career, though election is by no means limited by mere external merit. An athletic director may preach the educational value of athletics. The *News* may sublimate ■ heeling campaign by featuring the “business experience” to be gained, the contacts to be made. Dwight Hall may send out its service-to-humanity appeal. But in the end social prestige and alluring catch phrases are in themselves meaningless, pure rationalizations. They are the garnishings, the a posteriori justifications and exaltations, of an existent undergraduate urge, one that is unable or unwilling to exhaust itself intellectually in the classroom or in outside study. Hence the glorification of non-intellectual pursuits at Yale. They are the tests by means of which a man proves himself. And to be head of an organization, a publication, captain of a team, represents no slight achievement.

Undergraduate society has fashioned ■ God in its own image and worship before Him is felt to be a bounden duty. Salvation is attained through works. And the blessed, indeed, may be laying up just rewards for themselves, storing riches in the other world, the one just beyond graduation. A high and sacred priesthood has arisen to insure the preservation of the gentlemanly ideals worshiped by this society.

But here again lies the danger of misconception. Because scholars and scholarships are not the rule, because intellectual interests are not insisted upon, it must not be assumed that they are taboo, even in the society of the elect.

III

For the normal undergraduate, then, the all-mighty and non-existent average man, somewhat immature, frankly uninterested in books and their offerings, Yale does and pretends to do very little intellectually. That a university B.A. or Ph.D. degree is of purely social significance is generally recognized. But here too it must be realized that Yale, contrary to the practice of many of her contemporaries, at least provides the outline of a liberal education that does not sink to the fantastic absurdities of salesmanship and, to borrow from Flexner, ad hoc courses. Yale standards are such that she feels content if she can turn out thoroughly sound and worth-while members of American society. She must provide for men whose intellectual diet has been a preaching of conformity, hard, clean playing on athletic fields, and good citizenship, from earliest boarding-school days on. Such is the conception of “leader” manufacture in America.

But there is another side of undergraduate Yale which has not been touched upon until now because it can contribute only the finer shadings to ■ blatantly general portrait. There are those at Yale who have become firmly convinced, not of the value of its social training, not of the spurious importance of costly buildings, but of the purely intellectual and educational opportunities it affords. If such men can live through the first two years of banal “prep”-school routine and generally low-grade instruction without experiencing ■ revulsion of vicious disgust toward the university and the pretentiousness of its very name, they will be amazed to find themselves in a place where a genuine interest is taken in them and in their aims. And if they are lucky enough

to come in contact before this with some of the more forward-looking men on the faculty, they may even be spared any long period of disillusionment. Yale does provide for its scholars. And this is important. It is a fact seldom taken into account in many of the criticisms most pardonably launched at its system in general.

After two years the scholar is at last free to follow up a special line of interest, free from the burden of requirements, in Honors work. Even if he does not qualify or is not interested in Honors, leeway is occasionally granted to genuine interest. Requirements are not invariably iron-bound. And there are men of brilliance not only to stimulate him but to take a personal interest in his work.

Furthermore, the inevitable looseness of social organization in so large a community as undergraduate Yale is especially favorable to the need of the scholar and nonconformist. For such a man the social pressure of the smaller university does not exist. The obnoxious ghost of collegiatism need not haunt him. Tolerance, while it may be sheer indifference in undergraduate Yale, is at least real in the

faculty and administrative heads. There is no such thing as censorship of publications. Yale is always a free place in which to work, inspiring if only the individual wishes to make it so. But, as in few other universities, the writer, the artist, the debater, the college liberal are accepted by public opinion at their true value. And while such men may be regarded as "queer" and are not always asked to "play," yet as a rule by the end of four years it is only through exaggeration of their own sensitiveness that they need experience the noble pain of social ostracism. Undergraduate Yale is undeniably friendly.

In general, Yale feels that she does give a well-rounded training for the usual requirements of outside life. A majority of her graduates and undergraduates agree with her in this. And if they are conservative, doubtful of new plans, if they are scornful of criticism and somewhat self-consciously above it, it is because they fear that something they have known in common with others and instinctively feel to be fine, and as such to be cherished and preserved, is in danger of being torn from their lives.

Pasadena Lights Its Own

By WILLIAM SIDNEY

A STOUNDING profits from the municipally owned and operated light and power plant of Pasadena, California, have made it possible for the city to construct, within a three-year period, a million-dollar civic auditorium, a \$200,000 police station, \$125,000 golf links, and a branch library. Thus, the light department has been correctly termed "Pasadena's civic loan bank."

This unique light plant, established twenty-five years ago on such a slender shoestring that it was necessary to use pie tins for street-light reflectors, has now earned in net profits as much as \$708,025 in a single year, while maintaining the lowest rates in California and one of the three or four lowest rates in the entire United States. Besides financing civic improvements with its profits, and at the same time furnishing current at such a low rate that the majority of housewives can afford labor-saving electrical devices, the light department provides employment for 230 breadwinners in a city of 76,047 inhabitants. Also, through selling light bulbs to its patrons at cost, the department saves them \$40,000 annually.

By loaning a total of \$615,000 of its profits to the general fund of the city when the fund became depleted before taxes were paid, the municipal light department made it possible in the last three years for Pasadena to secure valuable cash discounts on purchase of supplies. Not long ago \$18,036 of the profits was used to finance the installation of flood lights in the Rose Bowl, scene of classic East-West football games and first stadium on the Pacific Coast to be used for night games.

After a majority of Pasadenans had twice voted in favor of a bond issue for municipal golf links and the proposition had failed for lack of a two-thirds' majority, the light department loaned \$125,000 for the project. Taxpayers who feared the loan was the first step in carrying out a plot to wreck the financial structure of the light department through

bleeding it of reserves for future expansion tried to obtain an injunction to halt construction of the course, but failed. Income from greens fees went up to \$64,414 a year, however, of which \$8,866 was repaid to the department. For more than ten years business interests had made every effort to obtain a civic auditorium that would draw large conventions to Pasadena. There seemed little hope of realization of the project until the light department, again in the role of the municipal Santa Claus, loaned \$600,000, or about half the total cost of the structure. The auditorium is expected to be completed soon.

Another needed civic improvement, now realized through application of light-plant profits, is the new \$200,000 police station and jail. The financing was made possible when the light department furnished \$125,000 for the project by paying that exorbitant sum for the old tumble-down police headquarters. Among the sufficient proofs that Pasadena's light department virtually had become the city's own loan bank is its recent purchase for \$19,750 of vacant city property; proceeds from the sale made possible the erection of a new branch library in a public park. Including the \$615,000 loaned to tide the city over the period before taxes were paid, the department has advanced a total of \$1,479,750 to the city within three years. If this sum is ever repaid with interest, a surprise is in store for friends of the municipal plant. At the present time the average light and power rates charged by Pasadena for various types of service are as follows: homes and stores, four and a small fraction cents per kilowatt hour; street lighting, three cents; and power, two cents.

The total cost of producing and delivering a kilowatt hour of current, exclusive of interest and depreciation, is a trifle more than one cent. Thus, the Pasadena plant can deliver current for three cents and still earn at least some surplus for expansion. It has been estimated that current

from the Boulder Dam project cannot be delivered here for less than 3.77 cents per kilowatt hour.

When, in 1906, after a dispute with the Southern California Edison Company, which monopolized the field, Pasadena city officials decided to establish a municipally owned lighting plant, residents were paying the private corporation for lighting current at the rate of fifteen cents per kilowatt hour, about four times as high a rate as that brought about through intelligent municipal ownership. The high officials and 70 per cent of the stockholders of the Southern California Edison Company resided in Pasadena, so it is surprising, not that the first bond issue for the project carried by only thirty-two votes, but that it carried at all. As considerable time was required to sell this initial \$125,000 bond issue, the first actual capital was \$52,000 that was levied and collected from general taxes. A few teams of horses and mules were purchased, and until adequate capital was forthcoming, ordinary pie tins were wired to the wooden street-lighting poles as reflectors.

After a bitter struggle marked by the failure of municipal-ownership foes to frighten the taxpayers by charges that the city "had gone socialistic," Pasadena offered in 1909 to purchase the plant and lines of the Edison Company within the city. The offer was ignored and the ensuing decade of sharp competition was featured by attempts of the private corporation to force the municipal plant out of business by lowering its own rates gradually from fifteen cents to four cents. Whenever the city lowered its rates, as justified by earnings, the Edison Company proceeded to undercut them, absorbing its losses by means of the profits of its plants located in other part of Southern California. Although in 1913 the city's rate was five cents, a cent higher than the Edison rate, Pasadenans, stirred by the slogan "Remember the fifteen-cent rate," were supporting the municipal plant in increasing numbers. Since then the number of consumers has risen from 5,000 to 30,696. In 1920, by a seven-to-one vote, the people of Pasadena decided to buy out the Edison's system in the city. At that time the municipal plant had 12,000 consumers, three times as many as its competitor. Having failed by propaganda and rate slashing to stifle the growth of its young competitor, the private corporation accepted the \$500,000 offered and withdrew from the field.

Benjamin F. DeLanty, veteran superintendent of the municipal plant, reported actual profits for the year 1929-30 as \$708,025. This total includes \$65,000 spent for work properly chargeable to other city departments. The present rates in the city are so low that a family may burn five or six bulbs until midnight, operate a small washing machine, a radio, a vacuum cleaner, and an electric iron, and keep its monthly bill for electric current below \$2.50. The minimum monthly charge is fifty cents. The total bonded indebtedness is \$452,283, the capital assets being reported as \$5,346,264, the difference, \$4,893,980, being the amount put into the plant and distributing lines from earnings.

In justice to the Southern California Edison Company, it should be noted that its present rates are reputed to be about as low as those of any other private power corporation in the United States. The Edison rate in Los Angeles and vicinity starts at five cents, while the municipal rate is graduated downward from four and one-half cents. Thus, an Edison patron pays \$50 for the first 1,000 kilowatt hours of

current used, compared to \$39 charged the Pasadena plant's patron for the same current. For 5,000 kilowatt hours, the private corporation charges \$200, compared with the charge of \$143.50 by the municipally owned plant.

The total capacity of the Pasadena plant is 34,500 kilowatts, and ground was broken recently for another unit which ultimately will almost double the present capacity. This million-dollar addition, like the present plant, will be paid for out of earnings without asking taxpayers for one penny.

From the standpoint of technical efficiency and lack of dependence upon private fuel corporations, Pasadena's plant is in an enviable position despite the fact that it uses steam instead of water power to generate its electrical output. Either crude oil or natural gas may be burned to produce the steam, the energy of which is later transformed into electric current. In the unlikely event that neither oil nor gas can be secured from the private corporations at reasonable prices, coal may be used as a substitute after necessary adjustments are made. Although cities in the Northwest which have the good fortune to possess water power in their back yards should be able, theoretically at least, to generate current more cheaply than Pasadena's steam plant, it is the steam plant which must come to the rescue of the hydroelectric plant when stream levels fall during a drought.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter, being tender-hearted himself, is tender toward others. He once said grace at the request of certain pious acquaintances who had invited him to dinner, and his politeness extends even to corporate personalities. Like Frank Sullivan, he feels uncomfortable at not replying to a touching appeal from the Messrs. Rogers-Peet, and every time he gets a slightly pained notice from one of the department stores concerning his failure to make full use of the credit facilities which the said corporation has been kind enough—and rash enough—to grant him, he feels like writing a polite note to Mr. Wanamaker or Mr. Gimbel begging the gentleman to believe that he is not ungrateful, and that he will try to do better next month. He cannot get over the feeling that some representative of Liggett and Myers would be just a little bit hurt if he should suddenly "switch to Old Golds," and he is perfectly sure that if he were ever given a blindfold test he would do his very best to give the right answer.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

IT is in view of this fact that he was particularly pleased to learn recently that he is right in his assumption; that even great corporations can have their sensibilities wounded; and that even the Western Union—which many think of as mere copper wires and bloated directors—has feelings like anybody else. What happened was this. A ribald friend handed into one of the suboffices of the company the following message to a friend in the West: "Please accept Western Union Christmas Greetings Numbers 7, 9, and 15." He then went quietly home and was even obtuse enough not to get the point when he received a polite tele-

phone call to inquire if the office was right in assuming that what he wanted sent was the canned greetings corresponding to those numbers. He replied that he wanted the message sent exactly as it had been written, and it was not until a second call arrived that he realized his rudeness. "It is the opinion of this office," said a pained voice, "that you are merely trying to make fun of the company."

NOW if it had been the Drifter himself, he would certainly have apologized profusely, but some of the Drifter's friends are very crude persons and this one replied only: "That is exactly what I am doing, but since the message contains nothing treasonable, obscene, or libelous you will transmit it exactly as I turned it in or I'll have the law on you." And so the message was sent, while the wires blushed and the great corporation went metaphorically into a garden and ate worms. It had done its poor best to make sentiment easy. It had rung all the possible changes upon the given theme and provided subtle choices between dignified phrases like "A Merry Christmas to you and yours" and folksy greetings like "Love to the kiddies." It had even offered to transmit them at a reduced cost. But there are some people who will mock at the most sacred things and be cynical even at Yuletide. Western Union would prefer to have nothing to do with them and only the law can make it go against its better nature.

THE Drifter at least is touched and confirmed, and if he ever has occasion to wire a holiday greeting he would no more think of deviating from the offered formula than he would think of refusing to applaud a play to which the press agent had been kind enough to send him tickets. He has, indeed, always wondered how dramatic critics could do such things.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Bread and Milk for Lawrence Strikers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The American Textile Workers Union of Lawrence, Massachusetts, is trying to raise a small sum of money to supply bread and milk to about 300 families who were involved in the textile strike there last fall and whose members have never since gone back to work. The strike was one of desperation against a 10 per cent wage reduction, the last of a series of such cuts. It was unsuccessful, and in the case of the Pacific Mills, in which most of the members of the Textile Workers Union work, reductions actually ranging from 10 to 30 per cent were put into effect when work was resumed. All the mills are running very slack and thousands of former strikers have had no work for months.

The public and private charity agencies in Lawrence have a rule, to which few exceptions are made, not to give relief to families who were not on their lists before the strike began. The reason given is lack of sufficient funds to supply all relief needs. Obviously, the rule operates as a device to punish men and women who still have some of the traditional American spirit of independence and refuse to accept a wage cut without

a protest. The American Textile Workers Union is an independent union not at present affiliated with any national body. It played a creditable and responsible part in the recent strike.

Contributions may be sent either to the Emergency Strike Relief Committee, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, of which Norman Thomas is chairman, or direct to James W. Sullivan, Treasurer, American Textile Workers, 180 Essex Street, Lawrence, Mass. Contributions sent direct to Lawrence should be in the form of money orders, since it is practically impossible in the banking situation there to get checks cashed.

New York, January 2

A. J. MUSTE

"But Sun It Is Not When You Say It Is Not!"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Once again it becomes our painful duty to tell you that *The Nation* has made an error, the usual error. In *The Nation's* Honor Roll for 1931, as published in your issue dated January 6, 1932, there appears the following citation:

H. L. Mencken, for writing, and the *Baltimore Sun*, for publishing, an article denouncing the Salisbury lynchings, a fearless and effective polemic written in the face of threats by Salisbury business men to withdraw their business from Baltimore.

It is true that H. L. Mencken wrote the articles in question. There was not one of them, but three, published respectively on December 7, December 14, and December 21. But it is not true that they were published in the *Baltimore Sun*. It was the *Baltimore Evening Sun*, of which Mr. Mencken is a contributing editor, which published all three articles. We expect this mistake from others but not from the discriminating editor of *The Nation*.

HAMILTON OWENS, Editor, the *Evening Sun*

J. EDWIN MURPHY, Managing Editor

Baltimore, January 2

Communism for America

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On page 20 of your issue of January 6 you printed a letter from an Iowan who disagrees with you in a number of matters. I cannot agree with the disagreeer, but I could thank him for his next-to-last paragraph because it has brought into clear focus a dim thought that has hovered in my mind for some time. He there speaks of "your program" reducing us all to the level of the unsuccessful and the worthless.

I imagine a great many good Americans shudder at the thought of communism coming to us, mainly because they have the feeling that we should all immediately have to grow beards and sink to the level of the Russian peasant. I wonder whether the level of the Russian proletariat is not now considerably above the average of Russian living as it was before communism. And if there is indeed an improvement, then might there not be an improvement here with us? Where should we Americans stand if we were all on a plane somewhat higher than an average of American living? Might we not, instead of degenerating into hairy savages, sink down miserably only to about the present status of the locomotive engineer or college professor, with an assured living, a pension against old age, some leisure to devote to matters of the mind, and the comforting assurance of being "significant for the functions we perform"?

East Orange, N. J., January 2

A. G. BARNETT

Mrs. Pinchot Makes a Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation's* reputation for accuracy and square dealing is so well established that I am certain that as soon as the errors in a story concerning my coming Congressional campaign, published in the issue of January 6, are brought to the attention of the editors, they will be willing to make the necessary corrections.

Mr. Anderson's story, the facts he alleges, the words he puts into my mouth in quotes, the interpretation he draws from my decision to run against McFadden are all pure fantasy. The formal statement announcing my candidacy to the press not only most emphatically did *not* say I based my "decision to run against McFadden on the ground that 'he insulted our President,'" but, as a matter of fact, did not mention either McFadden or Hoover, and made no reference whatsoever to the charges of the former against the latter.

In answer to a newspaperman who asked whether I believed that Hoover had sold out to Germany, I answered, "Anyone must resent an *unsubstantiated* attack of treason against the President," and suggested the public would be interested to hear the facts to which Mr. McFadden referred. If this be Hoover support, make the most of it!

My decision to contest McFadden's seat has nothing to do with his stand on the moratorium. I am running at the request of many friends in the district—farmers, miners, small business men, church people, et cetera—who feel that McFadden has always been the tool of the bankers and has neglected the interests of his constituents.

As a matter of fact, far from supporting the President, I am opposed to many of his major policies, which I feel have been partly responsible for, and an aggravation of, many of the ills we are suffering today. Had Mr. Anderson been really interested in getting at the facts concerning the fight in the Fifteenth Congressional District, he would have referred to the frantic efforts—so far unsuccessful—of Administration leaders in Washington and of the Republican organization in Pennsylvania to find a man to carry the "Support-Hoover" banner.

One thing I want to assure *The Nation*, however, if there is still any doubt, and that is that this particular job is not going to be wished upon any Pinchot—male or female.

Harrisburg, January 7 CORNELIA BRYCE PINCHOT

Who's Got the Button?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Cincinnati has a plan to end the depression. And the plan comes from the inner sanctum of the largest and most influential club in our city. The Cincinnati Club, formerly the Business Men's Club, has launched an anti-depression campaign, and every organization and every individual in the city is being brought into the line of battle to clean up on "Old Man Depression."

Well, here is the plan: Issue buttons bearing the inscription "I'm sold on America. I won't talk depression." Get everybody to wear one. Already 10,000 people in Cincinnati are wearing these buttons. The minister of the New Thought Temple preached a powerful sermon against thinking, seeing, or recognizing depression in any of its forms at any time.

We want every man, woman, and child in America to wear our anti-depression buttons and thus end the terrible crisis.

Cincinnati, January 4

NICHOLAS KLEIN

Finance

Expatriated Investments

HEAVY declines in the prices of foreign bonds indicate the market's judgment as to the prospects of collecting the sums due American investors by foreign borrowers. Nothing could be more mistaken than to regard all these loans as worthless or even highly doubtful, yet it must be said that the outlook for payment is discouraging in many directions. A long series of defaults or postponements has involved the federal, state, or municipal loans of every South American country except Argentina. Europe is still paying interest and amortization charges, but it now seems probable that little will be accomplished immediately in the way of transferring a substantial amount from Germany on account of the short-term credits owed to American, British, and other banks. Beyond all this looms the reparations impasse.

Out of this rather somber situation there is emerging, in more and more articulate form, the opinion that American business can absorb its losses and enjoy a fair degree of recovery, in spite of anything that may occur abroad. Perhaps the most definite expression of this doctrine was voiced by Mr. Lamont, who recently told a Senate committee: "I think that if we can address ourselves to certain phases of our domestic situation, our foreign situation will in due course take care of itself." There is much to commend this view. We have probably fixed our eyes too closely on events abroad, from the economic standpoint, and have lost sight of the fact that even in so-called normal periods there are vast differences in degrees of prosperity among nations, as indicated by wage scales, wealth, and standards of living. There has been a too easy and uncritical assumption that some sort of uniformity must prevail—an assumption which is easily refuted, on a smaller stage, by recalling that American prosperity in the past has not depended on equalizing the status of a Carolina cotton picker with that of a member of the locomotive engineers' brotherhood.

When all this is said, however, it remains to be admitted that many American industries are facing a situation with respect to foreign trade which at the present moment is extremely difficult. This has to do with those companies which have invested in factories and other plants abroad, either through owned subsidiaries or participation in existing foreign enterprises. A study by the Department of Commerce placed the total of these investments at the end of 1929 at \$7,477,735,000. Properties in Canada were valued at \$1,960,320,000; those in Europe, \$1,352,753,000; in Cuba and the West Indies, \$1,053,751,000; in South America, \$1,547,895,000. Canada has been especially favored by American corporations because of its proximity, its uniformity of language, law, and currency, and the preferential tariff position it occupies in the British Empire. In the Dominion no fewer than 1,024 investments in factories, mines, utilities, selling agencies, and other enterprises are listed.

This is where the almost world-wide lapse from the gold standard pinches. Corporate investors, in bringing home their interest and dividends, are confronted with a state of disorder in the foreign-exchange market ranging all the way from a 15 per cent discount to absolute prohibition of transfer of funds. A number of companies are withdrawing their current funds, nevertheless, and pocketing the loss; others are leaving them abroad until more favorable opportunities present themselves. Stabilization of exchange, if not return to parity, is a prime requisite for profitable operation of American branches abroad, and stabilization, generally speaking, is nowhere in sight.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books, Music, Films, Drama

The Bore

By MARK VAN DOREN

He was not helped by knowing well
How cold he made us, and how weary.
He must have told himself at last
He was not saved by being sorry.

Better than anyone he saw
The stealthy turn, the trained escape,
Or if he came too soon for these,
How frantic courtesy could wrap

Desire to fly with skill to stay—
A twitching wing beneath the feather;
How within a graying eye
The kindest agony can gather.

And did he witness this too well?
Was then the knowledge but the cause?
Long time we looked, but could not find
A way of learning what he was.

Dispossessed

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

As well say wind and water should remain
Steadfast, unfluent, as that you transcend
The element which fuels blood and brain
And fashions you obscurely to its end.
Some will take root and suck from earth what makes
That very immobility to thrive;
And some will cling like martyrs to their stakes,
Knowing that only so can they survive.

How should I ask you, therefore, to transgress
By any spoken pledge or act of grace
A stronger will, your master none the less,
Or hope a trivial snare of time and space
Could hold you captive to a love whose way,
Despite our wish, was never to obey?

Two Critics

Creative Criticism, and Other Essays. By J. E. Spingarn.
Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

Counter-Statement. By Kenneth Burke. Harcourt, Brace and
Company. \$2.50.

THE essays that Mr. Spingarn collected in 1917 under the title of "Creative Criticism" have been out of print, and the present volume consists half of those early essays and half of papers written since that time. Rereading the book, one finds it difficult to account for the high reputation as a critical theorist that Mr. Spingarn once enjoyed, and to some extent still enjoys. For the breadth and thoroughness of his literary scholarship one can have only the profoundest respect; and his prose, far from being dull or pedantic, is vigorous and

even eloquent. But his ideas are rather thin, and his logic is appalling.

The opening essay, *The New Criticism*, is the least defensible in the volume. One hardly knows whether it would be good sportsmanship to analyze it calmly, for it was written in 1910, and Mr. Spingarn in a prefatory note remarks that the essays written between 1910 and 1913 "naturally do not adequately represent my present opinions." But as Mr. Spingarn has seen fit to reprint it, as much of his reputation a decade ago was based on it, and as for the most part it says in a sweeping way what later essays say more temperately, it may be well to look at it. It sets forth the Crocean idea that "art is expression." Now I have no wish to question the truth of this idea; it seems to me, on the contrary, so completely obvious that I am at a loss to understand why it should be considered a *theory* of art, and why it should be set forth, either by Croce or Mr. Spingarn, with so much insistence and bellicosity. It is precisely as if someone were to tell us that "language is expression" and expect us to regard the phrase as a remarkably revelatory philological doctrine. When Mr. Spingarn goes on to say of Croce that "he has led aesthetic thought inevitably from the concept that art is expression to the conclusion that all expression is art," he advances from a truism to an absurdity. If all expression is art, then if I say "Rubbish," that's art.

One is compelled to apply the same blunt type of criticism to Mr. Spingarn's insistence that the sole question the critic has a right to ask when confronted with a work of art is: "What was the author's intention, and how far has he succeeded in carrying it out?" The first thing to be said of this standard is that the critic can seldom *know* what the author's intention was; he can merely *infer* it from the work actually before him. But waiving this point, the intention itself may be modest, or trivial, or even silly. And a work that succeeds in achieving a low aim is not necessarily better than one that fails to achieve a much more ambitious aim. Sensitive to the criticism made of this standard, Mr. Spingarn insists in one of his later essays that his previous use of the word "intention" was misunderstood. "The poet's real 'intention,'" he now writes, "is to be found, not in one or another of the various ambitions that flit through his mind, but in the actual work of art which he creates. His poem is his 'intention.'" But if that is what he means, why does he confuse the issue by bringing in the question of "intention" at all?

There is, of course, a certain justification for Mr. Spingarn's insistence on this point. A critic who *ignores an artist's* intention, who judges a work of art merely by its success or failure in living up to his own preconceptions or in adhering to some conventional form, will surely be a bad critic. As Mr. Spingarn remarks, no criticism of any poem "is possible without a realization of 'the spirit in which its author writ.'" But this seems to me merely a statement of an obvious precaution that every intelligent critic ought to take; one can hardly dignify it by calling it a "theory of criticism."

Mr. Spingarn seems constitutionally incapable of correcting one error without embracing the opposite error, and stating it in such an extreme form as to discredit what is valid in his criticism. In one chapter, for example, he is not content to point out that in the transition from rhymed verse to blank verse to vers libre to rhythmic prose it is often difficult to say where verse ends and prose begins; he denies the validity of the distinction between the two forms, which is much as if he were to deny the distinction between day and night because there is no exact minute in the twilight period when one becomes the other. His essay on *The New Criticism* could have performed an important service in clearing away a good deal of pedantry and in discrediting the moralistic preoccupations of

the American humanists, but Mr. Spingarn so overstated his case that he ended by putting art in a moral, intellectual, and social vacuum. Of course it is impossible to maintain any such position without inconsistency, and we even find Mr. Spingarn contradicting in one sentence what he has told us in the one immediately preceding. Thus, on page 28:

Her [Beauty's] imaginary creations, by definition, *make no pretense to reality*, and cannot be judged by reality's tests. The poet's only moral duty, as a poet, is to be true to his art, and to express his *vision of reality* as well as he can.

The italics are mine.

Finally, it is curious that Mr. Spingarn, who makes so able a criticism of Mr. Babbitt's scholarship and moralism, should embrace the same meaningless dualism that Mr. Babbitt does, contrasting "truth inside the spirit of man" with truth "outside," and should refer to the sciences with the same patronizing air, insisting that "whatever value they may have on the plane of our practical lives, they must be left behind when we enter the realm of spiritual values"—as if our knowledge of ourselves and of the universe could possibly be irrelevant to our scale of values.

"All art is lyrical," writes Mr. Spingarn at one point, and he sometimes seems to think that all criticism should be lyrical, too, and even all theories of criticism. In any case, he chronically uses words for their emotive appeal, and not with any nice regard for their value as tools of analysis. When we turn to Mr. Burke we turn to a much more realistic thinker, and, incidentally, a much subtler one. I make bold to say, indeed, that "Counter-Statement" is one of the most brilliant books on critical theory ever written in America; certainly one need not hesitate to rank it with any contemporary European work of its type. It seems to suffer, if anything, from an excess of ideas; at least the major criticism I have to make of it is that these ideas sometimes stumble over one another, while collateral ideas are constantly pulling the author off at a tangent, so that the reader has difficulty sometimes in knowing precisely where Mr. Burke is trying to take him. Allied to this is the criticism that Mr. Burke, who writes for the most part extremely well, occasionally indulges in a pedantically elliptical style, and keeps jolting his reader against wedged-in parentheses.

It is impossible here to give an adequate summary of "Counter-Statement," largely because of the very multiplicity of its ideas, and one can merely refer the reader to the book itself. But two essays, Psychology and Form, and The Status of Art, stand out. The latter is a masterly discussion of the function of art and the contemporary need for it, but Mr. Burke is careful not to overstate his case: "One cannot advocate art as a cure for toothache," he reminds us, "without disclosing the superiority of dentistry." The essay on Psychology and Form opens with an acute analysis of the scene in "Hamlet" immediately preceding the entrance of the ghost of Hamlet's father. Mr. Burke shows how adroitly Shakespeare plays upon the expectations of the audience, whetting, frustrating, surprising, and gratifying them. The scene, he holds, is a perfect illustration of the relationship between psychology and form, and indicates how the one is to be defined in terms of the other. Literary form, in brief, is in essence not something arbitrary, imposed, or merely conventional; it is implicit in subject matter; it is an arousing and fulfilment of desires: a work has form in so far as one part of it leads a reader to anticipate another part, and to be gratified by the sequence.

I cannot close without a reference to Mr. Burke's admirable little essay in his final pages in defense of "rhetoric." The reader of modern prose is constantly on his guard against "rhetoric," yet the word, by lexicographer's definition, refers merely to "the use of language in such a way as to produce a desired impression upon the hearer or reader." In accordance

with this definition, effective literature could be nothing else but rhetoric: thus the resistance to rhetoric *qua* rhetoric must be due to a faulty analysis. To an extent, this resistance is a revolt against an overemphasizing of the traditionally ceremonious, and as such wholesome, but in turning against the specific methods of specific rhetoricians, modern writers persuaded themselves that they were turning against rhetoric *in toto*. The great danger of this, Mr. Burke insists, is that it leads to a denigration of form, and such a denigration cannot become widespread without leading to an impoverished literature.

HENRY HAZLITT

Photography as an Art

Eyes on Russia. By Margaret Bourke-White. With a Foreword by Maurice Hindus. Simon and Schuster. \$5.

David Octavius Hill. By Heinrich Schwarz. The Viking Press. \$6.

MISS BOURKE-WHITE is a young American photographer well known for her pictures of American industry. In 1930 she spent five busy weeks in Russia, took some four hundred photographs, and now presents us with forty of them in a volume which contains also a gay and amusing account of her adventures. Anyone who has had even the briefest experience with Soviet officials will appreciate her description of their enthusiastic, cordial, inefficient cooperation, and will be, besides, in a position to appreciate the difficulties overcome in making these striking pictures in a country where cameras are so rare that the possession of one is enough to attract the curious eye of every passer-by.

Miss Bourke-White includes several arresting portraits of various Russian types, but she has concentrated upon different phases of industry and she has managed somehow to suggest something of the Russian attitude toward the machine. Doubtless the strangely beautiful effect of certain of her pictures—like that of the loom-tender seen through the threads which rise to the great pyramid of spools—is the result of her arrangement alone. Doubtless the same effect could have been achieved in almost any American spinning-mill. But the effect is, nevertheless, one which interprets the attitude of a people to whom industry is an idea as well as a physical fact, and for that very reason it is appropriate in a way that a romanticizing of our factories often is not.

From a purely pictorial standpoint these pictures should interest photographers as well as those who will be fascinated by the glimpses which they afford into the daily life of the Russian worker. So much nonsense has been talked on both sides of the question "Is photography an art?" that an object lesson like this has a very real value for the simple reason that it exemplifies so admirably the kind of effect which photography can produce. Primarily these pictures are documents, and the fact that they are supposed to convey information is never forgotten. Miss Bourke-White never selects forms purely for their own sakes, or carries "interpretation" to the point where the camera becomes merely a mechanical instrument for the imitation of bad paintings. But she does use her knowledge of light, shadow, and viewpoint to capture the most suggestive aspect of any given actuality, and she presents us with a record of something which is significant, not because it has been imagined, but because it has been selected. She recognizes the fact that photography is one of the arts in which truth to fact plays a relatively important part, and the result is something worth a good deal more than all the pseudo-Corots turned out by the old school of "artistic" photographers as well as all the "arrangements" and "montages" produced by the futile labors of the "moderns."

The volume devoted to Hill is a sumptuously printed album

containing a memoir and eighty reproductions of the pictures (mostly portraits) which he took during the forties of the last century. Hill was a Scotchman who worked at the very beginning of photography and who did not use even the then newly calculated Petzval lens; but it would be difficult to find any portraits more full of character than those which he took of the iron-visaged Victorians who came to his studio. Since his time the photographer has been relieved of many limitations, but he has hardly improved upon work of the sort which was possible within the limitations imposed upon Hill by his materials.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"War Guilt" and France

War and Diplomacy in the French Republic. By Frederick L. Schuman. Whittlesey House. \$4.

THIS is a capital monograph on the history and methods of contemporary diplomacy. It is a very timely, important, and trustworthy volume. The book presents a careful analysis of the machinery of foreign policy in France and of the psychology which runs this machinery.

Able as the portions of the book devoted to these aspects of the subject may be, the greatest interest resides in Part II. Here the author presents in some 250 pages a thorough and up-to-date summary of French diplomatic history under the Third Republic. This is especially valuable, for such a treatment has hitherto been lacking in English. The pre-war diplomatic history of most of the other principals in the crisis of 1914 has been treated in authoritative monographs, but the developments in France have been dealt with only incidentally.

Especially important is Dr. Schuman's discussion of the diplomatic revolution of 1912-14 and of the part played by French statesmen in the crisis of 1914. He recognizes clearly the significance of the ousting of Caillaux and the elevation of Poincaré to the premiership.

From Caillaux to Poincaré was a step from conciliation and cooperation with Germany to a policy of vigorous self-reliance and determined assertion of national interests. . . . His [Poincaré's] determination to take a firm stand against Berlin in future controversies was perhaps an expression of a deeper and unconfessed resolution to do all in his power to regain the "lost provinces" for the Republic and to crush the German "menace" once and for all. This could be achieved not by diplomacy but only by war. Izvolsky was moved by corresponding sentiments and ambitions. He, too, could gain his objective only by war—since diplomacy had failed.

Such was the background of events from 1912 to 1914. Dr. Schuman traces the developments with skill and impartiality. He shows the linkage of the Straits and Alsace-Lorraine in the Dual Alliance of France and Russia; indicates how Izvolsky induced Poincaré to promise French aid in a war over the Balkans, provided Germany came to the aid of Austria; describes the bribery of the French press by Russian gold to win over the French public to support this policy; shows how the support of England was gradually rendered more probable if not certain; and outlines the manner in which France and Russia were creating a firm front for any European crisis.

Coming to the dramatic and moving events of the period from June 28 to August 5, 1914, Dr. Schuman presents the facts in resolute fashion. He makes it clear that Poincaré's visit to Russia late in July, 1914, greatly strengthened the Russian militarists and helped them to decide to use the assassination crisis as the episode to precipitate the war over the Straits. He reveals the misrepresentation of German diplomacy by Berthelot and its effect upon the Paris press. He does not

hesitate to expose Paléologue's misrepresentation of the Russian mobilization or the gross falsification of the facts in regard to it in the French "Yellow Book" (pp. 232-33). He does not endeavor to conceal the fact that the French offered no resistance to the Russian general mobilization, even though they knew it meant inevitable European war, or that the French government made the final decision for war with enthusiasm.

In short, Dr. Schuman shows clearly enough that the French could not have more skilfully forwarded war policies in the summer of 1914 and that they did nothing of any significance to avert the calamity. His chief oversight lies in not contrasting with this the repeated and firm pressure exerted on Austria by the German government, but Fay has established this fact for all time.

Dr. Schuman thus writes as an advanced revisionist. The reviewer could not ask for a more complete confirmation of the indictment of France in his "Genesis of the World War." To anticipate and avert any controversy in *The Nation* over this point, he would suggest that any curious person read Chapters III and VII of that book, compare it with Dr. Schuman's treatment, and form his own judgment on the matter.

The most astonishing aspect of the book remains to be pointed out. About a year ago Dr. Schuman reviewed Professor Schmitt's "Coming of the War, 1914" in *The Nation* and commended it most warmly. The reviewer cannot imagine a more damaging implicit criticism of Schmitt's treatment of France than Dr. Schuman's work. Further, in his preface to the present book, Dr. Schuman states that Professor Schmitt has read and criticized Part II. One can only remark that the ways of history professors in the United States are frequently beyond the understanding of ordinary mortals.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

"I Saw Thrones"

Everyman Remembers. By Ernest Rhys. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. \$4.

THE generation of young literary aspirants who came to London during the eighties and nineties has now for twenty years been giving us, out of the mellow memories of its old age, the records of an enchanted youth. Apparently London was never before or since so magical a city for the hopeful novice in verse, drama, and novel-writing. Parnassians, noble Romans, blooming aesthetes, pontifical critics, and cloud-girt Olympians thronged its streets, clubs, theaters, and drawing-rooms. In the age of professional beauties, venerable theatrical stars, and canonized royalty, the man of letters likewise claimed a homage and a luxury too seldom his. The glamor of celebrity haunted every writer who had made the slightest stir in the reviews, but for gods like Tennyson, Browning, Meredith, and Morris was conjured up a reverence usually reserved for kingship and sainthood. The city quaked with the excitement of new books, new plays, the *Yellow Book*, and under-tremors of scandal; with the additional enthusiasm aroused by the "young anger" of revolutionary groups like the Rhymers' Club, the Celtic Revival, the Decembrists, and the Fabians, the air managed to seethe with the fervor that makes literature. Even the now historical literary "bull market" in America between 1912 and 1922 appears curtailed in comparison. From the calmer vantage-point of 1931 it is possible to be callous about much of the uproar, but for Ernest Rhys, who played his active part in that age and in our own, the excitement was contagious and the grandeur authentic. The sincerity with which he transfers them to his volume of memoirs gives his book, in spite of its defects of form and style, a respectable

place beside the similar records of Le Gallienne, Beerbohm, Yeats, and their contemporaries.

From obscure Welsh beginnings and a false start in the mining business, Rhys approached London on no velvet drugged. His charming poetic endowment, while sufficiently real to make him—with Yeats and Rolleston—one of the three original members of the Rhymers, was never strong enough to insure him a post among the front-rank celebrities. His critical abilities were likewise frail. As an editor, however, his enthusiasm and foresight not only placed him in the front rank of the publishing profession, but made him an adviser and host to three literary generations. Entering, virtually by accident, the publishing world, he set going the Camelot Series for Walter Scott, Ltd. Shortly afterward he conceived and launched for J. M. Dent the now classical Everyman's Library, of which he still remains editor. Of this undertaking he writes his most humble pages, but it will remain his greatest claim to eminence. The cordiality with which he popularized the classics and encouraged publishers to print the work of young writers was undoubtedly the secret of his friendship with Swinburne and Watts-Dunton at Putney, with Conrad in Kent, with Yeats and "Æ" and the Irish writers; with Russian exiles like Kropotkin and Stepniak; with Whitman, Lowell, Holmes, and the Stedman circle in New York; with Lawrence, Pound, Ford, and the new spirits of 1910; with, indeed, an almost interminable procession of talents and geniuses through fifty years of eager and generous service in the cause of writing. Such service cannot be too critical of its masters. Rhys's memoirs have no value as criticism, but among the garrulities and sentiments of recent literary reminiscence "Everyman Remembers" stands out for the engaging ardor whereby Rhys made his valuable contribution to the creative enlightenment of a part of two centuries.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

The Alibi Department

Power Ethics. By Jack Levin. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

THE recent history of political malfeasance in office, showing the rise of privileged groups above regulation, above law, is only possible where the public has been misled through misinformation or through no information at all," declares Jack Levin, of the research staff of the People's Legislative Service, in his analysis of the most deliberate, most wholesale, most highly organized campaign of misinformation in the peace-time history of the United States.

He has carefully analyzed and then synthesized the material gathered by the Federal Trade Commission in a three years' investigation of the propaganda of the public utilities, particularly the electric utilities. He finds this glaring paradox—that the very industries which cannot be depended upon to serve the public *physically* without State or national regulation have managed to serve the same public *mentally* with material of their own choosing, thus making it possible to persuade that public against its own interest to nullify the regulatory acts designed to protect it.

This propaganda was initiated and largely carried on through the efforts of the Insulls, although the National Electric Light Association was *particeps criminis*, and its component companies share the responsibility. The propaganda mill operated chiefly through so-called "information committees." Heading each was a director, who was thus described by the head of the Georgia Information Committee: "You may look upon him . . . as the head of the alibi department, the fixer . . . the undertaker's assistant, suave of manner, discreetly clothed, who moves here and there during the inquest trying to put the best possible face on the murder."

Concealing the true authorship of the propaganda, whether operating through school or college, church, lodge, service or women's clubs, through the press or motion picture, the privately owned public utilities sought to insinuate, in the guise of informative or educational material, a viewpoint favorable to their *status quo* of excessive profits and absence of effective regulation.

Mr. Levin quotes from the record the following suggestive incident:

There was a very prominent lady in the community . . . member of the Literary Club . . . of the W. C. T. U., and a number of organizations. She gave an afternoon tea, and in the course of the party . . . brought the conversation around to the subject of State water and power acts, and said rather casually, "My banker tells me that that is an iniquitous and dangerous measure," and with a little comment of that kind passed on. Those who were at the tea did not realize until the investigation came out that she had been paid (by the private utilities) . . . to buy cakes and cookies for the giving of that party.

Wherever possible the true purpose of this propaganda was disguised. "A \$1,875 payment to a college professor and a \$4,200 motion-picture bill for farmers are labeled on a voucher 'engineering investigation on wind and ice loading of transmission lines.'"

The amount of free newspaper publicity, in contradistinction to that which was paid for at advertising rates, was enormous. State committee directors boasted how much the "space" they secured would have cost at regular advertising rates. Newspaper publicity for their propaganda was, certainly until the Federal Trade Commission exposé had begun to seep through to a section of the press (that section not controlled by the utilities and their affiliates), extremely easy to secure. The director of publicity in Florida spoke of being so deluged by clippings that a discontinuance of them was necessary, "but," he wrote, "a rough estimate of the editorial and other matter given to us from the Florida newspapers would amount to more than \$50,000. The editorial matter could not be purchased at any price." Similarly a private utility reported that its publicity, if paid for, would have cost over a million dollars.

Mr. Levin's study leads him to certain interesting conclusions:

First, that this great variety of charges incurred in the propaganda campaign—\$13,284 paid to the past president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs for magazine articles presenting the public-utility view, entertainment charges, country-club dinners, deep-sea fishing trips, payment of Rotary Club dues, hotel and traveling expenses, theater parties for editors, etc., *ad lib.*—were all charged to operating expenses, and that the consumer invariably paid for them in his higher charges for light and power.

Second, that sweeping and comprehensive as the evidence dug up by the Federal Trade Commission has been, it is only a small indication of the true extent of the private-utility activities in our educational system.

Third, that by contrasting the woeful tales uttered by the utility representatives before the establishment of the information committees with their claims of accomplishment a few years later, it is reasonable to assume that "they have succeeded in converting public opinion to their point of view." "It is abundantly clear," says Mr. Levin, "that they have convinced great masses of people that all is well with the regulation of our public utilities and that therefore the citizen should leave matters as they are and go about his own affairs."

The reviewer agrees with that somewhat pessimistic judgment. To a considerable extent the utilities campaign has successfully used the Insull formula of "pinning the bolshevist tag" on those who have contended for effective regulation, who have perceived what a colossal racket the electric public-utility

industry has become, and have sought reform. Nevertheless, the crudity of the racket, the tremendous inflation of values, the obvious iniquity of the pyramided structure of holding companies, the patent lack of effective regulation should require only a small amount of exposure to bring about a determined movement for reform. The spotlight is really the first essential.

Mr. Levin's book performs that service in a thorough way. His method is that of analysis and deduction, and collation of all the implied facts. The result is perhaps not so vivid a picture and so easily readable an account as were obtained through the method which the reviewer adopted in his own volume on the same subject, where a liberal use of quotations from the utilities' correspondence files permits them to condemn themselves "out of their own mouths," and allows the reader to judge the material itself.

Mr. Levin's approach is probably the more difficult and the more painstaking, and he is entitled to a vote of thanks for making the result of his researches available. Full appreciation and understanding by the public of what he has to tell would result in cutting the light-and-power bill of the nation at least in half, if not lower, and of making that indispensable commodity—electric current—far more widely available, as indeed it ought to be.

ERNEST GRUBNING

Books in Brief

From Steerage to Congress. By Richard Bartholdt. Philadelphia: Dorrance and Company. \$4.

Richard Bartholdt's memoirs tell the story of a German boy, the son of a revolutionist of 1848, who came to this country at the age of fifteen and worked his way up from printer to Congressman. He served from 1893 to 1915, from the Fifty-third to the Sixty-third Congress, from the Tenth Missouri District, and retired voluntarily to devote himself to public causes, and particularly to that of peace. He was for a time president of the Interparliamentary Union for the Promotion of International Arbitration, was founder and long head of the American group, and has been unceasing in his efforts to bring about international understanding.

While the narrative is somewhat rambling and needs very careful revision, if there is to be another edition, as to facts, names, and dates, which are often erroneous, it is none the less an interesting chronicle of a typical German-American career—typical in its loyalty and devotion to American institutions and faithful service to the second Motherland, but not typical in the quality and distinction of that service. Especially interesting are the accounts of Mr. Bartholdt's interviews with Kaiser Wilhelm, when in 1911 he delivered an address to him on behalf of the President and the Congress of the United States, and also presented to the Kaiser a replica of the Steuben monument in Washington. On one of these occasions the Kaiser said: "Yes, they call me the Peace Kaiser with a jeer. Nevertheless [with great emphasis], I am proud of that title and hope the good Lord may permit me to take it into my grave." It would be a wonderful thing if just at this moment so sturdy and uncompromising a champion for peace and international good-will as Mr. Bartholdt could be heard in Congress.

Jenny Lind. By Edward Wagenknecht. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

Avowedly a disciple of Gamaliel Bradford, Mr. Wagenknecht here applies the "psychographic" method with more zeal than skill. Analytical wheels whirr and dial readings are recorded to the accompaniment of a voluble exposition—too often in the first person singular. The effect is that of a laboratory demonstration with the lecturer flourishing a pointer over his apparatus and charts. Evidential values have not always

been carefully weighed. For example, nearly two pages are devoted to the manner in which Jenny Lind sang the familiar aria, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The author gravely writes: "It is said that she always placed the accent on 'know,' thus making the utterance, as it were, a personal confession of faith." Inasmuch as the melody is so constructed that the accent cannot be placed anywhere else without disturbing both the balance of the musical phrase and the meaning of the text, it would have been remarkable if she had sung it otherwise. The idiosyncrasies of the Swedish Nightingale as well as the fundamental traits of her character are duly disclosed in sketches, but at no time is the soul-portrait clearly limned in its entirety.

George Gershwin: A Study in American Music. By Isaac Goldberg. Simon and Schuster. \$3.50.

Equally conversant with the prosody of Latin America and the idiomatic lyrics of Tin Pan Alley, Dr. Goldberg has written a study of George Gershwin in which eulogy and analysis are neatly combined. It is biography and critique in one. Readers curious about the personality of the most illustrious of jazz composers will find here all they need to know about his manner of living, his methods of work, and his opinions. "What the deuce do I care about jazz?" has implications that may startle his admirers. Dr. Goldberg quotes it to prove that "to George, as to any genuine composer, it is music that comes first. If jazz should threaten to become a hampering stereotype, a 'tradition' in its turn, George would go forward to the next fresh impulse that arose in him." The promise that he will go forward is implicit in the development he has already passed through and in the strongly individual quality of his music. Dr. Goldberg's book is completely sympathetic in tone, and its insouciant style trips a lively pace most of the time.

Digging in Yucatan. By Ann Axtell Morris. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.50.

Centuries ago a Maya king decided that people who worked had no time to revolt. So he ordered his architect to tear down one temple and put another above it. The work was begun; but as it progressed, either the king or the architect changed his mind a good many times. The result is the Temple of the Warriors at Chichen Itza, an oft-changed yet beautiful building whose shifting plans and styles record the decline of an Indian kingdom. As the kingdom fell, so did the temple, and for hundreds of years it lay in ruins. When Mrs. Morris and her husband came to Yucatan in 1924, the building lay under soil and trees. This book tells of their removal, of the discovery of one temple beneath another, of the engineering and scientific feats performed in putting those buildings back together. The volume is lively as well as informing.

City Child. By Selma Robinson. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

Selma Robinson knows her medium perfectly and never overtaxes it; hers is charming magazine verse on the many themes of human life, loneliness, tenderness, whimsical sophistication, slight cynicism. It is the kind of verse everyone understands and reads and enjoys. In form it is perfect, just subtle enough—just gay and bitter enough, too, in idea. It never overshoots the mark in seriousness or in false humor; the tone is the modern tone of the young woman grown up in the city. The little volume is decorated with tiny woodcuts and drawings by Rockwell Kent.

The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Translated by Jefferson Butler Fletcher. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

Professor Fletcher's Dante is of course the work of a careful student in the field—and one, furthermore, who is ac-

complished in the writing of verse. His determination, however, to dispense with the linkage between his tercets—to write, that is to say, aba, cdc, efe, and so on—seems hardly to be vindicated by the result, which is a jerky and bumpy poem. Dante was often involved, and Professor Fletcher follows his involutions like a master; but Dante, by writing aba, bcb, cdc, and so on, was never without the effect of continuity. Professor Fletcher often is, and this makes his translation not infrequently inferior to several others which, imperfect though they are, have adhered strictly to the rhyme scheme of the original.

Music

Composer and Performer

IT would be difficult to find two pianists, I suppose, who would less like to be compared with each other than Harry Cumpson and Harriet Cohen, and there are certainly few more contrasted than they. But although each would probably consider assurance of that fact an occasion for self-congratulation, neither would be right in doing so. For it is just in those things in which they most differ that each could profitably learn from the other.

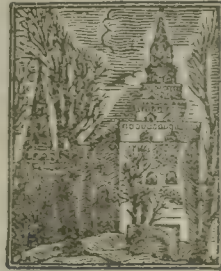
Mr. Cumpson's purpose is to convey the message of the music he plays as simply as possible. It is the purpose of every sincere artist—Miss Cohen doubtless included. He strives for clean, quiet, accurate playing from which as far as possible any trace of his personality shall be effaced in favor of the composer. But he has allowed an excellent principle to become a fetish, and in his unceasing effort to avoid overstatement he has forgotten that habitual understatement is equally inaccurate. Miss Cohen appears not to be afraid of overstatement; in her desire not to miss the slightest inflection she frequently lapses into gross exaggeration.

A revealing thing about an unbalanced art like that of either of these two is that at the most unexpected places the most contradictory tendencies appear. Thus Mr. Cumpson plays on for pages with dogmatic monotony of color and rhythm, and with lofty disregard of important phrase inflections and articulations, only to seize upon the indicated phrasing in the first variation of the Beethoven Sonata, Opus 26, as the occasion for a caesura so exaggerated as to interrupt seriously the four-measure flow of the rhythm. And Miss Cohen, after lavishing excessive tenderness on many undeserving phrases, is content to skip with the most complete nonchalance over the structurally and expressively important trill that comes at the end of the early tonic pedal in the Bach A-minor Organ Prelude.

The shortcomings of both these artists are due, I think, to faulty emphasis in their conceptions of the function of the interpreting artist: Mr. Cumpson mistaking literalness for faithfulness, and thinking that a sincere performance is one that converts the contents of the printed page into sound, adding nothing, or as little as possible, in the process; Miss Cohen substituting her own sentiments for the composer's, placing unmerited reliance upon her intuitions, allowing the forest to be hidden by the trees.

The obvious truth is that neither in strict nor in loose construction will a satisfactory interpretation be found. For to realize the necessity that Miss Cohen ignores—that of making sure that the composer's intentions are not clouded by the introduction of irrelevant sentiments, or his gentler and lighter remarks inflated into grandiose or pathetic pronouncements—is only half the battle; and the other half, to which Mr. Cumpson unfortunately shuts his eyes, consists in realizing that while the substitution of one's personal emotions for those of the composer is unwarranted, the mere literal reproduction of the com-

Soviet Russia Equals Europe . . . in cost to the traveler



For the summer of 1932 the Open Road is able to offer its standard travel services in Russia at European prices.

A month's round trip to the U. S. S. R. with expenses New York to Russia and return steamship passage from Europe can be made for . . . \$238, third class on land and sea (with tourist class Baltic crossing and second class sleeper Helsingfors-Leningrad). \$359, second class on land, tourist class at sea (first class Baltic crossing).

Itineraries may be drafted to suit. Experienced Open Road representatives in Leningrad and Moscow know how to make a little time go a long way in a country where the visitor plunges into a bewildering new civilization and where every waking hour of the sojourn is precious.

In writing for itineraries and rates, indicate what phases of Russian life interest you most and whether you prefer to travel with a group or independently.



The OPEN ROAD

Salmon Tower, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City

Cooperating in U. S. S. R. with INTOURIST

Rogel's International

THESAURUS

"Words grouped by Ideas"

Complete list of synonyms, antonyms, phrases, slang, etc., in fact everything to help find the right word. The one indispensable book for all writers. A necessary complement of the dictionary.

Now \$3 Copy

from **CROWELL'S**
THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO.
393 Fourth Avenue, New York

95 CENTS A COPY FOR THE FIRST TIME



Balzac's
DROLL STORIES
Boccaccio's **THE**
DECAMERON

Each volume complete and unabridged

THE MODERN LIBRARY

poser's indicated intentions does not make a vital—that is, an accurate—interpretation of his true meaning. If the interpreter's own thoughts and emotions are taboo, he must at least share those of the composer. He must, for the duration of his role as interpreter, try to reincarnate the composer, and not be afraid to speak his meaning as well as his words with vigor and imagination. Nor dare he forget the inadequacy of the notation by which composers give but a hint of their intentions, or become so absorbed in accurately reproducing the things indicated that he loses sight of the intentions which that notation is unable to convey.

Miss Cohen gives us many impressions delightful in themselves, but their connection with the main tendency of the music is often questionable. She wastes considerable pianistic resources—a quite unusual tonal range, and often delightful sensitiveness and imagination in phrasing—by failing to employ them in an organized way toward well-defined ends. Mr. Cumpson, on the other hand, wastes the fine intellectual and formal grasp he has on music by allowing the sensitive, imaginative, intuitive side of his interpretative powers to atrophy, and so cheating his playing of the living force it must have to be faithful interpretation.

I often wonder whether a review like this which points out prominent shortcomings in the playing of accomplished musicians does not give a quite false impression of their art. Perhaps it would be a serious omission in this one, for example, not to make it clear that while definite weaknesses prevent either Harry Cumpson or Harriet Cohen from giving thoroughly satisfactory performances, there is much to be enjoyed and a great deal to be learned from each of them, and that I should not like to miss performances by either of music that interests me.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Films

"Spectacle" vs. Story

IT has been indicated before in this column that the greatest defect of the American film is its tendency to be spectacular at the expense of being convincing. "Mata Hari," in which Greta Garbo is starred (Capitol), is one of the more gorgeous examples of the tendency. The story of the beautiful German spy, the dancer who bought war secrets with the international and highly negotiable currency of love, is so melodramatic in itself that only warm characterization, a simple plot, and convincing motivation could make it human and therefore touching. The present production is unfortunately only a spectacle through which Miss Garbo moves, always competently but with static coldness. The character of Mata Hari is neither established nor developed. In justice to Miss Garbo it must be said that the fault seems to lie more with the producer and the director than with her ability as an actress. Wherever it lies, however, the result is the same. The story has no center. Besides being synthetic it is also elaborate and long drawn out. The settings are lavish, and Miss Garbo's gowns render her forbiddingly beautiful rather than irresistible. Lewis Stone is badly miscast as the master-spy; Ramon Novarro, who plays opposite Miss Garbo, is ineffectual; and the performance of Lionel Barrymore, who provides the only authentic implication of pathos, is lost in the general grandeur.

It is a different sort of precocity which keeps a really admirable venture from achieving success. The new version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (Rivoli) falls between the two stools of Freudian psychology and simple "horror." Modern psychology is introduced into the outlines of the Stevenson tale, and this interpretation of the old theme if consistently fol-

lowed might have produced significant drama. Instead, the producer took the easier as well as the more spectacular way, and accordingly the handsome Dr. Jekyll, after drinking a chemical cocktail, turns before one's eyes into a repulsive, ape-like Mr. Hyde who rapes and murders and in general terrorizes the town. Accordingly also the play loses most of its significance as modern drama. Since Stevenson's day, through the kindly offices of Dr. Freud, "bestiality" has been so completely stripped of its horrific Victorian implications that the loathsome Hyde is quite implausible. What is more to the point dramatically, a really subtle and effective as well as thoroughly modern Jekyll-Hyde would dispense with drastic make-up. Without it, the characterization would of course require an excellent brand of acting, but Fredric March's work in the present version indicates that he could handle it. The rest of the cast, and in fact the picture as a whole, need not be touched. The settings are very well conceived, and the imaginative camera work is an integral part of the production. Rouben Mamoulian has given it sensitive and intelligent direction; and Miriam Hopkins's interpretation of the little music-hall girl who is the victim of Hyde's brutality, combined with the tortured Dr. Jekyll of Mr. March, endows the picture with a quality that is haunting in spite of the unreal element of horror which finally defeats it.

The theme of "Zwei Menschen" (Little Carnegie), which depicts a painful struggle between the church and human love, with the church winning out, is emotionally remote from American audiences. But the high valleys of the Tyrolean Alps where the film was made are pleasant to look upon and the play is very well acted. "Secrets of the Orient" (Europa), a German silent film, relates one of the tales of Scheherezade to the accompaniment of Rimsky-Korsakoff's music. The adventures of Ali the cobbler are pleasantly absorbing, even though the settings, which are intentionally fantastic, may be distracting to those who feel that a dream, to be effective, must appear if anything more real than reality.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Drama

Ten-Twenty-Thirt'

THE producers of "Berlin" (Cohan Theater) played an elaborate if unintentional joke upon the professional first-nighters, for it was vaguely suggested that the new play was to be "something like 'Grand Hotel,'" and the audience assembled with all the deferential solemnity appropriate to a predestined success. The ermine coats were out in respectable numbers, even the cagiest of the "first-string" critics were present, and the first ten minutes of the show itself seemed to promise something pretentious at least. There was a round of applause for the elaborate setting, an appropriate "Ah!" for the trick lighting of the scene, and then half an hour, at least, during which there was a stubborn refusal to believe the all too obvious fact that everyone was in for nothing more or less than a ten-twenty-thirty melodrama of the rankest variety. Spies spied; vamps vamped; ingenues acted innocent; and a perfectly blood-curdling chief of the secret police turned up on his club foot with distressing regularity until the time came for him to walk calmly into a clout on the head and thus allow the hero and heroine to escape gaily out of a house which even a village constable would have had surrounded.

And what do you suppose it was all about? Those very same "papers" which even the patrons of vaudeville now know to be as irresistibly funny as a reference to dill pickles or Bismarck herring, and which, in this particular instance, are sup-

□ PLAYS □ FILMS □ DANCE □ LECTURES □ DEBATES □

CIVIC LIGHT OPERA CO. ■
GILBERT and SULLIVAN'S The GONDOLIERS
 WITH FAMOUS GILBERTIAN CAST
 THEA., W. 44th St. Phone. PENN 6-7963
 ERLANGER'S Nights, 50c to \$2.50 Wed. Mat. 50c ■
 \$1.50. Sat. Mat. 50c to \$2.00
 MONDAY, JANUARY 18th—PATIENCE

The Theatre Guild Presents
EUGENE O'NEILL'S TRILOGY
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA
 Composed of 3 plays
 Homecoming, The Hunted, The Haunted
 All 3 plays will be presented ■ one day, commencing ■ 5:30 sharp. Dinner
 intermission of one hour at 7 o'clock. No matinee performances.
 GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., ■ of Broadway

THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS
REUNION IN VIENNA
 A comedy by ROBERT B. SHERWOOD
MARTIN BECK THEA., ■ St. & 8 Ave. PENN. 6-6100
 Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

GILBERT MILLER and LESLIE HOWARD present
LESLIE HOWARD
 in PHILIP BARRY'S New Comedy
THE ANIMAL KINGDOM
 Staged by GILBERT MILLER
 BROADHURST THEA. 44th St., West of Broadway
 Mats., Wednesday and Saturday 2:30

ARCH SELWYN presents
THE DEVIL PASSES A NEW
 PLAY BY
 BENN W. LEVY
 with ARTHUR BYRON, BASIL RATHBONE, ROBERT LORAIN, MARY NASH, DIANA WYNYARD, CECILIA LOFTUS, ERNEST THESIGER, ERNEST COSSART.
 SELWYN THEA., W. 42nd St. Evgs. 8:30 | Prices Evgs. \$1 ■ ■
 Mats.: Thurs. and Sat. | Mats. \$1 to \$2.50

GILBERT MILLER Presents
HELEN HAYES
 in MOLNAR'S New Comedy
THE GOOD FAIRY
 HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd Street
 Evenings 8:50 Matinees Thursday and Saturday 2:40

"First American play of the ■■■■■ of any sound quality; a play real
 in its character, ■■■■■ its dialogue and consistently intelligent in ■■■■■
 approach to its subject matter."—George Jean Nathan, Judge.

THE LEFT BANK

By ELMER RICE
 LITTLE THEATRE, ■■■■■ Street Telephone LA 4-6620
 Evgs. \$1 to \$3. Wed. Mat. \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Sat. Mat. \$1 - \$2.50

LOUIS FISCHER
 Foremost Authority on Russia
 Available for lectures after February 1st
 For terms and open dates address
 LEE KEEDICK, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York



REUNION IN NEW YORK

Green Mansions' Dance

Friday, January 15, 1932

GREEN MANSIONS

35 WEST 90TH ST.
 Schuyler 4-3250

HOTEL ST. GEORGE
 51 Clark Street
 Brooklyn, N. Y.

Admission \$1.50 . . . Informal

Debate! SHALL WE DISARM?

Can Peace Be Assured by Reduction of Armaments?

BISHOP FRANCIS J. **McCONNELL** Says YES!

vs.

GENERAL SMEDLEY D. **BUTLER** Says NO!

CHAIRMAN: HEYWOOD BROWN

SAT. EVE., JAN. 30th, 1932, AT MECCA TEMPLE

ON THE EVE OF THE GENEVA CONFERENCE

Tickets: \$.50-.75-\$1.00-\$1.50-\$2.00—Reservations Accepted Now
 Mgt.—DISCUSSION GUILD—15 East 40th St., LEx. 2-5024

A Clearing House of Opinion **THE GROUP** Meets at Auditorium
 150 West 85th St.

Tuesday, January 19th, ■ 8:30 P.M.

PROF. E. C. LINDEMAN speaks on:

"THE MACHINE AND ITS CULTURAL INFLUENCE"

This Sunday Aft. (Jan. 17th) ■ 4:30 P.M.

ROY L. McCARDELL speaks on:

"BABBITS—AREN'T WE ALL?" (Tea Served)

"THE WORLD CRISIS AS I SEE IT"
 LECTURE BY PROF. HARRY A. OVERSTREET
 Sunday Jan. 17—8:30 P.M.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC
 80 LAFAYETTE AVE. near FLATBUSH AVE.
 TICKETS—25c, 50c, \$1.00 AT BOX OFFICE OR
 RAND BOOK STORE—7 East 15th St., N.Y.C.
 AUSPICES—BROOKLYN FORUM—SOCIALIST PARTY

□ **WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT** □

PLAYS TO SEE

Brief Moment—Belasco—W. 44 St.
 Civic Light Opera Co.—Erlanger's—W. 44 St.
 Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
 Cynara—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way.
 Mourning Becomes Electra—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
 OF Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.
 Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. ■ Ave.
 Springtime for Henry—Bijou—45 St. W. of B'way.
 The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—B'way. & 40 St.
 The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
 The Bride The Sun Shines On—Fulton—46 St. W. of B'way.
 The Devil Passes—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
 The Good Fairy—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.
 The Left Bank—Little—44 St.

SCOTT NEARING, Ph. D.

Who Has Just Returned from a Trip Around the World!

In A Series of Nine Lectures on

"A New World Economy"

Thursday Evenings at 8:15

Jan. 21—Economic Evolution

Why does one form of economy replace another? The rise of national and imperial economy. Inter-national economy. Modifications in the productive forces. Shifts in class power. Speeding up and directing the economic process.

Jan. 28—The Beginning of World Economy

Is a new economy emerging? The decay of national and imperial economy. Exploitation. War. Expansion. Revolution. The first stage of a world economy.

Feb. 4—Purposive Economics

Can economic forces be controlled and directed? The bankruptcy of *laissez-faire*. The goal: a decent living for the human race. Role of the economic expert. New economic principles for a new economic era.

Feb. 11—Economic Planning

Is a world five-year plan possible? The chaos of a planless world. The principles of planned economy. A world budget. World planning and world planners.

Feb. 18—The Organization of Production

Can the world's productive system be rationalized? Competition, duplication, waste. Industrialization. Mobilizing the world's resources, tools and man power to provide for the needs of mankind.

Feb. 25—Money Power

What role will money play in the new world economy? Money as a yardstick for barter; as an agency of exploitation. Value and its measurement. A stable money unit.

Mar. 3—Price Control

What shall determine prices? Supply and demand. Failure of the open market. Monopoly. Prices, taxation, the budget, and self-supporting commodities.

Mar. 10—The Division of Income

How shall the social income be divided? The "grab" system. Individual and social income. Income according to need; to product. Guaranteeing income.

Mar. 17—The Administration of World Economy

What administrative system will develop with world economy? Natural economy and the nation; international economy and the League of Nations; world economy and a league of industries. A sovereign world parliament, directing a unified, planned, world economy.

At the Community Church, meeting at

TEMPLE BETH-EL—Fifth Avenue at 76th Street

Course tickets—\$3.00; single admission—50 cents; Student course tickets—\$1.50; single admission—35 cents. Apply Church Office, 76th Street.

Building for Happiness

The common impression that social work is primarily concerned with salvaging unfortunates is only partly correct. Social work is concerned not only with normalizing the socially maladjusted individual but also with *building up a happier and culturally richer community life*. In Jewish social work the opportunities for constructive work are especially numerous and promising.

Have you chosen your career? If not, you should examine carefully the advantages, both tangible and intangible, of

Jewish Social Work as a Profession

A number of scholarships and fellowships ranging from \$150 to \$1000 for each academic year are available for especially qualified college graduates.

For full information write to
M. J. KARPP, Director

The
Training
School



For
Jewish
Social Work

(A Graduate School)

71 W. 47th St., New York City

posed to contain something which must be got to England in order to prevent the British fleet from going somewhere or other on the eve of the Great War. But their contents are so inviolably secret that the audience is never given a hint as to what they are or why the handsome young spy who knows all about them should not take the next boat across the Channel and tell somebody or other likely to meet an admiral or two at dinner. And why, I may ask still further, do secret agents who ought to be hard to find invariably frequent the most popular restaurants in the company of double-crossing adventuresses who look and act about as safe as cobras? It is true that they appear—on the evidence of various *causes célèbres*—to do just that, but there is no reason why melodrama should be so scrupulously true to life in that one aspect which appears most improbable.

Evidently the sponsors of the play had in mind the fact that various melodramas inherently as preposterous as this one have enjoyed a real success before proudly sophisticated audiences. Probably they had "Broadway" or "Grand Hotel" in their memories and nourished false hopes upon the quite justified belief that "Berlin" is no worse, *sub specie aeternitatis*, than they were. But what they ought to have remembered is the elementary fact that the eye of eternity has little to do with current success, and that bad melodramas go over only when there is something superficially novel or superficially veracious about them. Hard-boiled reporters, sentimental bootleggers, and virgin-hearted hostesses of Broadway night clubs are relatively new, but secret police, sinister German princes, and above all "the papers" are hopelessly worn out. A few years hence one set will seem as funny as the other, but this is 1932—and not 1902 or 1942.

None of the other events of a very busy but not very distinguished post-holiday week require more than a brief mention. At the Royale Theater Ernest Vajda's "Fata Morgana" stands up very well indeed in a revival after eight years; so too does Noel Coward's irresponsible comedy "Hay Fever," which, after an interval of seven, is being seen again at the Avon. And if Henry J. Byron's "The Lancashire Lass" stands up very badly indeed, it was intended to do so by the Victorian Players, who are offering it as the first of a projected series of spoofing revivals at the President Theater, while the spectator may well devote a few minutes of astonishment to the fact that Henry Irving was a member of the original cast.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, formerly managing editor of *The Nation*, is now studying conditions in Germany.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

RICHARD S. CHILDS, a senior at Yale, is one of the editors of the *Harkness Hoot*.

WILLIAM SIDNEY is the pen name of a writer who has made a special study of municipal ownership.

MARK VAN DOREN is the author of "Jonathan Gentry." LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS contributes verse to various periodicals.

HARRY ELMER BARNES is the author of "The Genesis of the World War."

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL is professor of English literature in Loyola University and one of the editors of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*.

ERNEST GRUENING, editor of the *Portland Evening News*, is author of "The Public Pays: A Study of Power Propaganda."

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1932

No. 3473

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.....	85
EDITORIALS:	
Bond Issues or Starvation.....	88
The Future of Birth Control.....	89
Economic Isolation.....	89
The Blessed Isles.....	90
Pictures for Sale.....	90
Youth Votes for Peace.....	91
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION... By Hendrik Willem van Loon..	92
AMERICAN LOANS TO LATIN AMERICA.....	93
AN EMERGENCY CURRENCY. By Henry Hazlitt.....	94
WHAT I BELIEVE. By Edmund Wilson.....	95
WHAT POLISH JEWS ARE FACING. By Boris Smolar.....	99
CARTOON. By Wortman.....	101
THE POPE'S POSITION ON BIRTH CONTROL. By Margaret Sanger.....	102
CONGRESS AND BIRTH CONTROL. By Robert S. Allen.....	104
BIRTH CONTROL AND SOCIAL ENGINEERING. By Henry Pratt Fairchild.....	105
ASIATIC CONFLICT AND OVERPOPULATION. By C. V. Drysdale.....	107
BIRTH CONTROL, RELIGION, AND THE UNFIT. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.....	108
BIRTH CONTROL IN DISEASE. By S. Adolphus Knopf, M.D..	109
THE SPIRITUAL ASPECT OF BIRTH CONTROL. By George B. Lake, M.D.....	110
BIRTH CONTROL AND SEX MORALITY. By William Allen Pusey, M.D.....	111
EDUCATION AND BIRTH CONTROL. By John Dewey.....	112
HOW WE NULLIFY. By Morris L. Ernst.....	113
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	114
CORRESPONDENCE.....	115
FINANCE: CRYSTAL-GAZING IN WALL STREET. By S. Palmer Harman.....	116
BOOKS, ART, DRAMA:	
This Nonchalant Pause of Earth. By Florence Kiper Frank.....	117
The Perfect Secretary of War. By Oswald Garrison Villard.....	117
"The Mystic and Bizarre Emily." By Granville Hicks.....	119
African Biography. By Melville J. Herskovits.....	119
Parasitic Profits. By W. P. Mangold.....	120
Books in Brief.....	120
Art: An Essay on Marin. By Paul Rosenfeld.....	122
Drama: Lynching Bee. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	124
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	126

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

LEWIS WOOD BROWN FRED KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE DEMOCRATIC VICTORY dinners, on January 14, sixty in number, presage a vigorous and united campaign with the drift steadily toward Governor Roosevelt or the nomination. There can be no doubt that if the convention were to be held on February 1 it would be a walk-over for him. But February 1 is not June 1, and much may happen in the meantime. If the situation continues about as is, the chances will overwhelmingly favor the Governor of New York. In a sense he is winning by default. We cannot believe that the Democratic Party will nominate Governor Ritchie, a wet who stands upon a platform of States' rights that was out of date years ago. We do not think that the party will turn to Newton D. Baker, a wet who has, consistently and courageously, again announced his adherence to the League of Nations and demanded that the United States enter the League at once. He is also unthinkable as

a Presidential candidate because, as president of the Chamber of Commerce of the city of Cleveland, he signed and published full-page newspaper advertisements of that organization demanding the open shop in Cleveland and attacking organized labor. Nor does it seem to us practical politics for the party to select a man who was so identified with the Administration of Woodrow Wilson. All of this makes a grave situation for the party. On the other side there is comic relief: Postmaster General Brown has announced to the world the surprising news that Mr. Hoover is a candidate for renomination. What a shock! We hasten to pass on to the Postmaster General, Mr. Hoover's manager, as an excellent slogan for use in his campaign, one that has just been sent to us for our indorsement: "Don't swap toboggans in the middle of the slide."

FOUR MORE EUROPEAN NATIONS are "on the brink of default." Austria, Bulgaria, Greece, and Yugoslavia are said to be about to follow Hungary's example and to announce their inability to meet their foreign interest payments, which will painfully affect the American holders of some \$600,000,000 of securities then to be placed in the defaulting class. Thus the financial and economic disintegration of Europe goes on apace. It need surprise no one. For several years the inevitability of the breakdown has been evident to all who really studied the situation. Only the men responsible for the several governments have refused to see it and to take the necessary steps to ward it off and to restore Europe to economic sanity. That the United States has played an unenlightened, and in some respects a deliberately inimical, role does not alter the fact that the European nations themselves, because of the post-war treaties, their tariff folly, and in some cases their voluntary assumption of crushing military burdens, have contributed more than their share to the coming catastrophe. Meanwhile the conference at Lausanne, at this writing scheduled for January 25 (with the French reported to be eager to postpone it until June!), has a last chance to mend matters before it is too late.

JAPAN'S NAIVETE in conducting diplomatic negotiations incidental to her occupation of Manchuria may yet prove her undoing. Japanese aggression on the Asiatic mainland has been formally condemned at Geneva and elsewhere as being in direct violation of the Kellogg Pact and the Nine-Power Treaty. That Japan's action did violate these two agreements cannot be denied, and has not been denied anywhere outside Japan. Nevertheless, in replying to Secretary Stimson's recent note, the new Foreign Minister, Kenkichi Yoshizawa, said:

The Government of Japan is well aware that the Government of the United States could always be relied upon to do everything in their power to support Japan's efforts to secure full and complete fulfilment in every detail of the treaties of Washington and the Kellogg treaty for the outlawry of war. They are glad to receive this additional assurance of the fact.

Such impudent twisting of the facts will win Japan no new

friends in this country. With respect to Russia the Japanese have shown themselves undiplomatically rude. Russia's interest in North Manchuria is hardly less definite than Japan's interest in South Manchuria. Japanese military activities in the neighborhood of Tsitsihar jeopardized Russian interests, but Moscow remained patient and so avoided a conflict with Tokio. More recently Moscow proposed that the two countries negotiate a non-aggression pact, apparently in the hope of preventing a future Russo-Japanese conflict over Manchuria. But the Japanese allowed the proposal to lie unanswered until Moscow made a second inquiry. Thereupon the Japanese replied very curtly that they had not yet got around to studying the Russian proposal.

FRENCH POLITICS as well as the German situation played a large part in the reconstruction of the French Cabinet. With the national elections only a few months off, the Radical and other left-wing parties did not want to prejudice their excellent opportunity for a victory at the polls by sharing responsibility with their opponents for the handling of the new reparations negotiations. The Radicals believe that public opinion in France is now ready to accept some modification in French reparations policy, and they are also convinced that Premier Laval has decided not to depart from France's traditionally stern attitude toward Germany. By not accepting his invitation to join the new government they have left themselves free to attack the Laval program, whatever that may be, during the election campaign. It may be noted that the only important change in the Cabinet was the substitution of Premier Laval for Aristide Briand in the foreign ministry. Although Briand has lost much of his domestic political influence, he has lost little of his international prestige. Hence it was necessary to offer Briand a place in the Cabinet without portfolio so that the rest of Europe would not be too greatly alarmed by the extremely nationalistic composition of the French government on the eve of the delicate reparations and disarmament negotiations.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO representatives of the moderate left-wing parties in Poland met in Cracow, denounced the Pilsudski dictatorship, and demanded the resignation of President Moscicki. A few days ago in Warsaw ten leaders of these parties, including Vincent Witos, thrice Premier of the Polish republic, were sentenced to prison on the ground that the resolutions adopted by the Cracow congress were revolutionary in intent. Behind these bare facts lies a tale of repression and brutality that began with the arrest of the ten party leaders and numerous other political opponents of Pilsudski just before the November, 1930, elections. The treatment to which these men were subjected while held in Brest-Litovsk fortress was brutal and inhuman. Pilsudski long ago earned the undying enmity of the National Democrats of the right; he has now again defied the great masses of the working people and peasants, whose party leaders were convicted. He has little, if any, popular support left, and must depend more than ever on his army. In addition, he has on his hands the task of "pacifying" the Ukraine, of quieting the fears of the Lithuanians in the Vilna district, and of solving the increasingly important problem of the Corridor. Poland remains a distinct threat to the peace of Europe.

BRTAIN IS FINDING OUT in India that, as always, one repression necessitates another and cruelty is inevitably cumulative. Having embarked on a course of barbarism toward adults, it has not been easy to handle children with that sportsmanship and fair play which have sometimes been such admirable British characteristics. Incredible to relate, one nine-year-old boy, shouting his readiness to die for Gandhi, was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for anti-British demonstrations. But not only are native followers of Gandhi suspected; even American missionaries, it appears, are to be denied the privilege of remaining in the peninsula if they are discovered to have sympathy for the Indian cause. The Reverend G. B. Halstead has been forced to resign as social director of Lucknow Christian College for just that reason, and has followed the government's advice to leave the country. We can assure our British cousins that the outrages in India arouse no enthusiasm in the United States, though we have not forgotten our own imperialist sins; and that the threatened expulsion of any American from India who, in Christian sympathy, is attracted by the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi will hardly increase American confidence in Britain's capacity to rule.

PETER WITT, liberal and independent candidate, was defeated by two machine politicians in the mayoralty primary in Cleveland on January 12. The winning candidates, who will face each other in the final election on February 16, are Daniel E. Morgan, Republican, and Ray T. Miller, Democrat. Mr. Witt's defeat was surprising as he had been given a comfortable lead in virtually all the pre-election straw votes. It was all the more surprising in view of the fact that Cleveland was the only large city outside of Wisconsin carried by Senator La Follette in the 1924 Presidential campaign. Witt had Socialist and liberal support, though some voters who might have followed him were diverted to Dr. F. W. Walz, another independent candidate. Organized labor indorsed the Republican machine candidate, not without considerable protest from the rank and file. One feature of the primary that has caused widespread comment was the increase in Communist strength. The Communist vote was still small, totaling only 5,242, but this was about five times more than the radical party had ever before polled in Cleveland. It is worth noting that the Communist candidate, I. O. Ford, stood alone in emphasizing unemployment relief as the major issue in the campaign. We are sorry to record Mr. Witt's defeat, for he is a true reformer and a man of unflinching courage.

NO MATTER WITH WHAT WEAKNESS our authorities act in regard to an economic crisis, they can always summon force and energy to repress its protesting victims. Anticipating mob demonstrations or even food riots, the Thirty-third Division, Illinois National Guard, has recently issued a 104-page manual entitled "Emergency Plans for Domestic Disturbances." There is no sentimental nonsense about this program for feeding bullets to hungry rebels. Pointing out that troop commanders can rely for aid upon Legion posts and chambers of commerce, the manual urges that "the proper performance of riot duty requires the adoption of and adherence to general plans, which are tests of the officer's ability. An ambitious officer may, by decisive action and proper distribution of troops,

acquire fame." The manual's plans cover the posting of sharpshooters on roofs to pick off rioters from the rear, the dropping of aviation bombs into buildings where armed mobs have taken refuge, and the use of machine-guns, tear gas, and white-phosphorus grenades. Some of the further constructive suggestions of this forward-looking pamphlet are as follows: "Blank cartridges should never be fired at a mob"; "never fire over the heads of rioters"; "a subordinate should never be placed on riot duty with any definite restrictions as to the amount of force to be used." The Socialist Party, which first called public notice to the manual, pointedly inquires: "Is the situation to be left to those who know nothing to appease hunger but force?"

IN ALL THE FINANCIAL MISERY of the cities, one bright spot stands out—Milwaukee. During 1931 the city paid all its salaries and bills, expended hundreds of thousands of dollars for unemployed relief, and wound up the year with a bank balance of about \$4,000,000. The Mayor of Milwaukee, Daniel W. Hoan, is a Socialist who has been reelected to that office ever since 1916—one of those wicked Socialists who wish to ruin America and destroy our precious Constitution—and this is the result. It is, of course, not entirely the work of the Mayor; there is a non-partisan Controller who watches expenditures like a hawk. It is not simply because the Mayor is a Socialist. It is due primarily to the fact that the Mayor is honest and sincere, that he has felt he owed it to his party as well as to the city to make a splendid record, and that after fifteen years of service he is a master of his job. Socialism itself is hardly farther advanced in Milwaukee than elsewhere, yet the city government does reflect the spirit of that movement and its zeal for banning political corruption wherever encountered. Nor is Milwaukee noteworthy merely on the financial side. It has no gangsters; its police are efficient; its criminal courts are the speediest in the country, and the justice they dispense is even-handed. New York, Chicago, and other cities could have this sort of government—if they wished it.

THE COMMISSIONER OF LICENSES of New York City has taken things into his own hands in the matter of censorship. In an order to newsdealers in the city, Commissioner Geraghty issued the warning that continued sale of indecent publications would result in a revocation of licenses. One wonders if it is worth while respectfully to point out to the Commissioner that, at least in the absence of advices to the contrary, the courts in New York City are still functioning; and that if any citizen of the city, or even any license commissioner, believes that obscene publications are being displayed for sale upon any newsstand, he may protest to the police, make charges to the District Attorney, and wait for an indictment and a jury trial. If such citizen feels it necessary immediately to stop the offending display, he may, we suppose, appeal for an injunction to restrain the dealer while the case is pending. The National Council on Freedom from Censorship has issued a letter of protest to Mr. Geraghty and to District Attorney Crain, not only pointing out how high-handed Mr. Geraghty's methods are but urging that action—if any—be taken against the publishers of certain magazines instead of the newsdealers. *The Nation's* position on so-called obscene publications is well known; it believes that the

public should be its own censor in the matter, and that it is capable of refusing to buy magazines which it does not like. But while the courts still may exercise the right of censorship, surely that right should not be left to any one official.

THE SEASON FOR THE REPORTS of university presidents is upon us. At Columbia as usual President Butler begins with a list of the "outstanding happenings of the year," covering some ten pages. "Outstanding happenings" range from the splendid Columbia University edition of the works of John Milton to the "formal presentation by the university of gates to the graveyards in which the bodies of two early presidents of the university are buried." Perhaps the most questionable item in President Butler's report is his catalogue of the various institutions which by affiliation or otherwise now constitute Columbia University. This catalogue covers three pages and includes Columbia College and its graduate school, for the financing and directing of which Columbia is responsible, but it also includes a host of other institutions, for the financing of which Columbia has no responsibility whatever, despite the fact that it uses its name and good-will in their behalf. It is difficult to understand how the President of Columbia University, with his diversified interests, some of them, such as his interest in international peace, highly creditable to him, can possibly influence the conduct or quality of a school in Porto Rico, a social center in Greenwich Village, or a college ninety miles up the Hudson. The inclusion of these and other irrelevant activities and institutions has, as President Butler reports, the great advantage of swelling the total enrolment of the institution to something like 50,000, of whom almost 40,000 are "resident." It would seem that these figures contain in themselves the severest possible criticism of the policies upon which the university has embarked.

JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES has bowed to the inevitable and stepped down from the Supreme Court of the United States with all the dignity and wisdom that have marked his whole career and so profoundly endeared him to the American people. We wish that we could be as philosophical as he. But the retirement of this noble spirit moves us deeply. For one thing he is in his person the final link with the Civil War period, the America of Lincoln and Grant, the boys in blue, the men in gray. His retirement marks the final closing of an era. In all the writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the father of the Justice, there is nothing more touching than the essay written for the *Atlantic Monthly* in which he told of his "hunt for the captain" after the battle at Antietam. In another three months it will be exactly seventy years since that father's search for the son he adored, who has lived so long to honor him and his country. Now the question comes as to who should be his successor. Surely there is one man who stands out as entirely fit, Benjamin N. Cardozo, the Chief Justice of the New York State Court of Appeals. We shall be told that his appointment, or that of Judge Learned Hand, who also merits promotion to the Supreme Court, is impossible because there are already two judges on the Supreme Court from the Empire State. We have never believed in the geographical rule of appointments. It seems to us that the sole question should be the fitness of the man, and as to Judge Cardozo's fitness there can be no doubt whatever.

Bond Issues or Starvation

THE government is preparing to borrow money to help needy banks and industrial corporations. May it not also borrow money to help the millions of unemployed workers? May we not employ the power of the state to prevent widespread suffering and hunger as well as bankruptcies and market losses? Economic law may have its own answers to these questions, but economics alone cannot be permitted to dictate our course. We cannot turn from our door those who are starving today, or those who may be starving tomorrow, simply because to help them with the aid of government funds would be uneconomic. To do so would be to ignore completely our collective social responsibility. But we do not admit that government relief for the workless and their numerous dependents would violate economic law. Properly administered, such relief could well give impetus to the reconstruction process about which the Hoover Administration has lately been talking so much. The relief could take several forms. It might be an unconditional distribution of money to the hungry—an alternative the country may have to face sooner than it now supposes. Or it might take the form of housing or other government construction programs that would provide work for the unemployed and would be financed through the public sale of bonds.

Whether it is a cause or an effect of our present difficulties, the major factor in the depression is the sharply curtailed purchasing power of the great bulk of the people. Goods are not being sold, because they cannot be bought, because there are many million Americans who have not sufficient money to purchase even the bare necessities of life. At the same time there is more than enough unused purchasing power in this country to finance any of the public-building programs now before Congress. It is possible that a huge bond issue at this time might strain the credit position of the government, but if care were taken in marketing the bonds we believe this would not happen. Senator La Follette has proposed that they be sold directly to the public with the help of campaigns similar to the Liberty Loan drives. Bond issues planned in connection with the Reconstruction Corporation and similar measures are not designed to transfer our latent purchasing power to the people who could use it to the best advantage for the country as a whole. The proceeds from the sale of such bonds are to be used almost exclusively to bolster up temporarily embarrassed banks and corporations. But the proceeds from the sale of public-building bonds would be largely translated into direct purchasing power. Much of it would go to buy building materials, while even more of it would reach the reemployed workers in the form of wages, and this would help them to buy food, clothing, and other necessities they now lack. It can hardly be denied that employment in many industries beyond those immediately affected would thereby be greatly stimulated.

Many objections have been raised to this plan, probably the most serious of which is the widely heard complaint that for the federal government to finance a public-building program would be to break down local enterprise and initiative.

Thus a special committee of the President's Organization on Unemployment Relief contends that "the assumption by the federal government of such obligations would inevitably lead to ever-increasing appropriations, and furthermore would necessarily weaken the sense of responsibility of the municipalities and States to provide for their local needs and welfare, and would postpone, if not prevent, the adoption by the localities of wise, local, long-time construction plans." This was obviously intended as a direct criticism of Senator La Follette's bill, under which the sum of \$3,750,000,000 would be made available for loans to State and local authorities. The committee further suggests that "if some localities are unable to carry their burden" in this respect, "then the States will do their share." The members of the committee know only too well that most municipalities, because of statutory debt limitations and for other reasons, are unable today to carry any kind of additional burden. A dispatch from Boston the other day reported that five Massachusetts cities are no longer in a position to meet their ordinary pay rolls, let alone contemplate the expenditure of extra money for public works or unemployment relief. Numerous other municipalities are finding themselves in similar plight. Chicago's case is too well known to need discussion here. New York City is rapidly approaching a municipal financial crisis. Philadelphia cannot pay its employees regularly but must borrow money for the purpose. Detroit has had to lay off several hundred of its civil servants. But Mr. Hoover's committee promises that the States "will do their share." How many States have begun work on construction programs extensive enough to provide employment for a majority of their jobless residents? Not one that we know of. In fact, we find the same people who are blocking this plan in Congress obstructing like measures in their State legislatures. The conservatives in the Wisconsin senate have thus far defeated every relief bill introduced by the progressives on the ground that State action would undermine local responsibility. Thus the Hoover Administration through its committee is really advocating a policy of inaction and despair.

We can think of more pertinent objections to the various public-building programs. Too much emphasis is placed on highways and government buildings, and not enough on housing. Our overcrowded, insanitary slum districts furnish us with one of the most important social problems of the present age. A few billions of dollars spent on housing would be much more profitable to society as a whole than would all the additional highways, beautiful post offices, and ornamental bridges envisaged in the several bills under consideration. But such objections as these must not be allowed to obscure the principal objective. Public construction will provide work for many of our unemployed. It will to a considerable extent increase purchasing power. It will save many of our fellow-citizens from continued distress and hunger. We must either choose that course—or leave it to chance and the doubtful economic experiments of the Hoover Administration to prevent further suffering among the ten million or more Americans who are now without work.

The Future of Birth Control

WE have gone out of our way to devote a considerable portion of this unusually large issue of *The Nation* to the subject of birth control because of the overshadowing importance of the question at this grave juncture of the world's economic history. With millions upon millions out of work, on the verge of starvation or actually starving, the question of population becomes of transcendent importance—so much so that H. G. Wells on his recent visit to New York declared that if things continue as they are some 400,000,000 people must needs perish in order to restore the old equilibrium. Fantastic that utterance sounds; exaggerated it indubitably is. Still, the present emergency is too grave and the threat of a long-drawn-out world convalescence too likely, not to call peoples' attention sharply to a reconsideration of the old theory that the larger the nation the better for all its people.

But if there were no economic crisis whatever, we should none the less again be lifting our voice to demand that no limits of any kind be set to the dissemination of facts about birth control and to urge its practice. This is in its essence a question of individual freedom and liberty. Unlike the question of drink or drugs, it connotes, our Catholic friends to the contrary notwithstanding, no injury to public morals or well-being; on the contrary there is no single thing we know of that could bring greater health and happiness and a sounder morality to the masses of the working people, or bring them as quickly. We are especially aiming this issue of *The Nation* at Congress and men in public life, because of the direct efforts now being made to induce Congress and the State legislatures to expunge from the statute books the legislation which makes it criminal to disseminate birth-control information through the mails and to distribute contraceptives. We are in favor of complete repeal of all such laws. In taking this stand we are merely asking that the country revert to its historic position during the first hundred years of its existence, when there were no restrictions whatever, as is pointed out by Morris L. Ernst in his article printed elsewhere in this issue. We are aware, of course, that in asking complete repeal we are asking what is impossible today. So we are quite ready to accept any legislation and to welcome any court decision which will break down any part of the now existing laws. The courts have done excellent work so far and will doubtless continue to do so. But we wish that anti-social legislation entirely repealed before it becomes a dead letter, before it too is nullified by non-enforcement and joins the mass of matter which would be wiped off the statute books if we should ever have a complete elimination of the unenforced and unenforceable laws.

Meanwhile we have this constructive suggestion to make: We urge a Congressional committee on birth control for a complete inquiry into the whole subject by an authoritative body. We would not limit it merely to the question of whether legislation is desirable or not. We would not limit it merely to the pros and cons of a particular bill or bills. We would have it go into such subjects as the extent of the present dissemination of birth-control knowledge and

of the existing nullification of the law, whereby, like so many other statutes, it has become a weapon to be used only when, because of pressure from some bigoted or clerical source, the police decide suddenly to move against a particular person or set of persons. Such a committee could discover that in the case of the Lee Rubber Company in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals the evidence indicated that one particular contraceptive circulated in the mails to the extent of 20,000,000 in a single year. Such a committee might even interest itself in the development of the technique of birth control.

That birth-control advocates are in for a long fight no one can doubt. The ignorance, the cowardice, the prejudices with which they have to contend are sufficient to daunt any hearts less brave than those of Mrs. Sanger, or Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett, or the other pioneers and leaders in this great movement to end unnecessary and unwilling motherhood, to put marriage and the marriage relation where they rightfully belong. In America the chief enemy is, of course, the Catholic church. That that opposition will in time be overcome we do not question; there are too many Catholics themselves profiting by the knowledge of birth control, especially among the rich members of the church, to leave any doubt as to that. The question becomes merely one of obeying the dictates of sound sense, sound morals, and economic wisdom. Today most of our politicians, even those that come from overwhelmingly Protestant districts, are too much afraid to speak out, or to advocate the position some know to be correct. Especially is this true of Congress. But greater odds were faced by Abolitionists and the woman suffragists, who yet lived to see their causes triumph in far shorter time than anyone dreamed to be possible. So will it be with birth control.

Economic Isolation

MR. HOOVER has dropped those messy European problems, according to the Washington correspondents, and "will devote his entire time to the domestic problems of the United States." His position, we learn further and more emphatically, is that "the 'home job' has assumed such proportions as to merit virtually his undivided attention." This is not only the position of Mr. Hoover; it also appears to be the position, we regret to add, of the great majority in Congress, as well as of a substantial and apparently increasing number of newspaper editorial writers. It is a very comforting doctrine, but hardly one that will stand close scrutiny. Does Mr. Hoover himself believe it? That depends, apparently, on the political needs of the moment. Mr. Hoover does not wish to admit that the present or the past Republican Administration has the slightest responsibility for the present crisis; therefore he has been insisting with increasing frequency that the depression is "world-wide" and entirely the result of the deplorable policies of Europe. Now he solemnly assures us that all the cures for this world-wide depression lie at home. This was not Mr. Hoover's opinion a few weeks ago, when he delivered his annual message to Congress. At that time, after his customary gesture in shifting all responsibility for the crisis to Europe, he was at least logical enough to add: "As our

difficulties during the past year have plainly originated in large degree from these [foreign] sources, any effort to bring about our own recuperation has dictated the necessity of cooperation by us with other nations in reasonable effort to restore world confidence and economic stability."

The plain truth is that an international economic crisis can be the result only of factors that have an international effect. There is not the slightest doubt that one of the chief causes of the present depression is our outrageously high tariff. In seeking to shift the blame for the crisis to foreign countries, Mr. Hoover remarked that ten countries had been unable to meet their external obligations, and that fourteen had temporarily abandoned their former monetary standards. But Mr. Hoover did not stop to say that by practically refusing to receive goods from them, we had made it almost impossible for other countries to make large payments to us, and that, by compelling them to send gold in place of goods for the payments that they did make, we had finally succeeded in draining them of gold to such an extent as to force them to abandon the gold standard. Nor did it occur to Mr. Hoover to point to the obvious fact that in the long run exports must be paid for with imports, and that to the extent to which we cut off our import trade we must necessarily cut off our export trade, so that all our exporting industries, including agriculture, must languish. When Mr. Hoover now says that he is going to devote himself entirely to "domestic problems," what he really means is that he intends to ignore entirely the basic causes for the world's disease, and to fix his attention solely on the American symptoms, always with a weather eye on next November.

The Blessed Isles

THE popular conception of Hawaii as an earthly paradise has been rudely shaken during the past few weeks. When the Massie case, as a result of the charge of murder brought against Mrs. Fortescue and Lieutenant Massie, with their associates, became public property the reaction among naval officials and many lay persons in this country was sharp and instantaneous. It is exemplified clearly in the telegram to Mrs. Fortescue from her friend Mrs. Eva Stotesbury of Philadelphia: "I would have done the same thing in your place and so would any other good mother." This point of view, of course, assumes that Mrs. Fortescue is guilty of murder in the first degree. It is too soon to say whether or not a jury will so find her. But it must be clear to any person of reasoned judgment that if "any good mother" would have done "the same thing," she would have thereby turned herself into a mother whose "goodness" was very much open to question.

Let us say again what we have said on many other occasions: Rape is the worst of crimes; the victim is entitled to every sympathy, to protection and consideration of every possible sort; and the offenders, when their identity is established, should be subjected to the full punishment of the law. But lynch law in Hawaii is no more to be condoned than lynch law in Mississippi. With this attitude clearly in mind, we may proceed to some of the later reports from Honolulu. On the evidence of the Governor of the Territory, former Governor Wallace R. Farrington, and Victor

S. K. Houston, Hawaiian delegate to Congress, the charge that Honolulu is a hotbed of lawlessness, general disorder, and racial antagonism is altogether false. Governor Lawrence Judd also takes occasion to controvert some of the statements of Admiral Stirling's report relative to the rape trial, and adds that, although he finds himself in disagreement with the commandant, "I have not made a single statement which I cannot prove by documentary or other competent evidence." His most important correction is in the matter of counsel for the defense of the men Mrs. Massie accused. Admiral Stirling indicated that large sums from unknown persons had subsidized eminent counsel to undertake the defense; Governor Judd declares that "Senator Heen and Mr. Pittman both have made written statements that their fees were comparatively small and were paid entirely by relatives of the defendants." Representative Houston, in giving to the newspapers copies of Judge A. E. Steadman's charge to the jury in the Massie trial, repeated the fact, evidently not well known in this country, that the law of Hawaii forbids a jury to convict in a case of rape solely on the identification of the victim. Corroborative evidence is necessary. It becomes evident, therefore, that the trial was conducted with considerably more reason and restraint than appeared to be the case from Admiral Stirling's account of it. It may further be added that many persons in Honolulu believe the men accused of the attack to be not guilty. According to Mr. Farrington: "The attorneys for the defense . . . established an alibi that caused even trained reporters who had followed the case in its every detail to doubt whether the police had the right men."

The House Committee on Naval Affairs, the Senate, the Department of Justice are all to conduct or have conducted commissions of inquiry. The Legislature of the Territory is to consider reform of the police administration in Honolulu. But before any of these investigatory or reform bodies meets, every battleship, naval officer, seaman, and soldier should be recalled from the territory. We exercise a civilian authority over the islands. There is no reason why that authority should not be competent to reform where reform is needed, and in the case of the four persons accused of murder, or the four other persons accused of rape, to see that justice is speedily and satisfactorily done.

Pictures for Sale

DR. JOHNSON, so the schoolbooks inform us, freed the writer from his patron. Thanks to the growth of a reading public, it became possible for the author to support himself by his own labors and to receive an honest pay for an honest day's work. He had a market in a sense that he had never had one before, and there is no doubt of the fact that the change was a change for the better. But it is not always remembered that the painter or the sculptor has never achieved any similar readjustment to modern society. Like a writer before the invention of printing, he has only a unique example of each work to sell and, except in the case of the strictly commercial artist, no real outlet for his work. Unless his pictures can be sold for very high prices, they cannot be sold at all; he is as dependent upon the patronage of the rich as any medieval poet ever was; and

there is no possible way in which the machinery of modern society can come to his rescue as it came to the rescue of the writer when literature became—as it did—the first commodity to enjoy the advantages of mass production.

Most painters have no desire to paint tomato cans or Arrow collars, but most of them would welcome a public. What they really need is an enlightened attitude on the part of cultivated people and a realization of the fact that a picture which can be bought for no more than would be put into a new armchair for the drawing-room may nevertheless be a picture worth having. Dozens of talented artists who do not happen to be famous would be glad to sell their canvases for no more than that, and hundreds of people would no doubt be glad to buy them if it were not for the fact that it is so unconventional a thing to do. Paintings are for millionaires and museums; prints for the walls of ordinary people. And yet there is nothing which would do more to give security, self-respect, and a livelihood to the rank and file of aspiring artists than a market for that work which is, under present conditions, worth nothing at all unless it is worth so much that the average man could not buy it.

Apparently a realization of something of this sort lies behind the manifesto just issued by the Painters' and Sculptors' Guild, which has its headquarters at the New School for Social Research and which will hold the first of its projected shows in the school building. None of the members of the guild has "arrived," and the group stands for no particular "movement" in painting or sculpture, but the manifesto reveals an honest, unpretentious desire to do something to make the position of the talented but unrecognized artist possible. What he needs most is not "success," as that is commonly understood, but the ability to continue his work, and the guild hopes to make that possible by offering canvases to the public at a price just sufficient to pay for the materials and the maintenance of the artist. It will solicit no contributions and ask no charity but it will exhibit pictures and statues which can be bought at reasonable prices by persons who like them and want to have them in their homes for no reason beyond the fact that they find them pleasing.

It will not be easy to change a psychological attitude as deeply rooted as that of the average man toward the work of an unknown painter. Schemes not dissimilar to this have been proposed before without, unfortunately, having got very far. But we wish all success to the new guild nevertheless, and we cannot see how the position of the painter can ever be improved unless something of the sort should some day create a real market for works of art. The aspirant to no other profession ordinarily finds himself brought face to face with a blank wall so quickly as does the painter who has no private means and who discovers almost immediately that he must attain notoriety or starve. Neither public museums nor public tributes to the value of art are of any value to him for the simple reason that, at best, they do no more than increase the interest in artists who have already attracted the eye of the small group which makes reputations. But the possibility of selling work to individual members of a large public would bring hope to those whose future now seems hopeless. Nor is this by any means all. The public itself would benefit, and might very well learn more about the meaning of the plastic arts by the simple process of choosing from among unfamiliar pictures than it has ever learned by looking earnestly at those whose merits have already been certified.

Youth Votes for Peace

HOW stands the legend of undergraduate indifference to current issues, in the light of the vote taken by the Intercollegiate Disarmament Council in seventy colleges on questions regarding war and peace? A high percentage of the students cast ballots—84 per cent of the entire student body at Amherst, 78 per cent at Yale, and 70 per cent at Mt. Holyoke. That the returns are representative is indicated by the participation of large and small institutions, of various types, in widely separated sections of the country. Among the colleges were, for example, Dartmouth, Wellesley, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Rollins, Kansas, and Southern Methodist.

In the long vista of warrantable gloom, this is indeed a cause of cheer. For not only have 92 per cent of the 24,345 students voting declared, in general terms, for reduction of armament; no fewer than 63 per cent have urged independent disarmament by the United States without waiting for other countries. On this issue, at least, when an opportunity is offered for the expression of opinion, our college students are not only thinking, but thinking boldly. One out of every seven who replied even went so far as to propose 100 per cent independent disarmament. And if skeptics incline to view these results as due to sentimental idealism, growing out of remoteness from contact with public affairs, let them ponder the vote on military training—a matter of intimate concern in many colleges where it is compulsory, and a question of moment for every young man who faces the possibility that training for war may prove to be an actual rehearsal of what is to come. Here, again, the balloting is consistently anti-war, 81 per cent opposing compulsory drill and 38 per cent—in our judgment, a remarkably high proportion—desiring the abolition of military training altogether in all colleges.

What effect this veritable cry for peace will have on the faculties of our colleges and universities remains to be seen. Official boards, trustees, and presidents, though usually in favor of peace, often have a way of disregarding the wishes of their students when these depart from tradition or run counter to the ambition of vested military interests to use youth for their own purposes. But we are hopeful that this poll may stimulate teachers, especially, to keep on courageously with their task of freeing their institutions from the clutches of war ideology.

While student interest is still keen, however, there are certain further queries we should like to pose. Is disarmament enough? Are the undergraduates who have clearly registered their unwillingness to follow the drums along the avenue of preparedness for war equally ready to enlist, definitely and unequivocally, in the world-wide campaign of war resisters already organized among the young men and women of twenty-two countries? Will they soon be counted among the active workers in the War Resisters' League, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, or similar expanding agencies eager to enrol young persons in the crusade to drive war off our planet? Are they sharing in the struggle to create a social order which will make peace possible? In the long run the answers to such questions will determine the effectiveness of these awakened undergraduates.

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



“*DIES irae, dies illa*”—well, the *saeclum* does not exactly *solvēt* into the *favilla*, but I am fifty years old today and you will have to pardon me if I do a little semi-centennial reminiscing.

By and large I am glad that the greater part of life is behind me. No, it has not been a bad life, as lives go, nor has it

been wholly unsatisfactory. The first twenty years were pretty terrible but that was just one of those things—well, the less said, the better. After all, parents are merely an incident and very often they are just an accident, so why blame anybody?

During the next thirty years the fool things I did were entirely of my own making. I shall probably never be very bright about certain things and I doubt whether I shall ever quite cease doing a vast number of exceedingly foolish things, but I have ceased to worry about them. What seems much more important to me is to find a reasonable *modus vivendi* which will allow me to get along without too much friction in this new world which has sprung up since the end of the Great War.

For, speaking *Slavice*, I was born in St. Petersburg, I spent the most interesting part of my days in Petrograd, and I shall end my days in Leningrad. From St. Petersburg to Leningrad is more of a jump than from the Rome of Caesar to the Washington of Roosevelt. I have been obliged to make that jump. But I am like one of those beginners on skis we see nowadays in the newsreel. I have navigated fifty or sixty feet of open space nicely enough. I have actually landed on my feet without breaking my neck. But I am wobbly in the knees. I am having a very hard time trying to find my balance. I am swaying from left to right and from right to left. I may make it. I may not make it. I have a couple of husky kids, much more experienced at this modern sport than I am. They are doing their best to help their pa get safely across the line. But Lord help us, what a jump! what a jump!

There is one thing, however, that fills my heart with sorrow on this particular day. Until a few years ago I myself belonged to the younger generation. Almost overnight I was graduated into the class of the “older generation.” And now there is hardly anybody left who will feel that he has a natural right to tell me where I get off, to speak harsh words of disapproval, and to inform me in unmistakable terms just exactly what sort of idiot I happen to be. From now on it is “Yes, sir” and “No, sir.” But the old familiar “You hopeless, unmitigated, double-barreled grandson of a mule”—that, alas, belongs to the past. I am not a man without a country. I am something much worse. I am a respectable citizen of great dignity whom nobody any longer can patronize merely on account of his extreme youth and

lack of experience. My contemporaries, of course, will continue to call me names. But that is different. They will do so by choice and not by right of eminent avuncular domain.

A few years ago I made a great discovery. I still had (I still have, bless him!) an uncle of the old school. I had lost sight of him during my many years of voluntary exile. When I left my native land he was in the prime of his middle-aged glory. After a few years in the East Indies, where he had taught the natives of Sumatra how to turn useless primeval forests into profitable tobacco fields (profitable for the Dutch investors but profitable also for the natives, who often received as much as forty cents a week for their labors), he had been appointed managing director of one of the largest agricultural establishments in Zeeland. He knew his business. In less than five years he had made it one of the show places of the country. Whoever raised a hog or grew an ear of corn in the Old World hoped to have an opportunity some day of going to Holland to see how they did those things in uncle’s domain, and when I say domain, I mean domain, for the old gentleman had a philosophy of life which was simple in the extreme.

“Listen, little boy,” he used to say, for glory be to Allah, although he had to look way up in the air in order to see the effect of his words, I was still to him a very small boy in a sailor’s suit, with a sailor’s cap bearing the legend “Royal Navy,” and with very, very little sense. “These men here who work for me are nice fellows but all this modern stuff about labor unions is poppycock. They want decent wages and they want to feel that no matter what happens they are safe. I pay them decent wages and no one has ever been fired here except for gross incompetence. But I run this show. I run it because I can run it better than they can ever hope to run it. I know it. They know it. So all of us are perfectly happy as we are. Now let us go and see the cows and don’t talk to me again about labor unions, my child.”

We went to see the cows. Uncle was trying out a new experiment. Forty cows shared a pasture with twenty sheep and ten horses. Uncle explained the ratio to the little boy and the little boy listened. Then the little boy asked a question.

“Uncle,” he said, “suppose you increased the number to fifty cows, thirty sheep, and twenty horses. What would happen then?”

“Then, my child, they would all of them get a great deal less to eat, but they would survive, I suppose.”

“Well, suppose you increased the number to a hundred cows, fifty sheep, and thirty horses. What would happen then?”

Said the uncle sternly: “You hopeless idiot, even if you are a little boy, remember that you are my nephew and don’t ask damfool questions! Then they would all starve to death!” Q. E. D.

American Loans to Latin America

THE story of recent American financial imperialism is being told by numerous witnesses who have been appearing before a Senate committee in Washington. How this imperialism works may be seen from the following summary of some of the more important loans made to Latin American governments in the last few years. Almost without exception the loan in each case has been followed by the granting of concessions or monopolies to American corporations. The State Department, it may be noted, is on record as being opposed to loans to foreign countries that are intended to create or finance monopolies, or to finance the purchase of munitions.

BOLIVIA

In 1924 the Equitable Trust Company, a Rockefeller-controlled institution, floated Bolivian bonds to the extent of \$29,000,000 on the American market. The loan is now in default.

A few weeks later the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, also controlled by Rockefeller, secured a concession for 1,000,000 hectares of petroleum lands in Bolivia.

In 1928 Dillon, Read, and Company floated a \$22,000,000 bond issue in the United States. The bonds are now in default.

Out of this amount, \$5,060,000 went to Vickers, Ltd., as payment for arms and ammunition, while \$1,500,000 went for the building of military roads near the Paraguayan border.

BRAZIL

In 1929 the National City Company sold to the American investing public \$8,500,000 of bonds for the state of Minas Geraes, Brazil.

In the same year the American and Foreign Power Company, subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company, acquired the electric power, light, and street-railway properties serving Bello Horizonte, capital of Minas Geraes.

COLOMBIA

In 1931 the Tropical Oil Company and the Andean Pipe Line Company, both controlled by Standard Oil of New Jersey, advanced \$1,000,000 each to the Colombian government. During the same year a suit against them in the Supreme Court of Colombia was dropped.

In 1930 the National City Bank arranged a \$20,000,000 credit with the President-elect of Colombia. The American Minister to Colombia, Jefferson Caffrey, participated in the deal. Colombia in return was to pass certain legislation required by the bankers.

A year later—June, 1931—the National City Bank withheld the last \$4,000,000 instalment of the \$20,000,000 credit until after the Barco concession, a rich oil field, owned by the Mellon Gulf interests, was approved by the Colombian Congress. During this period of delay President Olaya sent telegrams to the State Department reminding it that he was fulfilling his part of the deal by settling the Barco concession.

CUBA

Gerardo Machado, prior to assuming the presidency, represented the Electric Bond and Share Securities Company as its agent in negotiating concessions in Cuba.

After President Machado's inauguration he caused to be introduced in the Cuban Congress a bill giving the Havana Electric Light and Railways a lease, in perpetuity, on the Havana power system and its street railways. Another bill sponsored by him remitted about \$1,000,000 in taxes to the company.

The Chase National Bank, operating through the son-in-law of President Machado, floated a \$100,000,000 loan for Cuba in 1929.

A large part of the proceeds of the loan was paid to Warren Brothers for the construction of the Cuban National Highway.

CHILE

The National City Company in 1929 sold a bond issue of \$32,000,000 to the American public for the Lautaro Nitrate Company, Ltd.

In 1929 Guggenheim Brothers secured control of the Lautaro Company.

In 1929 the American and Foreign Power Company negotiated what amounted to a monopoly power concession for a large number of Chilean municipalities. When the contract came before President Ibañez for approval, he denounced it publicly as unfair and discriminatory, and canceled the contract.

Julius G. Lay, counselor of the American Embassy, then conferred with the representatives of the National City Bank regarding the restriction of Chilean credit, and subsequently both Lay and Ambassador Culbertson suggested to the Chilean government that cancellation of the contract would cut off Chilean loans. The contract was then approved.

PERU

Seligman and Company, together with the National City Company, floated a \$15,000,000 bond issue for Peru in 1927, secured by the Peruvian tobacco monopoly.

The American Tobacco Company got a contract to operate the monopoly.

In 1928 Seligman and Company, together with the National City Company, floated an \$85,000,000 loan to Peru. According to testimony before the Senate committee, a son of President Leguia was paid a "commission" of \$415,000 in connection with this transaction.

The Foundation Company of New York got contracts for certain street-paving and other public works.

Seligman and Company floated a \$1,500,000 loan for the city of Callao, Peru, in 1928.

Frederick Snare and Company received a contract for the construction of new port works at Callao. By supplemental contract Snare and Company undertook the management of the government's port works at Callao in the capacity of agents for the Peruvian government.

An Emergency Currency

By HENRY HAZLITT

IN a theater fire more people are liable to be killed in the stampede than by the flames. In a financial panic much more damage is done by senseless hysteria than by the inherent weakness of conditions. The suggestion in the present article is put forward as a possible way of dealing with the situation if a sudden irrational lack of confidence in our banks should develop. It must be admitted at the very beginning that the problem is far from a simple one. Most casually suggested plans for protecting the banks against panicky depositors would inevitably bring about the very collapse of credit that their proponents imagine they would forestall. One may take as an example the proposal sometimes put forward in private conversation that if conditions grow worse it may be necessary to declare a "banking moratorium." Passing over the question of how pay rolls would be met and groceries bought during the period of such a moratorium, or of what would immediately happen to trade and values, one has merely to ask what would be the result on the day the moratorium terminated. Nearly every depositor would be in line at every bank to draw his money out.

The plan here suggested is the exact opposite of this. It rests on the assumption that the need in a time of crisis is not to prevent frightened depositors from drawing out their money, but to allow them to convert their deposits immediately into cash to any extent they wish. With this need in mind the present writer proposes the creation of an emergency currency, or at least the setting up now of machinery that would make possible the instant issue of emergency currency if that currency should be demanded. Emergency currencies are, of course, not unknown in times of crisis. In the panic of 1893, when a number of banks adopted the extreme measure of refusing to pay cash for the checks of their own depositors, and when it seemed possible that trade might be forced to a basis of barter, a number of large employers of labor made plans to issue a currency of their own, to be redeemed when the banks resumed cash payments. There were actually large issues of clearing-house loan certificates, which remained in use nineteen weeks. In the panic of 1907, \$238,000,000 of such clearing-house loan certificates were issued, and remained in use for twenty-two weeks. Moreover, banks in Pittsburgh and Chicago, where manufacturers' pay rolls created the need for large sums of currency, issued an emergency currency, the amount of which was estimated at upwards of \$96,000,000. Finally, the Treasury offered \$50,000,000 of government bonds and \$100,000,000 of one-year government notes to banks with a view to providing the basis of new circulation; \$25,000,000 of the bonds and \$15,000,000 of the notes were taken.

Once more an emergency currency was issued in a crisis, this time in June, 1914. Shortly after the 1907 panic the Aldrich-Vreeland Emergency Currency Act had been passed to make possible the quick issuance of currency in the next crisis. It provided that banks could exchange the contents of their portfolios for currency notes in an actual emergency. To make certain that the currency would not be issued or

remain in circulation for longer than the period of emergency, a tax was provided on the use of the notes. The act remained apparently a dead letter until the development of the war crisis; then, in the first three months after July, 1914, \$380,000,000 worth of the emergency-currency notes was put into circulation. Of the total authorized issue it is interesting to note that 57½ per cent was secured by merchants' notes, 28½ per cent by miscellaneous securities, and 14 per cent by State and municipal bonds. All this currency had been retired and canceled by the end of June, 1915.

The situation today, it is true, is in one or two respects radically different. The old bond-secured national-bank notes were an extremely inelastic currency; the present Federal Reserve notes are an extremely elastic currency. Nothing could illustrate the difference better than a comparison of the 4 per cent premium on actual currency that existed for a while in 1907, when it was estimated by Secretary Cortelyou that \$296,000,000 of cash was being hoarded, with the increase of \$1,000,000,000 in Federal Reserve notes in the last year to take care both of hoarded money and of part of the needs of communities which bank failures have compelled to return temporarily to a cash basis. But the creation of Federal Reserve notes is subject to two important limitations. First, these notes can be issued only against various forms of commercial paper having, in general, a maturity of not more than ninety days. Secondly, they can be issued only against the paper held by member banks of the Federal Reserve system. It is not intended here to question the soundness of these limitations; the integrity of the Federal Reserve system requires them. But it is desirable to raise the question whether, in a crisis of the gravity of the present, it would not be wise to consider the creation of a temporary currency against the assets of non-member banks and against other assets than ninety-day paper.

For this purpose it might be advisable to create a governmental emergency discount bank authorized to rediscount the paper of banks not members of the Federal Reserve system, and to issue currency against such paper; while a bank subject to a particularly heavy drain, which had already rediscounted all its available short-term paper, would be permitted to borrow a high percentage against the market value of its bond holdings and other assets, and to receive emergency currency for them.

As compared with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the emergency discount bank here proposed would have several advantages. It would, of course, deal solely with banks, but its operations would be extremely flexible. It could issue very little currency if very little were called for, and a great deal if a great deal were called for. What is much more important, it would not be necessary for the emergency discount bank to float huge bond issues, as the Finance Corporation is obliged to, at a time when even United States bonds are at a heavy discount. The corporation is authorized to sell up to \$2,000,000,000 worth of bonds. But it was not an easy matter to sell a \$2,000,000,000 bond issue even with the fervor and pressure of war times; to sell such

an issue in one of the greatest crises in a century, and to follow this with other huge government bond issues necessary to balance the budget, to say nothing of possible issues for relief or construction, presents a very formidable program. The effect on public confidence would be a serious one if any of these bond issues were not completely subscribed for. As heavy government bond issues will be unavoidable in any case, the chief problem is to reduce their volume as much as possible. One way to do this is to issue currency and not bonds against the assets of banks seeking help. This method has the further advantage of saving heavy interest charges. Instead of paying out interest on bonds, the discount bank would be receiving interest on the amount of the loans to banks which the currency represented. This interest would be used partly to pay the administration expenses of the bank and partly to absorb possible losses on bad loans; anything above this would be government revenue.

The emergency discount bank would, of course, discount at "penalty" rates—that is to say, the banks would be called upon to pay slightly higher rates for currency loans than they were receiving for the paper or bonds they were discounting—and these penalty rates would assure a retirement of the currency when the need for it had passed. While the new notes need not be directly redeemable in gold, any more than the still-outstanding national-bank notes or United States notes (the "greenbacks") are directly redeemable in gold, they should be kept at a parity with all other forms of currency. They would, of course, have exactly the same physical appearance as other currency, just as a five-dollar greenback looks to the casual observer exactly like a five-dollar Federal Reserve note.

It cannot be too emphatically pointed out that what is here suggested is in no sense a proposal to create wealth by the printing-press. It is not put forward in the crude belief that the depression is the result of any general "money" shortage, or that the new currency would raise prices directly. In brief, it is not intended as an "inflationary" measure; its purpose is, rather, anti-deflationary. Its aim is not directly to increase the amount of bank credit (though it would tend

to do so indirectly), but to transform "deposit currency" that might be destroyed or locked up into note currency that would circulate. Its effect, in short, would be to *substitute* unquestioned government credit for the temporarily questioned credit of individual banks. It would be a form of currency, it is true, that would lack the ideal elasticity and the unquestioned soundness of Federal Reserve note currency; but it would be far more elastic than the national-bank notes, and incomparably sounder than the existing greenbacks. The emergency notes would be retired as the banks paid up their borrowings, or as the slower assets were liquidated. The penalty interest rates would eventually compel this paying up and this liquidation. The life of the emergency discount bank and of the notes could, as an additional safeguard, be limited by law to a period of not more than five years, when note issuing could again be left entirely to the Federal Reserve banks. I think it in the highest degree inadvisable that the kind of rediscounting and of note issue here proposed be turned over to the Federal Reserve banks, not only because this would not serve the non-member banks (in which by far the greatest number of failures have occurred), but because the emergency nature of the measure would tend to be forgotten, and if the bars were once let down it would be next to impossible to get them up again.

This suggestion for an emergency currency is not put forward entirely without reservations. It may be that the National Credit Corporation and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, between them, may be able to take care of any situation that may occur. But if these do not prove flexible enough or adequate, then an emergency-currency plan of this type seems the only supplement or alternative. We must mobilize our banking resources to keep all solvent banks open, and to enable depositors to get as much currency as possible immediately against the actual assets of banks that prove to be insolvent. The possible deficiencies of an emergency currency of the kind here proposed would be as nothing against the consequences of a possible wholesale closing of banks and consequent prostration of trade should a particularly hysterical panic develop.

What I Believe*

By EDMUND WILSON

SO far as I can see, Karl Marx's predictions are in process of coming true. He did not foresee the Russian Revolution; he expected revolution first in some more highly industrialized country like England. But the tendencies he was able to observe in the middle of the last century have gone on just as he said they would, and are apparently producing the results which he foretold.

We have had employment made more and more uncertain by the changes in mechanical methods and by the more and more efficient management of industry, and finally more and more people thrown out of work altogether in proportion as business has become more centralized and manufacture more ingenious. We have had the progressive accumulation of wealth and power—means of production and natural re-

sources—in the hands of a very few people, who will not turn their profits back to the public or use their power for the public good—who are such barbarians that they will not even collaborate on a plan of sensible self-government among themselves, but only pray each to the god of Business to bring back their victories again. We have the unwholesome separation of the city and the country into "two hostile camps," as Marx, quoting Urquhart, said, "of clownish boors and emasculated dwarfs," with the city dwellers cut off from the soil and the farmers caught in the toils of the bankers. We have overproduction due to capitalist greed and the lack of national or international control; and we have had periodic depressions due to the same causes, culminating in this abysmal and world-wide breakdown. We have the organization of industry into huge units too unwieldy for private enterprise to handle and ripe to be taken over by the people.

* The sixth of a series of articles on this subject by well-known men and women. Others will appear in subsequent issues.—EDITOR THE NATION.

One phenomenon predicted by Marx we have not yet developed in America to the degree of acuteness that Marx contemplated: we have not even after two years of depression seen the general cleavage of society into a conscious bourgeoisie and a conscious proletariat—we have not yet seen a general conflict between these two classes. The aims and ideals of the bourgeoisie in America have seemed to be absorbing the working class, and this has made us inclined to scoff at the Marxist bogies. But if we consider Marx's specific predictions about America, we shall not be so sure of a bourgeois salvation. He pointed out immediately after the Civil War, when the work on the great Western railroads was scarcely begun, that "the flood of emigration from Europe" was throwing "men on the American labor market more rapidly than the current of emigration from the Eastern States to the Western could carry them onward"; and that as a result of "the handing over of an enormous proportion of the public lands to speculative companies for exploitation by means of railroads, mines, etc., the centralization of capital" was going forward "at a headlong pace. No longer is the great republic the promised land of emigrants. Capitalist production is there advancing with giant strides." The Beards in their "Rise of American Civilization" have shown how the industrial strain in the East—the labor troubles and radical movements—of the pre-Civil War period was relieved by giving free Western farms to those who were squeezed in the capitalist vise. Horace Greeley, who had become a Socialist, changed to the slogan, "Go West, young man!" But today the whole of the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific is clamped in the capitalist jaws. When times are hard everybody suffers, and even the people who work the screw, unable to get any more money out of the squeezed, are in danger of going bankrupt. We should probably have come to the end of our rope seventeen years ago if the war had not opened new markets for our manufacturers and bankers. And now that capitalism in Europe has come to the end of its rope, too, we have no way of letting out ours.

The result of this tension, if it continues long, will certainly be to create even in middle-class America the social conflict which Marx foresaw. The farmers and workers will combine against the capitalists as they have periodically tended to do in the past, and they may carry a good many of the white-collarites with them. How much this conflict will have the effect of breaking down, on the part of the insurgent groups, the American middle-class psychology it is impossible now to know, and this is, indeed, the great problem of our future. Is a genuine revolution possible inside that middle-class psychology? Being myself a bourgeois American, I have tried hard since the war to believe so; but I have lately had serious doubts.

The great advantage, the great superiority, of Marx over other economists was due not to his being more learned or more expert at managing statistics, but to his psychological insight. People talk about economics as if it were a science of the behavior of money, and as if dollars and cents were entities which had an independent existence and obeyed laws of their own, like electrons. The truth is that economics is merely the study of how people behave about money, and Marx, though he possessed the true scholar's temperament and had all the statistics at his fingertips, never lost sight of this fact. His great strength lay in his imaginative grasp of human history; and the real "laws of capitalist production"

of which he writes are merely the instinctive workings of human acquisitiveness, selfishness, and self-deception—the all but universal instinct to sweat, bleed, and keep down other people whom we happen to have at our mercy, and either to rationalize our predatory acts as policies adopted for the public good or to manage not to know about them at all. This is the kind of idea that one comes by, not by mathematical calculations, but by looking steadily and deeply into one's heart; and this is something that few are able to do and remain to tell the tale. But Marx, like the other great Jewish prophets, was one of those who were able to do it, and it is to this that he owes his great authority. And the place to study the present crisis and its causes and probable consequences is not in the charts of the compilers of statistics but in oneself and in the people one sees.

I propose therefore to give a short account of myself. Marx showed—I suppose for the first time—how people's theories of society and economics, no matter how well reasoned or sober, have a way of turning out to be defenses of their social position and financial interests; and it is probably true that in order to be able to value people's opinions properly, you ought to know who they are, what their income is, and where they get it from. And I shall thus supply to Marxist criticism the economic facts about myself at the same time that I offer myself as a specimen of the current American bourgeoisie.

My family have, then, on both sides belonged for several generations largely to what used to be called the learned professions—my mother's family go back to the New England Mathers. My grandfathers, great-grandfathers, father and uncles were all almost without exception doctors, lawyers, college professors, or ministers. They have all been at least comfortably well off, varying from ministers in small country parishes to doctors with profitable practices—but they have none of them, by modern American standards, been particularly rich. My father's and uncles' generation were obviously alienated by their old-fashioned education from the world of the great American money-making period; they managed to do pretty well in it, but they never seemed much at home in it. And they were indifferent to money-making beyond a fairly modest standard of prosperity which provided them with travel, a good table, and private schools for their children—even when their opportunities for cashing in on the rackets and speculations abroad must have been considerable. My father, for example, was a lawyer in New Jersey and at one time Attorney General of the State; but his love of independence and his distrust of big business were so great that he stuck all his life to his miscellaneous local practice and resisted all temptations to become a corporation lawyer in a State governed by corporations. He would not even buy the stock of the corporations, and after one or two unlucky speculative experiments early in his career, used simply to invest his money in the stock of the local bank.

One of the results of this has been that I have grown up in modern prosperous America with a slightly outside point of view, due not merely to the professional tradition in the family, which had something in common with the scientific tradition, but also to the fact that my family have never really departed very far from the old American life of the countryside and the provincial cities, with its simpler habits and tastes, and have never really been broken in to the life of machinery and enormous profits.

However, in spite of this, I have inhabited the social territory disciplined by that machinery and dazzled by those profits; I have been put through about the same sort of mill as all the other young bourgeois Americans of my generation. At boarding-school and college I used to react violently against this mill, but except by expressing heretical opinions I never tried to revolt against it. When I got out of college and began living in New York with old friends of my school and college days, I became more profoundly dissatisfied. I had hoped to get away from college when I graduated, to find myself in a more varied world where my keel would strike on basic realities and I should go ashore at last; but though I was working for the first time for pay, it seemed to me that my life in New York was college all over again. When America went to war, I enlisted—not because I cared much about the war, but because—aside from the social pressure—I wanted to get away from my old life; and I enlisted as a soldier instead of going to an officers' training camp as most of my friends from college were doing, partly at any rate because I wanted to get as far away from that old life as possible. The side of school and college that had really given me satisfaction and that reconciled me to their deficiencies had been the "culture." I was fond of culture, which I believed at that time to be the possession of the best people and one of the reasons for their superiority. As time went on, however, it began to dawn on me that the best people were content with a very thin grade of culture, that when you tried to go into the adventures of creation or the exploration of the causes of things, they didn't follow you, and that the aristocracy of the intellect and spirit—in America at any rate—existed only in the stacks of the college library. My life had seemed to me both false and dull; and though I disliked the army extremely, I got a good deal of satisfaction out of it. My relations with people, whether my fellow-sufferers, the officers over us, or the people we were thrown with, seemed to me real now in a way that my school and college relations had not. In fact, when one day in France I got sick and had to go to bed and got a chance to think about past and future, it seemed to me that I could never go back to the falseness and dullness of my pre-war life again. I swore to myself that when the war was over I would stand outside society altogether. I would do without the comforts and amenities of the conventional world, and I would devote myself to the great human interests which transcended standards of living and conventions: Literature, History, the Creation of Beauty, the Discovery of Truth.

But when the war was over, I did come back, and that is where I am today—though I have found various ways of letting in light and air, getting heat, and arranging extensive vacations. And I know that I have found out something about that world that most of the inhabitants do not know—even when they are better informed than I am. I know, from having shifted at the time of the war out of the group with whom I should have been supposed to function, that class antagonisms, conflicts, and injustices are real, that they rarely get any publicity, that the class on top virtually controls the organs of publicity, that the capacities of human nature for remaining blind to the consequences of its actions where its comfort and prestige are concerned are so tough that it cannot usually be induced even to notice what it is up to without a pretty violent jolt from below, and that there is

no hope for general decency and fair play except from a society where classes are abolished. And so when I hear the Communists today rousing the working class on the basis of assumptions of Marx's which are thus confirmed by my own experience, I pay a good deal more serious attention to them than most of my bourgeois confreres do. As I talk to employers and workers today, it seems to me that they are as far apart as officers and men during a war, and that the people whose labor makes industry possible and the people who merely invest in without participating in the management of industry, are as far apart as combatants and non-combatants. Even though the owners may be benevolently disposed and devoted to good works, and even though the working people may have been cherishing the best intentions in the world of getting to be like the bourgeois, the capitalist system is such—so it seems to me now—that any efforts on the part of the owners to alleviate the increasing strain on the workers is likely to lag fatally far behind the severity of the need for them.

At the same time, even when I was in the army I was never really so far from my bourgeois connections as it sometimes seemed to me that I was. There were officers in the unit who were friends of the family of one of my old apartment mates, and he was in the unit, too; and my father toward the end of the war was able to get me transferred and promoted to the rank of sergeant. And since the war I have never been uncomfortable—though I have never by prosperity standards had very much money. I have worked mostly for highbrow magazines; my top salary was \$7,500 a year, and I didn't get that very long. I have always managed, however, to live slightly beyond my income, and have been rescued by small family inheritances which have allowed me a margin for classical reading, liquor, and general irresponsibility. And as I have got used to these bourgeois luxuries, I naturally shrink from the prospect of an era where everybody will have to earn all he gets.

In spite of this fact, however, I always felt so little at home in the American prosperity era, though I made earnest efforts to enjoy it and to believe that it was beneficial to other people (not exercising enough insight to know that it was bound for the rocks), that I am not sorry to see it all go glimmering, and the well-to-do bankers, brokers, bond salesmen, stockholders, and business men, who always seemed to me to live fatuous lives and yet to call the tune that the rest of the country danced to, no longer able to be fatuous on the same scale. I feel convinced that the money-making period of American history has definitely come to an end. Capitalism has run its course, and we shall have to look for other ideals than the ones that capitalism has encouraged. I don't know where they are coming from. The owning-class Americans seem to me half-baked and half-educated people, who deserve the worst that Mencken and Sinclair Lewis say about them. Yet the emergency may produce its leaders, and these may come not out of the world of middle-class psychology at all—not out of business or professional politics or even reform politics, not out of bourgeois journalism—but out of a new type in American labor. One finds a new kind of man today in the radical labor movements—he belongs to the younger generation and he differs perhaps from any of the young American radicals we have ever had in the past. The older men who have gravitated to the left after long experience with American labor, and who have kept the

radical movements alive through the post-war period when most people deserted them, are today being reinforced by young men who start their career as convinced and cool-headed revolutionists with a clear idea of their relation to American society and of America's relation to the world. There are not many of them, but they are important. They have no illusions about general prosperity based on the present economic system, such as sidetracked so many of the Socialists and the American Federation of Labor. It is hard to imagine them abandoning their present principles. And as a matter of fact, they are not likely to be tempted to. The longer hard times continue, the more convinced of their position they will be, and the more young men of integrity and intelligence who come to maturity in the working-class world will take the same road as they.

Such men are not democratic in the old American sense; they do not believe in the ideas of the average man any more than Mencken does—they do not believe in votes. They look to Russia, in spite of all the differences between Russian and American conditions, as a model of what a state should be—because it is as yet the only example of the communistic society they desire. They want, in fact, a working-class dictatorship. Some of them assume that we shall presently see a business dictatorship when the bottom has definitely fallen out of credit, and they count on this stimulating a radical reaction even in middle-class-thinking America. And I, though I am a bourgeois myself and still live in and depend on the bourgeois world, have certain interests in common with these proletarians. I, too, admire the Russian Communist leaders, because they are men of superior brains who have triumphed over the ignorance, the stupidity, and the shortsighted selfishness of the mass, who have imposed on them better methods and ideas than they could ever have arrived at by themselves. As a writer I have a special interest in the success of the "intellectual" kind of brains as opposed to the acquisitive kind, and my present feeling is that my satisfaction in the spectacle of the whole world fairly and sensibly run as Russia is now run, instead of by the acquisitive bankers and business men and the shabby politicians who now run the greater part of it, would more than compensate me for any losses that I might incur in the process. And I appeal to other theorists and artists to be careful how they play the game of the capitalists. It is bad for their theory and their art to try to adapt themselves to a system which is the enemy of theory and art. Their true solidarity lies with those elements who will remodel society by the power of imagination and thought—by acting on life to make something new; not with those whose work is done and whose grip has failed and who are now being carried along merely by the force of a slackening momentum to which they are unable to supply fresh force. That vision was naive that I had during the war, of science and poetry as great independent entities superior to social institutions—it was the product of having come to know them in the isolation of school and college. I did not understand then how science and art are always entangled with the institutions of the particular social world which, for its good reasons, provides them with leisure; but there was this truth in it—that art and science have been straining since the beginning of history to deal not with the individual or the class or the nation or the race but with the whole of humanity—with the comprehensive or the universal—and that the true satisfaction of their

impulses comes only in proportion as they are able to do so.

These, then, are my present opinions. I have opinions about other matters, too. But I believe that the discussion of other matters must wait until the problems of the social classes, with the political and economic questions they involve, have been definitely settled.

I take no stock in the idea one sometimes hears that before we reorganize society, we ought to be sure of the "values" which we are sanctioning. In the first place, we could scarcely at worst get anything worse than our present values. In the second place, society never gets reorganized until there are a great many dispossessed people who have a powerful interest in reorganizing it; and in such a state of affairs the "values" are the primary and insistent ones of food and shelter, survival itself. Until these little matters of property which are at present poisoning all classes and occupations are finally cleared up, there can be no "values" in general morals, aesthetics, or metaphysics that amount to anything.

These views do, however, as I have stated them, involve certain deeper beliefs, certain fundamental assumptions, which are not self-evident to many people, which are incapable of being finally proved, and which I can only state without defending. I believe, then, in human evolution; I do not see how it is possible to reject the evidence that contemporary humanity, with all its faults, has developed from beings much lower, or to resist the hope that we may be destined to develop into something higher still. I believe in progress as the eighteenth-century people did, and I believe as they did that the development of machinery is part of it. I do not, however, believe in progress in the sense in which the nineteenth-century capitalists used the word, taking it over and making it mean mass production, capitalistic profits, and the triumphs of colonial trade—a conception entirely different from the visions of the earlier philosophers, who had not foreseen that the rising middle class would be able to seize upon machinery as a powerful instrument for human exploitation. It seems to me as foolish to talk about machines as if they were ogres which have arisen to devour us as to talk about the counters of credit as if they were substances which expanded or contracted in accordance with physical laws, or as if they were migratory birds which crossed the ocean at certain seasons. I believe that it is the capitalist use of machinery—its use by a class of owners for private profit—which has made it such a formidable monster. And I should be glad, as I have indicated above, to see a society where such a class was abolished. It seems to me plain from my reading of history that the tendency of society is progressively leveling. When the middle class upset the feudal landlords, and the serfs and the slaves got free, we had the modern bourgeois-governed world; now there is only one more step to go.

It seems to me necessary either to believe something of this kind or to accept the creed of one of the churches. I know that some people manage to combine the two, but for myself, I am convinced that the traditional religions, however valid or inspiring in the past, were made possible only by ignorance, and that all the Western churches are obsolescent—in power over the minds that count if not in actual numbers. I do not believe that there is a hereafter in which what happens on earth will be justified and the whole human situation given a meaning. I believe that any meaning it can have will have to be given to it here by ourselves.

What Polish Jews Are Facing

By BORIS SMOLAR

THE hard times in Europe are serving as a pretext for an intensified drive upon the Jews by anti-Semites who seek to make political capital for themselves by discovering the "cause" of the depression. The brunt of the suffering is now borne by the Jews of Poland, who were first the victims of a country-wide onslaught which began with attacks upon Jewish students in the universities, and who are now perhaps even more seriously affected by the strong economic-boycott movement which followed upon the cessation of physical attacks. The economic stringencies of the Jewish position in Poland may be ascribed to five causes: (1) the general economic depression which the entire country is experiencing; (2) the heavy taxation, of which the Jews carry a disproportionate burden; (3) various economic-discrimination measures directed against the Jews; (4) the Sunday closing law; (5) state monopolization of industries.

Like many other countries of Europe, Poland is feeling very deeply the world economic crisis. Soviet competition has cut largely into Poland's revenue from its principal exports—timber and grain. Moreover, situated as it is between Soviet Russia and Germany, countries which it considers its natural foes, Poland maintains an army disproportionately large for its size and its limited resources. It does not depend for its security on the army alone and is compelled to maintain a strongly organized civil administration as well. Fully one-half of the government budget of 2,750,000,000 zlotys is expended on salaries alone.

In order to raise funds to cover its budget the government has developed an intricate system of direct and indirect taxation, the burden of which it has placed upon the urban populace. In this manner the Jews, who are for the most part an urban element, shoulder the largest share of the taxes. The Jewish populace, which constitutes but 10 per cent of the entire Polish population, pays notwithstanding 40 per cent of the total taxes levied in the country. The 345,000 Jewish small traders, who form 75 per cent of the small traders in the entire country, are hardest hit by the taxation system. Since the budget of the government is so constituted that 58 per cent of its income is derived from direct taxes upon commercial enterprises, 44 per cent of the direct taxes is paid by the Jewish small traders. These traders, who constitute a third of the entire Jewish population in Poland, are therefore in a critical financial position. Their capital is practically swallowed by taxes. One after the other they are going bankrupt. Their situation would not be so catastrophic if the government had aided them through the extension of credits which it has made available to non-Jewish small traders. But such is not the case. Of the 132,000,000 zlotys granted in 1930 by the Polish State Bank to various banks and credit cooperatives, the 481 Jewish small credit cooperatives received but 361,000 zlotys.

The Jewish artisans, of whom there are some 150,000, fare little better than the traders. They are doubly the victims, suffering both from excessively high taxation and at the same time from discrimination. No Jewish artisan, for example, has the right to utilize the assistance of an apprentice

unless he is licensed by the government. No artisan can, however, receive his license unless he produces a diploma attesting that he has completed special Polish courses. The Jewish artisans for the most part are aged Jews. They have practiced their vocations from boyhood and were never before required to produce diplomas. Most of them have never even visited a school. They read and write no language other than Yiddish. By a decree issued December 15, 1927, these aged artisans are required to go to school to study Polish history, to learn the geography of Poland, to read and to write Polish fluently. Without this knowledge their proficiency as artisans is impugned. They are prohibited from employing apprentices and are even refused artisan licenses.

The several hundred zlotys which these poor old Jews must pay to the government for their belated and enforced education is in itself a sufficient burden in their present impoverished state. The situation is made tragic, however, by the fact that at this stage of their lives they find it virtually impossible to grasp such subjects as history, geography, or grammar. They have never known of compulsory education. Not even under the strict regime of the Czar were history, grammar, and geography indispensable qualifications for good artisanship.

These "education" qualifications which the Polish government demands from aged Jewish artisans serve directly to eliminate the Jew from the artisan field. Thus is created artificially a better field for the Polish artisan who replaces the Jewish artisan. Naturally the Polish artisan speaks Polish better than the Jew. He knows Polish history. He has a direct nationalistic interest in knowing Polish geography. Hence he is not affected by the educational requirements as is the Jew. Thus he becomes the gainer at the direct expense of the Jew. There is a very decided danger that the requirements will ultimately oust the Jew completely from the artisan field.

The trade schools constitute another serious menace to the Jewish artisan, old and young alike. To become a fully licensed artisan it is now necessary to meet the following three requirements: (1) to serve as an apprentice for three years in the shop of a recognized master under a signed contract; (2) to attend a trade school for three years in order to supplement the knowledge acquired during the period of apprenticeship; (3) to undergo a special examination. The difficulties for the younger Jewish generation are bound up with the law compelling attendance at trade schools. The Jewish apprentice is not in a position to attend these schools, partly because in many cities where Jews live such schools do not exist, and partly also because Jews are maltreated by their non-Jewish fellow-students. Under such circumstances a situation is being created whereby the number of Polish artisans is growing annually while that of Jewish artisans is decreasing. Even in specifically Jewish trades such as tailoring and shoemaking the Jewish artisan is losing ground.

Nor, indeed, are the Jewish industrialists and professionals prospering. At least 30,000 Jewish families of this latter

group are today tremendously affected by Soviet competition. Ten thousand of them are timber merchants. Twenty thousand are grain merchants. The timber industry in Poland has always been a Jewish industry. The Jews have controlled the export of timber abroad and served also as middlemen. Today neither England nor any other land buys timber from Poland. They import their timber from Soviet Russia, since Poland is not in a position to compete with Soviet prices. Ten thousand Jewish families are therefore destined to seek other means of livelihood. The same is true also with regard to the Jewish grain dealers. It is estimated that prior to the war 100,000 Jews in Poland were engaged in buying and selling grain. They acted, too, as the middlemen between the peasant and the foreign market. Many of them were also the concessionnaires who provided grain for the Polish army.

Today there is no large Polish grain export abroad. Here again Poland is unable to compete with Soviet Russia in prices on the foreign market. The little grain which Poland exports abroad is a government monopoly. The government has established special institutions for grain export, granting them a variety of privileges which private Jewish exporters have never enjoyed. The government has also established agricultural cooperatives which replace the Jew in buying the grain from the peasant and in selling it to the government for army provisions. The 100,000 Jews who were engaged in the grain trade in Poland are now gradually disappearing from the scene as grain dealers. Like the timber dealers, they are victims of Soviet competition, but unlike the timber dealers, they are also victims of the government's efforts to monopolize industries and trade and to eliminate the private trader.

The government monopoly of industries is one of the major causes contributing to the elimination of Jews from trades and employment. A practical boycott exists against employing Jews in any of the industries monopolized by the government, such as tobacco, alcohol, and salt.

The decree to monopolize the tobacco industry was issued in 1922. Gradually all the private tobacco enterprises were bought up by the government. These tobacco factories, the largest of which were located in Warsaw, Grodno, Bialystok, and Lublin, employed 3,000 Jewish workers, some of whom had been employed for twenty and thirty years. As soon as the government took over the factories, the systematic elimination of Jews began. Today there are only 3 Jewish workers employed in the two government factories in Warsaw, which employ 1,600 non-Jews. Somewhat more than 1,000 Jewish workers were engaged in these factories before the government took possession. In the tobacco factories of Grodno, where the Jewish workers constituted 95 per cent, their number has been reduced to a negligible percentage. In October, 1926, 700 workers were dismissed from the Grodno factory, possibly for the purpose of economy. Among them were 500 Jews. The dismissal of Jewish workers carried a definitely anti-Semitic character. In Lublin 150 Jewish workers lost their jobs in the tobacco factories. A similar reduction was made in the tobacco factory in Vilna. The Jewish workers constituted 70 per cent of those fired from this factory under the pretext of economy, although the Jews working in the factory comprised not more than 30 per cent of the entire personnel.

Jewish workers in the monopolized alcohol industry

suffered an identical fate. More than 100 Jewish workers were fired from the alcohol distilleries in Warsaw when the government took over the alcohol monopoly. Sixty Jewish workers were fired in Chelm. Jewish workers were also fired in large numbers from the distilleries in Lublin, Slonim, Pultusk, and Volkovisk. In one of the largest distilleries the administration categorically declared that it had received verbal instructions not to employ Jews.

The monopolized industries are not the only commercial enterprises where open discrimination is practiced against Jews. A boycott policy is pursued with regard to employing Jews on the railways, in the post offices, and in other government enterprises. A vigorous anti-Jewish policy was also implemented when the government took over the oil industry. Jewish employees in thirteen cities who had been employed by the oil firm "Mazut" for dozens of years were fired when the organization ceased to function as a private enterprise. There are only 18 Jews employed in the government offices in a total of 75,000 officials—this notwithstanding the fact that Jews form a third of the entire population in Warsaw.

This discrimination against the Jews is also noticeable in the municipal institutions. While the Jews are 33 per cent of the entire population of Warsaw, the Jews employed in the municipal institutions of this city comprise only 4 per cent.

Anti-Jewish discrimination is sharply felt in the universities, where Jewish students meet all kinds of difficulties, particularly in the medical faculties and the technical institutes. Eight thousand Jewish students who graduated from Polish high schools are now studying abroad because they could not secure admittance into the Polish universities. Two thousand of them are studying in Germany, about 4,000 in France, the others in Czecho-Slovakia, Switzerland, and Austria. During the last six years the number of Jewish students in the Polish universities has decreased absolutely and relatively. While the general student body in the Polish universities increased 15 per cent, from 39,000 to 45,000, the number of Jewish students during the same period decreased 10 per cent. Of the 45,000 students in the Polish universities approximately 8,600 are Jews. The number of Jews is especially small in the polytechnic and medical schools. In the Warsaw polytechnic school the Jews number less than 10 per cent. A total of 3,590 Jewish students graduated from high schools in Poland last year. Only half of them, however, were admitted to the universities. The rest were compelled to go abroad to continue their studies in foreign schools.

Because the Polish peasantry, which forms two-thirds of the population of Poland, does not enter the high schools or universities, the Jews, who are entirely a city element, would under normal conditions be entitled to a proportion of 33 per cent in the universities. Normally there should therefore be at least 15,000 Jews among the 45,000 students who now attend the various Polish universities.

The discrimination against Jewish students apparent in the medical and polytechnic schools is not evident in other faculties. The percentage of Jewish students in the medical faculties of the Polish universities is today only 19 per cent. On the other hand, the percentage of Jews in the faculties of political science and philosophy ranges from 24 to 26 per cent.



"The doctor's here again and it ud better be a boy, 'cause there's no more room in our bed."

The Pope's Position on Birth Control

By MARGARET SANGER

ONE-THIRD of the women who come to the Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau in New York are Catholics and the remainder are about equally divided between Protestants and Jews. This has been so for several years, and it indicates that, at least in one important locality, religious affiliation makes no difference one way or the other in the practice of birth control. However, the official teaching of the Catholic church, even though ignored by many of its members, is sometimes an obstacle to general approval of the birth-control movement by political leaders unwilling to oppose the authorities of that church.

My own position is that the Catholic doctrine is illogical, not in accord with science, and definitely against social welfare and race improvement. I hope to make this clear by analyzing the statements of Pope Pius XI in his encyclical letter "Of Chaste Marriage," which was issued about a year ago.

Evidently the Pope was alarmed by the rapid advance of the birth-control movement, for he complains that an "utterly perverse" morality is "gradually gaining ground" and "has begun to spread even among the faithful." He therefore instructs the faithful how to regulate their conjugal life without the benefit of science and according to theories written by St. Augustine, also a bachelor, who died fifteen centuries ago. All through the encyclical the Pope lays stress on authority. He alludes to himself as one "whom the Father has appointed over His field," and holds that the Catholic church is the only authorized guardian and interpreter of a "divine law" applying to marriage. Some of these assertions may be questioned by theologians, but be that as it may, let us try to follow the Pope's reasoning about conjugal matters.

To begin with, he admits that sexual desire is in itself something that can at least claim respectful consideration. This appears in the following passage:

For in matrimony . . . there are also secondary ends, such as mutual aid, the cultivating of mutual love, and the quieting of concupiscence, which husband and wife are not forbidden to consider so long as they are subordinated to the primary end and so long as the intrinsic nature of the act is preserved.

Since "the conjugal act is destined primarily by nature for the begetting of children," we understand that when husband and wife experience the sexual urge, they may act in the natural way providing the aim is to make the woman pregnant. But would the Pope permit intercourse in cases where pregnancy is impossible, as, for instance, after a woman has passed beyond the age of child-bearing? He says:

Nor are those considered as acting against nature who in the married state use their right in the proper manner, although on account of natural reasons, either of time or of certain defects, new life cannot be brought forth.

Thus even good Catholics are not always forbidden to perform the sexual act for other purposes than procreation. It is permitted in cases of barrenness, sterility, after the woman has become pregnant, and after the menopause.

It would be interesting to know whether or not the Pope thinks that husband and wife under other circumstances than those above listed ought to limit their sexual life to a single act for each pregnancy, on the theory that the act is only for procreation. In other words, must a couple, during the child-bearing years, limit themselves to one act (assuming fruitfulness) and one child every year or two? Evidently the Pope has enough sense of humor not to tackle this phase of his moral problem. Common sense, however, tells us that here again the Catholics themselves doubtless permit a vast disproportion between the comparatively great number of "quietings of concupiscence" and the comparatively small number of resulting pregnancies. Furthermore, I believe it is a fact that the desire for a child frequently comes to men and women at moments when they feel no sexual longing, while, on the other hand, the spontaneous physical and emotional urge for intercourse is seldom accompanied by a specific desire for a child.

How many children should there be in a family? The Pope quotes the Biblical "Increase and multiply and fill the earth," together with the indorsement of the good St. Augustine, who died a thousand years before America was discovered. It strikes me that St. Augustine, however, is not a true believer in the doctrine, for I understand that he had only one son (illegitimate) and that he said, "No fruitfulness of the flesh can be compared to holy virginity." The Pope declares further:

But Christian parents must also understand that they are destined not only to propagate and preserve the human race on earth, indeed, not only to educate any kind of worshipers of the true God, but children who are to become members of the Church of Christ, to raise up fellow-citizens of the saints and members of God's household, that the worshipers of God and our Savior may daily increase.

To repeat these two points in everyday language, the Pope commands married women to bear numerous children, (a) to fill the earth, and (b) to increase the membership in the Catholic church.

Assuming that God does want an increasing number of worshipers of the Catholic faith, does he also want an increasing number of feeble-minded, insane, criminal, and diseased worshipers? That is unavoidable if the Pope is obeyed, because, as we shall see, he forbids every single method of birth control except continence, a method which the feeble-minded, insane, and criminal will not use.

Suppose that a couple want to have children, but only a few. Suppose that they wish to space the births so that one baby can get well started in life before the other one comes. Suppose that the mother's physical condition makes it dangerous, and possibly fatal, for her to bear another child. Suppose that poverty makes limitation desirable. What can they do about it? Separate legally? No. But they can separate physically and spiritually by practicing continence.

A word about nature is needed here. Conception takes place through the combination of an ovum with a sperm.

Sperms are microscopic seeds introduced from the man's body by the million in a single sexual act. Nature herself wastes almost all of these millions of sperms. But if a single sperm joins up with an ovum, one of the microscopic seeds which are produced by the woman's ovaries, the result is conception. From this beginning grows the embryo which in time becomes a child.

Remember that no new life begins unless there is conception. Keep the sperm away from the ovum and there will be no conception. The Pope approves the prevention of conception by keeping men and women apart, which means that he does not think it wrong for ova and sperms to grow and die by the millions without producing new life. The Pope even permits married couples to prevent sperms from meeting ova by refraining from intercourse. He calls this "virtuous continence," and he adds, "which Christian law permits in matrimony when both parties consent."

Just think of that. If the husband does not consent to continence, the wife has to keep on getting pregnant unless she disobeys the Pope by using contraceptives. Incidentally, unless I am misinformed, American wives in certain States are not entitled to support from their husbands if they refuse conjugal intimacy. There have been many decisions to this effect, I believe.

I believe that continence is one of the surest ways of breaking up marriage. It is the denial of love, the frustration of nature. Furthermore, in many cases, according to medical science, continence in marriage is positively harmful to health if practiced for any length of time. It can bring on serious nervous derangement. Although it may be acceptable to certain individuals as a method of birth control, it cannot wisely be recommended for general use.

We come now to the subject of contraception. Contraception means keeping the sperms away from the ova during and after the sexual act and thus preventing conception. Various methods of contraception have been widely used all over the civilized world for a long time, but they are all condemned by the Pope. He says in the encyclical:

Any use whatsoever of matrimony exercised in such a way that the act is deliberately frustrated in its natural power to generate life is an offense against the law of God and of nature, and those who indulge in such are branded with the guilt of a grave sin.

In another paragraph he calls contraception a "sin against nature." He even tries to frighten Catholics by declaring that God sometimes kills people for preventing conception. Reference is made to a Biblical story. The Pope says, "... when the conception of the offspring is prevented. Onan, the son of Judah, did this, and the Lord killed him for it." The argument is entirely misleading. Read the story of Genesis XXXVIII, and you will see that God killed Onan because he refused to have a child by the widow of his brother, whom God had killed. If Onan had tried continence instead of another method he would have been slain just as promptly.

Before going farther I wish to quote the very Reverend W. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, who has written that "the real alternative to birth control is abortion." It is an alternative that I cannot too strongly condemn. Although abortion may be resorted to in order to save the life of the mother, the practice of it merely for limitation of offspring is dangerous and vicious. I bring up

the subject here only because some ill-informed persons have the notion that when we speak of birth control we include abortion as a method. We certainly do not. Abortion destroys the already fertilized ovum or the embryo; contraception, as I have carefully explained, prevents the fertilizing of the ovum by keeping the male cells away. Thus it prevents the beginning of life.

The contention that it is sin to have dominion over nature is simple nonsense. The Pope frustrates nature by getting shaved and having his hair cut, as well as by practicing continence. Whenever we catch a fish or shoot a wolf or a lamb, whenever we pull a weed or prune a fruit tree, we frustrate nature. Disease germs are perfectly natural little fellows which must be frustrated before we can get well. Nature frustrates her own processes by the most astounding wastage, as we have already seen in the case of the sperms and ova, which she produces for the man and the woman by the million only to let them perish.

When the Pope speaks about nature he seems to forget that the human mind is also part of nature. The thoughts we think and the emotions we feel are the work of nature. He does not seem to realize that the enjoyment in sexual intercourse is largely psychical. It is a mental and spiritual as well as a physical enjoyment. The stronger the love and the finer the characters of the married pair, the greater is this physical enjoyment during intercourse. To impose continence is to prevent the finest union of love, to frustrate mental and spiritual nature in its urge toward perfection. Contraception in no way interferes with that oneness which is most necessary—even though the Pope calls it a secondary end—to the preservation of married happiness.

But the Pope has no respect for the mental powers of the individual. He writes:

Wherefore, let the faithful also be on their guard against the overrated independence of private judgment and that false autonomy of human reason. For it is quite foreign to everyone bearing the name of Christian to trust his own mental powers with such pride as to agree only with those things which he can examine from their inner nature . . . a characteristic of all true followers of Christ, lettered and unlettered, is to suffer themselves to be guided and led in all things that touch upon faith or morals of the holy Church of God, through its supreme pastor, the Roman Pontiff, who is himself guided by Jesus Christ our Lord.

That is what the Pope says. Now let us see what Jesus says. St. Matthew quotes Him thus: "Have ye not read that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh?" St. Mark quotes the same statement. But did Jesus say that every wife had to bear children as fast as they would come? Did He ever advocate rearing large families as a duty toward God? Did He ever say anything against the limitation of offspring? Did He ever say anything that by any twist of argument can be interpreted to mean that He disapproved of contraception? If He did, why does not the Pope cite chapter and verse?

Having answered, point by point, those parts of the Pope's encyclical which refer to birth control, I want to add that his attitude in general seems to be conditioned by ■ disapproval of human enjoyment and an apparent relishing of the theory that suffering is good for our souls. He speaks

of himself as "looking with paternal eye . . . as from a watch-tower." It is a tower set in splendor, surrounded by walls that shut out the world of broken homes, of sick and sorrow-laden mothers, poverty-stricken fathers, and pathetic, unwanted children. In that remote tower he sits comfortably, takes counsel from a pile of old books and from bachelor advisers, and then writes scolding sermons about the marriage problems of intelligent people. I wish he could come down into real life for a few weeks, walk the earth and mingle with the poor "ye have always with you." He would hear true stories from Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish women which I should think would be enough to shake sense into the head of any man.

As for the Catholic political opposition to our proposed amendment of an obnoxious federal law, I contend that if the Catholic church cannot force its members to obey the Pope's commands regarding birth control without the help of the United States government, that is a good omen for our cause. The birth-control movement grows in strength and wisdom despite religious objections and legal handicaps. It advances because it supplies a human need, and it cannot stop, because that need never ceases.

No philanthropic cause today offers the benefactor a finer opportunity for service which will at the same time relieve individual suffering, promote social welfare, and tend to improve the race in America.

Congress and Birth Control

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

B LANKETED by the din and clamor of politics and legislation, one of the most interesting educational campaigns in many years is quietly and thoroughly being carried out among the members of Congress this session. Mrs. Margaret Sanger and a small group of devoted assistants have undertaken the big job of making a member-to-member educational campaign on the subject of birth control. Legislation at this session is not the object. Mrs. Sanger realizes fully that with a session almost automatically limited by the assembling of the Presidential conventions in June—the average politician is particularly timid about "moral" issues in election years—seeking a vote on a question like birth control is impossible at this time. The winter's effort, therefore, is being directed entirely to laying a broad educational base for a legislative drive at a more opportune time.

In more normal days such men as Senators La Follette and Norris, who are most sympathetic to the birth-control movement, would be free to give their time and influence to pushing a bill. Now they are overwhelmed with work connected with the economic measures they are sponsoring. Representing as they do the only progressive force in Congress, they simply have no time to give to questions other than those immediately related to the great economic crisis. This is true of all the Progressives in both branches of Congress. The whole burden of fighting the reactionary and timid policies of the leaders of both major parties devolves on them, and they are over their heads in work.

Mrs. Sanger and her associates are planning as part of their educational campaign public committee hearings on a birth-control bill later in the session. Their measure has as yet not been formally introduced, but this is now in the process of being arranged. The bill will be substantially the same as that sponsored in the last Congress by former Senator Frederick H. Gillett of Massachusetts, on which an exceedingly interesting hearing was held before a Senate committee. The measure would eliminate from the law restrictions which prohibit doctors from transmitting birth-control information and which forbid the distribution of birth-control devices.

Mrs. Sanger has assigned to herself the task of personally interviewing the entire membership of the Senate. Miss

Alice Palache, her associate, and several volunteers are seeing House members. To assist them in this huge effort, Mrs. Sanger is organizing a local committee among interested women's groups and organizations in Washington. The experiences that Mrs. Sanger and her associates are having are extraordinarily revealing. Describing them to a friend, Mrs. Sanger remarked that after she had completed her work she expected to be fully equipped to "write a book giving the low-down on Washington, myself."

In the most unexpected quarters sympathetic knowledge of birth control is being encountered. One very wealthy and very conservative Republican Senator from an Atlantic seaboard State wound up his talk with Mrs. Sanger by giving her a lecture on the desirability of birth-control. He declined, however, to sponsor a bill. There was a too active Catholic element in his State, he frankly admitted.

Another Senator, a Southern Democrat, told Mrs. Sanger he saw no need for legislation. "All my friends know all about that," he explained. "Why bother about passing a law?" When told that the law was needed to make birth-control available to those most in need of it, the poor and the humble who could not afford to obtain it surreptitiously, he shrugged his shoulders, and refused to be impressed. For the most part, however, the members from the South dislike discussing the subject. Some seem to be quite startled to have a woman caller raise the question. They are courteous and interested, but draw back from the topic. Yet it may be noted that many have very limited families. This, in fact, is practically true of the entire membership of Congress, and often of those determinedly opposed to modifying the law.

Two conditions stand out as the chief obstacles to be overcome if birth-control legislation is to be enacted. The first is the bitter and vociferous opposition of the Catholic church. The second is the inability of all but a few members to see the social significance of birth control. The bellicose hostility of Catholicism is nothing new. At the hearing last Congress those representing that point of view converted a serious, earnest discussion of the subject into an emotional melee. One of the chief offenders on this occasion was Mrs. Mary T. Norton, Democratic Representative from New Jersey, and now, by right of seniority, chairman of the House

Committee on the District of Columbia and thereby the unofficial "mayor" of Washington. Mrs. Norton is a political henchman of Mayor Hague of Jersey City, and holds her seat through the backing of that notorious boss. At the hearing on the Gillett bill she made a violent harangue against birth control and with great vehemence assailed its sponsors. Incidentally, she has no children. In their talks with members, Mrs. Sanger and her associates continually encounter this Catholic opposition, both directly and indirectly. It is without doubt the greatest single obstacle to be overcome.

The inability of members to grasp the deep and wide social significance of birth control, although many readily agree to its need in individual cases, is a difficulty that Mrs. Sanger is convinced can be overcome by exactly the kind of quiet educational work she and her associates are doing. In their interviews with the members they are concretely tying up birth control with the entire economic situation,

stressing its immediate and direct relation to unemployment, child labor, crime, and low living standards. This economic approach is proving a powerful argument in overcoming orthodox moralist opposition, and is the basis of the educational campaign and the legislative fight.

Peculiarly enough, the wet-and-dry wrangle crosses the path of the birth-control movement. This is because most of the friends of the movement are dry Protestants, whereas the opponents are wet Catholics. It is a weird tangle, but one characteristic of politics and particularly of legislation. It frequently happens that votes of members are determined by wholly extraneous questions and factors in no way involved in the merits of the issue at stake or directly related to it. Mrs. Sanger and her associates view the outlook for federal legislation in the future as encouraging. Many members have told them that they consider birth-control legislation inevitable, although the present is not a propitious time for seeking it.

Birth Control and Social Engineering

By HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

IN an ancient document, less familiar now than formerly, there occurs a graphic account of the appearance of one of the oldest problems of humanity and its characteristic solution. It has to do with two men named Abraham and Lot:

And the land was not able to bear them, that they might dwell together: for their substance was great, so that they could not dwell together. And there was a strife between the herdsmen of Abraham's cattle and the herdsmen of Lot's cattle. . . . And Abraham said unto Lot, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee. . . . Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me."

These men were the heads of two great patriarchal families. Their "substance" included their retainers and dependents, as well as their economic resources. Their problem was one which has always been inseparably connected with the multiplication of the human species.

From time immemorial human groups have increased in size until the land could no longer bear them, and such economic equipment as they might possess (as in the case above "flocks and herds") could not function adequately, and became an encumbrance rather than an asset. The natural and inevitable result has been strife. The logical and seemingly effective remedy has been to separate one part of the group from the rest and to send it off in search of new land.

This expedient offered possibilities as long as there was new land to be had. In the beginning there was a seemingly boundless supply of land. The problem was to get to it, to overcome the perils and resistance offered by the indigenous fauna and flora, and to make the physical adaptations necessary for survival in an unfamiliar environment. These requirements could be met only very slowly by primitive man. His appropriation of new land could not be carried out in any such summary way as Abraham suggested to Lot.

As a result, the spread of the human species over the

habitable surface of the globe has been enormously protracted, and has sufficed to provide an outlet for a part of the surplus humanity clear down to our own day. But just because of its slowness this expedient has never been adequate to take care of any major portion of the natural increase of the species, and as a consequence strife has been ever present among those who still found themselves crowded upon areas of land unable to bear them. One phase of this strife has been the ruthless economic competition which crowds the weak into extermination. Another has been the more conspicuous, highly organized, and socially coordinated struggle that we call war. By these two forms of conflict man has perennially collaborated with nature in eliminating that excess of the species for which no subsistence could be wrung from the land.

The capacity and proclivity of living creatures to produce offspring far in excess of any possibility of survival are two of the most striking and best-established facts of biology. But high fecundity is not necessary for rapid increase, since reproduction is potentially on the basis of a geometric ratio. The simple fact is that there is no species of living organism in nature whose capacity of increase is not sufficient to overflow the earth in a very brief period if there is nothing to stop it. The invariable consequence is that every such species, relatively soon in its independent existence, reaches a point where no further increase is possible within the habitat to which it is restricted, in the face of the competition that it has to meet from other organisms sharing the same habitat. From that time on its numbers must remain virtually constant in the long run, though there may be temporary fluctuations between rather wide margins. The universal law of nature is the law of stationary population.

Man is no exception to the principle of excess fecundity. No one knows how rapidly the species might increase if its full physiological capacity were set free. But we do know that it could at least double every twenty years, for it has done so in certain cases of sufficient magnitude to afford a

demonstration. Now at this rate it would take only about 600 years to produce the entire present population of the globe from a single pair. When we recall that instead of this brief period some million-odd years have been required to roll up this total, it is clear that human reproduction has been under some powerful restraint at all times.

The really remarkable thing, the thing that differentiates man from the other animals, is that, in spite of this restraint, the human species has hitherto been able to maintain a continuous, though irregular, increase in numbers, and to escape the extreme application of the law of stationary population. It is of the greatest importance for the present and future welfare of the race to understand by just what means this result has been accomplished.

The first great expedient has already been mentioned—the progressive appropriation and exploitation of new land. The other main recourse has been the development of an economic culture whereby the existing resources of the land have been made more completely and more rapidly available for human subsistence and enjoyment. The progress of this economic culture has been marked by certain outstanding achievements of great significance—the invention of the implements and methods of hunting, the discovery of the domestication and breeding of animals, the invention and discovery of the basic principles and methods of agriculture, the discovery of fire, the development of materials for tools and implements through stone and bronze, iron and steel, the invention of writing, and finally that extraordinary combination of inventions and discoveries which produced the industrial and commercial revolutions that ushered in the present era.

These stupendous technical advances in conjunction with the constant appropriation of new land constitute the basis upon which the multiplication of the human species has rested. It is by these that man has escaped the iron law that governs all other living organisms. It is upon further advances similar to these that he must rely for any possible increase in the future.

In estimating the probable nature and scope of these future advances, and attempting to foresee the possible further growth in numbers of mankind, there are two or three basic considerations that it is well to keep in mind. The first of these is that at the beginning of the nineteenth century the population of the earth was only about 700,000,000. Estimating the age of mankind as 1,000,000 years, this means that the average annual increase of the species, over the whole stretch of human existence, has been only about 700 persons. This is very close to nothing at all, and shows that man's escape from the law of stationary population, in spite of his much-vaunted human abilities and achievements, has been by a very narrow margin indeed.

The next fact, perhaps even more striking in its implications, is that within the past century and a third the species has added about 1,300,000,000 to its grand total. This is an average of 10,000,000 persons a year, or a virtual trebling in 130 years. Does it require any elaborate statistics, charts, or tables, or any awe-inspiring display of erudition, to show that the population history of the nineteenth century cannot possibly be duplicated in the next century or two? The simplest arithmetical procedure will suffice to show that the totals involved in any such duplication are simply fantastic.

To emphasize the impossibility of any such eventuality, it should be realized that the great expedient of land ap-

propriation, which has served man in such good stead over all these ages, is no longer available. There is no more new land to be had. All the habitable portions of the globe, including many that are very slightly so, are already portioned out among the existing nations. The only way to get new land now is to take it from somebody else, and while this may be a means to national aggrandizement, it is not a device for supporting a larger world population. Indeed, this has been the only expedient open to many land-hungry nations for a long time past. Even in the days of Abraham and Lot "the Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelled then in the land" also, and had eventually to be shoved out of the way with a ruthless hand. To be sure, the substitution of a highly civilized group of people for a primitive one, as in the case of the white settlement of America, opens the way for a considerable aggregate increase. There still remain a number of important possibilities of this sort the world over. But broadly speaking, the expedient of land appropriation as a means to population increase has come to an end in our own day. The immigration movement to the United States was its last great phase, and the sudden termination of that movement marks the end of an epoch in human experience.

As for the further development of economic culture, no one would wish to hazard an estimate as to its maximum potentialities. Men are going to continue indefinitely to invent and discover new ways of reducing the materials of the earth's crust into forms adapted to quick and satisfactory human consumption. But he would be an optimist indeed, not only in the present period of depression and distress but even in the most glittering blaze of material prosperity, who would predict that further technical advances will be able to provide indefinitely for such a rate of increase as characterized the nineteenth century, not to speak of the potential inherent capacities of the human animal as such.

No, there is every reason to believe that population must be restrained in the future as it has been in the past, and much more drastically than in the past four or five generations. The only practical question is as to the means whereby the restraint is to be exerted. The only real choice is between natural and unnatural—or human—methods. It has already been suggested what nature's characteristic mode of procedure in this field is. Nature's method is to allow the innate reproductive capacity of each species to express itself fully in offspring, and then to dispose of the surplus individuals by various means of slaughter. Whether the total number of births during the lifetime of a pair of organisms be 10,000,000 or 100,000,000, only two on the average can survive to maturity and become parents in their turn. In other words, nature controls population solely by death.

It has remained for man alone to discover means of controlling population through births. As already pointed out, man has not been able to free himself from the necessity of controlling population, nor is it likely that he ever will. But the development of the science of physics, chemistry, and particularly biology has put into his hands increasingly effective and unobjectionable means of substituting a relatively mild and genial form of control for the harsh and devastating methods of nature. This achievement has been hailed by some scientists as standing on a par with such epochal discoveries and inventions as the use and making of fire and the art of writing. Its potentialities for promoting human welfare are measureless.

This accomplishment has not all taken place at a single step. Probably the first steps in this direction took the form of a modified type of death—the destruction of the undeveloped foetus after conception and before birth. When performed by scientific and effective methods, abortion is doubtless a great improvement over nature's method of killing the new-born. But the intelligent, informed, and humane mind of modern civilized man cannot be content with this halfway measure. Abortion is, after all and at best, killing. Only through the measures commonly called birth control or, in a narrower sense, contraception can the control of population be reduced to that minimum of suffering, inconvenience, and self-denial that seems unavoidable on this earth.

The most significant aspect, therefore, of birth control is as an indispensable instrument in the hands of modern, socially conscious man, to be used in the subjection of population growth to the same deliberate, rational, and farseeing manipulation that he prides himself on applying to every other great human interest. This is something quite apart

from its utility in solving the problems of personal and family life. It is a phase of that broad, intelligent, scientific self-direction of human groups which can rightly be designated social engineering.

All the emphasis hitherto has been laid upon the control of population in its quantitative, or, to use a recently introduced term, its *larithmic* aspects. There is also a fertile field for social engineering in the qualitative, or *eugenic*, aspects of population. Here, too, birth control in its broadest sense is an indispensable instrumentality. It is a promising sign that these two phases are coming to be more and more clearly delineated, and yet harmoniously combined, in the great inclusive interest of population.

Finally it should be observed that control of population need not always be restraint. It may be promotion. If the situation ever arises when the stimulation of population is clearly recognized as a social need, a well-established and intelligent habit of birth control will be found to be an effective aid to revision upward as well as downward.

Asiatic Conflict and Overpopulation

By C. V. DRYSDALE

WERE it not for the grave preoccupation of the Western world with the present serious economic crisis, the menacing situation in the East would be its chief concern. India has been seething with discontent and sedition for the past few years; and China and Japan have come into serious conflict in Manchuria—a conflict which has so far only been restrained from developing into open warfare by the League of Nations, which has met practically open defiance of its decisions. Although the League has exercised a valuable restraining influence in many minor disputes, this is the first time that it has been confronted with a really serious crisis; and if it has succeeded in curbing the warlike spirit of the Japanese, it has suffered in dignity and revealed its inherent weakness.

This weakness is due to the sentimental idealism which has pervaded the League and peace movements generally, and their refusal to face the fundamental fact of the struggle for existence due to overpopulation. This is the great fact before which even Norman Angell's "Great Illusion" is impotent. Idealism and reason are alike powerless before starving men and starving nations; and all old nations with high birth-rates are starving.

China, Japan, and India are three starving nations. Chronic starvation has held the mass of the Chinese and Hindus in its grip for centuries; their apathetic fatalism and lack of national spirit have prevented them from being a menace to other nations. But Japan is different. Her overpopulation and poverty are now severe, yet they are of comparatively recent growth. Owing, no doubt, to the restriction of population which appears to have prevailed among them up to sixty years ago, the Japanese have become an intensely virile, patriotic, high-spirited, and progressive race; quick at adopting all the developments of Western civilization and keenly resentful of any slight on their national honor.

The history of population development in Japan is in

striking contrast to that of other countries. The total area of Japan proper is 147,651 square miles, or 382,315 square kilometers, of which about 60,200 square kilometers are cultivable. During the Tokugawa Shogunate, which commenced early in the seventeenth century and continued until the Meiji restoration of 1868, the country was administered on feudal lines, and the great landowners appear to have discouraged a rapid increase of population. At any rate, the population only rose from 26,000,000 in 1723 to 27,000,000 in 1846, and to 33,000,000 in 1872, which was equivalent to a density of population of 550 per square kilometer or 2.2 per cultivable acre. The first record of the birth-rate, which was made in 1872, gave it as only 17 per thousand, which is about the same as the lowest figure to which European birth-rates have now fallen.

But with the Meiji restoration Western culture was favored, and Japan has adopted science and industrialism with astounding rapidity. As in European countries, this has led to rapid expansion of her towns and population; and her successes in the Chinese war of 1894, the Russian war of 1904, and the last great war have raised her to the position of a large Power and exalted the status of her military caste, who have sought to inspire the people with a militarist and expansionist spirit. Accordingly the population rapidly increased from 33,000,000 in 1872 to 41,500,000 in 1893, to 55,500,000 in 1913, and to over 60,000,000 in 1923, and it has since been increasing by about 700,000 a year; while the birth-rate has increased to about 34½ per thousand. As a result, the density of population has now risen to about 1,000 per cultivable square kilometer, which gives only about a quarter of an acre per head; and as the industry of Japan has not yet succeeded in securing a favorable balance of exports, owing largely to her dearth of coal, oil, and minerals except copper, she is almost wholly dependent on her own food production. Even with the most intensive culture her people are seriously undernourished.

Notice what has happened to the death-rates. According to the doctrine of Malthus, population is held in check by food supplies, which as a rule can only be increased slowly. Hence, a high birth-rate should produce a high death-rate, and the death-rate can only be materially reduced by reducing the birth-rate. This was the fundamental basis for the neo-Malthusian or birth-control propaganda; and the fall of the English birth-rate from 36 to 17 has been accompanied by a fall of the death-rate from 21 to 12 per thousand as expected; which means that the average duration of life of the English people has increased from only forty years to about sixty years. But we are of course told that this is due to improved hygiene, sanitation, medical and surgical service, and "social services," and not to the fall in the birth-rate.

Japan, however, has increased her birth-rate. She has certainly not neglected science, sanitation, and the like, but her death-rate, from being only 11 per thousand, has risen to about 20. If these figures can be accepted, Japan has almost exactly reversed our experience, and the average duration of life of her people has *fallen* from about sixty to something like forty-five years. Taken in conjunction with the extremely small area of cultivable land per head, there is no possible doubt that Japan is now terribly overpopulated.

Although the Japanese greatly dislike leaving their native land, iron necessity has compelled them to emigrate. But to their intense resentment other countries have closed their doors. At the Paris conference of 1919 Japan claimed the principle of racial equality, which was refused; but she was given a footing in Manchuria, which is rich in the minerals she lacks; and she has accordingly developed railways and industries there. Only about 1,000,000 Japanese, however, have actually emigrated to Manchuria, as they do not seem to be able to endure a cold climate; there are also in Manchuria about 6,000,000 Manchus, 2,000,000 Russians, and 25,000,000 Northern Chinese of the warlike Tartar type who have never assimilated the general Chinese fatalism, and who have swarmed into Manchuria to escape from the grinding poverty and hopelessness of overpopulated China. A clash was inevitable. The Japanese government cannot be expected to leave to the mercy of lawless marauders the railways and factories they have developed at great cost;

and the weak Chinese government is not likely to be able to restrain the excesses of these hunger-driven hordes.

India is in an even worse plight. She has a population of about 350,000,000, of which over 70 per cent can only obtain one meager meal a day. With a birth-rate of about 36 per thousand, or about 11,000,000 new infants each year, her death-rate is about 33 per thousand, and the average duration of life of her people is about twenty-seven years.

It is to be hoped that statesmen will at last have their eyes opened to the grim reality of the struggle for existence due to overpopulation. The League of Nations can never be worthy of, or have a right to expect, the respect and confidence of humanity until it enunciates as its first principle that no nation has a right to claim increase of territory on account of increase of its population; and that it is the first duty of every nation to limit its population to its resources, so that its people can live in comfort at home, before they can be permitted to enter freely into other countries. Every nation which transgresses this principle, and shows aggressive tendencies, should be warned by the League that if it causes a breach of the peace it will be held as guilty, and will have the whole influence of the League against it in any subsequent settlement.

Had this principle been enunciated years ago, the exclusion of Eastern immigrants from Western nations would at least have appeared reasonable, instead of an example of race or color prejudice. It is right for countries of low birth-rates and high standards of comfort to bar the immigration of poverty-stricken aliens of high fertility, who would depress that standard; but it should be on those grounds, and not as an insult to their race.

"The population question is of vital importance. I wish we did not shirk it so much." So wrote Lord Morley, who later became Viceroy of India; but he and all others have continued to shirk it. Fortunately, many of the more enlightened Asiatics have been wiser, and the lecture tour of Margaret Sanger in Japan and China in 1922 stimulated them to action. Japan, with the aid of Baron and Baroness Ishimoto, has secured birth-control clinics and will probably soon enter rapidly on the path of true civilization. India and China are following suit, and birth control will soon become the true "Light of Asia."

Birth Control, Religion, and the Unfit

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

EARNEST persons, studying social difficulties, find them gravely complicated by "the unfit." The unfit are common enough, from those of mere average incapacity, like ladies living on alimony, to admitted defectives living on our taxes. They are not only passively injurious as not earning their own livings, but actively injurious as consuming the livings of useful people.

We are mortified at our moronic average, alarmed at the increasing numbers of those far below it. Further, we find that the unfitter they are, the more lavishly they fulfil what some religionists assure us is the divine command—to increase and multiply and replenish the earth. Confronted with this difficulty, we propose to check the undesirable in-

crease by the simple device of sterilizing the unfit. Unfortunately, when urging necessary legislation on the subject, we meet not only religious objections, but those of the unfit who are voters.

On further thought, seeking to antedate the disadvantageous reproduction, we seize on the benefits of birth control, a practice which does not interfere with the pleasures of the unfit but saves society from their reduplication. Again we are met by the indifference of the unfit as voters, and mere ignorance and stupidity are likewise often backed by the enormous power of religion.

Every religion believes itself to be the Truth, and warmly desires to increase its membership, not intelligence

and ability being requisite, but numbers. On no account does it wish to check the increase of constituents, and low mentality among converts offers no obstacle. What terrors has our moronic level, the average intelligence of twelve-year-olds, to those who believe that of such is the kingdom of heaven?

Thus we find individual fundamentalists strongly opposed to any prudential checks to the increase of population, and in particular the immense authority of the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic church forbidding as a sin the use of contraceptives. Members of this faith not only are forbidden to practice birth control themselves, or even to study the facts and figures as to its social necessity, but they are urged to prevent other people from studying the question.

In a recent State convention of the League of Women Voters, when the committee on social hygiene had placed the subject of birth control on their proposed program of study, it was announced even before the discussion opened that the Roman Catholic members of the league would resign if it was favored. This was a foolish move. No one was asked to practice birth control or be instructed in it. No one was required to belong to this social-hygiene group, which proposed to study the economic and political aspects of a question which is forcing attention all over the world and demanding legislative action in this country. Any disapproving members were quite free to vote against its adoption on the program. But was it not unwise to seek to prevent other people from studying it through the threat of a wholesale resignation by members of one church?

It was unwise in stirring up religious prejudice. Unwise in reviving the old menace of church interference, and revealing the new menace of the increasing power of that church in this country. Unwise in opening up the inference that it preferred its members to vote without information, and that it desired unchecked increase in membership, no matter how unfit.

Quite apart from these special views lies the real importance of the question, both personal and social. Personal is the protest of the woman, who after all is more immediately concerned in the matter of birth than the man. Must she, if worn, exhausted, usually tortured, often killed in the process, bear children regardless of her own wish or ability, to the detriment of the entire family? Or may she choose, saying "Not this year," or "Not till we can afford it," or "Six is enough"? Deepest of all is the interest of the child, who has a right to vigorous parents and a well-cared-for youth. Improvement in our human stock is visibly needed.

But strong as is the personal claim for an intelligent parenthood, the social need is stronger, both in economics and in politics. In China and Japan we may see these effects well illustrated. With the more peaceful people the pressure of population results in a "saturated solution" of humanity, a mass of millions living on the verge of starvation and pushed over it by any large disaster as of flood or famine. With the more warlike Japanese we see an intelligent and competent people increasing beyond the maintenance capacity of their small mountainous country. Living on imported food, they are impelled, like England, to conquer and colonize in countries unable to resist them. Either this, or they must crowd and starve and die in economic suffocation, or they must limit their population.

Every country must sooner or later confront the same

alternatives: crowd and starve, fight and die, or limit the population. Since it is not difficult to estimate what number a given country can support, and what average family will maintain that number, and since we may so maintain it without pain, danger, or even loss of pleasure, our descendants in a wiser age will marvel that there was any hesitation before so plain a duty.

The main obstacle is religion. Believing that we are divinely commanded to multiply, we have yet failed to do the simple example in multiplication which shows so clearly the results. If in our year 1 there had been but one couple alive, if they had but four children and died at about forty, at that modest rate of gain the end of a century would have shown a twelvefold increase, twenty-four people. Call it tenfold, for greater ease, count your centuries two thousand, and by the tenth you find two hundred billion. By our own time we should have opened the twentieth century with a nearly packed earth of two quadrillions of people. As we have but a little under two billion, and as we began a long way back of the year 1, it becomes painfully evident that we have died like fish spawn.

Child-bearing is not so easy and painless as birth control. Throughout all our history women have been urged and compelled to bear enough children to meet the constant waste of life which their numbers necessitated. It is a method worthy of the blind force we call nature, but shamefully unworthy of the intelligence of human beings. It is for women, the bearers and rearers of children, to decide on the numbers needed. Where nations need a larger population, women should bear more; if the country is crowded, they should bear fewer; parents above the average, parents to be proud of, should give the world as many children as they can.

Birth Control in Disease

By S. ADOLPHUS KNOPF, M.D.

IN my lifelong work for the prevention and cure of tuberculosis, I have seen many a woman afflicted with this disease who became pregnant and whose lung condition was seriously aggravated thereby, causing premature death. These experiences caused me to become an ardent advocate of scientific, judicious, and ethical birth control. Had timely and careful prevention of conception been instituted, those mothers might have lived many more years, because uncomplicated tuberculosis is curable in most instances.

The tuberculosis germ is everywhere, and only when we are strong and healthy does it fail to do us any harm; too frequently repeated pregnancies, even in strong women, will undermine the system and make it less resistant. To prevent tuberculosis, every married woman should have an annual health examination and at least a two-year interval to recover from pregnancy before getting into that condition again.

When there are already too many children and the husband's earnings are small, the result is underfeeding, overcrowding, and often insufficient clothing in cold weather. These three causes undermine the system, so that the germ of tuberculosis can get easy hold. Large families are often compelled to allow their children to help add to the family budget. If there is anything which especially predisposes

young people between fifteen and twenty to tuberculosis, it is having had their growth and general development stunted by childhood labor. Many children elude the supervision of the overburdened mother and, alas, too often stray from the path of virtue; in later years the boys are inclined to join gangs and become lawbreakers. These children frequently become victims of tuberculosis because of the enfeebled condition of the mother, who could not transmit much physical strength to the later born, and the inevitable underfeeding.

Everybody knows that sun, good air, and food are helpful in the prevention and cure of tuberculosis. It must be evident how little of these can be had in an overcrowded tenement house with from six to ten people living in two or three rooms. Underfeeding and overcrowding are responsible for many cases of tuberculosis. Every consumptive is a source of infection unless he is careful to destroy his infectious sputum. When the tuberculous mother becomes pregnant, it is exceedingly difficult to prevent the baby which she carries under her heart from becoming infected. Although the disease is not usually considered hereditary, the circulation of the mother's blood with that of the unborn child is so intimate that the secretions of the bacilli in the blood render the child more susceptible to tuberculosis. Even if the mother is careful and does not kiss the new-born child, the close contact will usually result in the child becoming directly infected. Thus if the tuberculous wife becomes pregnant, her own life and that of her child are seriously jeopardized.

Such catastrophes can be avoided by the proper and timely application of contraceptives. Prevention of conception in tuberculous or strongly predisposed women is one of the important factors in the reduction of the tuberculosis mortality rate. How much greater would this reduction be if birth control became more universal, if all physicians were properly educated in the prevention of conception, and if all women knew that by applying to their physicians or birth-control clinics for advice their lives, if in danger, would be spared.

However, it is not only tuberculosis which becomes aggravated by an added pregnancy. Many other ailments, such as kidney, heart, nervous and mental diseases, often cause the untimely death of mothers whose lives might be preserved if proper contraceptive methods could be instituted in time. One condition which leads often to serious mental trouble is the so-called anxiety neurosis: the woman's constant fear of becoming pregnant when her physical or economic condition will not permit any addition to the family. When pregnancy does occur, the woman, in desperation, often resorts to abortion, which frequently leads to chronic invalidism or death. These criminal abortions are largely responsible for our country's fearful maternal mortality rate. One would think that the whole American medical profession would be aroused to prevent such conditions.

It is an injustice and an untruth when our opponents maintain that birth control—that is to say, the judicious, scientific application of harmless measures to prevent conception—is the same as abortion. Abortion is life-destroying; birth control is life-saving.

While there are a number of States where physicians may give contraceptive advice, there are strict federal laws which make interstate exchange of medical information or the importation of scientific literature or articles helpful in saving women's lives impossible. Five years in federal prison

or a \$5,000 fine or both await the violator of this inhuman law.

What misery and suffering would be spared to women and children if all laws against birth control were annulled and its practice under medical supervision were considered a public utility, as in Holland, and not a public menace, as our opponents maintain! What would not be gained if we followed the example of Holland, where birth control has been officially sanctioned for over fifty years! Fewer mothers would die from tuberculosis and other diseases, leaving orphaned children. Young people who now hesitate to marry for fear of too large families would not fear if they knew that they could space the arrival of children according to their economic condition. There would be fewer marital maladjustments, fewer divorces, less illegitimacy; prostitution, syphilis, and crime would diminish. In the little land of Holland there is a gradual increase of population although birth control is legalized. Quality counts more than quantity. There is better economic and physical well-being of the people at large. The men called to military duty are two inches taller than the average height fifty years ago. The maternal and general mortality rates are the lowest of all civilized countries. Let us do likewise and become also a model for other nations.

The Spiritual Aspect of Birth Control

By GEORGE B. LAKE, M.D.

WE of the Western races, and particularly so in the United States, it seems, are greatly concerned with material values; and that is right and proper, for it is our contribution to the world's experience and development. Danger arises, however, when we begin to feel that tangibles are the only values, for the most powerful and advanced minds among the "orthodox" scientists are now telling us that what we have looked upon as "solid matter" is merely a form of manifestation of energy—a tenuous collection of electric charges, thrown into a pattern by some stupendous Intelligence behind it all, of which our intelligences are parts. And "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

During the past decade or less, birth control has been rather widely discussed in its hygienic, economic, and social aspects, and widely reprobated on grounds of dogmatic theology, which latter is entirely outside of its field because, like all other matters with which human beings are concerned, it is neither right nor wrong in itself, those qualities depending solely upon how it is used and by whom. The time has now come for considering the great spiritual values which undoubtedly inhere in it.

Contraception has been practiced by the more civilized members of the human race as far back as there is any historical record of anything approaching civilization. That is one of the reasons why civilization developed. It is regularly practiced today, solely or chiefly by the more enlightened people of our time, because the methods now available require a rather high degree of intelligence and unselfishness for their successful use. Birth control for the masses will come

only with the development of biologic methods of contraception, which now seems to be in the rather immediate future.

Procreation is not the sole or even the chief end served by the sexual mating of human beings of opposite genders. Such unions, between civilized and enlightened persons, are the beautiful and ennobling physical expression of a union of souls and a potent means whereby such higher unions are consummated and developed, the bearing and rearing of children being a later, though important, part of the development.

When a man and woman enter upon the legalized and recognized sexual and social relationship we call marriage, a considerable period of time is required for the adjustment of their physical, emotional, and mental natures to each other. The early months or years of married life are full of delicate psycho-physical adaptations and equalizations and are fraught with possibilities of the richest and most satisfying experiences imaginable, or, on the other hand, of life-long frustration and disaster. The activity of our divorce courts testifies that these mutual concessions and compromises are not always made.

If during these critical months or years the delicate balance existing between the man and wife is upset by the physical disturbances suffered by a woman during pregnancy and the economic and social anxieties which too often accompany the immediate prospect of being saddled with the responsibility of caring for another, and helpless, human being, the possibility of a satisfying and spiritually productive adjustment to life is often irretrievably wrecked.

Nor is the honeymoon period the only time when the living of an unembarrassed and fully expressive sex life is desirable and necessary. As a man and woman go on living together, growing into a sweeter and stronger love and developing intellectually and spiritually, their expanding consciousness and devotion require frequent physical expression, in order that griefs may be minimized, joys increased, and the bonds of tenderness and sympathy strengthened.

The so-called lower animals and barbarous men mate and breed promiscuously and without restraint, in obedience to an unreasoned instinct; but as the race emerges farther and farther from savagery, the aesthetic and emotional factors in sex life loom larger and larger. Psychic inhibitions, of which fear and anger are the most destructive, can render the conjugal embrace wholly unsatisfying or even impossible to cultured and sensitive persons.

Among the causes of fear afflicting married persons in their amatory relations, there is probably none so frequent as is dread of an undesired and inopportune pregnancy. Moreover, deep and serious thought must be given to the devastating emotional and spiritual surroundings of the unwanted child, born into an atmosphere of anxiety, or even of hate.

The time has come when the human race must either take the next step in its spiritual evolution or retrogress. Life does not stand still. Woman has to a large extent been liberated from her economic and political bondage, but she cannot stand beside man in the fulness of freedom, as the other half of his soul, until she is emancipated from the fetters of involuntary motherhood. None need fear that such emancipation will result in the extinction of the race, for the maternal urge is as imperative as is that of sex.

If men and women are to fulfil their basic cosmic functions as developers and perfecters of each other's souls, the physical expression of their soaring love must be released from the shackles which so often bind it to the physiologic function of procreation; and until we remove the archaic and hypocritical legal restrictions on the dissemination of information to this end, we have little reason for calling ourselves a civilized nation.

Birth Control and Sex Morality

By WILLIAM ALLEN PUSEY, M.D.

THE physician, more than most men, is forced to a realization of the utter inconsistency and futility of society's attitude toward sex. He of all men is constantly forced to a realization that sex is the dominant subtle influence of life. Hunger may surpass it as an insistent appetite, but the satisfaction of hunger is associated with no social complications, and is not often a serious problem to civilized man in the Western world. The relation of the sexes is the unsolved problem of Christian civilization. Nature makes the sexual appetite insistent. Society says that the appetite must be suppressed, but, it need not be said, does not abide by its precept. The irresistible biological fact and the attitude of society furnish a constant conflict in which nature is inevitably the victor. One cannot frankly contemplate this situation without realizing that the social attitude is not only insincere and dishonest but stupid and fraught with tragedy.

To face this situation frankly does not mean that the only biological solution of it is unrestricted sexual license, but it does involve the conclusion that any successful handling of the sex problem necessitates a reasonable provision for the enjoyment of sex. It should be society's business to see that this is attained by providing proper conditions of married life. In rare circumstances satisfactory marital relations can be built upon a platonic foundation, upon the higher aspirations and tastes of life alone, but it is nevertheless true that sexual life is the elemental fact upon which satisfactory family life as a rule depends, and without satisfactory sexual experience married life is apt to be irreparably damaged.

It is here that the importance of birth control comes into the problem. Nature gets rid of an excess of any species by the most rigorous and relentless destruction. Instead of accepting this dire method, intelligent man always exercises some form of birth control. And it is in this effort at birth control in married life that such havoc is played with marital happiness. In the lack of knowledge of how to attain the end that must be attained—in other words, in the lack of knowledge of proper methods of birth control—penalties are put upon what should be the proper pleasure of sexual life in marriage that often utterly destroy it. It is particularly in the plastic period of young married life, when success and failure in marriage are in the balance, that this unhappy factor has its widest play and does so much to bring about marital failure. And this situation arises largely as a result of the anxiety and failures that come from un-

successful efforts at birth control. There could be no greater contribution to the morality of the world, as well as to its happiness, than would be the removal of this barrier to marital satisfaction.

Even in irregular sexual life there are, I believe, good grounds for the advocacy of birth control. It is a sad fact that under the conditions that civilization sets up sexual immorality is common. It is of course altogether deplorable, but it is a fact that, with men—and women—as they are, is inevitable. Even in women it is by no means restricted to those who are beyond the bounds of human protection or of humane efforts for their care. The professional prostitute has no problem of birth control; nature usually takes care of that, but anyway she is not racked by the fear of the shame of an accidental child, or by any compunction about abortion. But for all except the hardened prostitute the situation is different. Under the standard which society sets up but does not observe, an illegitimate child is a fact for which there can be no atonement, either by the mother or, what even to those mothers is more important, by the child. With the sexual instinct as it is, with society stimulating the appetite by every device that ingenuity can suggest—by prurient literature, drama, and art, especially by suggestive dress—with the possibility of marriage refused to many women, with the atonement for the illegitimate child beyond any possibility, women of any intelligence or decent instincts who find themselves in this condition—and there are plenty of women of this sort who find themselves in this condition—can see only one possibility of escape and that is abortion. They will resort to it regardless of any penalties that the law may set up or of the risks of death that it entails. They cannot do anything else. The aggregate of human agony that results is beyond any computation. In order to avoid argument I am not saying that these women are not deserving of their agony, but I would call attention to the fact that it would be better for society if the situation were handled differently. Birth control is better than abortion.

Education and Birth Control

By JOHN DEWEY

THE opposition to the birth-control movement is not a unique or isolated fact. It is an expression of an ever-recurring struggle between darkness and knowledge. We are given to thinking that science has overthrown all enemies to its advance. This may be true of the technical aspects of science, those which have no clear social bearings. It is not true when newly discovered knowledge has important bearings upon the conduct of life. There is always a rearguard of ignorance, prejudice, dogma, routine, tradition, which fights against the spread of new ideas that entail new practices. It has been so in astronomy, physics, biology. It is not surprising that it is so in the case of medicine.

The line of battle changes. The particular ideas that are resisted change. But relatively the fight is constant. Men do not any longer, except a few cranks, strive against the Copernican astronomy. But some conflict between new

truth and what is old and entrenched goes on, and probably will go on as long as man lives with a past behind him and a future ahead of him.

We forget how comparatively recent is any scientific knowledge concerning the processes of procreation and conception. It was only late in intellectual history that they were discovered to be chemical in nature, and that something of their mechanism was learned. Now, new knowledge always means the possibility of new control. With this particular scientific discovery there arose the possibility of intelligent control of blind natural processes. This is the logic of the birth-control movement. Just as expanding knowledge of electricity brought with it the electric light, telegraph, telephone, dynamo, so scientific knowledge of the transmission of life enables mankind to bring that process under human direction. Because knowledge always means increased control, there can be no doubt of where ultimate victory will lie in this particular conflict. The conflict between ignorance and knowledge becomes one between chance and control.

Meantime, however, individuals are prevented by law and by public sentiment from access to the knowledge which would give them more complete control of their conduct—laws and public sentiment that were formed when adequate scientific knowledge was lacking. How can anyone who believes in education and in enlightenment of the public through education fail to be opposed to this restriction on the flow of intelligence? The opposition to it should be all the stronger because what is proposed is only a legislation which places the source of this flow in the hands of scientists and physicians. There is always wholesome sanitation wherever there is free circulation of intelligence. We need light and circulation of air in intellectual and moral matters as in physical. Suppression and secrecy breed unfairness, mental and moral disorder. Our plea, from the side of education, is that there be removed arbitrary restrictions to that movement of knowledge and understanding which brings the action of the blind forces of nature under the control of intelligence.

The other point I wish to make is just as simple. All educators today attach great importance to the development of individual capacities. They are all opposed to merely mass education, to regimentation, the lock step, to uniformity imposed upon boys and girls, no two of whom are alike. But as long as multitudes of families have too many children and those children badly spaced, it is not possible for each child to have proper individual attention—physical, intellectual, moral. I have no hesitation in saying that no matter what educators may say and do in behalf of better development of individuals as individuals, their ideals cannot be realized unless there is intelligent control of the size of families. Mere mass and number will stand in the way with the great majority of families.

I can think of no change which would be more beneficial than one which would make us prize quality more and quantity less. Our American zeal for size is one thing that stands in the way of our giving proper attention to higher values. The exaggerated importance attached to size has affected our schools and the instruction they give. It stands in the way of a multitude of desirable improvements. If parents were in a position to make quality of life supreme in their own households, the larger problem of the schools would be taken care of.

How We Nullify

By MORRIS L. ERNST

A CONVENTION was held in Philadelphia in 1787. Fifty men were discussing the formulation of a new constitution. This group composed the Constitutional Convention of the United States of America. The men gathered at the convention were discussing free speech, free press, and other basic contributions to the history of government. At their homes their wives were discussing the price of tea, the latest play or poem, and, no doubt, also the most modern methods for preventing conception. From that time on, for about a hundred years, there was no ban in the United States on the spread of birth-control information or apparatus. As proof thereof, go to your public library. In every city of the nation any interested person who looks over the files can find in practically every American newspaper published up to about 1870 columns full of advertisements setting forth the merits of various alleged contraceptives.

As I write I have on my desk a copy of the *New York Herald* of October 18, 1842. "Prevention Powders," "To Married Ladies," "Portuguese Female Pills" are some of the headings of advertisements which today would be deemed inadequate and unaesthetic prescriptions. But the art of contraception was young. Considerations of aesthetics were scarcely contemplated, although a certain amount of research and progress was indicated prior to 1870. But advertisements were legal. At about that time Comstockery stalked into the land under the aegis of J. Pierpont Morgan, and a rigid censorship of information about, and apparatus for, birth control was imposed upon the American people. Every means of communication was barred for this field of thought. It became a crime to ship such data through the mails, the customs, the express offices; and, in addition, nearly every State in the Union made it an offense to dispense contraceptive advice.

Many men and women were sent to jail during the period commencing with 1870 for spreading information which was entirely legal during the preceding century of our national history. The Vice Society of the city of New York must be given full credit for turning off the light. From 1870 on, the medical profession was compelled to bootleg advanced scientific thought. European knowledge in connection with the prevention of conception was smuggled into our clinics. Advertising of sound medical products had to be carried on by stealth, and contraceptive devices in consequence were sold at premium prices. Quackery was encouraged.

In the United States we seldom, if ever, repeal moral legislation. It is my belief that long before all the birth-control laws now on the statute books have been repealed, they will have been openly nullified. Our treatment of birth-control blue laws will not be very different from our attitude toward the Sunday blue laws of New England still extant under the ordinances and statutes of the New England communities.

Already we have cut away vast chunks from the birth-control statutes. In 1918 the Court of Appeals of New

York State first used the ax when it declared that birth-control information could be legally dispensed by doctors and nurses if necessary for the "prevention of disease." At that point the court could have placed a narrow legalistic construction on the word "disease," but instead, it directed the community to the general wide definition of disease to be found in a lay dictionary.

In 1929 a second big section was taken out of the law. At that time, at the behest of representatives of a Catholic Big Sisters group, the Police Department of the city of New York, under Commissioner Whalen, caused the Birth Control Clinic in New York City to be raided. Dr. Hannah M. Stone and various members of her staff were haled into court. A contraceptive device had been prescribed for and sold to a policewoman who had entered the clinic under an alias for the purpose of entrapment. The medical profession of the community was aroused primarily because a number of confidential patient cards were taken from the clinic during the raid and never returned by the police. The sanctity of privileged communications had been so violated that the medical profession for the first time was willing to declare itself openly on the question of birth control.

At the trial the issue involved the further broadening of the definition of "disease." Did the Court of Appeals mean that the disease must be venereal in nature? Is disease a broad enough term to include a threatened ailment to the mother because of additional offspring? Would "ailment" cover the threatened health of the family? What about traces of parental tuberculosis? How far would the testimony of psychologists as to the emotional attitude of a woman toward childbirth be permitted as a determining factor in the definition of disease? In that particular case it so happened that the police stool pigeon had indicated that she was the mother of three children, aged one, three, and five, and that she wished to prevent another pregnancy. The evidence of the medical profession, as well as the reports of the federal-government Health Service, clearly indicated a great increase in mortality of offspring born under conditions of improper spacing of births. The chances of good health for the stool pigeon's fourth baby, if born within a year of her youngest child, would be far less than if she waited another year. Both she and the child would be threatened with an ailment or disease, defense counsel contended, in the event that another pregnancy followed so quickly. In addition, various physical ailments were discerned by the doctors at the Birth Control Clinic at the time of the examination of the policewoman. Supplementing this evidence, Dr. Foster Kennedy, Dr. Frederick C. Holden, Dr. Robert L. Dickinson, Dr. Max D. Mayer, and Dr. Louis I. Harris testified during the course of the trial. These medical witnesses believed, as a matter of medical knowledge, that both mother and child were threatened with disease not only by direct infant mortality or loss of the mother's life, but also by the shattering of the mother's glandular or emotional system through the improper spacing of births or through the birth of offspring when the mother was not in proper physical

condition. An absurd aspect of this case arose from the fact that under the stupidities of our jurisprudence a non-medical jurist was endowed with power to determine a medical fact. It became incumbent upon the magistrate to review medical testimony and, in effect, to analyze the correctness of medical diagnoses.

Dr. Stone and her coworkers were set free by the court. By this second case the definition of disease was further enlarged. Infection and contagion are not the sole frontiers of threats to good health.

The third important case involved the distribution through the mails of contraceptives. A manufacturer of a contraceptive device endeavored to enjoin a competitor who had stolen the firm trademark in a competitive business. The injunction was denied in the lower federal court, but the Circuit Court of Appeals, by an intelligent and revolutionary opinion, granted the injunction, incidentally indicating that the Lee Rubber Company had been selling that particular style of device to druggists and doctors throughout the land to the extent of 20,000,000 a year. The issue in that case was highly amusing. The law states that it is illegal to send through the mails articles "intended for preventing conception." It was urged that these articles were not exclusively devised for the prevention of conception since they were also devised for the prevention of disease, and the court, in effect, held that an article to come under the ban must be exclusively intended for the prevention of birth, and that if it had any other lawful purpose, it might be sent through the mails, at least to doctors and their agents. By this case it became clear that under certain circumstances contraceptive apparatus may lawfully be sent through the mails.

In a fourth case recently decided by Judge Woolsey it was determined that books dealing in detail with contraceptive information may be legally imported into the United States. The test case involved the Putnam edition of "Contraception," by Dr. Marie C. Stopes. This book describes in great detail contraceptive devices and contains diagrams and pictures thereof. Judge Woolsey held that prohibition under the customs-law ban only applied to the contraceptive articles themselves and that literature on the subject was not proscribed. By this decision the best of the European knowledge on the subject may legally be imported into the United States. Thus the doctors may receive the devices by mail and the knowledge by importation.

During the last few years a great number of books dealing with contraceptive devices have been sent through the mails with the full knowledge of the government officials, who for one reason or another have thought it wise to make no issue out of such mailings. It is my guess that within a few years a case will arise under the following circumstances: A book discussing birth-control methods, but treating the subject from the point of view of prevention of disease, will be sent through the mails. I believe that the courts will then hold that because the Lee Rubber Company case permitted the contraceptive article itself to pass through the mails, it would be absurd to ban pictures of such an article or words describing it. About five years thereafter there will probably be another raid made by police officers, and the definition of disease will be further expanded so as to include the case of a mother of five children, husband drunk most of the time, family income \$14 a week, home unfit for decent human life. The court will hold that disease is a

broad enough term to include the threatened physical or spiritual ailments bound to occur to the occupants of such a home. Some years thereafter a test case will involve the danger of offspring to the health of a woman who is in perfect physical condition but who has psychological fears of the birth of a child. The court will become solicitous of female temperament. Even a neurosis may shatter a law. During this time the scope of the law in most jurisdictions will make no distinction between married or unmarried women, but eventually we shall have a case which will involve the threatened ailment of an unmarried woman. Then the courts will hold that a wedding ring is not the only requisite for relief from disease.

At present the advocates of free press and free speech are battling in divided camps. There are those who contend for freedom of thought like that propounded by the Founders of this nation. I, for one, wish to go back to the practices of the first one hundred years of the nation. There is another group which claims to be more practical and is willing to accept compromises. In the main, they urge that the censorship of birth control should apply only to the general public and are willing to concede that the doctor alone should be immune from the censorship. For my part, I believe that the compromisers are the impractical ones unless their policy is dictated by the conviction that it is impossible for any nation to censor material for only a part of the public. Possibly those who are in favor of compromising on this issue feel sure that if birth-control material and information can be made legal for the offices of doctors and prescription rooms of druggists, there will be no practical way of preventing such literature reaching the eyes of the general public.

In the Driftway

SHERWOOD ANDERSON, when he left the world and went to live in Virginia, built himself a house, and about the house he tells the following story. It was a large, rather pretentious stone dwelling, the like of which had rarely been seen in those parts. The neighbors were not only his carpenters and stone masons but his constant advisers and general helpmeets. One day an old man came to the house in process of construction, a man named Jake, who was not only nearing his eightieth birthday but was known to be suffering from a fatal disease. "I want to help you build your house," he said. Anderson asked him what he could do. "I can work stone; I'd like to make the stones for your lintel." Asked if he had ever done stone work, he said: "I've been a stone mason for forty years." The master-carpenter, who knew him well, declared Jake had never done a day's stone work in his life. Nevertheless, Anderson was enough impressed to allow him to try his hand. If he could fashion a few stones satisfactorily, he was to be paid five dollars. And to this he readily—even happily—agreed.

* * * * *

FOR weeks he puttered about, choosing, dragging, chipping, fashioning. At last the stones were done, and they were done beautifully. He took his five dollars and went off, and a few days later came word that he was dead.

He had lived alone in a little cabin far off from town. They found him stretched out on a poor pallet, but in the little yard back of the house was—his masterpiece. There lay two stones, carved with his name, cut with grooves to make them secure when they were stood upright in the earth. And on the ground between them were carefully marked out the outlines of what he had intended for his grave. They buried him there as he had wished, and set the stones up for markers. There he lies, the man who wanted to help with the house. He was not and had never been a stone mason. But out of his secret and irresistible desire to be one had come, with infinite patience and labor, the proficiency and skill he needed.

* * * * *

THIS touching story of Jake and his stones is arresting in an age of speed-up production and the dreary job which is done because it must be. Most persons today do for their livelihood a task which they had rather not do at all. It is no wonder that when the working day is over they at once attempt to escape—to the movies or the speak-easy, to any form of entertainment that will help them forget their work. The Drifter has often imagined a world in which every man and woman exercised all his capacities at tasks which he or she had chosen and preferred doing to all others. There would still be, of course, many unpleasant functions that had to be performed, for obviously certain tasks could be agreeable to no one. If he were dictator—even the Drifter has sometimes briefly considered what in that remote event he would do!—he would order that machinery be devised for just these unwelcome occupations. Anything that a man could not be found to do cheerfully and profitably must be done by a machine. There would, of course, always be some persons who liked to operate the machines. And the Drifter would go farther. Those tasks which could not either be done happily by men and women or expeditiously and painlessly by a machine need never be done! If this imperial fiat could be confidently uttered, he fancies that most of the other ills which trouble civilization would be taken care of. For everybody would then be like Jake the stone cutter, and all the surplus energy in the world would be put to proper and enduring use.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

For Mooney's Freedom

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Effectively to focus public attention on the nation-wide demand for Tom Mooney's pardon, an afternoon conference has been called at Washington, D. C., Sunday, January 24, at 2:30 p.m., at the Hotel Hamilton, Fourteenth and K Streets. Tom Mooney's friends from various cities throughout the United States are being invited.

This conference will be followed by a public meeting at 8 p.m. at the Friends' Meeting House, 2111 Florida Avenue. The speakers will be:

Senator Edward P. Costigan, of Colorado;
 Senator Bronson Cutting, of New Mexico;
 Senator Burton K. Wheeler, of Montana;

Mr. Edward Nockels, Secretary Chicago Federation of Labor;

Rabbi Edward L. Israel, Chairman General Conference of American Rabbis;

Father John A. Ryan, Director National Catholic Welfare Conference;

Worth M. Tippy, Executive Secretary Social Service Commission of Federal Council of Churches.

Edward Keating, Editor of *Labor*, will be chairman.

Nation readers have helped in the effort to vindicate Tom Mooney; therefore we strongly urge that they attend the Washington meetings, together with their friends.

ABRAHAM LEFKOWITZ, Chairman

Tom Mooney Pardon Conference of New York

New York, January 15

"Lost Boy"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some twenty-five years ago I was one of those civic-minded persons who advocated the Juvenile Court for delinquent children. It was then considered the greatest boon to the misunderstood child to be given a chance to be heard by a judge (no one dreamed then that there might be in the near future a woman judge of the Juvenile Court) in a separate court away from the trials of the adult and hardened criminal. We all remember well what men like Judge Lindsay and Judge Mack did in those early days for the children who came under their jurisdictions.

It has been painfully disillusioning to go into the average court where children are being tried today. The judge and the chief probation officer may be part-time men engaged in the practice of law or some other business, whose angle of vision is tinged by the material aspect of things rather than the vital one of the protection of the child before them against a hard, materialistic world. I have sat through many hearings that made me quiver with apprehension for the future of the child being tried. Often I have been impelled to go to the judge after court hours to make a plea for a defendant child. How often I have yearned for the ability so brilliantly displayed by Mr. T. C. Upham, the author of the play "Lost Boy," recently put on the boards at the Mansfield Theater!

To sit through a performance of this play tightens the skin on one's head and makes one's back creep with chills. The portrayal is so realistic that I sat on the edge of my seat and I had to hold myself back several times from crying out in defense of this suffering, misunderstood lad whose life and spirit were being squeezed out in the process of the formalities that we set up for the young in our inflexible, rigid adult world!

Social workers talk glibly now of the "hand-minded" child and the chance to which he is entitled in the scheme of things; but the truant officer seldom investigates the actual causes of the child's absence from the classroom; the teacher scolds him when he becomes a repeater in his grade; and the other pupils in his class laugh at him when he is behind in his work and cannot recite his lessons correctly. Then, to escape the poisonous atmosphere of the classroom, he runs into bullying boys on the outside, and even there, unable to cope with the actual mischief-making of the street urchins, he again becomes a failure, a misfit, and an undesirable. It is this type of boy who, when left behind on the scene of a crime, will take the blame upon himself, risking all to gain the regard of his fellow-men, or else a sense of loyalty will prevent him from squealing.

I appeal to the public who must love justice and fair play, at least for our innocent children, to go to the Mansfield Theater and see for themselves what in our ignorance and

neglect we do to the precious lives of our underprivileged children. I appeal still more to our teachers and school principals and Juvenile Court personnel to see this play.

Not to give particular mention to the youth, Elisha Cook, Jr., who takes the leading role in the play, would be to do him a great injustice.

New York, January 12

EVA ROBIN

The Peace Caravan

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your inclusion of the work of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom on your Honor Roll for 1931 is of course gratifying. It may interest you and your readers to know that much of the league's executive efficiency and accomplishment, which you praise, centered about the trans-continental peace caravan, of which Mabel Vernon, the league's finance secretary, was the originator and director.

Denver, January 9

ANNE MARTIN

[The Editors of *The Nation* regret that in bestowing well-merited praise on Dorothy Detzer for her admirable efforts in the general work of the Women's International League, they did not also mention Miss Vernon and Miss Katherine Devereux Blake for their work in connection with the Peace Caravan.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

The Real Discoverer of Duprene

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to file a protest against your omission of the name of Father J. A. Nieuwlands of Notre Dame University from your Honor Roll for 1931. Dr. Nieuwlands is the real discoverer of duprene, as was made abundantly clear in his paper before the Indiana Academy of Science which was presented here last December. As a Protestant, I trust that the Nobel prize will some day be awarded to Father Nieuwlands, for in my judgment he abundantly deserves it. I am writing you in order that you may give honor where honor is due.

Indianapolis, January 6

FREDERICK D. KERSHNER

The Blue and the Gray

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It might interest you to know that the Civil War, alias the war between the States, is over. I find proof of the fact on a gasoline bill sent by the Gulf Refining Company, which states that the Washington-Hoover Airport Service Station is located on the Jefferson Davis Highway at South Washington, Virginia.

Philadelphia, January 7

DAVID W. AMRAM

For Long Island Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to get in touch with *Nation* readers and their friends in and around Huntington and Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, who are interested in forming a discussion group. My address is Box 248, Huntington Station, L. I.

Huntington, N. Y., January 14

JACOB BRAM

Finance

Crystal-Gazing in Wall Street

ANYONE who has been reading that voluminous literature which is published daily by Wall Street brokerage firms forecasting the movement of stock prices must have been impressed with the extent to which the "averages" serve as a basis of prediction. It is almost a cabalistic art, founded on the theory that the establishment of certain levels on the price charts, the penetration of these levels by current price swings, and particularly the behavior of certain groups of prices (railway shares with relation to industrial shares, principally) foreshadow the ensuing movement, up or down. As is always the case with an oracle, much depends on how the phenomena are interpreted, and which phenomena are selected for interpretation.

In bare outline the technology of the system is about as follows: The area between the most recent maximum and minimum prices, as determined by the price index selected, constitutes a "trading range." Thus, at the present writing, the Standard Statistics Company's index of ninety stocks, which includes groups of industrials, rails, and utilities, shows a high point of 66.7 on December 19 and a low point of 60 on January 5. Prices recently have been moving within those boundaries, nearer to the maximum than to the minimum. The upper level of 66.7 constitutes a "resistance point," the theory being that should prices again climb up to that level and attempt to break through, a great deal of stock would promptly be thrown on the market by those mistaken individuals who had previously bought at that point, had seen their holdings depreciate in value, and now seized the opportunity to get out without a loss. Should prices continue upward in spite of this pressure, the inference would be justified that the buying was of better quality than the selling, and it would be an augury of further advance.

On the other hand, it is presumed that a volume of potential buying is waiting to assert itself around the lower level (60, in the illustration here used). If prices should decline and break through this point, it would be argued that the latent demand was non-existent, and a substantial further decline to a new "bottom" would be expected. A further refinement of the chart theory has it that a movement of prices of industrial stocks outside of the trading range must be "confirmed" subsequently, or anticipated, by a corresponding movement of the railway average. In other words, should the industrials touch a new high while the railroad index lags below its previous maximum, the industrial advance would be considered abortive, to be followed by a downward reaction; whereas a movement of railway shares into new high ground would, theoretically, be followed by a similar and sustained movement of the industrials.

It cannot be denied that in a surprising number of clear-cut cases this sequence has "worked." That part of the theory relating to the significance of the railway averages, in particular, has demonstrated its validity; but it appears that the margin of proof must be wide beyond the possibility of misunderstanding. Recently the railway shares have touched a new high level, some 23 per cent above the January low, while the industrials almost simultaneously did likewise, with a gain of about 11 per cent, but neither of the new high average prices is as much as two points above the previous highs—those of December. Something more convincing than this is needed. If prices continue to reflect improvement in the railway outlook, and if the industrials follow, the chart readers will claim a Q. E. D. Others, if they choose, may ascribe the rise to less abstruse causes.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books, Art, Drama

This Nonchalant Pause of Earth

By FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

This nonchalant pause of earth that turns
Toward the renewal of the spring
Is alien from the flesh that burns
To its brief perishing.

Now do the churlish bones protest
Serenity of mellow trees,
And the quick veins can find no rest
Where water is at ease.

Under the unprecipitate moon
The blood cannot accept its fate.
Upon the languid air of noon
Sight is insatiate.

The heart is rebel in the side
Against the indolent decay,
Fretting the rhythm of its pride
Within the golden day.

The Perfect Secretary of War

Newton D. Baker: America at War. By Frederick Palmer.
Dodd, Mead and Company. Two volumes. \$7.50.

MR. PALMER'S volumes are based on Mr. Baker's personal papers, his correspondence with President Wilson and the war-time leaders of the country, the confidential telegrams between the War Department and General Pershing's headquarters in France, and much other first-hand material. Therefore he has had an unexcelled opportunity to write the final and definitive story of Mr. Baker's career as head of the War Department during our participation in the World War, a story especially timely because of the possibility that Mr. Baker may be the Democratic nominee for the Presidency next June. But this opportunity Mr. Palmer has not seized. He has given us a most readable one-sided narrative of Mr. Baker's career in the War Department. More than that, he has recorded, with vigor, enthusiasm, and comprehensiveness, the gigantic efforts made by this country during the less than two years we were in the war, and his narrative compels renewed admiration for the speed and the military efficiency of that stupendous achievement. As a bird's-eye view of the nation at war it can hardly be surpassed, and Mr. Palmer has known how to weave into his narrative many facts and statistics without in the least weakening the reader's interest. As for the military operations in France, of which Mr. Palmer was in large degree an eyewitness, we cannot think of any other brief portrayal of them as valuable. The story marches along. Moreover, it presents a most appealing picture of the ability, the devotion, and the incredible laboriousness of Mr. Baker during the fateful years 1918-19, especially of his infinite patience and long-suffering under the most malicious, spiteful, and unjust attacks upon his actions, his personality, and his motives. The book will undoubtedly lead many to an entirely different opinion of Mr. Baker from that which they held during the days of the struggle.

When that is said, however, there is not much else to be

added in praise of Mr. Palmer's work. For it is journalism and not history, and partisan journalism at that. It wholly lacks scientific detachment, as it does the genuinely critical attitude—this despite the fact that in a letter published in the first volume Mr. Baker, under date of January 6, 1930, wrote to Mr. Palmer that he had read "every book you have written and they have uniformly demonstrated your patient fidelity to history." Mr. Palmer's tale is, moreover, a complete eulogy; it seems as if his hero could do no wrong. I cannot recall an instance in which it appears that Mr. Baker erred after he took office, "with a fighting jaw and a whimsical eye." Mr. Baker, it seems, anticipated the wisest generals, surpassed the foresight of the most experienced statesmen, and knew just when to overlook and to avoid executing the orders of his commander-in-chief when the occupant of the White House blundered, as, for example, in ordering the General Staff to desist from making plans for war upon France, England, and other nations. So far as one can tell from this book, Mr. Baker's management of the war could not have been improved upon in any way. Others will not be so certain, particularly if they recall some of the war-contract provisions.

One reason for Mr. Palmer's satisfaction is that he writes from the military point of view. The author of an excellent anti-war book, "The Folly of Nations," Mr. Palmer, who ten years ago wrote that a militant Christianity should never be found "justifying war, never excusing war," must in his latest volume delight every militarist. Never a word here against war, but a complete acceptance of the military ideology, a complete adoration of the military caste. What gratifies Mr. Palmer most about Secretary Baker is that he was such a pliant scholar in the hands of the generals. On taking office he turned to General Hugh L. Scott, the Chief of Staff, and said: "General Scott, you know all about this. I know nothing. You must treat me as a father would his son." It is hardly necessary to add that General Scott took him at his word, and so did others in uniform bestow their paternal care upon the new Secretary, who walked dutifully in the paths laid out before him—Mr. Palmer notes happily how Generals Scott and March instructed him "in true military principles." He records with particular approval that one of Mr. Baker's first acts was to ask General Scott what the country should do in the matter of punishing General Villa for the attack upon Columbus, New Mexico, and the killing of American citizens there which had just taken place. Scott wished the American force already in pursuit in New Mexico to continue its invasion and to send a larger force after it. Without stopping one moment to hear the facts, to ponder upon the risks this violation of the sovereignty of a weaker neighboring nation involved, or even to discuss with the President or the Department of State what the proper policy should be, Mr. Baker replied to General Scott, "without raising his voice: 'Then let us proceed.'"

While this delights Mr. Palmer's soul, he characteristically fails to record that that Pershing expedition into Mexico returned in humiliation without having achieved its purpose, which was bombastically proclaimed to be the capture of Villa "dead or alive." Yet it is impossible to withhold praise from Mr. Baker for many of his official acts, notably for his policy of keeping politics out of the War Department, and of giving entire responsibility to Pershing and backing him up to the fullest extent after he assumed the responsibilities of Commanding General in France. But in the main Mr. Palmer's admiration is obviously due to Mr. Baker's steady subordination of any civilian control to that of the generals, to his blindly following the wishes of the military men. Did Mr. Baker repeatedly violate laws and statutes and risk going to jail? Why, splendid, splendid; Mr. Palmer rubs his hands with joy and points to it

as another step in what he calls "the evolution of democracy toward what was to be known as an industrial dictatorship" and "an autocracy of war." Were there virtue, manliness, and courage in America's hosts in France? Well, that was simply because of West Point: "West Point, in its proud professional cult, had kept the watch-fires of discipline burning, and now they were to light the drill grounds of the masses of our manhood"! On pages 79-81, Volume I, Mr. Palmer tells the story of how Mr. Baker's father joined J. E. B. Stuart's rebel cavalry. No less than seven times thereafter he refers to the "son of Jeb Stuart's trooper."

Now, perhaps it was necessary for Mr. Palmer thus to bow down before the military and to reconstruct the spirit and atmosphere of war days in order to work himself up to concert pitch, to put the enthusiasm into his writing which gives it its verve and force. But if that is the case no one must be led into thinking that this is either history or accurate narrative. In this book, certainly, he has forgotten all about that "patient fidelity to history" with which Mr. Baker charged him. This is the more curious because he admits that the atrocity stories were merely propaganda on both sides; that there were no submarine atrocities (this on the word of Admiral Sims); no Belgian children with hands cut off; that in signing that bogus report of German atrocities in Belgium, Lord Bryce was merely "doing his bit," unhallowed as it may have been, for democracy and his country; that the similar German stories of atrocities were equally abominable libels upon the Americans and the Allies. None the less, Mr. Palmer's narrative is shot through with acceptance of other war-time lies which investigation would have disproved. The worst of these is his reviving in these words that hoary old falsehood as to the sinking of the *Lusitania*: "That the sinking had been premeditated was proved by the warning of April 29, from the German Foreign Office to Americans, not to sail on the *Lusitania*." Had Mr. Palmer troubled to read that notice, he would have found no reference whatever to the *Lusitania* in it. For his information here is this diabolical notice in full:

NOTICE I

Travelers intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her allies and Great Britain and her allies; that the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles; that, in accordance with formal notice given by the Imperial German Government, vessels flying the flag of Great Britain or of any of her allies are liable to destruction in those waters and that travelers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk.

Imperial German Embassy

Washington, D. C., April 22, 1915

Had he delved further he could have found just how many weeks before the sailing of the *Lusitania* that advertisement was received at the German Embassy in Washington. He could even have read in excellent translation the narrative of the U-boat commander who consummated that horrible massacre upon the high seas—a deed so inhumane and indefensible as to call for no distortion or misrepresentation of facts. If he had simply reasoned a little bit about the affair he must have known that it was an impossibility for any U-boat to pick up a given ship on any particular voyage since the courses were constantly changed and the rate of speed was entirely dependent upon weather and the orders of the Admiralty. Did the *Lusitania* on its arrival off the Irish coast reduce its speed to fifteen knots so that it might meet the U-boat at the right moment and right place? Did the Germans arrange to have the dense fog lift just at the moment the *Lusitania* approached the submarine? If they could pick up the *Lusitania* by premeditation, why did the Germans not get the *Mauretania*, the *Olympic*, and all the rest? Thus is history falsified.

Again, in speaking of the Spanish-American War, Mr. Palmer trots out a still hoarier falsehood: "The hand of McKinley . . . was forced by the public indignation" which led to the slogan "Remember the Maine." Had Mr. Palmer read the official documents, or even Rhoades's history, he could never have made such a statement; he would at least have learned that Spain had yielded everything that Mr. McKinley asked, that Mr. McKinley pocketed the dispatch and suppressed its publication, and, as Mr. Rhoades puts it, went into the war simply and solely in order to obtain political kudos for his party. Throughout the book runs the argument for the greatest military preparedness, so that it will unquestionably be the most popular textbook in the Army War College. Today Mr. Palmer believes that "the instinctive will of a people about national self-preservation forms its military policy"; and that "a strong navy was the lock on the door against the burglar"—which doubtless explains why, when we were without a navy for one hundred years, with all our potential wealth we never had a foreign war that was not of our own seeking.

But even from the point of view of writing a military tract, there are many inexcusable slips in Mr. Palmer's text. Thus, he declares that President Wilson's preparedness speeches were made in the "summer of 1916," whereas they were delivered in January and February, and he connives at the official misrepresentation of the President's speech in St. Louis, February 3, 1916, and records him as having said that he wanted a navy "second to none," whereas what the President really said was that he wanted "*incomparably the strongest navy*" in the world. Twice he erroneously declares that, like Generals Pershing and Wood, General Thomas H. Barry was jumped from lower rank over many of his superiors to a generalcy; as a matter of fact, General Barry passed through every grade, and served two years as colonel before becoming a brigadier. Mr. Palmer, who so adores that military school, says that the statue before the War College which was taken down at the outbreak of war was one of General von Steuben, the Prussian drill-master of Washington's army; instead, it was a statue of Frederick the Great presented to the War College, and joyously accepted with deep reverence by its officers, from no less a person than the War Lord, Kaiser Wilhelm himself. The Governor General of the Philippines becomes at Mr. Palmer's hands "Franklin" Burton Harrison, and the distinguished hotel manager Mr. Bowman becomes John E. McBowman; Miss Anna Shaw, Mrs. Anna Shaw; General Francis J. Kernan, Francis E. Kernan, and so on. It is not true that George Harvey "ended the career of the once-powerful *Harper's Weekly*"; that was carried on for some years afterward by Norman Hapgood.

On page 305 Mr. Palmer tells us that on May 20, 1918, Congress authorized the registration of all who had become of draft age after the first registration of June 5, 1917; on the next page he tells us that on August 24 Congress "amended the Selective Service Act to enrol all youths who had become twenty-one since June 5, 1917." He asserts that after the President's *Lusitania* note Germany "secretly hastened a large submarine-construction program" (should they, when at war, have announced it to the world?); it was in August, 1918, just before the Armistice, that Germany placed orders for really extensive submarine construction. Errors like these naturally cast doubt upon the reliability of many other statements. And so does, for example, Mr. Palmer's discussion of Mr. Baker's treatment of the conscientious objectors. He admits that the Baker policy (contrary to instructions from President Wilson) "turned severe in sending to jail those who would neither work nor fight." But he does not say anything about the horrible tortures that they were subjected to in our prisons by military men under the direct orders of Newton D. Baker, men such as Colonel Sedgwick Rice in charge of Leaven-

worth, and the commander of Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay, under whom these martyrs to their consciences were spread-eagled to the doors of their cells. There were dreadful brutalities leading to deaths and maimings for life; Mr. Baker did not finally stop these tortures until *after the war*, December 6, 1918.

What is the picture one gets of Mr. Baker? It is that of a man of great executive ability and marked eloquence, but without fixed principles or political philosophy. Like his chief, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Baker was able to move from the principles and beliefs he had long advocated, to turn into the complete autocrat. That he did the job of autocrat efficiently is of far less importance today than the fact that he could swing from his own moorings and justify all his acts by extraordinarily skilful arguments. Mr. Palmer has convinced me that if we need a President of strong autocratic and fascist leanings in the present economic emergency we should elect Mr. Baker, and that he would cheerfully justify every extra-legal act by a skilful lawyer's and dialectician's argument to prove that every step he was taking was quite within the authority of the Constitution, and in keeping with our finest American tradition.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"The Mystic and Bizarre Emily"

Letters of Emily Dickinson. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

ALTHOUGH this volume solves none of the problems that have been agitating Emily Dickinson's biographers, it is a valuable contribution to the study of her life. To Mrs. Todd, as coeditor of the first two volumes of poems, editor of the third volume, and editor of the first collection of letters, we owe an immense debt of gratitude. When the first enthusiasm for Emily Dickinson yielded to apathy, Mrs. Todd was forgotten; and by the time the inevitable revival came, Mrs. Bianchi was on the scene. Now this edition reminds us of Mrs. Todd's importance in the whole situation, and gives us as well an authoritative collection of the letters. Mrs. Bianchi, taking advantage of the fact that the copyright of the earlier edition had expired in 1922, reprinted a large part of its contents in her "Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson." But the desire to save space led her to omit many letters and fragments of letters, and she took some liberties in her editing. The new edition gives us all that the first contained, together with a few letters and many portions of letters that were omitted in 1894.

Though it goes without saying that we welcome any new material that relates to Emily Dickinson, it has to be admitted that most of the additions are comparatively trivial. There are, however, a few passages that give us fresh insight into Emily's religious difficulties, the state of her health, and the nature of her relations and her brother's with their father. There are also the citations from Colonel Higginson's diary and letters, showing more clearly than ever the bewilderment that his protegee—his "partially cracked poetess at Amherst"—aroused in him. Finally, and most important, there are the letters to J. D. and C. H. Clark about the Reverend Charles Wadsworth—supposed by some to be Emily's mysterious lover. These letters prove nothing; nearly thirty years had elapsed since the supposedly fateful meeting in Philadelphia, and it is scarcely to be expected that, even if Emily had felt some sort of passion in 1854, she would betray it in 1882. But the letters most assuredly do not support the theory; they suggest, if anything, a very different sort of relationship, a relationship as humble and as intellectual as, say, the relationship between Emily and Colonel Higginson.

Yet it must be said that the reading of these letters—the old as well as the new—does give the impression that something happened in 1854. Colonel Higginson felt it. "It is extraordinary," he wrote Mrs. Todd, "how the mystic and bizarre Emily is born at once between two pages." As one reads these letters, which are arranged according to their recipients, one notices in each chapter that stretches for any distance both before and after 1854 the difference that makes itself felt at about that date. It may have been because she heard Dr. Wadsworth preach, or because she met Major Hunt, or because she again talked with George Gould, or because she met some other man; it may have had nothing to do with men; but something made that trip to Philadelphia the turning-point in Emily Dickinson's life.

Interesting as it would be to know precisely what it was that set Emily so squarely upon the path she was thereafter to follow, we must not forget how relatively trivial the matter is. What is important is for all material concerning her to be secured against personal whim and the sense of private ownership. Mrs. Todd has apparently laid her cards on the table. When will Mrs. Bianchi follow her example? The *Saturday Review of Literature* has made the excellent suggestion that the manuscripts should be turned over to Amherst College. This would be a great step, both because of the possibility that further poems would be discovered and because of the certainty that a careful study of the handwriting would result in important revelations. It is difficult to see how Mrs. Bianchi, if she has any sense of the responsibility that her kinship to the poet has imposed upon her, can resist the appeal.

GRANVILLE HICKS

African Biography

Chaka: An Historical Romance. By Thomas Mofolo. Translated from the original Sesuto by F. H. Dutton. Oxford University Press. \$3.

THIS life of the great African warrior, Chaka, is a distinguished contribution to recent biography. Thomas Mofolo, the author, is a native of Basutoland who writes in his own Sesuto, one of the Bantu tongues. We are told in the introduction that this is not his first work, but that he has published two novels in his native language which concern themselves with his people.

The life of Chaka has fascinated all those who have touched upon it. An outcast boy, with the stigma that attaches to the child born of a Zulu mating before marriage, Chaka overcame obstacle after obstacle, ending his life in a debauchery of bloodshed, his name to go down in history as one of the world's great warriors and conquerors. He lived at about the time of Napoleon, and his exploits on the battlefield fully warrant the title of "the black Napoleon" he has been given by white historians.

Nothing of the point of view of the white man is found in Mr. Mofolo's book, where the author is above all an African writing in terms of his own civilization. The characterizations of Isanusi the witch doctor, of Ndlebe and Malunga, sent by Isanusi to help Chaka, are superb. The development of the plot, which shows how Chaka in his lust for power sacrificed everyone who was dear to him—his beloved, his benefactor, and finally his mother; the manner in which his growing suspicion and insistence on reverence toward his person are shown to have made him more and more bloodthirsty; the description of the disintegration of the character of the man under the influence of the witch doctor—all of these show the touch of a skilled hand.

Books of this character are rare enough, but books of

this character that achieve the standard set by Mr. Mofolo have hitherto not been found at all. The biography is to be recommended as a tale fascinating enough for any reader. But for the person who is interested in gaining insight into the thought processes of a people whose civilization is entirely different from his own, and whose behavior springs from traditions with which his own have nothing in common, a reading of this life of Chaka will give a point of view that no work by a European observer, however well trained, can possibly give.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Parasitic Profits

Graft in Business. By John T. Flynn. The Vanguard Press. \$3.

THERE is good precedent for believing that men cannot justly serve two masters. It is Mr. Flynn's belief that the deliberate disregard of this rather elementary principle by our business leaders is responsible for much of what he calls graft in business—the indirect, unearned, parasitic profits made by corporation officials who use other people's money and property for their own ends. There can be little doubt that serious weaknesses exist in the present system of interlocking directorates through which bankers and industrialists pledge their services to innumerable groups of stockholders. For through these intricate relationships they not infrequently appear on both sides of the same transaction—they represent both the buyer and the seller. Nowhere is this more apparent, or more vicious, than in the investment-trust field, where it is common practice for investment bankers, the merchants of stocks and bonds, to act as the directors of trusts, the purchasers of those securities. Inevitably, in such circumstances, they are acting in conflicting capacities. Even if their intentions are of the very best, their position is none the less equivocal. Judging from the evidence in this book, it seems pretty clear that the consequences of this dual responsibility are not always to the advantage of the stockholders whom the directors are supposed to be serving. There are, to be sure, other factors in the diversion of secret profits, but the interlocking directorate seems to make temptation doubly tempting.

Mr. Flynn discloses in detail the manner in which eminent bankers and business men have abused the trust relationship. His material comes largely from cases of management failures which have been exposed in court, for it is only in this way that the public, or even the stockholders, finds out some of the secrets of so-called private business. Here one may learn how the director of a railroad purchased a water-power site from the railroad for \$600,000 and immediately exchanged it for \$5,000,000 par value securities of an electric-utility company which he controlled; how four prominent oil executives arranged to buy 33,000,000 barrels of oil through a dummy corporation and then resell it to their own companies at a personal profit of 25 cents a barrel; how an important steel official, who felt that "his boys"—a small group of executives—should be rewarded with bonuses, gave them over a period of years about \$32,000,000, nearly as much as the real owners of the company, the common stockholders, received in dividends during the same period; how the trusted officials of a large New York bank so manipulated an intricate holding-company set-up that they would be entitled to a return of 47 per cent on their personal investment, while the investment of the bank itself would receive less than 7 per cent; and how some well-known New York bankers "reorganized" a rubber company in difficulties, making an alleged profit of \$15,000,000 or more for their various services. These and many other examples Mr. Flynn analyzes clearly and unsparingly.

The technique of turning a quick million may vary slightly from case to case, but the principle is always the same—the use of other people's money by those in an influential position to make a sumptuous personal profit. This profit, it should be borne in mind, is quite apart from the normal, reasonable rewards or salaries to which officials are ordinarily entitled for their services. It would be a grave misconception of the problem, however, to consider the men who take these exorbitant commissions, bonuses, what-you-will, as criminals. For they are not. They gain their graft through a strictly legal—though unfaithful—use of our present-day corporate machinery. Moreover, they remain respected members of society, despite these practices.

There can be little improvement in corporate ethics, Mr. Flynn believes, until "this vicious practice [interlocking directorates] is brought to an end." With this in mind he proposes that the use of the holding company be made illegal under all circumstances and that, likewise, the holding of stock in one corporation by another be prohibited—or strictly limited to insurance and investment companies. One can hardly believe, however, that he really has much faith in these reforms. For how much headway will this program make, when the whole industrial movement today seems to be forcing corporate control into fewer and fewer hands? Combination proceeds apace, irrespective of anti-trust legislation, and thus multiplies endlessly the conflicting responsibilities of financial and industrial management. The disfranchisement of the large body of investors is of course a further problem in the growing corporate maze. "How this is to be remedied," confesses Mr. Flynn, "is not very clear. It will result, I think, in certain evolutionary developments which will have a profound influence on our social system." Clearly there is in this little immediate hope either for present stockholders or the general public, which finally bears the burden of mismanagement.

In addition to the respectable form of corporate graft, Mr. Flynn also discusses at length the common garden variety, commercial bribery. This he finds widespread, running in and out of nearly all forms of business. It is practiced by subordinates—clerks and salesmen—sometimes with and sometimes without the knowledge of their employers. To curb the practice, he suggests a federal law backed up by appropriate State legislation. But at bottom he feels the real solution depends on a stronger passion for ethical conduct, not only in business, but in society itself. Mr. Flynn's book, in short, is perhaps more challenging in its implications than in its actual content. For the eradication of graft may require a regeneration more thoroughgoing than is contemplated in any of the remedies here proposed.

W. P. MANGOLD

Books in Brief

Portrait of an American. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

This saga of a plain, hard-working Maine lobster fisherman, reader of Shakespeare, father of a large family, storyteller, lover of wild nature, has too much of the panegyric in its style to preserve its presumable intention of being the history of a real American. The portions of the book which deal with the young man's experiences in the Civil War would be particularly good if they did not seem such direct imitations of "The Red Badge of Courage."

Mary Lee. By Geoffrey Dennis. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

A reprint of Mr. Dennis's first and best novel, originally published in 1922. It describes the childhood of an orphan girl, born in 1848 and brought up among a group of Plymouth

Brethren in southwestern England. It is narrated in the first person, and the main themes are the loneliness of the heroine and the cruelty of her pious relatives. The Brethren are grotesques portrayed with remarkable vividness, and the author's interpretation of the mind of his heroine is astonishingly real. Lacking Dickens's humor but excelling him in artistry, Mr. Dennis has written a book closely akin in mood to "Bleak House" and "Great Expectations"; he recalls Dickens also in his melodramatic plot and his sentimentally improbable happy ending. "Mary Lee" is a very faulty book, but it is ■ vibrantly alive as any novel published since the war. It is to be hoped that this reprint will make the author better known.

The Pastor of Poggsee. By Gustav Frenssen. Translated by Katharine G. Potts. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

This is the story of ■ Holstein village in peace and war, revolution and reconstruction. And it is the story of one man, a good man with strong natural passions, a man of the people whose simplicity accompanies an instinctive feeling for racial culture. The story is grounded on sound realism. The overtones are sentimental and idealistic—but these qualities are harmonious with the spirit of the people and the place; and they never overstep the mark. It is not a novel of propaganda, but its meanings become clear as the story and principal character develop together. It is peace that all men want, peace and natural human pleasures and satisfactions, both of the body and the spirit. War is always evil—even revolution in ■ good cause. There is ■ flavor of Tolstoyan religious philosophy in its message. But as a novel it is moving, dramatic, and convincing.

Contemporary Thought of India. By A. C. Underwood. *Contemporary Thought of Germany.* Volume I. By W. Tudor Jones. Alfred A. Knopf. Each \$2.50.

The two present volumes in this series have been preceded by treatments of contemporary thought in Italy, France, Great Britain, and Japan and China (in one volume). They are to be followed by the concluding volume on Germany, and volumes on America and the Scandinavian nations. Mr. Jones's volume is ■ helpful attempt to make clear to the general reader the systems of Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Schlegel, Herder, Herbart, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and the other great minds of the nineteenth century which gave Germany preeminence in philosophy and which in some instances, notably Fichte and Nietzsche, powerfully influenced social and political movements. The language of philosophy is necessarily so specialized that even Mr. Jones's simplification requires rather patient reading. In the "Contemporary Thought of India" Mr. Underwood shows that politics has preempted the place of philosophy, and the thinker is perforce a politician or a social reformer. The book resolves itself into a discussion of the different degrees of readiness that Indian opinion shows for ■ break from the British Empire and from its own institutions and traditions. Unfortunately Mr. Underwood, whose own opinions are not hard to guess, man-ages in his effort to be objective to be merely inhibited.

The Black Mass. By Peter N. Krassnoff. Illustrated by Rhea Wells. Duffield and Green. \$2.50.

General Krassnoff was a prominent figure in the Russian counter-revolution, and he remains one of the leaders in the exiled white Russian party which looks for a return of the old regime. This long short story compounded of mysticism, horror, and propaganda ends with the words, "Communism will die—but Russia will live!" The tale is not ■ success. The black magic of the great Satanist, the celebration of the Black Mass, the rape and suicide of the girl who turned from God to Satan are intended to be of symbolic significance in the light of Russian events.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON'S JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

After two years of study and research, Mr. Josephson completes a work which is destined to supersede all other biographies of Rousseau. It is an enduring portrait of an impassioned apostle of moral change who, living in a time of social catastrophe, exerted powerful influences on the future of man and society. Perhaps no other figure of the past is so important to the modern world. \$5.00

The great British economist who is always rights speaks again

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES'S ESSAYS IN PERSUASION

Since "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" appeared, Mr. Keynes's reputation as a reliable economic prophet has been unchallenged. He predicted the collapse of the Treaty of Peace, the abandonment of the gold standard, the end of the policy of deflation. Every word of this book of his collected writings is ■ challenge as well as a forecast. His diagnosis of present conditions commands the attention of the world. \$2.50

Pinning down basic facts underlying the world wide depression

ALVIN H. HANSEN'S ECONOMIC STABILIZATION IN AN UNBALANCED WORLD

This is ■ fundamental discussion of great problems of economic adjustment—international stabilization, world-wide unemployment, social control. Because it is fundamental, its valuable advice, immensely important today, will be applicable five years from now. \$3.00

"A notable book, unlocking new doors of thought."—JULIAN HUXLEY

GERALD HEARD'S THE EMERGENCE OF MAN

Psychology applied to human history gives us this brilliant rewriting of the accepted story of mankind from the days of half-men, by the author of "The Ascent of Humanity." "So excellent . . . so stimulating, that I should be doing a disservice to refrain from booming it for all I am worth."—

Harold Nicolson. \$2.75

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 Madison Ave., New York

THE SEX FACTOR IN MARRIAGE

By DR. HELENA WRIGHT

Introductions by Rev. A. Herbert Gray
and Abel Gregg

"Many married couples . . . lack the right understanding and enjoyment of the sex-act itself. It is to help such people that this book is written. The writer wants to give such definite and practical information that no one after reading it can any longer be ignorant of the nature of the sex-act, or fail to know exactly how it should be performed."

Havelock Ellis:—"There is probably no better small manual in simple language for married people."

\$2 at all Bookstores

THE VANGUARD PRESS

100 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

"The first important study of the sexual life of women made by a competent woman."—*Havelock Ellis*.

FACTORS IN THE SEX LIFE OF 2200 WOMEN

By Katharine Bement Davis, Ph.D.

A careful scientific analysis of the actual sex experience of 2200 women, married and unmarried. Chapter headings include: The Use of Contraceptives; Auto-Erotic Practices; Periodicity of Sex Desire; Homosexuality. A leading work on sexual adjustment, invaluable to teachers, parents and all interested in a saner attitude toward the whole subject. "Interesting and valuable. If widely disseminated, it would undoubtedly promote human happiness."—*Bertrand Russell*.

12 chapters.

448 pages

Price \$3.50

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON N1

HARPER & BROTHERS, 49 E. 33rd St., New York
Send me a copy of *Factors in the Sex Life of 2200 Women*, \$3.50.

- ☐ I will remit \$3.50 in 10 days or return book.
☐ Check is enclosed. ☐ Send C.O.D.

Name _____

Street _____

City and State _____

Double Blossoms. A Helen Keller Anthology. Compiled by Edna Porter. Lewis Copeland. \$2.

This is a collection of poems from the poets who have felt the significance of Helen Keller's life. Many well-known names are included—Robert Frost, Witter Bynner, Laura Benét, Marjorie Allen Seiffert, Clinch Calkins, John Varney, Evelyn Scott, Countee Cullen, to name only a few. It is interesting to note how poets feel about blindness, which sometimes grants intensity of spiritual insight.

Their Fathers' God. By O. E. Rølvaag. Translated from the Norwegian by Trygve M. Ager. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Since his fine "Giants in the Earth" all Rølvaag's novels have been disappointing. His latest, a sequel to "Peder Victorious," is no exception. The story tells of Peder Holm's married life with Susie, the shallow and slipshod Irish-Catholic girl. Peder matures, grows ambitious, and begins to think for himself along many lines. Susie, instinctively unhappy among these dour Norwegians, turns back to her religion. The emotional and spiritual struggle that goes on between them comes to center on Susie's religion, more particularly on the symbols of it that she brings into the house. The conflict over religion is courageously handled. But Rølvaag's hand is too heavy for domestic drama. It is better adapted to work of the broad and powerful sweep of his first novel.

Art

An Essay on Marin

IF the almost simultaneous exhibition of striking work in three distinct mediums can make a year an artist's, then the last year was surely Marin's. During the summer An American Place published an elegant collection of his racy and delightful letters; and flanking his annual autumnal water-color show it hung a group of his new impressive experiments in oil. All three exhibits were capital; and because of the parallelisms between them, Marin stood revealed with the breadth of effect which emboldens criticism to essay a definition of the rare phenomenon.

The reality imparted by the triple exhibition was the vital equilibrium of a man in rapid motion. Marin's letters, for instance, are full of quick shrewd reactions, and spontaneous mixtures of whimsicality and horse sense, imagination and understanding. A nervous but equal temperament and an unbroken line of life are evident throughout them, by reason of the homogeneity and ease and naturalness of their expressions of varying subjects and circumstances. One sees the author in the likeness of a good little power boat, meeting the changing winds and seas of the world, and adjusting himself to them without loss of direction or of impetus. Precisely what Marin's motor and center of gravity are, we can merely infer. It may be a steady vision of the equilibrium in the apparent turmoil of things; the whole man's secret sympathy with the restless form-giver of life; a complete adjustment to a rocking world. Whatever it is, Marin apparently is very much at home in his element, very much filled with his own world; and also free of the necessity of rationalizing and formulating his own activity. He is the least cerebral of artists, and the most self-assured: plainly without either overweening conceit or undue humility; and perfectly aware of the object of his work. When he speaks of it, he casts clear light on it. In one place we read, "Combinations of nature's products, formed by a certain Kind of Human, and called Art products, have an exalted value . . . in that they

put in motion the Spirit, through the eye, and approach the great Seeing." In another place he says, "This my picture must not make one feel that it bursts its boundaries. That would be a delusion, and I would have it that nothing must cut my picture off from its finalities. And, too, I am not to be destructive within. I can have things that clash. I can have a jolly good fight going on. There is always a fight going on where there are living things. But I must be able to control this fight at will with a Blessed Equilibrium." To those aware of the nature of Marin's art, these phrases exhibit a perfect self-consciousness and aplomb, and send one to that art with a zest for the rich and direct communication of the balance adumbrated by the words.

Marin's washes communicate it through an architectural form which brings the eye into motion. This form is neither calculated nor synthetic, but the result of a visual experience automatically interpreted in terms of water color. It represents the world seen by us under conditions of fast motion: the world which looks rhythmic, as though its balance were incessantly displacing itself; the artist has but built it up within the limits of his medium. There, it compels the eye through sequences of those pairs of asymmetrical, overbalanced figures, angular and circular, obtuse and incurved, beak-shaped and bell-shaped, through which nature reveals herself to sight. These shapes both complement each other and in conjunction form other overbalanced figures; and these in turn are complemented by further antithetical shapes; the sequence is more or less prolonged. In some instances it is brief; the sequential pairs are few and widely spaced, and the rhythm is nervous, staccato, spurt-like. In others the series is complex, gradual, and multiple, and the rhythm correspondingly slow and majestic. In all cases the sequences are brought to a rest within the borders of the paintings. Besides, the units of the forms are correlated by a single quality of tone. Thus, the eye, impelled to grasp these temporal sequences of figures and to seek their points of rest, communicates to the whole person both the movements expressed by them and the balances which they achieve.

The time element in Marin's form is not the only agency of ocular motion. All the component elements of the microcosm of water color are so clashingly juxtaposed by him, particularly in his later works, that the receptive eye jumps from position to position in the effort to grasp their relationships. These clashes exist in relationships of color, texture, linear direction, and intrinsic momentum of stroke and wash; the contrasts are frequently extreme. While Marin's color schemes are predominantly cool, they include large and immediate contrasts of warm and cool qualities of color, intense because of their subtlety; and there are continual references of all colors to the extreme of white. The contrasts of texture are equally daring. The eye passes from shaggy washes spattered on the paper to areas smooth as satin; from tactile realizations of roundness to tactile realizations of flatness; from ethereal veil-like substance to wash possessing a stone-like consistency and weight. The different momentums of the hand registered by the washes likewise contrast: one finds scudding cascades of paint opposed to slow pools of it; and movements swift as airplanes playing against movements slow as freight trains. Still, these contrasting values are never completely heterogeneous. They are subtly co-responsive; they are what Marin himself calls "neighbor identities"; and he sees their complete correlation as one of the principal exercises of his art. A certain ethereal gray, for example, must be sufficiently consistent to "support" the heavy, gritty brown or cobalt blue he lays upon it.

Besides, the Marins have the beauty and magnificence of things born of the whole coordinate man, created but not made. The technique by which Marin communicates the unity of things seen and felt by the mobile person is itself a living

BIRTH CONTROL

The Great Question of the Day

WHERE DOES YOUR CLUB STAND?

HAVE YOU STUDIED BIRTH CONTROL?

WHAT HAVE YOU READ?

WHAT SPEAKERS HAVE YOU HEARD?

HAS YOUR CLUB ENDORSED BIRTH CONTROL?

The National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control will send you literature and speakers to give the latest up-to-date information on the progress of the movement.

DO YOU KNOW that MANY organizations have endorsed some form of birth control? Among them are:

American Medical Association
(Section on Obstetrics, Gynecology and Abdominal surgery)
Medical Women's National Association
Various County Medical Societies
Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America,
(Committee on Marriage and the Home)
General Council of Congregational and Christian Churches
Methodist Episcopal Church (Various Sectional Conferences)
Central Conference of Jewish Rabbis
Universalist General Convention
American Unitarian Association
New York State League of Women Voters
New York City Federation of Women's Clubs
The American Civil Liberties Union
National Women's Trade Union League

Here is a chance to express **YOUR** opinion on this important question. Fill in and return the endorsement below.

EVERY ENDORSEMENT HELPS!

COMMITTEE ON FEDERAL LEGISLATION FOR BIRTH CONTROL

MARGARET SANGER, *National Chairman*
17 West 16th Street, New York

I hereby endorse your efforts to amend the Federal Laws now excluding supplies and medical literature relating to Birth Control from the U. S. Mails.

Name (please print)

Street

City State

Please send literature ☐

Please advise regarding available speakers ☐

Why? . . . asks Theodore Dreiser

. . . should not this giant and rapacious individualism here in America, now operating for the whims and comfort of a few, . . . be curbed, or as I would have it, *set aside entirely?*" . . . in the article "Individualism and the Jungle"—in the current January issue of

New Masses

■ *monthly of Revolutionary Art and Literature*

In the issue: THE BOY WHO DIED FOR TAMMANY, a story by Michael Gold; THE BODY OF AN AMERICAN by John Dos Passos; WOMEN ON THE BREADLINES by Meridel LeSueur; HINTS TO THE STARVING by Nathan Asch. POEMS—REVIEWS—THEATRE—WORKERS—ART.

18 ARTISTS—in satirical cartoons and drawings. (Predictions for 1932, Hoover's "Relief" Kitchen, Russia, etc.) and ■ series of field drawings on the Hunger March to Washington by 4 artists.

Single copies 15c—Subscription \$1.50 ■ year; \$2.00 abroad

NEW MASSES

63 WEST 15 STREET

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

thing, with nothing of the cold formula about it. It appears perfectly impulsive and unpremeditated, a kind of second nature born of long experience of ■ particular medium; and its application has all the hallmarks of the quasi-instinctive response of the whole man to the creative moment. Thus, the freshness, the sensuous loveliness, the luminosity and harmony of the Marin water color finally escape explanation. The answer to the question of how majestic forms so complexly balanced and exquisitely representative as theirs can retain the purity of a burst of song, and all the song's indefinable glamor, must confine itself to the statement that the artist and the medium are in complete accord; and that the accord is the result of a complete adjustment of both to American life. Water color is a peculiarly American medium. As Hartley wrote ten years ago, "Few outside of Cézanne have done more with it than the Americans Whistler, Sargent Winslow Homer, Dodge MacKnight, Charles Demuth, and John Marin." The capacity for quick decision required by it, and for the expression of the life of the moment and the movement which inheres in it, has made it particularly accessible and attractive to men of the nation whose soil and climate and mode of life demand a nervous balance, a quick responsiveness. And Marin's recent matchless success with the medium would appear to flow simply from his perfect adaptation to American conditions we have noticed in connection with his letters; from his complete incarnation of the American temperament and genius.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Drama Lynching Bee

ONLY rarely is a critic of the drama forced to remind himself of the fact that intelligence, sincerity, and force are not, in themselves, necessarily enough. Compelled as he is to spend the major part of his time in the contemplation of stupid or shoddy ineptitudes, he forgets that even the most honest spectacle is artistically a failure unless it can exalt or heal, and he is shocked when he is brought face to face with a powerful drama of which he is compelled to say simply that it is, somehow or other, "from the purpose of playing." He has been interested and he has been moved but the experience undergone has left no valuable residue behind. It has passed like a nightmare from which one is merely glad to have been awakened at last.

Such is the effect produced by "Never No More"—the dramatized lynching bee most admirably produced and acted at the Hudson Theater by an all Negro cast. Telling in the simplest and directest terms the tale of a typical burning, it never for an instant turns aside from its remorseless narrative, and with the possible exception of one melodramatic bit near the end it never ceases for an instant to be utterly convincing. But the tortured spectator would be glad if it did, and would welcome anything—even a false note—capable of relieving for a moment the strain of continuous horror and of saving him from an author who has determined to spare him nothing. Since the false note does not come, one is compelled to wait eagerly for the final curtain, and one goes out on to the street too glad that it is all over to weigh the qualities of a performance concerning which one knows only that it has been almost intolerably distressing. No doubt the author intended to shock, and by shocking to arouse. It was his purpose to imprint upon the minds of his audience an unforgettable picture of the horrors of lynching and to remedy that lack of imagination which alone can make a public indifferent to such savagery



... You Can't Know Soviet Russia from Books

Like all living things Soviet Russia must be observed to be understood.

Traveling with the Open Road, you see at first hand the workings of Soviet methods and institutions and you find out how they affect human lives.

With five years of experience in arranging Soviet travel and established American representation in Russia, the Open Road is equipped to serve the best interests of Americans traveling independently or as members of specially constituted Open Road groups.

For 1932 the Open Road offers standard services at reduced rates. In writing for itineraries and rates, indicate what phase of Russian life interests you most and whether you prefer to travel with a group or independently.



The OPEN ROAD

Salmon Tower, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City

● Cooperating in U. S. S. R. with INTOURIST

☐ PLAYS ☐ LECTURES ☐

The Theatre Guild Presents
EUGENE O'NEILL'S TRILOGY

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

Composed of 3 plays
Homecoming, The Hunted, the Haunted

All 3 plays will be presented on one day, commencing at 5:30 sharp. Dinner
intermission of one hour at 7 o'clock. No matinee performances.

GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of Broadway

THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS

REUNION IN VIENNA

A comedy by ROBERT B. SHERWOOD

MARTIN BECK THEA., 45 St. & 8 Ave. Penn. 8-6100
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

LESLIE HOWARD

in PHILIP BARRY'S New Comedy

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

Staged by GILBERT MILLER
"The season's most gratifying adventure."
—Percy Hammond, Herald-Tribune.

BROADHURST THEA. 44th St., West of B'way. Evs. 8:40
Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

ARCH SELWYN presents

THE DEVIL PASSES

A NEW
PLAY BY
BENN W. LEVY

with ARTHUR BYRON, BASIL RATHBONE, ROBERT LORAIN, MARY NASH, DIANA WYNARD, CECILIA LOFTUS, ERNEST THESIGER, ERNEST COSSART.

SELWYN THEA., W. 42nd St., Evs. 8:40 | Prices Evs. \$1 to \$4
Mats.: Thurs. and Sat., 2:40 | Mats. \$1 to \$2.50

GILBERT MILLER Presents

HELEN HAYES

in MOLNAR'S New Comedy

THE GOOD FAIRY

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd St.
Evenings 8:50 Matinees Thursday and Saturday 2:40

A Clearing House Of Opinion **THE GROUP** Meets at Auditorium 150 West 85th St.

Tuesday Evening, January 26th, at 8:30 P.M.

The Group invites you to its Monthly
ENTERTAINMENT and DANCE
Dancing until Past-Midnight

This Sunday Afternoon (Jan. 24th)
PIERRE LOVING speaks on: "ARE MORALS NECESSARY?"
Tea Served Subscription 50c

NEXT WEEK IN THE NATION

Issues at Geneva

By David Wainhouse

A discussion of the issues and nations
involved in the disarmament con-
ference which opens February 3

**INDIVIDUAL and COMMUNITY
SOCIAL WORK**

The social worker working with Jews must be trained to deal successfully with the socially maladjusted Jewish family and individual.

He must be able to see the problem in the large. He must "see" the Jews of America as a distinctive group aiming at adjustment to the general environment for its own greater happiness and the enrichment of American life.

Holders and prospective holders of a Bachelor's degree are invited to examine carefully the advantages of

Jewish Social Work as a Profession

A number of scholarships and fellowships ranging from \$150 to \$1000 for each academic year are available for especially qualified candidates.

For full information write to
M. J. KARP, Director

The
Training
School



For
Jewish
Social Work

(a graduate school)

71 W. 47th St., New York City

☐ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT ☐

PLAYS TO SEE

- Animal Kingdom—Broadhurst—44 St. W. of B'way.
- Brief Moment—Belasco—W. 44 St.
- Civic Light Opera Co.—Erlanger's—W. 44 St.
- Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
- Cynara—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way.
- Fata Morgana—Royale—45 St. W. of B'way.
- Hay Fever—Avon—W. 45 St.
- Mourning Becomes Electra—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
- Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.
- Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
- Springtime for Henry—Bijou—45 St. W. of B'way.
- The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—B'way. & 40 St.
- The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
- The Bride The Sun Shines On—Fulton—46 St. W. of B'way.
- The Devil Passes—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
- The Good Fairy—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.
- The Left Bank—Little—44 St.

as he here describes. But even the finest sermon is useless if preached to empty pews, and if one is determined to do people good in the theater one must first get them into it—a fact which seems to have been forgotten by those responsible for the play now in question. It will fail as propaganda because it will not be heard, and it has failed already as art because it does not contain within itself its own justification or provide any outlet for the emotions which it arouses.

Perhaps a genuinely beautiful play might be written on the same theme if it were concerned with the spiritual repercussions of the events here described, but "Never No More" keeps the attention focused upon physical facts and becomes in effect a melodrama which has been deprived of that simple and satisfactory solution which makes melodrama's elementary delights possible. Instead of being concerned with the meaning of its events, it is concerned with the events themselves, and it devotes the entire second act to the actual lynching, to the building of the fire, the pleas of the victim, and the final tossing to the flames—all of which takes place just off stage while the agonized family looks on. No poetry, no subtlety, and no thought could be noticed in the presence of such brutal facts. The sensibilities and the nerves are violently as well as skillfully assaulted, but only sensibilities and nerves are concerned. No one but a sadist could enjoy the play, and all art must be in some fashion—however complicated or difficult—enjoyable. Otherwise it is not, whatever else it may be, art at all.

In "The Devil Passes" (Selwyn Theater) the sprightly author of "Springtime for Henry" has succumbed to a temptation to which playwrights are unaccountably subject and has written a comedy about God. If he had stopped for a moment to contemplate the uniform badness of all similar attempts from "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" on down to such more recent lapses as Molnar's "Mima" and Savoir's "He," he might have come to the conclusion that the whole attempt is inept, but

evidently he did not and the result is interesting chiefly as one more illustration of the fact that the theology of even entertaining dramatists is likely to be excessively boring. Mr. Levy—if we must take him seriously—seems to have fallen into the Manichean heresy and devotes his play to the attempt to show how the devil is really doing God's work by providing those opportunities for evil which virtue gains strength by resisting. Into a house-party composed of boastfully hard-boiled egotists he introduces a sinister-looking curate who shows each how his heart's desire can be obtained at the cost of a dirty deed, and when each has discovered to his surprise his own essential decency, the curate departs, leaving behind the suspicion not only that he was the devil himself, but that the latter is not so black as he is painted. Mr. Levy's dialogue is amusing as it always is, but neither he nor the unusually talented cast can overcome the terrible handicap imposed by a painfully mechanical as well as painfully trivial fable. Perhaps God is really good and perhaps the reasons for doubting the fact may be adequately disposed of, but the argument is rather too complicated as well as rather too momentous to be settled by an anecdote. Frivolity is delightful under many circumstances but not in its more serious moments.

"The Black Tower" (Sam Harris Theater) is a melodrama of the green-lights and secret-doors variety. If you are interested in the career of a mad physician who kidnaps the victims of his sinister experiments conducted in a lonely tower, then see it by all means. Unlike "Never No More" it is not painfully convincing.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

BIRTH CONTROL LAWS

*Shall We Keep Them?
Change Them?
Or Abolish Them?*

by MARY WARE DENNETT

A book which clarifies the whole discussion: tells how the laws in the United States happened to be, and analyzes the propositions for changing them. It tells the story of the first six years of struggle in Congress, and why the bill was stalled.

The only book of its kind
READABLE—VALUABLE—AMUSING

Price \$2.50

Published by

F. H. HITCHCOCK

105 West 40th St.

New York City

HUNGER AND LOVE

A Novel by Lionel Britton

Introduction by Bertrand Russell

This novel tells the story of Arthur Phelps, whom the author thus introduces to us on the first page:

"I should think by the look of him, now, he would be somewhere about sixteen. Yes, my lord, he is a dirty little swine, there's no doubt about it. That bit of rag in his pocket, about the color of a motor tire, is what he wipes his nose on. Many working-class boys would call it snitch, but Arthur calls it nose; many would call it snot-rag, but Arthur calls it handkerchief, that you will infer he is to some extent superior; still, it would not be at all a bad thing to send his trousers to the wash."

This overwhelming novel presents the most terrible indictment of present-day society and bourgeois morality ever written.

632 pages

\$3.00 at bookstores

THE VANGUARD PRESS, 100 Fifth Ave., New York City

Contributors to This Issue

EDMUND WILSON is the author of a new book, "The American Jitters," which will appear in the spring.

BORIS SMOLAR is the editor of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency.

DENYS WORTMAN is the well-known cartoonist whose drawings appear daily in the *World-Telegram*.

MARGARET SANGER is the national chairman of the National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control.

ROBERT S. ALLEN is a member of the Washington staff of the International News Service.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD is professor of sociology at New York University.

C. V. DRYSDALE is the president of the Malthusian League.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN is the author of several books on sociology.

S. ADOLPHUS KNOPE is a New York physician who has contributed many articles to medical journals on eugenics and birth control.

GEORGE B. LAKE is a Chicago psychiatrist and managing editor of *Clinical Medicine and Surgery*.

WILLIAM ALLEN PUSEY is a Chicago dermatologist who has written many articles on medical topics.

JOHN DEWEY is the distinguished American philosopher and educator.

MORRIS L. ERNST, a New York attorney, is the author of "America's Primer."

GRANVILLE HICKS is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS is in the department of anthropology at Northwestern University.

W. P. MANGOLD is engaged in industrial research and magazine writing in New York City.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1932

No. 3474

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	127
EDITORIALS:	
Nearing the Abyss	130
Doles for Industry	131
Improper Guardianship	132
Paul M. Warburg	132
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION	133
"WE ARE ALL BOLSHIEVKS." By Hendrik Willem van Loon.....	133
THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE MEETS. By David W. Wainhouse.....	137
JOHNSON FOR PRESIDENT? By Paul Y. Anderson.....	139
OF TWO ETERNITIES. By Isidor Schneider.....	140
STARVATION AND THE "REDS" IN KENTUCKY. By Oakley Johnson.....	141
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	143
CORRESPONDENCE	144
FINANCE: IS EASY MONEY THE CURE? By S. Palmer Harman.....	145
BOOKS, MUSIC, FILMS, DRAMA:	
Poem for My Daughter. By Horace Gregory.....	146
On the Theme of Time. By Eda Lou Walton.....	146
Eloquent Biography. By Isidor Schneider.....	147
Why India Rebels. By W. Norman Brown.....	148
American Secrecy About Red Russia. By Mauritz A. Hallgren.....	148
Books in Brief.....	149
Music: Among the Best Performers. By Arthur Mendel.....	149
Films: Indigenous. By Margaret Marshall.....	150
Drama: Nice People. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	151
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	152

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

SAMUEL SEABURY'S REPORT to the State legislature on the "evils" of the political system which has the New York City government in its grip would provoke into open revolt a more sensitive people than the residents of that city seem to be. The report is of an intermediate nature, the Seabury investigation being not yet concluded. In almost any other community its revelations would be considered sensational. The report cites case after case of graft and corruption, example upon example of "the sordid traffic in political influence." It does not depend for its proof upon hearsay or vague rumors, but piles up a mountain of documentary and other detailed evidence in support of its conclusions. Judge Seabury has by no means told the whole story. Admitting this, the report accuses Tammany Hall of having sought to obstruct and delay the investigation at every turn. In reply, a Tammany member of the investigating committee, Assemblyman Louis Cuvillier, has the effrontery to assert that the many evils exposed in the report are but "an incident in the administration of all governments." Concluding his report, Judge Seabury declares that there must be a complete overhauling of the city government, not only in personnel, but in structure and form, and he recommends that a city manager or commission form of government be adopted. His recommendations should be earnestly studied in every city where corrupt municipal rings exist. Would that they might excite in New Yorkers something

more than the indifference or cynical amusement with which in the past Father Knickerbocker's citizens have met evidences of municipal graft and misgovernment!

KENNETH MACKINTOSH of Seattle has been nominated by President Hoover to a place on the federal bench in the State of Washington. It is well to know something of this man's record. He was a classmate of Herbert Hoover at Stanford, a member of the Wickersham Commission, and for several years has been a justice of the Washington State Supreme Court. In the latter capacity he has shown himself a consistent foe of labor and liberalism. What Washington thinks of his work on the Supreme Court was strikingly demonstrated in the 1928 election when Judge Mackintosh ran for the United States Senate, his opponent being Clarence Dill. Mr. Hoover carried the State by three to one, but Mackintosh lost to Senator Dill by 35,000. Judge Mackintosh's connection with the Centralia tragedy deserves special mention. On Armistice Day, 1919, a mob of citizens and returned soldiers wrecked the hall of the Industrial Workers of the World, and later raided the city jail and lynched one of the members of the I. W. W. who had been arrested because four men in the mob were fatally wounded in the attack. Two days later the following letter was written:

GEORGE DYSART, ESQ.,

CENTRALIA, WASHINGTON:

MY DEAR DYSART: I want to express to you my appreciation of the high character of citizenship displayed by the people of Centralia in their agonizing calamity. We are all shocked by the manifestation of barbarity on the part of the outlaws, and are depressed by the loss of lives of brave men, but at the same time are proud of the calm control and loyalty to American ideals demonstrated by the returned soldiers and citizens. I am proud to be an inhabitant of a State which contains a city with the record which has been made for Centralia by its law-abiding citizens.

KENNETH MACKINTOSH

Olympia, Wash., November 13, 1919

This man should certainly not be placed in a position of authority in a federal court.

THE BILL TO REVISE the Federal Reserve and national-banking laws, sponsored by Senator Glass, deserves praise for the direction in which it moves. It calls for the removal of the Secretary of the Treasury as a member of the Federal Reserve Board, a necessary measure originally advocated by Paul Warburg, to reduce undue political influence. It seeks to control the disturbing growth of chain or group banking and to permit national banks to establish branches in the States where State banks are permitted to do so. This provision is necessary if merely for the purpose of putting national banks in a position to compete on equal terms with State banks; though it should be considered only a first step toward general State-wide branch banking, and the eventual establishment of branch banks throughout the

Federal Reserve areas. The bill does not abolish banking affiliates but proposes a searching examination of them and complete publicity concerning their transactions. In the moderation of this measure the sponsors of the bill were doubtless guided by the fear that more drastic regulation would cause large national banks to take out State charters. The bill seeks to control speculative loans; and, finally, sets up inside the Federal Reserve system a corporation to liquidate the assets of failed member banks and to make cash available for depositors as early as possible.

BY SHIFTING GENERAL DAWES to the Emergency Reconstruction Corporation and appointing Secretary Stimson to the head of the Commission to the Disarmament Conference, the President has improved the quality of the commission. In saying this we are well aware of Mr. Stimson's great unpopularity with the American newspapermen and of his ineptness in handing out news. No one could have done worse in this respect than he did at London. None the less, Mr. Stimson is most eager, as his utterances have steadily shown, to obtain a real measure of disarmament, and more than that, his rank puts the American delegation on the same footing as those of other countries so far as that is possible for us. There had been genuine resentment abroad at the President's failure to put anyone on the commission of higher rank than an ambassador. These last-hour shifts and appointments have, however, injured the solidarity of the commission and very much delayed its getting together on a definite program. Meanwhile, the President's hasty appointment of General Dawes to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in advance of the passage of the bill by Congress has been another blunder, for the law distinctly states that the directors of the corporation are to choose their own officers. As both of these men are Republicans, this has given the Democratic minority a chance to charge that the President is playing politics with the corporation. What a pity it is that the President has not a wider range of appointees to choose from! With him it is always Dawes, Fletcher, or Gibson; or Gibson, Fletcher, or Dawes; or Fletcher, Dawes, or Gibson, with Meyer thrown in every now and then for good measure.

OUR CONSTANT WISH that *The Nation* might have the means to establish its own Washington Bureau with observers to report each week on what is actually happening in Washington is intensified by the fact that in our leader on foreign loans in the issue of January 20 we were the victims once more of inaccurate or inadequate Washington reporting in the dailies, and therefore did the State Department something of an injustice. We would, of course, not have said that the State Department approved an extension of a short-term credit loan to Colombia of \$20,000,000 had we known that it was not correct, as reported, that the State Department passed upon this matter. We also learn that the State Department did not ignore the protest of the Commerce Department with regard to the Bolivian loan of \$23,000,000. While we greatly regret having been thus misled into an unwarranted comment, we do not believe that we have done any substantial injustice to the State Department. It should never have had anything whatever to do with foreign loans, should have refused to state whether it had or had not objections to them and have kept its hands off entirely. Only

then could it have avoided the present confusion, the charges and counter-charges, and the wholesale misapprehension as to whether the State Department does or does not approve foreign loans which exists in the public mind.

LORD SNOWDEN, who with Ramsay MacDonald and J. H. Thomas deserted the British Labor Party in the hour of its greatest need, is beginning to wobble again. He threatened to resign from the National Government because of its insistence upon a general 10 per cent tariff on all manufactured goods, contending that the projected tariff schedule is entirely unnecessary in view of the depreciation of the pound sterling. It is difficult to forgive Snowden his sins of the immediate past, but it must be acknowledged that here he stands on firm ground. A permanent tariff would in any case prove costly to Great Britain—to say nothing of its disastrous effects upon international trade. But the depreciation of the pound and other circumstances have made such a tariff doubly unnecessary. Were the MacDonald Cabinet's plan for a blanket schedule to be carried through, it would mean, as Snowden emphasizes, that Great Britain had unashamedly embraced protectionism, the most dangerous form of that economic nationalism which has brought world economy and world trade to their present low estate. In spite of his flat disagreement with the majority of the Cabinet, including the Prime Minister, however, Lord Snowden will not resign. Rather than spoil the fiction of national unity, Mr. MacDonald will endure the almost unprecedented spectacle of a Cabinet split on a major issue.

JAPAN WILL NEVER be held in check by mere words, by public remonstrances from Geneva alone. This the League of Nations and the American State Department ought to know. The latest proof of the contempt in which the Japanese hold the insincere peace gestures from Europe and Washington is revealed in their activities at Shanghai. The Chinese have only one weapon with which to oppose Japanese aggression in Manchuria, and that is their boycott of Japanese goods. The Chinese have used this weapon with telling effect; Japan's trade with China, and therefore the well-being of her people, has been seriously impaired. Japan now means to break the boycott with military force. She has sent 1,400 marines and several warships to Shanghai with the avowed determination to reduce the Chinese to utter helplessness. She even threatens to close Shanghai harbor to Chinese vessels! Tokio does not appear to be bothered for a moment by the international complications that might be encountered in carrying out this plan. Several Powers have troops stationed at Shanghai, and they have treaty rights there no less sacred than those Japan claims in Manchuria. The representatives of these Powers will need the utmost tact to prevent a clash with the Japanese invaders. But far more serious is the fact of the Japanese invasion itself. Japan may, by juggling diplomatic phrases, be able to justify in international law her aggression in Manchuria, but she can never justify the hostile stand she has taken at Shanghai.

THE NEW stand-still agreement between German banks and industry and Germany's private short-term creditors is probably as good a solution as could have been reached under the circumstances. The agreement, to be effective for

one year, provides machinery for the conversion of short-term obligations, at the option of the creditor, into ten-year notes bearing interest at 6 per cent, and offers inducements to creditors to make such a conversion. With the existing uncertainty it was found undesirable to provide for any repayment of the short-term debt in fixed amounts at fixed intervals; the plan, therefore, is a flexible one, and the amount and times of repayment are to be subject to the decision of a committee. One significant feature of the report is its emphasis on the fact that Germany has already made the stupendous repayment of 5,000,000,000 marks since the autumn of 1930, an amount equal to nearly half the original short-term debt. But the terms of the agreement emphasize its own stop-gap nature. The all-important thing, as the creditors' committee insists, is to restore a basis for credit in Germany, which cannot be done without a final settlement of the reparations problem and of the inter-Allied debts which are intimately connected with it.

COMMUNIST DISTURBANCES appear to be gaining in number and in force. We shall doubtless see more of them as the depression wears on. Some of these outbreaks are obviously directed by the Communists; others have been spontaneous in nature, popular revolts against the hardships of the world-wide panic, which have, of course, played directly into the hands of the radicals. There is no proof that the British naval mutiny of last September was of Communist inspiration, though the radicals were quick to jump at the opportunity to make capital of the disaffection thus revealed. The Chilean naval mutiny which took place at about the same time was, however, openly and frankly led by the left. Since then Bolshevik agitators have conducted what for their purposes have been successful popular demonstrations in other South American countries, notably Peru. More recently the Communists, together with the anarchists and radical syndicalists, have induced great numbers of Spanish workers to join in the direct-action campaign against the newly established republic. The Spanish authorities have turned from promises to bullets in their efforts to quiet the working people. Getting closer to home, the Communists have taken advantage of the confusion in El Salvador that followed the overthrow of the government by a military clique. When it was learned that the Communists had taken several towns, the United States, British, and Canadian governments, realizing the danger to themselves, hurriedly dispatched warships to El Salvador. However, it may be doubted whether this universal unrest can be put down with bullets, or with anything less than world-wide economic recovery.

AN APPARENTLY FRIENDLESS NEGRO, Euel Lee, otherwise known as Orphan Jones, has been convicted in Towson, Maryland, on a charge of having murdered a farmer and his family. However we may regard the verdict itself, it must be said that the trial was conducted under circumstances far different from those which at one time threatened to make Lee another victim of Southern mob justice. The crime was committed in Worcester County on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Lee was arrested and charged with the murder, but so intense was the feeling against him that the county officials feared to keep him in the local jail. He was removed to Baltimore, then to Cam-

bridge, also on the Eastern Shore, only to be returned later to Baltimore. Meanwhile the people of the Eastern Shore clamored for what they called justice. In the midst of the furor another Negro was lynched in Worcester County, and this increased the agitation among the people. The Maryland Court of Appeals ruled that Lee could be tried on the Eastern Shore, but added in unmistakable language that the court in which he was tried and the authorities of the community would be held strictly responsible for any miscarriage of justice. Eventually, with the help of some of the more sober-minded residents of Worcester County, the State authorities succeeded in having the case transferred to Towson, a small town near Baltimore, where the trial was held in a quiet, dispassionate atmosphere.

FULLY ONE THOUSAND musicians are facing destitution in the city of New York, less than two and one-half years after the great stock-market crash, and a trifle less than two years after Herbert Hoover so confidently informed the American people, on March 8, 1930, that the unemployment was only a little more than seasonal, and that both unemployment and the depression would be a thing of the past in two months, that is, in May, 1930. A fund of \$300,000 is being raised to tide over these musicians—a pitifully small sum, particularly when one remembers the fact that many of them are musicians of the first rank, with corresponding responsibilities. Yet this is only one aspect of the injury that the depression has done to us on the cultural side. Who can measure the blow to education—the studios of these musicians who are also teachers are reported entirely empty—in various directions, or estimate the number of young people whose plans for a liberal education have had to be abandoned? Everywhere the story is the same. With half the theaters in New York City closed, as compared with a year ago, there are hordes of actors and actresses without the possibility of earning a cent. There are teachers who look in vain for places, while doctors and dentists and many lawyers, too, find themselves unable to obtain payment for services rendered to perfectly honest people who are eager to pay their debts but cannot. What a terrible responsibility those persons bear who put the United States into the World War, thereby placed in jeopardy the American Republic, and were shortsighted enough to believe in 1918 that they had won a victory!

LYTTON STRACHEY is dead at the age of fifty-two after an attack of paratyphoid fever. Never a prolific writer, his fame will rest upon three or possibly four books, but it appears about as secure as that of any contemporary. History will certainly remember him as the inventor of "the new biography," but it will probably conclude also that no one of his followers achieved any studies quite so finished, so balanced, and so perfect in their own way as his. Mr. Strachey was a cousin of St. Loe Strachey, for many years editor of the *Spectator*, and was himself essentially a bookish man, but he was also a picturesque personality and the wit which his bookishness enabled him to distil was very different from what is popularly associated with pedantry. We shall probably devote an essay to him in an early number of *The Nation*. For the present we can only express our regret over the removal of one of the most uniformly delightful of contemporary writers.

Nearing the Abyss

LET no one blink the facts. The European situation, and therefore the American situation, gets steadily worse. More than ever it seems that because of the incapacity of the present governments the world is approaching destruction. To what other conclusion can one come when one reads within a couple of days the news that the Lausanne conference has been indefinitely postponed; that Premier Laval seeks to evade the reparations and debts issue by postponing the consideration of this subject until after the French and American elections; that France, according to the Premier's announcement, will not yield an iota in her stand against disarmament without security; that Edouard Herriot violently assails, not only the Germans, but the United States for keeping itself aloof and not accepting a guaranty pact; that there is a break in the British Cabinet which compromises its action; and that the United States, in the form of an official memorandum, actually goes so far as to forbid the debtor nations to form a united front to present their case to us? Of the impudence of this last we shall have something to say later. As to the general situation, we can only point out that all this is wasting time when there is not a moment to be lost. Can anyone question the reasonableness of the comment of the *London News-Chronicle* that "unless some method is speedily devised to wind up definitely and finally the reparations liabilities, Europe will drift from the present confusion to absolute catastrophe"? Of this there are daily signs. There is not only the critical financial situation of Austria, Hungary, Rumania, and Greece, but the unemployment in Germany has risen to the unprecedented figure of 5,966,000 (an increase of 300,000 in two weeks), while the belief grows that Germany cannot much longer remain upon the gold standard.

Now if these facts, and many more, and the realization that the Hoover moratorium has only five more months to run cannot induce the politicians of Europe and the United States to handle the situation as sensible business men would, what can bring them to their senses? As things stand, it appears as if the French were determined to make the success of the Geneva disarmament conference impossible. At the same time, neither the English nor the French statesmen have made any definite plan, nor agreed upon any policy for the Lausanne conference, when that gathering finally meets, if ever. Yet it was on December 25 last that Ramsay MacDonald dramatically declared: "The British Government is perfectly ready—ready to meet at once. For God's sake, let us meet at once!" We have already seen a serious rift in his own Cabinet upon the tariff issue, which prevented his Foreign Minister from going to Paris to begin over again the weary round of conversations with the French. Is it any wonder that public sentiment in England looks toward an abandonment of all further interest in the attitudes of the United States and France, and favors devoting all the energies of the country toward developing the Empire by itself? Similarly in the United States the prevailing note is that we must write off all our bad debts, withdraw absolutely from Europe and from participation in every conference, and devote ourselves to carrying on as best we may with

as little association with the rest of the world as is humanly possible.

That way, of course, lies destruction. How often must it be said that the world is so interrelated that there can be no possibility of any one country working out of the depression without international cooperation? What we are witnessing is the paralysis of statesmanship abroad. To this we are contributing to the very best of our ability. The day after Walter Lippmann truthfully wrote that there was only one course for Europe which offered any hope, "that is to face the problem in Europe on the principle of European solidarity," we read Mr. Stimson's incredible notice to this same Europe that "the United States Government would look with displeasure on the formation of a united front by the debtor nations." This, it appears, was sent to Europe at the beginning of the year. It was enough in itself to paralyze every effort to bring the European nations to a wise agreement on tariffs, disarmament, reparations, joint action in the matter of currencies, and the gold standard. We cannot conceive of any greater effrontery or stupidity. It is dictation by the United States in a particularly offensive way, and it is bound to increase in all Europe the existing feeling of hostility to our government. As if this were not enough, we have Congress on record that it refuses to consider the reopening of the debt question or an extension of the moratorium.

Next, we have the reiteration of our stupid assertion that there is no connection between debts and reparations, just as if under the Young Plan reparations payments were not intimately related to the debt payments to America, and as if reductions in war-debt payments to the United States would not be passed on to Germany in the form of reduced demands for reparations; just as if Washington did not know that the instant Germany ceases payments to the Allies, the Allies will not pay us. Washington sits back and says every day that "the initiative must come from Europe in any further discussion of reparations and debts," and proceeds to make that initiative just as difficult as possible by forbidding a round-robin to the United States. This is utter folly. Apparently nothing can bring these alleged statesmen to their senses—not the plain evidence of the approaching bankruptcy of Europe, not the Communist uprising in Spain, not the Japanese aggression in Manchuria, not the revolt in India. Must it be said again that those whom the gods would destroy they first make mad? We can at least be grateful to the German Reich that the Chancellor has demanded a final decision on reparations prior to July 1. Until that question is definitely settled, none of the other great economic questions now pressing for solution can be settled. If there is not a show-down by then, it will doubtless be too late. The world cannot drift indefinitely. Every hour brings us nearer to the point where in several countries tortured humanity will rise and seek to smash everything in the hope that a new system of government, or no government at all, will bring them some relief from the terrible suffering and misery of the present situation. Into this the statesmen have got us; out of it they seem unable to find a road.

Doles for Industry

SOME organization to carry out the principal aims of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was indispensable in the present crisis, and President Hoover and Congress deserve praise for their recognition of this need and their promptness in meeting it. That the new corporation will be an ideal instrument for its purpose, however, can hardly be contended. It will be similar in its main outlines to the War Finance Corporation, with a capital of \$500,000,000 subscribed by the government. It is to have power to issue bonds and other obligations up to \$1,500,000,000 and to make loans from the proceeds. These loans may be made to farmers, to railroads, and to banks and other financial institutions. They may be made at any time during the next year, and the President may, if he wishes, extend this time for another year. No loan may be made for more than a three-year term, though it may be renewed, if necessary, for two years more. The corporation itself will have a life not longer than ten years, and may be dissolved sooner. It is to be managed by a board of directors of seven members, consisting of the Secretary of the Treasury (or the Undersecretary), the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, the Farm Loan Commissioner, and four other persons, of whom General Dawes has already been named.

The primary purpose of a corporation of this kind must be to promote general confidence, and government loans to help individual enterprises or to protect individual creditors can be justified only so far as they tend to achieve this end. This is perhaps another way of saying that the principal help should be extended to needy banks rather than to other forms of enterprise. From this point of view the corporation is authorized to make too many different kinds of loans. The act wisely provides that no loans are to be made for the purpose of initiating any enterprise, but unwisely excepts agricultural loans from this provision. It allocates \$200,000,000 of the funds of the corporation for loans direct to farmers, and though it provides that other loans shall be "fully and adequately secured," its only provision regarding these loans to farmers is that "a first lien on all crops growing, or to be planted and grown, shall, in the discretion of the Secretary of Agriculture, be deemed sufficient security for such loan or advance." When one adds up all the existing agencies for loans, direct or indirect, to the farmer, apart from his local bank, such as federal land banks (the capital of which is to be increased \$125,000,000), joint-stock land banks, federal intermediate credit banks, agricultural credit corporations, live-stock credit corporations (all of which may borrow in turn from the new corporation), not to speak of the well-known Farm Board, the need for these additional loans direct to the farmer is very dubious—particularly when one of his greatest difficulties already is his burden of debt. The corporation's proportion of losses under this head may be expected to be very heavy.

The chief reason for authorizing such loans seems political. Another purely political provision is that forbidding the corporation to make loans upon foreign securities or foreign acceptances. What this means, in effect, is that if a bank happens to hold Chicago and Eastern Illinois 5

per cent bonds, selling at about 16, or St. Louis and San Francisco 4½'s, selling at 25, the corporation will lend against them; but it will not lend against British Government bonds selling at 93, or French Government bonds selling at 110. This, of course, will make not the slightest difference to the European governments involved; the bonds have already been sold; but inability to borrow against such bonds might embarrass the banks that happen to have large holdings of them.

The Nation has already expressed the view that it would have been better to make all railroad loans directly through the Interstate Commerce Commission, and to make the banking loans through a separate banking corporation. This corporation or discount bank, moreover, could have issued emergency currency directly against the sound assets of banks (repeating the successful expedient of the Aldrich-Vreeland currency notes in 1914) instead of being forced to float huge bond issues.

The effect of the new corporation will depend to a very large extent upon the wisdom with which it is administered. There is no reason, on the one hand, why it should lend to borrowers who are able to find accommodation at reasonable rates from private sources; this would merely take business away from the commercial banks and would not help the general situation. On the other hand, it should not make any loans to institutions that are clearly insolvent—except, of course, when receivership already exists, in which case loans may be made against sound assets. The corporation's main function must be to help railroads, banks, and other institutions over difficulties that seem likely to be temporary. This means that the great part of its loans will be, so to speak, "twilight-zone" loans so far as safety is concerned; the taxpayer must expect a certain proportion of losses. Apart from the question of safety, the corporation should certainly not make loans to any bank or farm organization for the purpose of keeping either goods or securities indefinitely off the market. If it does not wish to repeat the folly of the Farm Board, it should insist on at least a gradual and orderly liquidation. It must not be made the instrument for holding up any industry's prices artificially, with the customary result of leaving the taxpayer to hold the bag. If these safeguards are taken, and if the funds of the corporation are not dissipated in utterly worthless loans—which would merely postpone the day of reckoning and make it much worse when it comes—then the corporation will act as a useful stimulant to confidence, though it cannot be the cure-all that so much recent Wall Street and Washington comment has implied.

A final word must be said of the corporation as a part of Mr. Hoover's policy. It is essentially a palliative, not a cure. It deals with the results of the depression and not with its causes. It puts all hands to the pumps to bail out the ship, but it does nothing to repair the leaks. Not until Mr. Hoover and Congress see the need for a lower tariff, and for a cancellation or at least a drastic reduction of the war debts—not, in brief, until they turn to the very things that they seem most determined to ignore—will they do anything to combat the present crisis at its source.

Improper Guardianship

THE tale of federal-government exploitation of the American Indians is well enough known in its general aspects. But too often certain phases of it escape attention. Specifically, therefore, the Pueblo lands bill, already introduced in Congress and probably to be considered this session, is worthy of the warmest championship by every possible agency. The bill, seeking ■ it does to make partial restitution to the Pueblo tribes for land of which they were unjustly deprived, should be passed even though, in a year of business depression, it demands three-quarters of a million dollars of federal funds. First, because it will settle once and for all the vexed question of land titles in that section of New Mexico, where land litigation has been going on for nearly a hundred years; secondly, because it will do justice to the Indians and restore to them compensation of which, by decision of the Pueblo Lands Board, they were unhappily deprived. By the terms of the Pueblo Lands Act of 1924 it was decided to compensate the Indians for land title to which had been transferred to whites, and to compensate white settlers who had been put off Indian lands. Appraisers were selected to determine the amount of the compensation; their findings set ■ total of \$1,892,878. But the Pueblo Lands Board, ignoring these findings—although it had chosen the appraisers—cut the compensation to about \$560,000. The pending bill allows the Pueblos an additional \$750,000.

The claim is entirely just, even modest, considering the value of the lands in question. But since it implies at least bad judgment on the part of the government agency which reduced the appraised values, it will be bitterly fought by the champions of the Pueblo Lands Board and of H. J. Hagerman, one of the board members. The Senate Committee on Indian Affairs is sponsoring the bill.

Less promising is the situation of the Apache Indians on the Mescalero Reservation of New Mexico. Here also the Committee on Indian Affairs, of which Senator Frazier is chairman, has issued a report. Briefly it tells ■ tale of heartless bureau exploitation. The Indian bureau which has charge of the reservation is supported by funds derived from the profits of Indian lands; the Indians themselves are in ■ state of privation and suffering; the bureau waxes fat and enjoys full and plenteous life. In 1930 the per capita expenditure by the bureau for every Indian living on the reservation was \$306. Senator Frazier's report declares: "If government in all its branches, national and local, were supported ■ lavishly, on a per capita basis, as is the Indian agency on the Mescalero Reservation, the tax fund would total more than \$36,000,000,000, or more than a third of the aggregate national income." It is worth adding that on reservations supported largely or wholly by government grant the per capita cost of operation ranges from around \$25 to something under \$50; that in the case of ■ number of them these amounts purchase efficient and humane service. As for the Mescalero expenditures, again to quote Senator Frazier's report: "The Indians' timber is being squandered on a lot of high-priced employees while the Indians are going without sufficient food and clothing." Robbing government wards of food and shelter to keep bureaucrats at work on fat salaries is not far short of the apex of meanness.

Paul M. Warburg

IT is related of Paul M. Warburg that shortly before the beginning of his fatal illness he said, "I have studied finance and economics and international trade all my life, and now, after these recent events, I have come to the conclusion that I know nothing whatever about any of them." We do not know whether the story is true or not, but it would be quite characteristic of the singularly modest, exceptionally able, and really learned man, whose intellectual equipment for his profession as financier and banker was probably not equaled by that of anyone else in America. Paul Warburg was the descendant of bankers who, for nearly two hundred years, have devoted themselves to the science of banking in Hamburg, where the house of Warburg continues with unsurpassed prestige. More than that, he devoted himself assiduously to the study of the difficult subjects with which by choice he associated himself. His removal to the United States brought about no change in the seriousness of his purposes or in his determination to keep himself abreast of every financial and economic development. It did, however, make of him a most loyal and devoted American.

It was soon after his arrival in this country that he became aware of the painful deficiencies and weaknesses of our banking world, and single-handed set himself to the task of convincing the members of his own profession, the editors of the country, and the intelligent public of the necessity of the central-banking system, which resulted, finally, in the establishment of the Federal Reserve banks. His loyalty to the land of his adoption, and his distinguished service as one of the original members of the Federal Reserve Board did not save Mr. Warburg from being the subject of suspicion and hostility during the World War, because of his German origin. It is to Woodrow Wilson's lasting discredit that he permitted Mr. Warburg to retire to private life when the latter's term expired in the middle of the war, less, in our judgment, because of Mr. Warburg's former German affiliations than because of the jealousy of certain men in high office who were his inferiors. So Mr. Warburg returned to New York and undertook the formation of the International Acceptance Bank. Not even here was this admirable character safe from partisan political attack by some of the demagogues in Congress; fortunately it was not within their power, as was said once by a distinguished French statesman of his enemies, to climb up to the lowest level of his contempt.

No one in a similarly influential position excelled Mr. Warburg in his feeling of responsibility to the public. Never was there a man who recognized more keenly the principle that wealth, like nobility, obliges. His generosity was without stint; his philanthropy ranged all over the world, and it was always intelligent, constructive, and farsighted. A patron of the arts, he never ceased to do what he could to advance the cultural development of the United States. There is hardly an office in this country which he could not have filled with distinction. As it was, his modesty made him shun proffered public contacts for which many another would have sought in vain. A leader among American Jews, it can truthfully be said of him that he set for his race in America an unsurpassable example of public service.

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



"**E**IN feste Burg ist unser"—Waldorf. With the proud elegance of a set of Mr. Woolworth's most elegant pepper and salt shakers, the towers of St. Nip and St. Tuck rear their shining domes toward heaven, and downstairs a small army of New York's Best proclaims the fact that the cohorts of "Mother, Home, and Heaven" are about to save the Republic for the ninety-thousand-eight-hundred-and-seventy-fifth time since it was founded by a group of radicals, half of them foreign-born, who in their desire to upset the existing form of government by "violence" had not hesitated to accept the military assistance and the pecuniary support of at least four different foreign nations.

"Ein feste Burg ist unser"—Waldorf. Those who believe in the second coming of Christ had had their meeting in the morning. Those who believe in the second coming of George Washington were entitled to a little whoopee of their own in the evening. Telegrams were read from everybody, including the president of the defunct American Federation of Labor. I missed one from Calvin Coolidge. Perhaps that "*Leader ohne Worte*" is a cleverer politician than we have sometimes thought. If he is going to make a fool of himself, at least he is not going to do it in public.

I don't know why I should have drifted into that place. Perhaps it was the desire to see a dear old classmate who certainly has gone far in the world. Well, he had not changed much. Perhaps it was the desire to come once more face to face with the same type of men and women who had talked so charmingly over the teacups of St. Petersburg and Moscow in the years 1906 and 1907, and who had been so hopelessly, so pathetically unaware of the changes that were taking place all around them that they had finally destroyed their country's civilization through the sheer heavy weight of their own crass ignorance.

Perhaps it was the unholy and un-Christian wish to see all those good and honest patriots being forced to stand up and sit down and sing and applaud at the instigation of a highly industrious citizen of foreign extraction who would desert their holy cause at a moment's notice.

Alas, all the meddling and all the side-taking in foreign affairs of which these honest and well-intentioned patriots and patriotesses have been guilty ever since the beginning of the Great War have bestowed a very doubtful blessing upon us, of which the Republic had before been entirely free. I refer to the *agent-provocateur*. Was that the snake of whom General Harbord spoke in his opening words—words that showed that the gallant General was a pretty poor naturalist, for otherwise he would have known what our farmers think of people who kill harmless and useful snakes "by instinct"? I have good reason to doubt it. Those Daughters and Sons

and Granddaughters of the profiteers who let the dear boys at Valley Forge starve because they preferred reliable English sovereigns to the doubtful American paper currency are a heaven-sent prey for all former Muscovite doorkeepers and imperial flunkys.

As I sat there I wondered where that great Gaelic chieftain was, who has panhandled these parts so successfully ever since the exigencies of the Great War forced him to give up his estates among the highlands of Caledonia and move to the sympathetic shores of the New World.

Those good people, then and there, were just about as sad a sight as I have seen since the afternoon some four years ago when I was invited to attend a tea in a stuffy old house not far from the rue de Rennes, and was obliged to sit on a little golden chair with one leg very precarious and listen to an amiable abbé who was explaining to his delighted audience that France would have a king in another six months.

After all, "*Ein jedes Tierchen hat sein eigenes Pläsierchen.*" If 3,000 people want to spend an evening that way, that is none of my business and I don't have to join them if I don't want to. If 3,000 other people want to listen to Ham Fish, who tells them that "we will emerge from this depression within the next year," and are eager to applaud him for his courageous utterance, well, why not? Right across the street 3,000 other people go wild with enthusiasm when they are told that in January, 1933, all the proletarians of the world will have strawberries with cream for breakfast every morning. And still others go and listen to Bishop Manning assuring them that faith will move deficits. It is all in the day's work and the more nonsense the merrier.

But being by nature and inclination a fervent anti-Communist, I wish to high heaven that Mr. Fish and his little playmates would go in for bridge or backgammon or sin; in short, would find some other way to burn up their surplus energy. What they are doing now is merely to play the game of Moscow a little more successfully than anybody else. They are straining every muscle of body and soul to make Stalin victorious. They are setting themselves up as the most ardent apostles of the nefarious Marxian creed. For they are giving their own show away. They are revealing to the rest of the world just exactly how childish and foolish that "world on top" is which has governed us for all these many years.

Dear Ham, this was a respectable little Dutch city once upon a time and I should hate like the devil to see it become a smelly proletarian paradise. Please stop making speeches. Another five years of that sort of thing and you and your friends will have converted everybody in the whole country to the doctrines of the late and sainted Lenin. Or if you have to listen to your own rhetoric, why not deliver your orations in Congress? There at least they won't do any harm. For nobody will listen.

"We Are All Bolsheviks"

By LOUIS FISCHER

Baku, December, 1931

BAKU means "city of winds." I arrived on a day when a gale from the Caspian was raising the roofs off the houses. The next day was like spring. "Baku," Chicherin once said, "is a finger pointing to Asia." The foreign commissar had his eye on the shape of the narrow Apsheron peninsula, and also on its political significance. The finger is slightly bent and seems to beckon, rather than merely point, to Asia. What happens in Baku arouses the interest of the entire Turanian East. The echo of social, political, and cultural events in Baku reaches Turkey, Persia, Turkestan, Afghanistan, parts of China, and even the Arabic world. The Bolsheviks know this well. The First Congress of Eastern Peoples, at which Zinoviev summoned Islam to a holy war against imperialism, was appropriately held in Baku, in 1920.

Baku is the capital of the autonomous Soviet republic of Azerbaijan. The inhabitants of this little state are a cross between Tartar and Turkoman. The Russians call them Tiurks. Their language is cognate to Turkish. Persian influence also appears. Baku is Shiite. Its village hinterland is Sunnite. Is? Perhaps "was" would be more correct. Most of the mosques in the city are closed. In 1924, when I first visited Azerbaijan, *Shaki-wakhsi*, that wild Mohammedan dance which consists of mutual ecstatic mutilation with swords and whips, had been proscribed. But the followers of the prophet worshiped undeterred. Though the Bolsheviks were smashing Greek orthodoxy, Islam still escaped. Political expediency determined policy. Three years later I watched communism's first wary steps against Allah. Today the floodgates of atheism are wide open.

In Azerbaijan a nationality has been born, and the little child may lead Asia. The East was its mother; Revolution its father. Bolshevism acted the midwife, and is now beginning to serve as kindergartner. The lad learns quickly. I have seen him at his studies.

The Baku Pedagogical Institute. A cold, dirty, noisy building in the heart of Baku. In the spacious library students worked quietly and diligently. I asked to see books in the new Latin alphabet. The old arabesque-like cursive script has practically disappeared. Printing-shops have discarded it though Bolshevik Tiurks confessed that they still used the Arabic A B C in personal correspondence. The new alphabet is easy to learn. After it was introduced, the literate population jumped from 11 per cent of the total in 1921 to 31.4 per cent in 1931. On the library shelves I saw physics, chemistry, and mathematics textbooks in Latin type and Tiurkish language. But Marx has not yet been transliterated and translated. There were four volumes of Lenin; Russian has twenty-seven. I found Stalin's "Questions of Leninism," Upton Sinclair's "One Hundred Per Cent," Turgenev's "Rudin," in fact, many Russian classics and a few volumes of new Soviet literature. Very few Western European books and comparatively little modern Russian *belles-lettres*, however, are available in Latin-Tiurkish.

I watch a class of future village teachers. Most of the students are fresh from a countryside only recently released from feudalism. They and the teacher are Tiurks. I obtain permission to interrogate the class. Very few can speak Russian, and those who do, butcher it. I ask: "Does not concentration on Tiurkish as a language of instruction cut you off from the rest of the Soviet Union? Will it not be difficult for a physician, say, who has mastered medicine in Tiurkish to practice it anywhere except in Azerbaijan? Does it not limit your horizon and stimulate a nationalism which is separatist?"

They are just learning to think. In Tiurkish, nevertheless, they are eloquent. "Stalin," they all tell me, "has declared that the form of culture may be national while the content is socialistic." Only when we get down to an interpretation of this formula, do their minds begin to work. "Every ethnic unit," they say, "must have its own language and culture. We are to teach illiterates and poor peasants. We must know their language. We also study Russian—one hour a day. We want to have contact with the rest of the Union. Of course we lack sufficient printed matter in Tiurkish."

"Will not ignorance of Russian," I ask, "establish a bond between you and other Turanian lands rather than one with Russia?"

They point a Marxian gun at me. "Turkey, Persia, and other Turanian countries are bourgeois. Class interests connect us with Russia. Marx said, 'Proletarians of all countries, unite.' What if we cannot speak German or French? Our common economic aims and our membership in the same class make us brothers."

I precipitate a discussion of pan-Turanianism, and mention Enver Pasha. "It is a bourgeois movement," I hear, "by means of which the ruling classes stimulate patriotism and mislead the oppressed masses." By this time the three girls in a class of twenty-five have warmed to the issue and are participating animatedly in the debate. "Very well," I say, "you maintain that class is all-important. The proletariat must bridge the chasm of race and unite with the workers of all other nationalities. That is your education; books tell you that. But what about biology, feelings? Can you overcome the traditional Tiurkish hate for the Armenian, for instance?" (Before the revolution the Tiurks periodically massacred the Armenians in Baku, and periodically the Armenians massacred the Tiurks.)

I get categorical replies. The students contend that there is now a great deal of intermarriage, first between Russians and Jews on the one hand and Tiurks on the other—the three sisters of Barinov, Russian president of the Baku Oil Trust, for instance, have Tiurk husbands—and of late between Armenians and Tiurks. One young man says he has an Armenian wife.

Propagandists' School. Accompanied by a member of the Collegium of the Azerbaijan Commissariat of Education, a Tiurk, and by the Tiurkish director of the Baku

Training School for Party Agitators, I go from class to class. These men and women will soon be Communist Party secretaries in villages or factories, or party organizers and propagandists. They are all Young Communists (*Komsomols*) and all Tiurks. I cross-examine one group for an hour and a half. I provoke them consciously. I want to see how much bolshevism these new Soviet intellectuals of a backward race have assimilated. Twenty students, among them six women, are seated around the sides of a room at old-fashioned slant-top desks. Everybody wears an overcoat. The women wear shawls around their heads. "Are you all against capitalism?" I begin.

"All."

"Weren't you too young to understand anything when capitalism still existed here? How do you know it is bad?"

"Capitalism means exploitation, unemployment."

"Yet three years ago you had considerable unemployment in the U. S. S. R. and America relatively little."

"Capitalism," they insist, "exposes the workers to the permanent threat of crises."

"Is this the last crisis of capitalism?"

Some say no, some yes. The crisis will end in war or revolution.

"But how can there be a revolution in America, for instance, when the Communist Party has only 15,000 members? Incidentally, can you explain why the party is so small when America has 10,000,000 unemployed?"

"The crisis will last long," is the synthetic reply. "The standard of living will drop. The workers will lose hope. They will then flock to the party. The American capitalist class encourages hatred between whites and blacks and between the skilled and unskilled in order to prevent proletarian unity. It will come, however."

I see that I am not getting far with this question, so I proceed. "You contend that capitalism is collapsing. The system is weak. How is it, then, that when the Soviet Government needs good machines it buys them from the foreign bourgeoisie? When a woman yearns for something fine to wear, she thinks of imported silk stockings and jersey jumpers from Germany. My suit is probably better than yours because it comes from abroad. Is that proof that capitalism is on its last legs?"

The first answer is from a girl. "The Five-Year Plan will put this country ahead industrially," she declares. "Then we too will produce quality commodities."

I agree, but that does not answer my question.

A young man: "We are just beginning to come out into the world. Whatever we wear, it is better than we or the like of us owned before the revolution."

I demand a more direct reply.

"Yes," one student ventures, "capitalism manufactures these goods, but who benefits? They are not for the masses."

I explain again: "How can you believe in the imminent fall of capitalism when it is still in a position to turn out objects which the Soviets covet and imitate?"

Finally the chap delivers an oration. "Will you tell us," he perorates, "why, though America can produce so well, she nevertheless has misery, wholesale unemployment, and widespread suffering? It is these social by-products of capitalism, and not these material goods-products, which are a measure of its strength and weakness." The class applauds.

I ask another: "When the Soviet Government places orders abroad it helps to solve capitalist problems. It relieves some unemployment. How is it that the Bolsheviks engage in such counter-revolutionary activity? I was under the impression that Moscow aimed to undermine capitalism."

"The Soviet Government," an eager young Tiurk asserted, "is taking as much as it can get from the bourgeoisie. It is buying from it the means of building up heavy industry so that next year or in the next *Piatiletka* we shall not be so dependent on foreign countries."

"But if you understand this, doesn't capitalism? Why, then, does the bourgeoisie help you build socialism?"

"Because capitalism has no plan. Firms compete with one another. They want a profit and take it wherever they can get it."

"And I had always thought that capitalists were class-conscious."

"They are. Nevertheless, their interest in their purse is greater than in their class."

I shift to another subject, the last. "Abroad they say there is no liberty in the Soviet Union. Is that true?"

A girl declares: "We have freedom to study. We did not have it before. We enjoy national autonomy in Azerbaijan, as do all nationalities in the U. S. S. R."

"Yes, but is there freedom of expression?"

"We have Soviet elections. Our newspapers are full of self-criticism."

"Now listen. Is there a bourgeoisie in Russia?"

"A sorry remnant," and all laugh.

"Are there kulaks?"

"Indeed, there are."

"Then why doesn't the bourgeoisie have its societies and meetings? Why can't the kulaks have their newspapers?" I saw smiles on many faces. Really, such questions sound queer in this country. A young woman with fiery eyes who had remained silent all the time raises her hand and offers to reply.

"This is a dictatorship of the proletariat," she says. "The workers and the peasants have liberty. We do not grant freedom to our enemies."

"Nevertheless," I interrupt, "capitalist countries permit foreign Communist parties to exist and to publish their organs."

"Because they are afraid to suppress them," she retorts. "They know the proletariat will protest."

Women's Ali Bairamov Club. A former millionaire's mansion. This institution is known throughout the East. It takes women who are illiterate or semi-illiterate and gives them first a general education (I saw arithmetic, geography, and elementary-physics groups), and then teaches them political science and the elements of a trade—typing, clerking, and the like. All free of charge. There is a *crèche* where they may leave their children during the study hours. The girls and women are for the most part wives or grown-up daughters of workers, government officials, artisans, ex-merchants, all of them non-Communist, usually housewives. I go from class to class. These women would have been harem slaves but for the revolution. Not a few are ravishing beauties with long arched eyebrows, long curled lashes, olive complexions, and big piercing eyes. They all wear scarves of Oriental coloring around their heads and shoulders, but none

are veiled. Yet this scarf could serve as well. I notice that some girls occasionally cover their mouths with this draping.

Many of them speak Russian. They are city people. The male teacher is explaining Stalin's recent speech on industrial and labor reforms. At an appropriate moment I am granted a question period. Here, if anywhere, it seems, the family must have received a jolt from the revolution. "Do not the new Soviet laws," I ask, "the dropping of the veil, the abolition of harems, weaken the family?"

No response. Apparently, nobody has ever heard of the argument so common abroad. Some women make groping attempts at a reply. "Girls don't marry as young as they used to," I am told. "Even in the villages girls below sixteen, and in the cities below eighteen, are not permitted to marry. Before we had child marriage."

"Are there many divorces?"

"Yes, many."

I return to my original query. I say: "Parents now have less influence. The mosque has lost its power. Girls aren't given away in marriage any more. Doesn't this undermine the family as an institution?" It does not go over. I decide to try again in another classroom.

"Tell me," I demand of the second group, "what the Soviet regime gave you. Would you be better or worse off had there been no revolution?" I hear one Tiurkish word, one of the three I understand: "Worse." "Why?"

"The revolution gave us freedom. We can study. We do not have to wear the *chadra* [veil]."

It would be a pity indeed if some of these pretty faces were hidden. I ask: "How many of your mothers are literate?" Not one hand goes up. I cannot believe it. "None of your mothers can read or write in any language?"

"No, no, no."

"How many of you never wore veils?" Five hands rise. I count the number of girls and women in the room. Thirty-one. "How many discarded the veil after you commenced your studies in this club?" About half a dozen. There seems to be something wrong. The students are arguing with one another in Tiurkish. Now an interesting secret emerges. Fathers and husbands often object to the exposed face. Many girls wear the veil at home or even in the street and only lift it when they enter the clubhouse. The club does not permit them to veil themselves. The girls all assert, however, that none of them are convinced wearers of the veil. They veil to avoid trouble in the family.

"How many go to mosque?" Laughter.

"Mosques?" one woman exclaims. "Are there any open?"

An Evening at the Opera. Opera in the Tiurkish language. There are very few. "Carmen" is being translated. Tonight they play "Shah Ismail," an old, pre-war production adapted from the Persian and somewhat changed to suit the present. An emir's daughter kills her father because he will not allow her to marry the shah's son whom she loves and who loves her. This is the only "revolutionary" thread. It certainly is not proletarian literature, and it would be impossible in Moscow. The plot revolves around the shah, who dreams one night that his son will dethrone him and accordingly sends him to the battlefield. The hero is the fat, pudgy prince who sings in the typical falsetto wail-tone

of the Arabs. He is applauded whenever he appears. For him the orchestra of Western instruments does not play. One musician accompanies him on a *tar*, a pearl-inset fiddle shaped like a gourd out of which has grown half a grapefruit. This the audience understands and loves. I had heard such music before in Cairo, in Jerusalem, in Bokhara. This is, at bottom, an Eastern people with an Arab-Moslem culture.

The audience is terribly noisy. The conductor taps two minutes for silence, and begins before he gets it. A constant buzz fills the auditorium. Out of the old religious habit, many men wear their round, flat caps. There is about one woman to every ten men in the audience. A nationality learning to walk culturally. That is my impression of the evening.

An Interview with Bunjat-Zade. Premier Bunjat-Zade, chairman of the Azerbaijan Council of People's Commissars, a veteran Tiurk Bolshevik, with a mutilated face which makes him look cross-eyed when he shows you three-quarters of it and normal-eyed when he turns all of it, said: "Ignorance of Russian does tend to weaken the bond with the rest of the Union. It is unfortunate that we lack many books in the new Latin script. Without Russian, students are hampered in their development. We must correct this error. We have gone to the other extreme. The pan-Turanian movement is no longer a danger to us. Russification aided it. Czarist designs on the Dardanelles had the same effect. Our intelligentsia used to be under Turkish influence. Religion was the greatest factor in determining the relations of the Tiurks to Turkey. Now Russification is dead. We do not want the Straits. We have our own universities, sixteen of them in Baku where there was none before the revolution. Religion is fading. We bar literature from Turkey. Kemal Pasha has abolished the fez. Women are discarding the veil in Turkey. Religion in Turkey feels the impact of Soviet atheism. We have reversed a historic process. Formerly light came to us from Turkey. Now our cultural influence spreads to Turkey. Azerbaijan industry is expanding by leaps and bounds, and the number of workers mounts each month. They are the best bond with the Union. The monarchy retarded the economic development of the empire's periphery. It used us as colonies, taking our raw materials but stunting manufactures. The Leninist national policy, on the other hand, gives free rein to autonomous economic growth. No, we do not discriminate against other nationalities. Armenians, Russians, Jews, Persians—all have their separate schools in their national tongues. In the central government offices 50 per cent of the officials are Tiurk, 35 per cent Russian, and 15 per cent Turkish. Russians are coming from the north, and they are welcome because we need trained people of all kinds. We receive subsidies from Moscow and Tiflis. We are backward. We must make up for time lost before the revolution. We therefore need outside assistance. But what if we are dependent on Moscow? That means that we are dependent on ourselves. We have our own division officered by Tiurks, and our own police. Under czarism, all village administrators were Russians. Now all are Tiurks. We need materials from other parts of the Union. There are also Russian troops here, but it is not like a British army. It is not an occupational army. We are all one. We are all Bolsheviks. Autonomous nationalism is the shell. The kernel is socialism."

The Disarmament Conference Meets*

By DAVID W. WAINHOUSE

IT is a mistake to speak of the disarmament conference as a single conference. It will be more nearly seven conferences rolled up in one. There will be conferences on land armament, naval armament, air armament, and chemical armament; conferences on the methods of limitation, on the problem of supervision, and on the political foundations underlying an arms-limitation agreement.

The conference will be the most panoramic, ambitious, and sweeping international congress ever attempted in history. There is nothing remotely comparable to it, and this is said with due regard for the magnitude of the Versailles conference in 1919, which was, to be sure, a vast affair, but restricted in scope. It did not include neutrals, enemies, or Soviets, and dealt with matters confined to a relatively limited geographical area. The present conference will involve not merely three nations or five nations, as have previous international assemblies on this subject, but fifty-two nations; not only members of the League or of the general community of Western Powers, but non-League members as well and Soviet Russia, with interests, needs, traditions, prejudices, and problems as conflicting and as varied as the society of nations can offer.

The query then arises: If it took three nations—the United States, Great Britain, and Japan—a decade to reach a mere stabilization accord on naval armaments, where the main factors of comparison are relatively simple, and that at a very high figure, what is going to happen with fifty-two nations trying to reach an agreement on seven broad lines at the General Conference? Without venturing a definite answer, it is sufficient to say that the task before the conference is one which cannot be solved in a single session or by a single agreement. It will be a recurrent conference, for whatever it accomplishes in this first session, much will be left undone. In the present state of political tension in Europe, it will not attempt to bite off too much. The feeling on the part of many foreign offices is to proceed by stages, and these necessarily must be spread over a long period of time. In this sense the disarmament conference must be regarded as the first universal step in arms limitation and reduction.

The delegates who will gather at Geneva will deliberate on the terms of reference set out in a skeleton-draft convention for the limitation and reduction of armaments. The draft is of a most preliminary sort, yet it took nearly four years of the Preparatory Commission's time to evolve it. The debates which ensued during the growth of this draft foreshadow the lines of policy which the nations will take at the conference.

Military Personnel. The armies, or land effectives as they are technically known, of nations are either professional, conscript, or a combination of both. The United States, Great Britain, and Germany are examples of nations which possess the professional type; France, Italy, Japan, Poland, and the Little Entente have conscript armies. The profes-

sional type is costly, and since it carries a long period of enlistment—three years in the United States, twelve years in Germany, and twelve years in Great Britain—it is said to be more efficient in proportion to its size than the conscript type. The latter consists of men who are called to the colors for a limited period of time and then pass on to civilian life as "trained reserves," subject to call for further service to keep in training or for active service in time of war. While those nations which are on the "professional" system maintain armies more or less fixed in number, a conscript system enables a country to build up a large reserve force.

The important question arises whether "trained reserves" should be included in estimating the military strength of a nation. It is natural that the governments with the professional type should want to count "trained reserves" in calculating that strength, as well as to limit their number. France and her conscriptionist allies have refused to yield and in fact have won a preliminary skirmish by persuading Great Britain to abandon her opposition. The United States, in principle, has stood for reckoning "trained reserves," but she too abandoned opposition because she felt the matter was of no immediate concern to her interests as a military Power. The issue of whether "trained reserves" are to be counted and limited in a nation's armed strength will arise to plague the conference, for Germany has given notice that she will sign no arms agreement which leaves other nations free to build up a military reserve while she herself remains bound to observe the disabilities imposed upon her in this respect by the Treaty of Versailles.

Land Armaments. The difficulty here arises over the method of limitation. Should land armaments be limited directly, that is, by enumeration—so many rifles, so many tanks, so many horses, so many guns—or should they be limited indirectly, that is, by fixing the amounts each nation is to spend? The limitation of land armaments will be more affected by European political considerations than will any other technical subject at the conference. Direct limitation stops competition in quantity, but it places a premium on quality. One need only illustrate this by citing the example of the Ersatz-Preussen type of cruiser. In spite of the direct limitation of armaments imposed upon Germany by the Treaty of Versailles, she has, nevertheless, by the ingenuity of her marine engineers, succeeded in setting afloat a 10,000-ton cruiser stronger than any other on the seas. Indirect limitation shifts the emphasis from quality to quantity. The most effective method is a combination of the direct and indirect.

The voting in the Preparatory Commission revealed that the United States was the only great Power opposed to budgetary limitation in any form. Russia, Germany, and Italy, while opposed to budgetary limitation alone, favored it in combination with direct limitation.

As for material in reserve, notwithstanding the fact that Article VIII of the League of Nations Covenant obliges all League members "to interchange full and frank information as to the scale of their armaments, their military,

* A second article by Mr. Wainhouse, America's Role at the Conference, will appear next week.—EDITOR THE NATION.

naval, and air programs, and the condition of such of their industries as are adaptable to warlike purposes," France, Poland, Japan, the Little Entente, and several others have refused so far to honor this obligation. They say that to reveal their military stores would reveal their strength or weakness to the whole world, and this is militarily undesirable. Holland alone has revealed information concerning her military stores, and the United States is willing to exchange full and frank information even though she is not a member of the League. Those who are against publicity are so sensitive about the subject that they will attempt to keep it from reaching the conference. Yet it is a matter of vital concern, for if a nation's active material is limited and its reserve is not, limitation becomes nonsense.

Naval Armaments. The United States will endeavor to keep the naval Powers—Great Britain, particularly—from reopening the naval problem anew. She feels that the Washington and London treaties have settled this until 1936, when another naval conference is due to be held. The task at Geneva in February, the United States contends, will be to fit, as far as possible, the non-signatories into the framework of the London treaty, that is, to solve primarily the problem of Franco-Italian naval parity. The British government, however, has made it known that it will press for a reduction in the size of capital ships. If our professional sailors resist, the United States government will place itself in the position of being the lone defender of these costly floating fortresses.

Air Armaments. The problem of aerial armament will be one of the most perplexing in the conference. It arises because of the relation between civil and military aviation. All are agreed that in any limitation of air armaments it is essential to avoid hampering the development of civil aviation. The difficulty in divorcing the military from the civil may be seen from the purposes expressed in "The Fundamental Naval Policy of the United States": "to give every encouragement to civil aviation with a view to advancing the art and to providing aviators and aircraft-production facilities available for war." The laws of gravitation make no distinction between a bomb dropped from a commercial plane and one dropped from a military plane. Civil aircraft obviously should not be limited, yet a commercial plane is as potential a bomber as a military plane. The futility of the merely technical approach to the limitation of armaments is nowhere so apparent as in the matter of aerial armaments. A mere agreement on the size, number, and horse-power of military airplanes would amount to just a nibbling at the problem.

Chemical Armaments. A chemist once said that disarmament means no more military parades. He meant by that that chemical warfare and its vast potential use in future wars will displace "visible" armaments. Here is a branch of warfare which cannot possibly be reached directly by international agreement, because it is so closely interlocked with scientific development and industries of peace. Chlorine is used for bleaching, yet it is a potential weapon in itself and the mother of many others. The idea that any agreement can be drafted during peace times which will hold when nations are in the clutches of war hysteria, and which will force them to obey gentlemanly rules of conduct in refraining from the use of these weapons, is a chimera. In the annual report of the Secretary of War for 1930,

page 126, we find this statement which is typical of war departments all over the world: "It would, moreover, be an extremely hazardous policy to rely on an international agreement as a complete protection against chemical attack. In a death struggle for existence, there would always be the danger that a nation in dire straits would resort to chemical weapons if it saw in that agency the means of escaping defeat and achieving victory."

The problem of finding a solution for chemical armaments, like that of air and other armaments, will not be solved so long as nations insist that they are the sole judges of the *raison d'être* of armaments.

The Problem of Supervision. The idea of supervising the kind and amount of armaments which a nation possesses is so novel to states afflicted with the sovereignty complex that it is astonishing that the Preparatory Commission should have succeeded in laying the foundation for the creation of a Permanent Disarmament Commission the duty of which will be to watch over the execution of the disarmament convention when and if it comes into force. That such a commission will be very necessary all states now agree. This is a matter of the highest importance, for it contemplates continuous supervision of the state of world armaments. The duties of the Permanent Commission will be to collect, collate, and disseminate information on armament and to follow the execution of the arms agreement. The commission is to hear complaints by any signatory of a violation of the treaty, to investigate, and to report its findings, for any violation of the provisions of the agreement is declared to be a matter of concern to all the contracting parties.

This is the most constructive proposal which the Preparatory Commission has evolved in its four years of deliberation. Armament is the highest manifestation of a nation's conceit, and a definite preliminary agreement to subject it to some form of control is revolutionary. It is a beginning in the right direction.

Political Issues. Difficult as are the technical problems, those on the political side present even graver difficulties. Politics arose at the Washington conference in 1921-22, at the London naval conference in 1930, and nothing short of a miracle can prevent it from arising at the General Disarmament Conference in 1932. In fact, France has already announced to the world the principles which will guide her armament delegation. They are set forth in a most elaborate memorandum to the League of Nations, issued on July 21, 1931, in a manner so clear and logical that there can be no mistaking her attitude. It constitutes the classic expression of the "security-school" thesis. To her, the conference affords the greatest opportunity for organizing peace in terms of security. If the nations of the world stand ready to offer each other pledges of mutual assistance in case of aggression, progress in the reduction of armaments is assured. But if the nations insist on transforming the conference into a class in arithmetic—a mere mechanical gun-for-gun pruning—France and her allies will keep what they have and even ask for more.

The problem of armaments can scarcely be touched without raising the fundamental question of the policy of states, for weapons exist to enable a nation to support its policies. These policies very often conflict with those of other states. It explains why every disarmament conference degenerates into an armament conference. Progress in the

solution of the problem of armaments, therefore, demands the reconditioning of these conflicting interests of the different states.

A nation's insistence on security may be satisfied by piling up armaments which give it a superiority over its neighbors; or the desire for security may be satisfied with a positive assurance of international support in case of aggression. The first alternative contributed to the disaster of 1914. While nations in general are agreed that the limitation and reduction of armaments is a program for international reform, they are not agreed as to what organization, if any, they will build, instead of huge armaments, to give them this security against aggression. It is here that we reach the cleavage between the Latin way of organizing peace and the Anglo-Saxon.

The primary issue which will transcend all others at the conference will be whether the "organization of peace" is to proceed along the lines set out by those who believe that *wars cause arms* or by those who believe that *arms cause*

wars. Stating it roughly in another way, the "wars-cause-arms" school, sometimes labeled the "security" school, regards armaments as a symptom and not the disease of the international body politic. To reduce armaments, it argues, it is first of all necessary to eradicate the disease. The "arms-cause-wars" school, sometimes called the "disarmament" school, regards armaments as the disease and wars as a symptom. To lessen the occurrence of war, this school holds, it is first of all necessary to reduce armaments. What is disease to one school is a symptom to the other, and vice versa. The history of the disarmament movement in the past decade has been an interplay of these two schools of thought.

It is true that the adherents of one school or the other are primarily influenced by their respective national policies. Thus, the idea of the reduction of armaments is basically the problem of the organization of peace, and as such it involves not only the recasting of the military systems of the world, but the reconditioning of national policies as well.

Johnson for President?

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, January 23

HIRAM JOHNSON'S investigation of foreign loans and the resulting predicament of the State Department continue to occupy the center of the capital stage. Without a single assistant, and despite much furtive obstruction, the doughty Hiram has uncovered a series of financial and political scandals that are attracting almost as much public interest as those which attended the oil leases. The high point attained thus far was the disclosure that the State Department successfully exerted pressure on American bankers to complete a \$20,000,000 loan to Colombia while successfully pressing the Colombian government to restore the vast Barco oil concession to a syndicate controlled by the Mellon-owned Gulf Oil Corporation. With his inimitable talent for doing the worst possible thing in the worst possible way at the worst possible time, Secretary Stimson withheld from the Senate investigating committee correspondence, touching these two subjects, which had passed between the State Department and the American legation in Colombia. However, apparently perceiving that this blunder fell somewhat short of perfection, he reconsidered and produced parts of the messages which related solely to the loan, but deleted those parts in which the loan was connected with the oil concession, explaining his decision on the following grounds: (1) that it would be "contrary to the public interest" to disclose those particular parts, and (2) that they already had been "accurately and fully" disclosed in the testimony of Assistant Secretary White! The methods employed to unload hundreds of millions of shaky foreign securities in this country—always with the assent of the State Department—cannot be fully appreciated without hearing some of the stories privately related to Johnson by officials of small-town banks. Not only were they informed bluntly by powerful New York bankers that certain numbers of bonds were being "reserved" for them, but some of them declare that national-bank examiners quietly sug-

gested it would be wise to "diversify" their holdings by purchasing such bonds. There is no doubt that the failure of many small banks is largely attributable to the purchase of bonds which later became practically worthless.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

IT must be obvious by now that Hiram's spectacular success with the investigation is not diminishing his availability as an opponent of Hoover for the Presidential nomination. Politicians know that letters from the people constitute a reliable barometer of public interest and sentiment, and just now the volume of congratulatory mail received by Johnson exceeds that of any ten men in the Senate. The truth is that within a month the Californian has succeeded in getting his hands on two of the liveliest political issues in the United States—debt cancellation and foreign loans. He has dramatized himself as the champion of American isolation, and anyone who minimizes the force of the isolationist and nationalistic spirit now sweeping this country is blind. Whether or not to enter the Republican primaries against Hoover is a question on which Johnson is postponing a decision. Competent observers agree that he would have no difficulty in carrying California over its itinerant other son, that he would sweep Illinois, Indiana, and probably Pennsylvania, to say nothing of Minnesota and North Dakota. It is true that victories in the States having Presidential primaries would still leave him far short of a majority in the convention, but the psychological effect on delegates from other States would be tremendous. The consideration really deterring him is the fear that he might succeed in eliminating Hoover, only to have the convention plump for someone like Dawes or Coolidge, who would have a chance to win the election. Doubtless it is the same consideration which impels dozens of standpat Republicans, including many of the leaders, to besiege him daily with entreaties to become a candidate. Borah could accomplish

the same results, but if either runs, it will, in my judgment, be Johnson. Senator Norris is thoroughly convinced that Governor Roosevelt will be the Democratic nominee and that he will beat Hoover, and he is opposed to disturbing that picture. Uncle George is always interested in the ultimate objective.

* * * * *

THE La Follette-Costigan bill, providing for a federal appropriation of \$375,000,000 to be distributed among the States for unemployment relief before July 1, 1933, has been favorably reported by the Senate Committee on Manufactures, thus setting the stage for what promises to be one of the bitterest battles of the session. It is an exceptionally thoughtful and well-drawn measure, under which 40 per cent of the money would be allotted to the several States in proportion to their respective populations, the remaining 60 per cent constituting a reserve fund to be apportioned among the States on the showing that local resources were not sufficient to meet the needs. It establishes careful standards of expenditure and administration for the States, and intrusts federal administration to a board that would be headed by that enlightened, sympathetic, and indefatigable public servant, Miss Grace Abbott, chief of the Children's Bureau. Nevertheless, if the Quaking Quaker adheres to the same blind attitude he has heretofore maintained toward all measures intended to relieve anyone except banks, railroads, insurance companies, and similar mendicants, the cry of "dole" will be raised promptly and the fight will be on. I am not so certain he will raise it. Having just sponsored and approved a \$2,000,000,000 dole to the very people who created the present situation, he may hesitate to oppose a smaller dole to its victims.

* * * * *

BUT notwithstanding how often he trims his policies to the political winds, poor Mr. Hoover may always be trusted to get in trouble through his appointments. The latest demonstration is his nomination of Thad Brown for the federal Radio Commission, and of District Judge Wilkerson for the federal Circuit Court of Appeals. Brown is a political hack from Ohio, whose chief distinction is that he was a "Hoover man" in 1920, when the Great Shifter was a candidate for the Presidential nomination on both the Republican and Democratic tickets. During his tenure as chief counsel for the Radio Commission much of his time has been spent in composing and delivering political speeches. Members of the present commission are against him, openly or covertly. Senator Jim Couzens warned Hoover in characteristically vigorous language that Brown would not be confirmed by the Senate, but with his peculiar genius for rejecting advice from those best qualified to give it, the President sent in Brown's name. His confirmation is extremely doubtful and can be accomplished only after a struggle in which he and Hoover will sustain grievous wounds. The appointment cannot be explained on any rational ground except a desire to insure Republican control of the radio during the coming Presidential campaign. Judge Wilkerson has two claims to general fame—that he sentenced Al Capone to prison, and that he issued the notorious injunction against the striking railway shopmen. It was Harry Daugherty who got him on the bench and it was Daugherty

who got him to issue the injunction in the shopmen's strike. As a matter of fact, he has issued injunctions more drastic in character. Before the Senate Judiciary Committee finishes, it may be possible to give a report of his conduct in the Capone case which will upset the popular impression. The promised inquiry into his practice of appointing receivers for large corporations should provide still more interesting revelations. Heroes are all right, but let us know the stuff they are made of.

Of Two Eternities

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

In the City

The fancy new apartments on our street
were not thought finished till men set in trees
and laid a two-foot lawn around the walls
with tiles of turf; there fences iron pronged
soon made it safe for grass and flowers to grow.
The builders did not put them there for love
or any such good reason that I know
but as an extra that the architect threw in
for which they'd fetch a double in the rent.

The trees were little; you could count the leaves,
could shut a girl's hand round their slender trunks;
yet somehow, in their sight, the stones looked frail.
The pillars tired, the arches faint, their strength
but an arrested falling-down, a being caught
upon a ray of gravitation.
Beside this stayed collapse, the springing trees
with their up thrust ambitiously brushed sky.
So too the living grass so young, strong, green,
paled grayer with its green the slabs of mortar;
made them seem overleavened cakes of dust,
a tap would some day brittle and puff out.
The tree, the grass, these are the permanent.
Their seeds, like bombs, in time will toss the stones.

In the Country

We had a spring, a good walk from the house,
we used to draw from when the well went dry.
It had been cased in stone and boarded over.
The cracks were wide enough for doors for frogs;
and rotwood splinters, crumbs of rust dropped in,
and scrapings from our soles; all these impured
the water and came forth on us in boils.

We dipped it out and with a strong cement
of granite gravel a thick cover made.
Its curb stood solid over dropping grass,
dead limbs beside it from a dying tree,
and hollow nuts, and more aborted life
of seeds dried in the husk or eaten out.

This lid was not more than three feet across;
a few steps off, sight lost it under trees.
Yet in that molded stone I saw a town
and saw a town's persistence and its strength:
the will of man who has domesticated stone
till roads breed villages, villages towns.

Starvation and the "Reds" in Kentucky

By OAKLEY JOHNSON

PINEVILLE is the county seat of Bell County, adjoining Harlan County, where occurred the bitter United Mine Workers' strike last spring. The leadership of the United Mine Workers disavowed the strike, and the hundreds of blacklisted Harlan miners, thus deserted and without resources, were given relief for over half a year by the National Miners Union. The latter has proceeded to organize the miners not only of Harlan County but of all Kentucky and Tennessee, and as a result a second strike, much more extensive than the Harlan affair, was called January 1, involving not only Harlan but Bell, Knox, Whitley, and other counties, with at least 10,000 miners answering the call.

The Harlan County operators and officials met the original strike with gun thugs and terror. In Bell County, despite a more favorable sentiment among the people generally, and despite an organization of strike activities so thorough that attack on the strike itself is difficult, a second terror, less open but more insidious, is getting under way. The fact that the National Miners Union is Communist-led gives the local officials, controlled as they are by the operators, opportunity to bring in the bogies of "atheism" and "foreigners" and to use the statute on criminal syndicalism in an attempt to imprison for long terms not merely those alleged to have counseled specifically violent resistance to mine deputies, as in the Harlan court cases, but those who are organizing the strike, giving relief to the miners' families, reporting the progress of the strike to the Communist periodicals, or even defending in court the organizers and relief workers who have been arrested—on the ground that one and all are Communist and therefore violators of the statute.

The chief of police of Pineville, Pearl Osborne, with his deputies, raided the National Miners Union headquarters on January 4 and arrested nine persons—six women and three men—holding them on a search warrant only, individual warrants being made out afterward when the defendants had given their names. Two were news reporters—Ann Barton of the *Federated Press* and Vern Smith of the *Daily Worker*; two were managers of the Workers' International Relief—Clarina Michelson and Norma Martin. Allan Taub, an attorney from the International Defense who came specifically to defend the nine arrested persons, was also arrested within two hours after he arrived, bringing the total to ten. The others were John Harvey, V. Komenovich, Julia Parker, Dorothy Ross Weber, and Margaret Fontaine. All were charged with criminal syndicalism.

On Tuesday, January 5, a crowd of 5,000 striking miners came to town to attend the preliminary hearing, and Judge Van Beber for this reason adjourned the hearing until Thursday. On that day nearly 10,000 miners came. Again the hearing was adjourned to Saturday; in order to dodge the working-class audience, an attempt was made to "slip the hearing over" on Friday instead, but the defendants and their local attorneys refused to be tricked. Thousands again gathered Saturday, and the hearing was postponed until

Tuesday, January 12. This time the hearing went through.

David J. Bentall, Chicago lawyer, had come to assist the defense. Allan Taub, himself a prisoner though released on the second day, took part in the defense, as did also W. F. Stone, Dell Bingham, and F. Taylor, local attorneys. The prosecuting attorney, Walter B. Smith, was assisted—as the prosecution admitted during the second session, when Allan Taub demanded an explanation—by N. Reed Patterson, legal representative of the operators. Judge Van Beber, as reported by a local paper, had already remarked that the prisoners would "have a hard time getting out of jail," and he was right. He himself overruled all objections by the defense, and the nine defendants were bound over to the grand jury.

FROM THE COURTHOUSE STEPS

Returning from a quick lunch during the noon intermission, I stood a moment on the square at the north entrance of the courthouse, looking around at the town. On the west, so close as almost to lean over us, was Pine Mountain; on the other side, not quite so near or so high, were the Cumberland foothills. At the very bottom of this gigantic gully were the held-in homes of the 3,500 inhabitants of Pineville, and in the midst of the houses was the courthouse.

I walked around toward the south entrance. A stocky, fattish, well-dressed man—it was J. Matt Pursiful, county clerk and member of the American Legion—was standing on the concrete wall which formed one side of the courthouse steps. He was reading from a pamphlet, Phil Bard's "No Jobs Today," and before him were four or five hundred miners, ragged, dirty, gaunt, listening to him.

"This was part of the literature found in the raid," he was explaining. "I just thought I'd read this to you so you'd see what it was, and know what it was. I'm not advocating or condemning," he added, in response to a murmur from the crowd, "I'm just reading it."

"The workers . . . class-conscientious," he read, stumblingly, obviously unfamiliar with the term class-conscientious. "'Class-conscientious'—we all know what conscientious means from the war," he interposed, "conscientious objectors." Then he continued: "This book . . . shows the price we pay. . . . 'The wealthy parasites . . . close down their factories and throw us out on the street to starve. . . .'" I thought the speaker's voice was a bit self-conscious as he read this. The men and women in the crowd, so obviously described by the pamphlet, were grimly silent. "'The Russian workers and farmers threw off the rule of . . . capitalism . . . by establishing their own workers' and farmers' Sovish'" —the reader stumbled again, and repeated—"Sovish Government.'" He showed pictures in the booklet. Then he read the final page: "'Don't starve—Fight!'"

"Amen to that!" came from several women in the crowd. A woman near me, young and blue-eyed but thin and ragged, said grimly to another woman, "I'm ready for it! Can't the women fight too?"

The crowd had been very quiet. Now and then a short

laugh, as the sentences of the pamphlet, speaking of the lack of jobs, struck home. As the speaker finished, he repeated that he wasn't taking sides, he just wanted to show the people there what the literature of these reds was really like. He added persuasively: "I know I'm satisfied with this country, and I think all of you are. I think we all like America better than any foreign country, and we don't want any revolutionary [*sic*] here. We don't need any revolutionary here. And I just wanted you to see what the literature said. That's all I've got to say."

As he stepped down a young miner, Jim Garland, one of the strike leaders, stood up. He was a mere boy, in grimy working clothes. "Comrades and brothers," he began, but the previous speaker and a deputy stopped him. "We really hadn't ought to have radical speeches on the court lawn when there's a trial going on inside," the beefy clerk said, persuasively. Garland hesitantly desisted. The crowd, patient and resigned, but distrustful, moved into the courthouse, hoping to squeeze into the tiny room where hearings for their strike leaders were being held.

WHAT THE OPERATORS SAY

The psychological attitudes of the residents of Bell County, both owners and workers, must be understood before the situation can be viewed as a whole. Pineville must be allowed to speak for itself.

The first man I interviewed was Herndon Evans, editor of the *Pineville Sun*, county chairman of the Red Cross, and share-owner in a mine or two. Evans is a ruddy-faced, somewhat fleshy, rather phlegmatic man who has "public spirit" and "sympathy" for the poor. He swung around heavily in a swivel chair, in his office opposite the jail, and asked me to sit down.

"What do you think of actual conditions of the miners?" I asked.

"Well," he began, "we must get at the underlying facts. We must not simply exaggerate conditions, as Theodore Dreiser and Charles Rumford Walker did, taking pictures of miners' homes in places where the mines have changed hands ten times since the war. The coal business has been very severely hit. Oil, electricity, and other substitutes for coal have decreased the market. Machinery has reduced the amount of labor needed—the improved tippie, for example, which used to load only four or five cars a day but now loads forty or fifty. The biggest coal tippie in the world is in Lynch, Harlan County, owned by the United States Steel interests. We don't need as many miners now. During the war there were ninety-eight mines operating, last year there were only forty-two, and this year there are thirty-nine. The Liberty Coal and Coke Company of this county went bankrupt four days ago. If the strike continues a month longer, at least two more companies will go bankrupt. I favor a back-to-the-farm movement for the unemployed miners."

"I admit that the miners don't make enough to live," he said, "haven't been making enough. If anyone wants to buy a mine cheap, they can buy one here in Bell County. The farm proposition will solve it. These Bell and Harlan miners can live on less than any other people in the world."

"How about the gun-thug business?" I asked. "It is charged that the operators hire mine guards many of whom have prison records, that these guards are deputized, and

that they beat up and threaten miners, raid homes, and otherwise terrorize the strikers."

This was not a welcome question, but Mr. Evans was ready with his answer. He pictured the operator facing losses, keeping his mines going to give the workers jobs—"he doesn't want to have a lot of starving miners on his hands"—and suddenly faced with a strike and with pickets who are determined to keep scabs from working. "He decides to fight it out. So he calls in his loyal workers and gets the county judge or county sheriff to appoint them special officers. But he also has to get some hard-boiled fellows who won't be scared out, especially if there's any shooting. The shooting in 98 per cent of the instances starts on the part of the men who won't work. The operator has to have men known as 'men who will stand hitched,' and who mean it when they shoot back. But there are only a few real thugs, maybe ten or twelve, in all Harlan County. They might have killed a man sometime in the past. Bill Randolph, maybe, is one—he's killed three or four men. But the reports are exaggerated. The miners call *any* mine guard a thug."

Although these statements, coming baldly from one of Pineville's most prominent citizens, were acutely interesting to me, I had nevertheless largely expected them. But I was curious to learn the local attitude toward the official and "legal" attacks on the miners and their union.

"Well," Mr. Evans responded, "we think we can handle the situation ourselves. There's been a world of Communist literature spread around here. Outsiders are coming in and trying to develop red sentiment."

"But about the legal side of it," I interrupted, "and the arrests of relief workers and attorneys?"

"They're all Communists," he said; "we found the literature on them. They're all reds. They all make speeches to the miners. The lawyer, Taub, belongs to the International Labor Defense, and that's a Communist organization. They mislead the ignorant miners. They are here for their own purposes. They don't have near enough resources to take care of all those men on strike."

"Is the Red Cross, as is charged, denying help to the families of miners on strike?" I asked.

"Why, we must have some policy. I'm chairman of the Red Cross in this county. We have to check up whether people deserve help or not, and of course we call the operators to know whether a miner who asks for help has been working or not. And we have women who know them report on them. We have to check in different ways. And of course we can't encourage the strike. We have a lot of poor to look after, regularly. We made it a policy—a local policy, whether it is in conformity with the national organization or not—when men on strike came to us for aid, to turn them down because of limited funds. Of course if a mine goes bankrupt, as one did the other day with 400 families, we take care of them. But we tell the men on strike that they'd better go back to work, even if there is water in the mines and conditions aren't what we'd like to have them."

"Maybe the criminal-syndicalism law," he concluded, "is a weak law, but our officials are going to use it to break up communism."

I thanked Mr. Evans and went to the offices of N. Reed Patterson, legal representative of the local coal operators and of some of the outside interests. Mr. Patterson is perhaps

fifty years old, or nearly that, but he is agile and dapper, slightly under medium size—the city man in a provincial town, the liberal “front” to a highly conservative combination of governmental and mine-owning forces. He had already, as I learned from the prisoners and as he told me himself, offered personally to go bail for Allan Taub and to furnish him the hospitality of his home, and to undertake the defense of Julia Parker separately from the other defendants, because she was “so young and different.” He was pained when both refused. Yet on the following day—if I may anticipate—while the hearing was on, and Patterson was running from Judge Van Beber to Prosecutor Walter B. Smith and back, offering whispered suggestions and answering whispered questions scores and scores of times, Allan Taub demanded of the judge that the defense be informed of the status of Reed Patterson in the hearing, and Patterson, flushed and angered, himself replied that he was working with the prosecution and was a part of it, and the defendants “would certainly find it out.”

But in his office the preceding day Mr. Patterson was affable and kindly during the interview. He admitted that the condition of the miners was “more or less distressing.” The miners have been “working only two or three days a week.” He told of the \$16,000 in Middlesboro and the \$6,000 in Pineville which had been raised to “relieve actual suffering,” and denied that relief had been refused to the families of strikers “except where the relief would simply help the strike.” He countered my questions with the declaration that the Communists had “seized upon the bad situation of the mines to impress the ignorant miners with the idea that they are in a state of peonage.” He branded as false the declaration that gun thugs had been imported to act as guards and deputies.

About the right of miners to unionize he was eloquent. “Of course I believe in unions,” he said. “I believe every miner in this county should be a member of the United Mine Workers of America. The operators made a mistake when they fired all the miners who joined the United Mine Workers last spring, and I told them so. But they wouldn’t listen to me. What I think is this: Let the United States government gather up all the reds and put them in jail, and then gather up Morgan and Mellon and Rockefeller and Ford and the other big Eastern bankers and put them right in with the reds, and the country would get along a great deal better.”

I talked with Prosecutor Walter B. Smith and Judge George Van Beber together in the Prosecutor’s office. The Judge had little to say. He is a quiet, sleek, well-fed man of perhaps fifty, shrewd chiefly in his determination to rely wholly on Smith and Patterson for legal direction.

Mr. Smith is a young, almost ascetic-looking man, so thin as to seem tall although he is of medium height, an effect accentuated somewhat by his habit of carrying his head slightly stooped sidewise when walking about, as though he bent to hear the talk of short men. His main contribution to the technique of the prosecution was the injection of the religious issue. At the first appearance of the prisoners in court he had asked Taub, when the oath was to be given, “Do you believe in God?” and had insisted on an answer for an hour or more.

“If he doesn’t believe in God, how can he take the oath?” he asked me, when I commented on the unusualness

of this question. “If a man doesn’t believe in a Supreme Being, he couldn’t make any statement on which you could rely.”

About the conditions of the miners Smith said there would have to be “an economic readjustment.” “It’s impossible,” he asserted, “for the companies to pay a living wage. It’s pathetic that the miners, many of them, are in this situation, but it can’t be helped.” “I’m in favor of organized labor,” he continued. “The miners elected me to office. But I’m opposed to any organization opposed to God, or that believes in strikes, riots, sabotage, bloodshed, and in bringing this about by establishing a form of government, with a world capital at Moscow, that would stamp out the democratic government we have.”

Mr. Smith assumed the responsibility for calling in the dozen or so armed deputies from Harlan County at the time set for the first hearing of the defendants in Pineville, which hearing had been postponed because of the crowd of 5,000 miners present, declaring that it was rumored the crowd intended to release the defendants. The presence of these gunmen, with a machine-gun as well as their revolvers, on the courthouse steps the preceding week had been a new event in Bell County history. But Mr. Smith obviously regarded any irregularity of this sort as excusable when Religion and Our Government were under attack.

In the Driftway

THE old West, which the Drifter consigned to a dead past a few weeks ago with appropriate sad words, will not down. And the Drifter admits that the following communication from Fresno, California, carries encouraging conviction.

DEAR DRIFTER: I see that your able correspondent, “A Dude Wrangler’s Wife,” leaves you still unconvinced that the real West anywhere survives. Let me add my bit of testimony. Twenty-four miles from this city of some 52,000 people is a cattle ranch of 15,000 acres run by a friend of mine. He and his family live in old adobe buildings that were erected in 1851 and served briefly as a United States army post. The ranch is all up-and-down country, lightly timbered with oak and scrub pine. The San Joaquin River runs through the middle of it a hundred yards in front of the ranch-house. Charlie, my friend, often runs 1,500 or more head of cattle on his broad acres, and generally seventy or so head of saddle stock. The range is ridden as it always was, and will always have to be, for the country is too rough to get over except on a horse or on foot—and try to imagine a cattleman walking more than forty yards! Roping, branding, breaking colts, in short, all the old activities of the range, go on just as they always did. The boots, the blue jeans, the silver-mounted bridles and spurs, the chaps (absolutely necessary in deer-brush country), the ten-gallon hats, all are unchanged. And the dude still is a “contemptible tenderfoot,” though Charlie doesn’t mind renting him a plug to ride of a Sunday afternoon.

When I first made Charlie’s acquaintance he viewed my English riding boots and “choke-bore pants” with unconcealed disgust. He found, however, that I could stay on a horse even in wild pursuit over broken ground. And when I rode forty miles with him one day in blazing heat

to hunt for a lost cow, and he discovered in me a natural gift for profanity and an unregenerate liking for plug tobacco of one of the stronger varieties, the conquest was complete. Since then I have been one of the inner circle, though I'll admit that Grant, the Indian colt-breaker, greatly, and justly, outranks me.

Nor is this ranch exceptional. The foothills of the Sierras shelter hundreds of such establishments, and so does the wilder, drier, and rougher Coast Range. As you may be aware, there is a great difference between, say, the Texan tradition, equipment, and method and the Californian, as there is between the Californian and that of Wyoming. Here the flavor is almost wholly Mexican, and I am assured by much older men than myself that it remains practically uncontaminated by modernity.

* * * *

THE Drifter did not mean to imply that the ranch and the range no longer exist. He could lead the way himself to cattle ranges where the "rodeer" is as real today as it was fifty years ago. He could also lead the way, though no cattleman would follow him, to thousands of "up-and-down" acres of sheep country where men and methods are as leisurely as ever, where nothing has changed, not even the taste of fresh-killed mutton or the labels on the tinned milk. But most of the cattlemen he knows still have ranches only because the banks don't want them, and a leg of lamb sells at retail in New York City for twenty-one cents a pound. The ranch, like the farm, has lost its economic justification. Therefore, the world being organized as it is, the ranch and the farm are endangered as a way of life, no matter how desirable.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Cox's Army

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The quarters of the radical Unemployed Councils in Pittsburgh are raided by the police, but Father Cox is able to command the huge Pittsburgh stadium for an unemployment rally. Even more patent was the contrast between the official reception accorded the Communist-led National Hunger March and that extended to Father Cox's army when it arrived in Washington. The absurdly formidable armament which confronted the militant Communists—Washington was an armed camp, with more troops and police than marchers—was not in evidence when Father Cox appeared. He was graciously received and heard by President Hoover, was warmly greeted by the Pennsylvania Congressmen, and was photographed, appropriately enough, arm in arm with Senator James J. Davis, one of the most vociferous "labor" opponents of the "dole." His march was avowedly designed to offset the earlier radical demonstration, and it was financed by Pittsburgh business men.

The incident becomes readily understandable if one takes into consideration the fact that since the depression the industrial area of Pittsburgh has become the chief new center for Communist activity. The radicals have set themselves as a paramount task the winning of the miners and steel workers of the Pittsburgh district, and have established themselves among the large masses of unemployed in these industries. Father Cox's latest announcement is that he may be a candidate for President on a proposed "Jobless Party ticket."

New York, January 20

FELIX MORROW

"Guiding the Revolution"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* of January 13 Mr. Arthur Allen characterizes the recent student conference of the League for Industrial Democracy as an example of liberal futility. He bases his judgment upon the theme "Guiding the Revolution," as announced in a previous issue of *The Nation*. Had Mr. Allen attended the conference or secured a published report of the proceedings, available for the asking, he would have discovered (1) that the conference was not a talk-fest of liberals, and (2) that the student participants were not wholly innocent of experience in the class struggle.

There might be mentioned, for instance, the work of Donald M. Smith, of Bates College, in organizing a council of the unemployed in Lewiston, Maine—his first mass-meeting was attended by more than 1,500 persons; or the activities of Arnold Johnson, a student of Union Theological Seminary, in the Harlan strikes last summer, including five weeks' jail residence; or the support given the West Virginia Mine Workers' Union by students from Vassar and other colleges; or the participation of Columbia and Union Seminary students in the effort to organize Brooklyn Edison employees, in the course of which more than one has been beaten by thugs.

We have no illusion that revolutions can be made. But the revolutionary changes being forced upon us by the progressive breakdown of an individualist profit-seeking economy may not be wholly beyond human control. Hence the importance of considerations of strategy. Unless Mr. Allen expects a revolution to be suddenly produced as a magician might whisk a rabbit from a silk topper, he will recognize the necessity for these humble beginnings. They are tasks in which even college students and college graduates and readers of *The Nation* may share.

New York, January 12

PAUL PORTER

Friendly Words from Bertrand Russell

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I find in your issue of December 30 a note about myself which might give the impression that I have been finding fault with American hospitality. If in some moment of fatigue I have said anything capable of this interpretation, I apologize to my many American friends. A lecture tour in America is unavoidably rather strenuous, and advancing years have made me feel that it might be unwise to attempt another in the future. But I do not feel that Americans are responsible for this strenuousness, which is due to the desire of visitors like myself to get through a great deal in a short time.

I have much gratitude for the kindness which I have experienced in your country, and I should not wish to be added to the number of those Englishmen who have indulged in unjust and ill-natured criticism.

Petersfield, England, January 4

BERTRAND RUSSELL

A Letter to Mr. Willard

MR. O. WILLARD: I have already told you that your paper is a pro-Communist and pro-Fascist paper and not a true liberal one.

New York, January 9

DR. GIUSEPPE MORVILLO

Finance

Is Easy Money the Cure?

THE New York Federal Reserve Bank, which recently reduced by one-quarter of 1 per cent its buying rate for bills of exchange, is believed to have taken the first step in a new easy-money policy. As generally understood, this policy is designed to dovetail with the government's program of aiding banks, railroads, and other distressed institutions through loans to be made by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Eventual restoration of public confidence in business and the banks is the aim in view.

Back of an easy-money policy, at such a time as this, lies the idea that people can be persuaded to borrow, and to spend or invest the borrowed money, provided only the rate of interest is made low enough. The idea has been tried out on several occasions in recent years, with indifferent success. Several years ago the Reserve banks, actuated by a laudable purpose to redistribute some of our surplus gold among foreign countries, enforced a low rate of interest and succeeded in expelling some \$500,000,000 gold from the country. But Wall Street thrust its way in to the feast of cheap credit, stocks boomed, and the final price was paid in 1929. Easy money "works," with a vengeance, in a boom, but its effect in curing depressions is likely to be negligible. In view of the grave results which may follow unsuccessful tampering with money rates, it is to be hoped that the present attempt will be held within rigid bounds. The export of gold to France, now under way, may reflect the withdrawal of French funds because of the low rate of interest available here; but it may also be connected with vague fears of currency inflation in America.

The reason for the ineffectualness of an easy-money policy is not far to seek. When a panic bursts over the financial markets, it is classic practice for the central banks to lend without stint—but at a stiff rate—to all who can present acceptable collateral. On such an occasion traders are obsessed with the fear that they will not be able to obtain funds to meet maturing obligations, and the removal of that fear through an open-handed credit policy is likely to go far toward allaying the panic. But when a depression has dragged its length along for two years or more, there are no aspects of a sudden emergency to deal with. The strongest debtors have long since paid off or provided for their maturing obligations, and the weakest ones are unable to muster the resources needed, in any event, to obtain credit; such debtors could not have obtained it even during the first crash. After a long business slump the effective demand for credit is at a minimum. Concerns enjoying the highest rating do not want to borrow, and the banks will not lend to the others.

If a low rate is powerless to start the wheels of industry, why not try a high one? The suggestion is not so heretical as it appears, for if borrowing is what is required to get things going, it seems logical to provide credit facilities for the only people who actually want to borrow—namely, the people to whom the conservative banks will not lend. If low rates will not tempt the strong borrowers, high rates might tempt the speculative lenders. Current yields of 6, 8, and 10 per cent on what were recently regarded as fairly high-grade preferred stocks and bonds are often cited to illustrate the low state of corporate credit, but they illustrate with equal force the fact that enough money is available, of a speculative cast, to maintain those rates. Here is an opportunity for "individualism" to show what it can do, before we conclude that nobody can be persuaded to lend to the poorer credit risks except the United States Treasury.

S. PALMER HARMAN

WORLD CHAOS

The Responsibility of Science

by William McDougall, F. R. S.

AUTHOR OF

An Introduction to Social Psychology

The distinguished English psychologist examines our civilization and finds it topheavy. He finds that, although we have made vast strides in machinery and mass production, we haven't stopped to consider the effect on human individuals and human society, and that this neglect of the social sciences is responsible for the present world chaos.

\$1.25

COVICI • FRIEDE • Publishers • 386 Fourth Ave., New York

HUNGER AND LOVE

A Novel by Lionel Britton

Introduction by Bertrand Russell

Bertrand Russell, Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, Laurence Stallings and Upton Sinclair are a few of those who praise this novel enthusiastically.

Laurence Stallings proclaimed: "I submit that there is more fecundity of modern thought in this work than in any other single volume."

This remarkable study of Arthur Phelps' struggle to attain a *mind* is one of the most comprehensive and soul-stirring that has ever been put on paper.

This novel, originally published at \$4.00 by Harper and Brothers, is now reissued by the Vanguard Press at \$3.00.

623 Pages

\$3.00 at bookstores

THE VANGUARD PRESS, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City

CROWELL'S HANDBOOK

For READERS and WRITERS

A dictionary of famous characters and plots in legend, fiction, drama, opera and poetry, together with dates and principal works of important authors, literary and journalistic terms and familiar allusions. \$3.50

From CROWELL'S

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO.
393 Fourth Avenue

New York

Books, Music, Films, Drama

Poem for My Daughter

By HORACE GREGORY

Tell her I know
that living is too long
for our love to endure;
the tenuous and strong
web of time (outlasting
girls and men—love's rapid signature
of hand and lip and eye)
is ■ steel cable strung
across ■ sunset sky.

Tell her that girls and men
are shadows on the grass
where time's four seasons pass;
tell her that I have seen
 oh, many a nervous queen
of girls (Madonna, glorious
white tower goddess) fade
while walking in noon's shade,
separate limbs and foreheads bright
now dim, anonymous.

Even this room where I
make words to signify
a quarrel 'gainst death and all
things perishing
shall live beyond me, and
the clock upon the wall
slowly unwinding time
shall count the hours that stand
ripe for my funeral.

On the Theme of Time

Descent to the Dead. By Robinson Jeffers. Random House.
\$7.50.

ROBINSON JEFFERS is one of the poets today who is totally preoccupied with the theme of time. It is as if the human vision had been stretched suddenly, as if the eye of man were no longer on his own age save as that age is one hour in a continuous flow of time. T. S. Eliot, Archibald MacLeish, Hart Crane, Yvor Winters, and, in a more completely disillusioned way, William Butler Yeats are all obsessed, driven out of themselves, driven into a desire for oblivion by this intensified and modern awareness of infinity. And once this obsession overpowers the poet, he cannot write anything without feeling the necessity of divorcing himself from any strictly personal theme. Love, hate, passion, ennui—all become relative to the knowledge of these emotions manifest in the writings of poets of all periods. The eye focuses on a point, discovers that the point is the circumference of the world, in fact, the circumference of all worlds. Such an attack upon a poetic subject, such an angle of vision suddenly spreading out explain much of the imagery in modern poetry.

When Robinson Jeffers, therefore, turns to write elegies, he writes them not in terms of the duration of a personal grief, not in the intimate imagery of such a grief, but in terms of time. He writes them on the perishing of peoples, on the

annihilation of races, on history ever continuous and seemingly discontinuous. In this new book, "Descent to the Dead," he has returned to the land of his own ancestors, to Ireland, to England. These are dead lands; they have known more of time, as he sees it, than has his own Pacific Coast. They prove to him conclusively the paradox with which Eliot likewise has been concerned, that the dead are more living than are the "living dead."

The dead live through their histories, through their remembered expression in any art form, through the epochs they have brought into being; the living are dead because one must see them through the wrong end of the telescope, one is among them, one analyzes each deadly daily task, each petty liberty. In this new collection of lyrics Jeffers attempts to answer the question, What is death? It is life in the minds of those who follow after you, life only in memory, but memory is, therefore, more living, more enduring than life itself. And for one such memory, wrapped round the name of a great person, generations of men die; such is the theory of selection, of the right of the fittest to survival. The superman, then, with whom Jeffers has long been concerned, is he who endures past time as it is normally measured. He endures past human emotion (the briefest of all brevities), he becomes inhuman while he lives, and after he dies he is remembered as having surpassed humanity's dictum. Such a man gives himself in life to fury, to intensity like that of nature in great storm; after he dies, he is remembered for his frenzy.

So this new collection of elegies, written in rhythms closely approximating the quantitative Greek, written in statements sometimes closely approximating the simplicity and directness of prose, but escaping the prosaic because so condensed, so vehement, is the logical conclusion of Jeffers's theme of desire for annihilation: he believes it necessary to escape the bonds of humanity (through violence), and then to be reunited with a larger measure of time, nature. Mountains endure beyond our sight; the body reabsorbed into dust has a boundlessness past that of life. This is a kind of pantheism, but Jeffers's own kind. Beauty in nature is achieved through spanning a greater compass of years than puny man may span. Jeffers's feeling for nature is like that of the ancient Britons. Although his ancestry is, in part, Celtic, Jeffers does not feel nature as gentle. He is much more like the early Scandinavians in his feeling for the waves and winds. He is terrified and entranced. If Jeffers had lived in a period when people believed in monsters he would have created appalling monsters to personify natural forces. Instead, since he has a scientific outlook, he presents the idea of natural law as terrific and ruthless. Human tenderness is, therefore, a mere protective fiction; nature alone illustrates what life really means.

Jefferies as a lyric poet is, let me repeat, never personal. In his lyrics, elegiac, philosophical, didactic, he is pronouncing a creed molded and confirmed by the thought of the twentieth century. He is a romantic turned nihilist. His lyrics are the direct vehicle of his vision; in them he allows himself none of the romantic grandeur of the narratives, got through presenting unintellectual characters and their actions. In his lyrics, he is an intellectual—romantic, bitter, frustrated, and confused—a mystic in his most intense moods, but intellectually opposed to mysticism, a man who seeks a philosophical system and can formulate none. There is, for him, no "tower beyond tragedy," no moment of peace. He has no clear idea of unity. Nature is greater than man, therefore more important. Death is an extended fretfulness and not really perfect annihilation. And there is no peace. Man's one hunger is for oblivion, and the only possible oblivion would be a total destruction of earth—something which the mind cannot quite grasp.

There is one other point concerning technique; Robinson Jeffers is, in his narratives, often very faulty, very unpoetic in the turn of a single line or group of lines. There are passages in the long poems which are in very bad taste. If they escape the censor it is because of the dramatic force of the narrative. Jeffers can tell a story (despite his symbolism, despite his obsessions); he understands his characters and presents a well-motivated tale. He has a perfect sense of human drama. This is a tremendous power in a narrative poet. But only in his lyrics does he show his command of the poetic line, his precise sense of language, and this in a rhythm which is almost alien to our tongue, which is so dangerously close to prose that only Jeffers with his knowledge of Greek poetry can keep it from becoming prose.

EDA LOU WALTON

Eloquent Biography

Wellington. By Philip Guedalla. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

GUEDALLA takes considerable trouble in his preface to justify writing a quarter of a million words about Wellington. If novelists are allowed so much space for the nonentities now in fashion as heroes, he argues that he can be excused for giving as many words to so imposing an entity as the Iron Duke. The point is irrelevant. It is Guedalla, not the Duke, who must justify the long stretch; and his justification is magnificent. It is 250,000 words long and one of the most brilliant, sustained, and conscientious pieces of biographical writing in our literature.

It is an eloquent book, eloquent in its entirety, eloquent in its smallest part. Any sentence picked out of its context breathes by its own rhythm, and pleases us either by a graceful balance, an interesting contrast, or a flashing metaphor. Rhetoric is perfectly used; instances of excess are rare; and the reader is exhilarated by the majestic and controlled literary energy.

Guedalla's respect for his subject, explicitly announced in the preface, is tempered in the text to the rendering of justice. Of unpleasant data he furnishes enough to give any debunker a year's work; but it is all in its place. The reader may be grateful that in this book, at least, Guedalla is not given to pulling out great men's shirt-tails.

To the radical, Wellington must be an offensive figure, unless, like the generous crusaders who could admit that the Saracens were good knights, he has the chivalry to admit Wellington's qualities. Wellington was an aristocrat; he believed that the protection of property was the first duty of organized society. He resisted social justice in England with a stately persistence; but he was an able and principled man whose work in history was well done, though we might wish that it had not been done.

Aristocracy, to Wellington, was a natural state. He was born an aristocrat and into an aristocratic society. His family belonged to the Anglo-Irish nobility which, living among an enslaved people, was constantly being confirmed in its sense of selection and superiority. Military command hardened in him the conviction that masses of men are fit only for obedience. When he turned to civil life it was inevitable that he should become a Tory leader.

These limitations admitted, it is impossible not to admire Wellington's forcefulness, good judgment, and good sense. He obtained his army commission without training and was promoted several ranks before he had spent a day in the service. This was common in an era when gentlemen consciously ran the government for the good of gentlemen and *vox populi* was not yet a whisper; a gentleman's career was not hampered by

the vulgarity of exertions. Unlike other gentlemen careerists, however, Wellington took the responsibilities of his career upon himself instead of leaving them to assiduous patrons in London. He studied military writers, and when he sailed to a post in India, there was a trunkful of books about India in his baggage. In India he founded the military reputation that was to be enlarged during the magnificent Spanish campaigns and crowned, while he dissolved an empire, at Waterloo.

There were two chief factors in Wellington's success. One was his ability to think of his job in all its interrelations and to understand each element down to its details. Other generals were content to trust supplies to the commissariat, communications to the transport officers, the contours of the campaign country to the intelligence staff. Wellington supervised all these himself. As a consequence, his soldiers were well fed and clothed; when they marched there were no swarming and congestion on the roads; when they maneuvered they were not dumped into gullies. Although they could not love him as an army sometimes loves its general, his soldiers had confidence in him and were glad to serve under him. Moreover, to Wellington a victory did not end his job. He took care that victories were not too expensive or would not leave him in a desert. He was above the temptation of loot and the intoxications of sadism. It was perhaps for these reasons that Wellington was never a sentimentalist about his soldiers and usually spoke of them with ironic contempt. He saw them too often, after victories, taking holidays and bonuses in loot and license.

The other factor in his success was that he had the wisdom and the courage to retreat when necessary. A battle was only an incident in a campaign. Edging away from an enemy too strong in numbers or position never humiliated him. He was not the man to lose an army on a desperate gamble, or to make a fine show of last-ditch fighting. This ability to retreat he brought to his later political career. He had the intelligence to see, when he was Prime Minister, that reform was inevitable, and he had the courage to draft and put through a Reform Bill although his petulant Tory Cabinet broke up in protest.

And he knew when his work was over. He had been a general for a definite reason, to bring peace based on a restored monarchical system in Europe. Waterloo having accomplished that, he turned to the problem of settlement in a sensible spirit. He did not understand that the day of monarchies was over; but he did understand that the monarchies must start on decent terms with each other. Therefore he, the only general who had beaten French armies, acted as the protector of France in the negotiations at Vienna.

Waterloo made Wellington the most famous and trusted man in the world. He returned to England a hero, and almost an independent power. He maintained his poise and good judgment, enduring with dignity the hysterics of adoration; and when the years of worship passed and a new generation knew him less as the victor of Waterloo than as the thwarter of reform, when Chartist mobs pursued him and broke his windows, he remained clear-headed, unmoved, and majestic. In giving his services or his prestige to the Tory cause he believed to the end that he was acting in the best interests of his country.

His private life illustrates the arrogance of the better-than-thou mind. The masses of England were to be kept from any domestic irregularities. He himself, however, seemed never so contented as when he was away from his agitated and ineffectual wife. No one could blame him for that, or for making his affair with Mrs. Arbuthnot a calmly public matter. His infidelity was a matter of personal sensitiveness. Infidelity among the poorer classes was brutishness. Caste consciousness made it impossible for Wellington to understand that the poor could be sensitive.

There are many other aspects of Wellington's life that call for comment, but it is time to return to Guedalla's performance. By any standard it must be judged a success. Guedalla has informed himself fully of the historical and social backgrounds, and he is able to place them adroitly behind and around Wellington, not, like a clumsier biographer, dismissing his hero while he smears on his masses of information. His style is continuously brilliant, and though after a few pages the reader may feel dazzled, after a few more he is inured to the glare and enjoys the illumination. The rhetoric is continuous, and it is astonishing that he sustains it at so high a level so long; but it has its lapses, and in a curious way they almost always occur when he tries to animate scenery—as when the rock of Teneriffe rises out of the sea, clairvoyantly, to salute Wellington sailing past in an East Indiaman. Guedalla's allusiveness is sometimes confusing; but usually it is a brilliant feat of literary economy. He calls on his reader's knowledge, memory, and powers of association, and so, with his reader's help, he is able—without the use of long interpolated paragraphs, footnotes, and other elaborations—to keep an astonishing number of men and events in movement on his pages.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Why India Rebels

Rebel India. By H. N. Brailsford. New Republic, Inc. \$1.

THE foundation of rebellion in India is in Mr. Brailsford's view economic discontent. In vigorous style he sketches the evidence of this discontent among peasants and industrial workers. The desperate living conditions of the lower nine-tenths of India's three hundred and fifty millions are indeed beyond description. Caught in an inescapable tangle of overbreeding and undernourishment, inextricably indebted to usurious money-lenders, exploited in favor of a privileged land-holding class, subjected to a land tax that takes an incredible proportion of their earnings, their handicrafts in decline from competition with Western machine industry, with the miseries of life rarely alleviated by medicine, hygiene, or education, the peasants are in a state that would rouse a more vigorous people to bloody revolt. At the same time the industrial workers must endure the evils of an infant industrialism—overcrowding in insanitary tenements, employment of women and children, long hours, scanty wages. These conditions Mr. Brailsford roundly excoriates with a Socialist's ardor.

The blame for the present state Mr. Brailsford assigns partly to British imperialism, which he does not in any circumstances defend, hardly even allowing it credit for the peace it has brought, the railways, the irrigation enterprises. But more important in his opinion is the attitude toward life of Indians themselves, especially of Hindus, who tolerate caste, child-marriage, the sanctity of cows, and peculiar religious prepossessions concerning rebirth and *karma* (retribution in a future life for one's acts now). He indicates the lines along which he thinks economic improvement may take place, but he expects no regeneration until India is self-governing. He is therefore against British imperialism both because it selfishly exploits India and because it hinders Indians in the process of building up the country.

From the purely economic point of view his picture, with toning down of the over-strong colors, is effective. But the confining of his treatment to the economic would indicate that therein lies an adequate accounting for "rebel" India. On the contrary, as a total picture of India's unrest his book is inadequate. Long before the present economic crisis there was political unrest among the middle classes of India, which slowly filtered down among the working classes. The unrest was not

merely economic in its origin, but was also based on other issues. It was a response from the ancient, highly developed, proud, and sensitive culture of India to domination by a Western civilization that had come to India when she was torn by bitter inner conflict and had made good its dominance with the weapons furnished by the industrial revolution. The Western civilization had claimed for itself superiority in all aspects, such as religion, morals, art, education, even language—English was made the medium of instruction in all colleges and high schools. Complicating the cultural conflict is the Hindu-Moslem antipathy, which Mr. Brailsford hardly seems to see as more than a dispute between two rival parties, but which is again a battle between the powerful native civilization of India and the intruding Islamic culture. The basic conflicts in India today are of the Hindu culture against the Western European and the Mohammedan; and nationalism in India today is a Hindu movement that draws rarely and never whole-heartedly from the Mohammedan and the Christian communities. India, therefore, is like the rest of the Orient in being faced with the problem of adjusting her agrarian economic order to the order of an industrialized world; but in addition she is engaged in a mighty effort to preserve the cultural continuity of her life. Modify it she must, as Europe has had to do hers, but she will not have her art, her literature, her religion, her philosophy, her society displaced by those of the West.

W. NORMAN BROWN

American Secrecy About Red Russia

America's Siberian Adventure. By Major General William S. Graves. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$3.50.

WHY did we intervene in Siberia in 1918? There have been plenty of guesses advanced by historians, political students, and journalists. But no one can be absolutely certain of the real reasons. Not even the author of this book, who was at the head of the Siberian Expeditionary Force, can tell us what prompted the Wilson Administration to send 10,000 soldiers upon this most ridiculous adventure in American military history. "I was in command of the United States troops sent to Siberia," the author writes, "and I must admit I do not know what the United States was trying to accomplish by military intervention." It was explained at the time that Japan and the United States were sending troops to Siberia to rescue an army of Czech soldiers supposed to be stranded somewhere in eastern Russia. But when General Graves arrived on the scene he found this "stranded army" well able to look out for itself. Indeed he writes, "The Czechs had taken control of the Trans-Siberian Railway and most of the towns on this line, and had definitely decided not to leave *two months before Japan and the United States decided to go to their relief, and help them to get out of Siberia.*" (The italics are the author's.)

When I say that the true motive behind the Siberian intervention has only been guessed at, I mean that there is as yet no authentic information available on this point. Nor are there any official documents ready at hand to show why State Department officials deliberately sought to sabotage the clear and indisputable instructions given General Graves, or why these same officials tried so energetically to force the American troops into the Russian civil war on the side of Kolchak and other reactionary leaders. No doubt, as Newton D. Baker suggests in the foreword to Graves's book, "some day all this will be carefully studied, and research scholarship will find documents and papers, reports of conversations, and invitations to new policies" which will reveal the story behind the Siberian misadventure.

In my opinion this research would very likely throw new light on the whole absurd Russian policy of the United States, and perhaps explain why Secretary Stimson has found it necessary to resort to secret diplomacy in connection with the present Manchurian controversy. There has been altogether too much secrecy since 1917 in Washington's handling of questions touching Russia. Either Washington lacks the courage of its convictions, which seems stupid, or else there is something in its Russian policy that it wishes to hide from the American people.

The story unfolded by General Graves, while not entirely new, gives us a fresh and illuminating picture of the Siberian situation during the American intervention. It has the added merit of coming from a man who can speak with authority. The story is one that ought to put a conscientious State Department to shame. Again and again the author reveals the manner in which consular officials, in their reports to Washington, twisted and distorted information relative to Siberian developments. As a result of these apparently deliberate misrepresentations General Graves and other observers were informed by Washington that the reports on the situation that they were making did not contain "the kind of information . . . we want." The contents of most of the consular reports, misleading though they were, found currency throughout the United States and Europe. The outer world was being fed with propaganda to show that the Bolsheviks were committing the most frightful atrocities, while in truth, according to General Graves, these atrocities were the work of Semenoff, Kalmikoff, and other followers of Admiral Kolchak, for whom State Department officials were attempting to build up favorable sentiment in the United States with a view to having the Kolchak group recognized as the government of Siberia. "All Allied representatives and United States State Department representatives," the author says, "were solidly behind Admiral Kolchak, and the more hopeless the cause of Kolchak became, the more bitter his supporters became toward everyone who did not assist him." On the other hand, General Graves found that "at no time while I was in Siberia was there enough popular support behind Kolchak in eastern Siberia for him, or the people supporting him, to have lasted one month if all Allied support had been removed."

General Graves also brings exceedingly serious charges against Japan. He accuses the Japanese of having supported such reactionaries as Semenoff and Kalmikoff, whom he describes as criminals of the worst sort. Of the latter he writes:

I also met for the first time the notorious murderer, robber, and cutthroat Kalmikoff. He was the worst scoundrel I ever saw or ever heard of, and I seriously doubt, if one should go entirely through the Standard Dictionary looking for words descriptive of crime, if a crime could be found that Kalmikoff had not committed. He was armed and financed by Japan in their efforts "to help the Russian people."

Among other accusations he brings against the Japanese, Graves charges them with having violated the agreement with Washington under which each country was to send only 10,000 of its troops into Siberia. Japan asked that it be permitted to increase its quota to 12,000. Suspicious of this request, General Graves made a thorough survey of the disposition of Japanese troops in Siberia and found that they numbered not 10,000 or 12,000, but 72,000.

Whatever may have been the motive of the people who persuaded Woodrow Wilson to take part in the "rescue" of the stranded Czechs, they apparently did not succeed in achieving their objective. "I think it cannot be refuted," the author writes in conclusion, "that there were no beneficial results flowing from intervention in Russia so far as all foreigners are concerned, and it undoubtedly resulted in placing the mass of Russians even more solidly behind the Soviets."

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Books in Brief

Representative Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes. Arranged by Alfred Lief. Foreword by Harold J. Laski. The Vanguard Press. \$4.50.

This is a companion volume to "The Dissenting Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes." The reader who wishes to understand fully the working of Justice Holmes's mind will find it indispensable. For, composed as it is almost entirely of prevailing opinions, it better reflects the fundamental conservatism of his mind. But this, as Professor Laski points out in his excellent introduction, only makes him all the greater as a judge. The objectivity which can rise above class and personal prejudices is possible in the exercise of the judicial function only at its highest levels.

A Translation of the Orpheus of Angelo Politian and the Aminta of Torquato Tasso. With an Introductory Essay on the Pastoral. By Louis E. Lord. Oxford University Press. \$3.

Mr. Lord has rendered these famous pastoral dramas—or, as he tends to call them in his charming introduction, operas—in limpid, sweet, yet formal prose. Such a translation serves better than anything else to prove that Politian and Tasso were once incredibly charming. For, as Mr. Lord translates them, they still are charming; and still incredible.

Decent Fellows. By John Heygate. Introduction by Henry Williamson. Cape and Smith. \$2.50.

John Heygate's study of life at Eton suffers greatly from a lack of some center around which the story might revolve; the troubles of a boy whose friends' parents are wealthier than his own make but a slight complication for a novel of four hundred pages. With one noteworthy exception, moreover, the author resolutely avoids the dramatic possibilities of his theme. The exception is the episode of a visit to a cabaret, with the subsequent beatings, and as it reveals the author's undoubted talent for observation applied to a situation essentially more exciting than afternoon tea, the remainder of the novel—half of it—becomes a long anticlimax, a series of disconnected episodes with cricket and adolescent morality contributing to the general tedium.

Music

Among the Best Performers

IN the bi-weekly musical comments appearing in this column it is obviously impossible to give an account of all the musical events of two weeks. It is often nearly as difficult to choose, out of from six to ten events of importance, any one or two that stand out from the rest in a way that invites comment. The intrinsic value of a performance or of a work often bears little relation to its usability as copy, and many of the really outstanding events of the season are not mentioned here at all for the simple reason that it is difficult to find anything to say about them.

Where an artist does not achieve a balance among the elements of his art, or lays exceptional stress in one direction, it is sometimes possible to point out to the listener why it is that he may have found another element slighted. He may be less dissatisfied with the tonal austerity of men like Artur Schnabel and Adolf Busch, for example, if he has been warned that it is in

other directions—subtle and sensitive phrasing, coupled with exceptional architectural sense—that their technical virtues are to be found.

But of all artists the most difficult to write about are those few supreme interpreters whose identity with the composers they interpret is so completely attained that their function as interpreter is almost forgotten. What is there to say, for example, of Myra Hess, who has achieved, I think, more nearly perfect balance in her art than has any other performing musician I know? There were shortcomings and weaknesses in her recent recital, perhaps more than in others she has given. But even admitting these, I think her realization of the potential beauty of the works she played is greater, her destruction of everything that stands between the composer and the listener more complete, than that attained by anyone else. In the face of that fact I cannot see that anything would be gained by pointing out weaknesses, the reasons and remedies for which Myra Hess doubtless knows infinitely better than anyone else; still less by attempting to pick out individual virtues in an art so incomparably well rounded, and so much better able to speak for itself than anyone to speak for it. But if I cannot describe the unique and almost incredible beauty of Myra Hess's playing, I can at least urge everyone who has not experienced it to delay no longer. For me no other artistic experience is like it; I do not find anywhere else its equal for vigor, warmth, and poise.

I can speak of Yehudi Menuhin (on the basis of concerts of previous years) only in terms almost as unreserved. His playing is a similar revelation of beauties only vaguely dreamed of until he uncovers them. What weaknesses he has seem to me to be due almost as little to his age as those of Myra Hess to her sex. He stands out, I think, as far above most great violinists as do Fritz Kreisler and Adolf Busch.

While the city's musical life cannot in the nature of things afford an uninterrupted succession of Hess and Menuhin recitals, the past few weeks have brought many artists of less solitary distinction, of whom nevertheless there seems no reason to say any but favorable things. A concert by any of them can hardly fail to yield unusual pleasure and profit, and it is with the idea of recommending them, to those who may welcome some hint as to what they may expect, that they are briefly mentioned here. Among pianists, the recent debut recital of Eunice Norton, pupil of Schnabel and, like Myra Hess, of Matthay, was outstanding even in a city where talented young pianists exhibit their abilities constantly. The severity, the intelligence, and the virtuosity of her playing distinguish her among the best pianists of the season, and at the same time give the best possible assurance of the soundness of her future development. Among singers—whose art is farther from its heyday than that of pianists—Sigrid Onegin remains the most completely satisfying of those that visit New York, with the possible exception of Friedrich Schorr, whom the collapse of the Friends of Music has confined to the stage of the Metropolitan. The success of Richard Tauber seems to me based rather on his vocal virtuosity than on any really musical sincerity or depth. But while his singing on the whole does not at all move me, it contains details of technique and especially of phrasing that are altogether unique. At the other end of the scale is Elisabeth Schumann, whose interpretation of German songs gives significance to singing which from the purely vocal standpoint is not remarkable. Lotte Lehmann combines a voice of unusual beauty with extraordinary interpretative powers whose effect is somewhat hampered by defects of vocal technique. Like both these two, the English Singers—who make no claim to exceptional vocal distinction—rely above all upon the value of the music they sing; sung with the taste and feeling they have for it, it more than makes up by its own beauty for whatever may be lacking in purely sensuous appeal.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Films Indigenous

IT has often been pointed out, usually with great scorn, that the men who run the movies were originally nickelodeon proprietors. It is time we realized not only that this state of affairs is a fact, but that it is not necessarily deplorable. The purpose of the American film, or any film for that matter, is mass entertainment at a profit sufficient to enable it to go on. It could not, by reason of its mechanics and its whole set-up, be otherwise. This condition, moreover, seems likely to continue indefinitely. Yet most people, in judging the movies, tend to ignore this simple fact, with the result that more intellectual irrelevance has been wasted on the movies than they have ever deserved.

It does not follow because its prime purpose is mass entertainment at a profit that the moving picture is not or cannot be an art. It will be different from and outside the traditional stream of art, which, until these proletarian times, happens always to have flowed in aristocratic, individualistic channels. It will have to develop as an art within certain limitations, a fate it shares with art in general. The smart comedy is limited by the fact that it must appeal to a sophisticated audience. The movie springs from and depends upon a world dominated by machines, mass production, and mass consumption. The critic is irrelevant who demands a kind of art, a kind of form or effect, not inherent in the material with which the movie must be concerned, namely, the world in which it exists.

Intellectual superiority and mental confusion have had their worst effect upon the movies themselves. Consequently, anything as indigenous as "Taxi" (Strand Theater) and, less recently, "The Champ" arouses an enthusiasm quite out of proportion to its intrinsic merit. In "Taxi" the hard-boiled young man with the heart of gold (James Cagney) is as American as Mr. Ford's Model T, and the part is played with much art and no condescension. The rest of the cast is equally authentic with the important exception of the heroine, Loretta Young, who remains a soft-faced conventional movie star rather than a pretty but not unsophisticated waitress in a third-rate restaurant. The dialogue, which was provided by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright, has a raciness and snap that come straight out of urban America. The speech the hero makes to a meeting of taxicab drivers, for instance, is exactly right. (I think it is significant that Glasmon and Bright were not formerly New York playwrights but engaged in some quite different pursuit in the Middle West.) The director, scene by scene, takes full advantage of the material he is working with, and the picture moves with speed and gusto.

The story of "Taxi" is undistinguished. Its tempo and dialogue, and the characterization, show considerably more artistry. It begins on one theme—a campaign against taxicab racketeers; halfway through it switches to another, purely personal theme. Moreover, it is episode rather than story, and therefore has no shape. But if it is granted that form is the most difficult problem in art, involving as it does complete understanding of the material, it is not surprising that the American movie should be deficient in this element. It may well be also that the American film will not realize its best artistic possibilities until the average mental age of its audience is twenty-one instead of twelve years. But "Taxi" and "The Champ" are at least beginnings. In the meantime criticism of a democratic collective art should not be based upon aristocratic individualistic preferences, however understandable those preferences may be.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Drama

Nice People

PHILIP BARRY'S new comedy, now current at the Broadhurst Theater, has been hailed with delight. Critics and public seem to agree that it is irresistibly charming, and my voice is evidently destined to cry alone in the wilderness; but I must confess that I find "The Animal Kingdom" subtly offensive from its coyly cynical title on, and that I suspect myself of disliking it for the very reasons which are responsible for its success. Since the plot is of no moment, it must be the tone which counts, but that tone—despite all the author's obvious efforts to be "authentic" or nothing—is distressingly hollow.

If I understand Mr. Barry aright, what he hates above all else is vulgarity. He despises the easy flippancy of Broadway no less than he despises the cheap sentiment of the uneducated, and the blatant ostentation of the rich shocks him neither more nor less than does the middle-classness of the middle class or the proletarianism of the proletariat. He is always dreaming of some ideal milieu—of some purified Riviera or some intelligent Park Avenue—peopled with creatures really worthy of their gracious setting. In pursuit of this dream he is always filling his plays with characters who are fabulously "fine" as well as incredibly elegant, who combine the knowingness of the cosmopolitan fast set with the sensitivity of the artist ■ the artist is conceived in romantic fiction. But the result is merely that these characters are almost invariably ■ little bit "too" everything. They are too rich and too elegant to begin with, too preciously gay and gallant and sensitive as they develop. He is, besides, always telling us what they seem to be always telling themselves, namely, that never before were there any people so irreproachable from any reasonable standpoint. Park Avenue could not criticize their manners, Paris could not criticize their taste, and the Algonquin would hang its head in shame if it could realize how far it had been beaten at its own game. Even their morals are fundamentally as sound as their sophistication and their manners, for their essential "decency" is always flashing out from behind the flip-pant phrase; despite all the necessary complexity of their lives and sentiments they remain Boy Scouts at heart. Nor is there ever any danger that we shall fail to realize just how first-class everything is. With an accomplished casualness, characters and motives alike are always being unostentatiously turned up so that we shall not fail to see the mark. It is "Sterling," of course, but it is "Black, Starr, and Frost" besides.

Now if all this were purely extravagant and confessedly artificial, if Mr. Barry had his tongue firmly in his cheek and realized fully the ridiculousness of it all, then it might be amusing enough. But there is an undercurrent of seriousness which makes it evident that the author is determined "while laughing to teach." He is, I believe, an essentially serious, somewhat sentimental man, and it is a pity that he should be seduced, as he obviously is, by the glamor of a kind of smartness really foreign to his nature. Because of it his people are unconventionally conventional and only escape one cliché to fall into another. They believe themselves free, spontaneous, and genuine; in reality they have only cultivated a more elaborate artificiality and stifled themselves with ultra-smartness while despising the smart. They like the right books and say the right things even though they have gone just one step ahead of the people who admit that they strive to do just that. They do not—to take a specific example—think the *New Yorker* really clever, but one is just as sure that they would think it

BONIBOOKS

\$1.

AMERICAN OXFORD
DICTIONARY

Compiled by F. G. and
H. W. Fowler

EDUCATION AND THE
GOOD LIFE

Bertrand Russell

GREAT SHORT STORIES OF
THE WORLD

Edited by Barrett H. Clark
and Maxim Lieber

OXFORD BOOK OF
AMERICAN VERSE

Edited by Bliss Carman

ISRAEL

Ludwig Lewisohn

AGAINST THE GRAIN

J. K. Huysmans

OUR BUSINESS CIVILIZATION

James Truslow Adams

THE HIGH PLACE

James Branch Cabell

THIS EARTH OF OURS

Jean-Henri Fabre

WHAT IS WRONG WITH
MARRIAGE

Hamilton & MacGowan

SOUTH WIND

Norman Douglas

MICHELANGELO

Romain Rolland

THE HISTORY OF MR. POLLY

H. G. Wells

TAR

Sherwood Anderson

ALBERT & CHARLES BONI

NEW YORK

THE NEW SCHOOL

announces the opening of the

SPRING TERM

the week of Monday, February 15

Marking time is the usual policy for a period of depression such as the present one; but it is a policy the New School refuses to follow. It has arranged its spring curriculum with a view to extending and intensifying its work. It offers many more courses than in any spring term in its history, courses nearer the heart of the current situation. Alongside of most of the ablest lecturers of the last term it introduces its students, among others, to:

DEAN ROSCOE POUND of the Harvard Law School
SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE, formerly editor of *The New Freeman*

JAMES HARVEY ROGERS of Yale, author of "America Weighs Her Gold"

GARDNER MURPHY of Columbia University

ANITA BLOCK of the Theatre Guild

PAUL T. FRANKL, authority on interior decoration and design

LEE SIMONSON, scene designer

JULIUS KLINGER of Vienna, master of poster art

45 courses meeting once a week in the evening or late afternoons. No entrance requirements. Write or telephone for catalogue.

Telephone Algonquin 4-2567

THE NEW SCHOOL FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH
66 West 12th Street New York

cheap an one is sure that the group they despise would think it amusing, and they would be as ashamed to laugh at a drawing by Arno as their vulgar acquaintances would be ashamed not to. It is all too distressingly merely a matter of what "our set" is doing this year, and, to put it briefly, Mr. Barry falls into vulgarity as the direct result of his terrible fear that he might conceivably be vulgar. Surely he should discover before long that one cannot escape the curse of the fashionable by being more fashionable than anyone else. The effort to do so is called chasing one's own tail, and if he is really in search of the genuine it is a pity he has never thought of trying to be simple.

I have a rather short list of performers whom I gladly watch in almost any play purely for the pleasure to be had in their voice, gesture, and physical presence. The list does not contain the names of some of our most distinguished actors, and the failure of certain famous ladies of the theater to appear upon it is explained by the fact that I have never been able to discover what claims they had to fame unless the possession of an individual though annoying mannerism be considered such a claim. However, Mary Ellis does appear rather early in the list, and for that reason I found more enjoyment in "The Jewel Robbery" (Booth Theater) than the merits of that pleasant little comedy could account for. Those who share my enthusiasm for Miss Ellis's warm, rather luscious charm will find that the play gives her a good opportunity to display it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Whistling in the Dark" (Ethel Barrymore Theater) is a play in which a successful author of murder mysteries quite by accident finds himself in a den of murderous racketeers, and after a few drinks boasts that he could, if necessary, execute the most deadly crime without discovery. Since this gang is desperately in need of doing away with a prominent crime-investigator, they hold him to his boast and force him to work out a plan—threatening death to him and his fiancée if his scheme is not successful. The play is not very skilfully written and much of it would appear rather trite if Ernest Truex did not so delightfully portray the plight of a mild, kindly author who is compelled for once to act as a cruel master-mind.

M. G.

Webster's Collegiate

saves me many precious minutes every day . . .

When time is short and accurate information must be instantly available, Webster's Collegiate proves itself supreme among quick-reference works. It is the one handbook that everyone who values correctness in speaking, writing, and thinking must have for its instant answers to all puzzling questions about words.



The Best Abridged Dictionary

NEW FOURTH EDITION—Based upon Webster's New International—the "Supreme Authority." 106,000 entries, including hundreds of new words; dictionary of Biography; Gazetteer; 1930 Population Figures; etc., etc. 1268 pages. 1700 illustrations.

Get the Best Thin-Paper Edition: Cloth, \$5.00; Fabrikoid, \$6.00; Leather, \$7.50. Purchase of your bookseller; or write for free specimen pages. G. & C. MERRIAM CO. 151 Broadway, Springfield, Mass.



WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

PLAYS TO SEE

Brief Moment—Cort—W. 48 St.
Civic Light Opera Co.—Erlanger's—W. 44 St.
Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
Cynara—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way.
Distant Drums—Belasco—W. 44 St.
Electro—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
Mourning Becomes Electra—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.
Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
Springtime for Henry—Bijou—45 St. W. of B'way.
The Animal Kingdom—Broadhurst—44 St. W. of B'way.
The Bride The Sun Shines On—Geo. M. Cohen—B'way. & 43 St.
The Devil Passes—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
The Good Fairy—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.
The Left Bank—Little—44 St.
Whistling in the Dark—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.
See page iv for plays, films, lectures, etc.

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Why Recognize Russia?"

DAVID W. WAINHOUSE was formerly assistant director of research of the Council on Foreign Relations.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

OAKLEY JOHNSON has just returned from Kentucky, where he has been investigating conditions among the striking miners.

HORACE GREGORY, author of a book of verse, "Chelsea Rooming House," has recently published a translation of Catullus.

EDA LOU WALTON is associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University, and author of "Jane Matthew and Other Poems."

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER is the author of "The Temptation of Anthony."

W. NORMAN BROWN is professor of Sanskrit at the University of Pennsylvania.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1932

No. 3475

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	153
EDITORIALS:	
Dynamite at Shanghai	156
Unless We Cancel the Debts	157
A Lesson for Candidates	158
Minneapolis Morals	158
HOW MANY HUNGRY? By Mauritz A. Hallgren	159
AMERICA'S ROLE AT THE CONFERENCE. By David W. Wainhouse	162
BAKER'S BREAD: COSTLY AND TASTELESS. By Winifred Raushenbush	164
MAHATMA GANDHI MEETS ROMAIN ROLLAND	167
CONTROLLING FOREIGN LOANS. By Morris L. Ernst	168
THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	169
CORRESPONDENCE	170
FINANCE: THE REAL CREDIT PROBLEM. By S. Palmer Harman	171
BOOKS, ART, DRAMA:	
Winter: 1932. By James Rorty	172
Jean-Jacques. By Joseph Wood Krutch	172
"Individualism" and Housing. By C. K. Bauer	173
Italian Literature. By Isidor Schneider	173
Death of an Empire. By Karl F. Geiser	174
International Drama. By Montrose J. Moses	174
Book of the Cloud. By Stanley J. Kunitz	175
Books in Brief	175
Art: William Gropper. By Louis Lozowick	176
Drama: "Worse than Death." By Joseph Wood Krutch	177
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	178
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
French Logic Versus Customs Unions. By Lindsay Rogers	179

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

LEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE FULL WICKEDNESS of the Japanese attack upon Shanghai appears from the fact that, as in the case of our war upon Spain in 1898, hostilities began *after* the Chinese had surrendered at every point—and accepted every one of the Japanese demands. It proves that, as McKinley wanted war at any cost for political reasons, so the Japanese militarists are determined to go ahead for ulterior reasons. It is not yet plain how far the Japanese plan goes, but it is quite likely that its forces are provoking war with China to enable the Mikado to seize all of Manchuria as "reparation" after the Chinese defeat. Meanwhile the Island Kingdom is taking the chance of embroiling the whole world. Its forces, too, are proceeding in the regular military manner of these times. After attacking without provocation, they bombed from airplanes homes, hospitals, and public buildings, killing men, women, and children. They destroyed the Commercial Press, China's foremost publishing house. These facts are vouched for by the Shanghai Y. M. C. A., the World's Chinese Students' Federation, the China Institute of Pacific Relations, the Union of Chinese Universities, and others. It was a cold-blooded massacre and one which merits reprobation by the civilized world. And latest bulletins contain the almost incredible news that Japanese warships are shelling Nanking and under cover of

the shell-fire Japanese marines are being landed with a view, evidently, to occupation of the city.

BUT WHEN WE SAY THIS we wish no one to believe that we are inciting people to take up arms in order to "revenge" those acts and kill a lot of Japanese who committed these bloody wrongs under the orders of a medieval government. That will get the world nowhere. If there ever was a time to apply the lessons of the World War this is it. From that criminal folly the world has not yet recovered, if it is going to recover; indeed, this tragedy of Shanghai is doubtless a direct outcome of that struggle and of the teachings of Wilson and the Allied leaders that wrongs are to be redressed and the world purified by torturing and disemboweling men, women, and children. What the situation does call for is the bringing of world opinion to bear upon Japan in an unprecedented degree. We hope that every American organization that can possibly act will let the Japanese Ambassador know by telegraph at once that America is united in horror over this deed and demands the immediate cessation of hostilities and the withdrawal of Japanese troops. We hope that there will be mass-meetings everywhere to let their messages be known. It is the hour for the moral forces of America to be heard, and we believe they will respond. That Japan will be heavily punished we have no doubt. Its Shanghai warring may well spell economic disaster and the end of the kingdom. But, as we have said elsewhere, the only policy for us is to get our nationals out of Shanghai and then withdraw ships and soldiers as rapidly as possible.

UNDER DARK SKIES, indeed, the Disarmament Conference meets in Geneva. To the militarists reluctantly assembled there as advisers, and to the statesmen who have come only half-heartedly or with the determination to block the relief of suffering humanity, the Shanghai massacre comes, of course, as a welcome aid. But nothing that is happening in China should keep the governments of America and Europe from steadfastly pressing for disarmament. Upon the backs of the workers chiefly rests the burden of paying the \$5,500,000,000 which Mr. Hoover has stated officially to be the annual burden Europe and America carry for armaments which never protect but inevitably lead to war. What ought to be pointed out in Geneva is that a disarmed Japan would never have made the onslaught upon Manchuria and Shanghai; it would have sought redress for wrongs in a humane and decent way through the League of Nations, the World Court, or a friendly and sympathetic diplomacy. But far beyond this lies the fact that at Geneva the nations of the world have the choice between bankruptcy and sanity. There is hardly a country in Europe which is not on the verge of financial collapse. Geneva offers the most direct and immediate way out; at least it could release enormous sums with which to start up trade or to take care of the destitute millions who are on the verge of desperation. Capitalism everywhere invites its own end if it does not take the Geneva opportunity to free the world in considerable degree from the domination of militarism.

WE HOPE that the horror in Shanghai will not prevent Congress from going ahead and reducing the army in line with the recommendations of the subcommittee of the House Military Affairs Committee headed by Congressman Collins of Mississippi. Congress ought to realize that the American army is the most topheavy in officers of perhaps any army in the world, now that the Spanish army has been modernized. For example, we have ninety colonels of cavalry to command six regiments of horse! It is idle to say that we need these officers for service in time of war; there will be no more cavalry regiments and the War Department has admitted this, for it is steadily motorizing the cavalry arm. We have so many generals that the War Department hardly knows where to station them. We are informed that there are three or four generals stationed in the Panama Canal Zone, and similar duplications run all through the service. More than that there is a serious block in army promotions due to the large number of men taken in at one time at the close of the war. It will be to the interest of the whole army to have this block broken. Certainly, the Citizens Military Training Camps and the Reserve Officers Training Corps ought to go; the latter is worthless from a military point of view, save for the inculcation of militarism. This is the time to cut the army down, and it must be done.

WHO ARE THE MEN selected to manage the Reconstruction Finance Corporation? Dawes, Meyer, Bestor, Mellon (or Mills), Couch, Jones, and McCarthy. Eugene Meyer, Jr., chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, is the chief financial adviser to the Hoover Administration. Paul Bestor is the Federal Farm Loan Commissioner and has been an instructor in Latin American history at Yale and the head of a firm engaged in draining and developing farm lands. Secretary Mellon and his assistant, Ogden L. Mills, have been in charge of the Treasury Department, with its immense responsibilities, both before the depression began and since. Harvey C. Couch is president of the Arkansas Power and Light Company, has several other power-trust connections, is an opponent of government development and management of Muscle Shoals, and is the man who persuaded Senator Robinson of Arkansas, Democratic floor leader, to support President Hoover a year ago in the fight against direct government relief for hungry farmers and workers. Jesse H. Jones has for many years been a lavish contributor to Democratic campaign funds, and was until recently treasurer of the Democratic National Committee. Wilson McCarthy, a former district attorney and judge in Utah, is a director in numerous corporations in the Mountain States. All of these men, with one exception, are now holding or have held political offices, and the exception is Mr. Jones, who for years was one of the owners of the Democratic Party. On the whole, the list is fairly representative of the type of business men and politicians who have been thoroughly discredited by their lack of effective leadership in the present depression. To them the Hoover Administration has intrusted the task of distributing a \$2,000,000,000 dole to industry on the ground that this dole will help bring about an economic recovery.

NEWTON D. BAKER has convinced many politicians that he would make an ideal Presidential candidate. The owners and managers of the Democratic Party, who for

months had been looking about them for a conservative candidate to oppose Franklin D. Roosevelt, had previously turned thumbs down on the former Secretary of War. He was making too many speeches in support of the League of Nations, and in these speeches he was saying all too plainly that the United States ought to join the League. Whether or not they objected to his idealism, the politicians did not like his positive views on this subject. They do not like to take chances with a candidate who is likely to offend any small part of the electorate. But Mr. Baker has seen the light. He has accommodated the Democratic conservatives—and presumably himself, though he still denies that he is a candidate—by publicly tempering his idealism. He has declared that while he still has faith in the League, he believes that the American public is not yet ready for membership, and therefore the League should not be made an issue in the approaching campaign. Of such stuff are Presidential candidates made.

ACCORDING TO THE KELLOGG PACT, the United States Government has renounced, that is to say, outlawed, war as an instrument of national policy and as a means of settling international disputes. But according to the Supreme Court, if an alien holds war to be unlawful, he may not become a citizen of the United States. To adjust this paradox Representative Griffin of New York in 1929 introduced a bill in Congress amending the naturalization laws to provide "that no person mentally, morally, and otherwise qualified shall be debarred from citizenship by reason of his or her religious views or philosophical opinions with respect to the lawfulness of war as a means of settling international disputes." The merit of this bill is self-evident. Nevertheless, it has for more than two years been blocked by the jingoists and other extreme patriots—among them Major General Amos A. Fries, Fred R. Marvin, and Miss Mary Kilbreth. They have been ably supported by Chairman Johnson of the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization. These superpatriots have been permitted to use the committee as a means of spreading their propaganda against pacifism. For example, the record of the committee's hearings on the bill contains twenty pages of articles and excerpts from Miss Kilbreth's magazine, the *Woman Patriot*. These efforts to block this very necessary legislation should be met by the united support of all proponents of peace.

THE VOLUNTARY ACCEPTANCE by the railway labor unions of a 10 per cent reduction in pay for a period of one year is one of the most cheering developments since the depression began, and ought, logically, to have a greater influence in restoring confidence than the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. For the action of the railway unions is important both directly and symbolically. Directly, it is estimated that it will save the railroads \$210,000,000. This, added to the \$100,000,000 or more expected from the recent freight-rate increase, will make a difference in revenues of at least \$300,000,000 a year—more than half of the entire net operating income earned by the railroads in 1931. The first effect of this will be to give added security to the insurance companies and savings banks that hold so large an amount of railroad securities, and to remove the specter of bankruptcy from some of the railroads—more than seventy

of them—that failed to earn their fixed charges in 1931. The next effect should be to increase the purchasing by the roads of manufactured goods and fuel; the roads make normally about \$1,700,000,000 of such purchases; in 1931 these amounted to only \$863,000,000. Another result, let us hope, will be an early increase in railway employment. Both the spokesmen for the unions and the spokesmen for the railways—particularly Daniel Willard—deserve congratulations for the decision. It would be extremely unfortunate, however, if employers were now to regard the admirably conciliatory action of the railway unions as the signal for a further general “deflation of labor.” Labor cannot be asked to take any greater reduction in wages than the decline in the cost of living; its proportional share in the national purchasing power must in no event be diminished.

ECONOMIC NATIONALISM continues to reach ever dizzier and more perilous heights. In the British Isles it has become an unpatriotic act not to “buy British.” It does not matter whether the goods to be bought are inferior, or are higher priced, and it does not seem to have occurred to anyone that this campaign is proving a serious blow to international trade, which is the very basis of economic prosperity in England. The important thing is that the goods must have originated in the British Isles or one of the dominions. France is moving toward the same goal by simply shutting off foreign products which the French manufacturers do not want the people to buy. Far from acting as a deterrent, this mad course has only inspired us to go and do likewise. Already there is talk of a “buy-American” campaign. President Hoover has suggested that Congress enact the necessary legislation to give American producers the preference in the purchase of supplies and materials by government departments. From governmental purchases the thing can readily spread to public buying, and to widespread demands that the tariff be raised so high as effectively to bar all foreign goods that compete with our own in the American market. We could hardly choose a more certain way of committing economic suicide.

FOR ALL PRACTICAL PURPOSES the navy seems to be pretty well in control of Hawaii. The grand jury which was to consider bringing in indictments against Mrs. Fortescue, Lieutenant Massie, and two enlisted men finally was able to find an indictment of second-degree murder. The four defendants are at liberty and “enjoying themselves,” according to reports, at Pearl Harbor Naval Station, having been released on bail, Mrs. Fortescue to the amount of \$5,000, and the others at \$2,500 each. Governor Judd has sent to the House a bill amending the rules of evidence which require corroboration of the victim’s identification in cases of rape. It is even being urged that Lieutenant Massie and his associates be tried by the navy, which, all things considered, might be the simplest and neatest way out of the difficulties. A Hawaiian jury would not then be obliged to feel the pressure which its protecting Power, the United States, might feel obliged to exert for an acquittal in the murder trial. And by the time the new trial of Mrs. Massie’s alleged attackers comes around, the Hawaiian law will doubtless be satisfactorily amended so that she may name the four in question, the Governor of the Territory, or Admiral Pratt himself—the fact of the rape having been completely

established by hospital records—as her assailants, without fear of contradiction or another hung jury. We have not the slightest desire to see a criminal go free. But neither do we wish to see condonation of lynch law or military control of a peaceful and on the whole entirely inoffensive people.

URBANA, Illinois, took matters into its own hands the other day and saved the town. The First National and the Commercial Bank of Champaign, Urbana’s nearest neighbor, failed; rumors of a run on Urbana banks were spreading panic through the town. The Mayor took charge, called the merchants and bankers of the town into conference at 7 a. m. on Tuesday, January 12, and asked that all business except food and drug stores be closed for five days beginning at once. There was evidently not a dissenting voice at the proposal for an interregnum. The five days were used by the daily newspapers in spreading confidence among the citizens, and by the banks in urging depositors to show their faith in the town not only by refusing to make withdrawals but by increasing their deposits. When the banks reopened, deposits outnumbered withdrawals twenty-five and thirty to one, and a grand feast of mutual congratulation was indulged in by bankers, business men, and town officials. It is not known what Mr. John Smith of Urbana thought about all this business; probably, since his money appears to be for the moment safe, he is congratulating, too. Nor is there complete cause for assurance that for Urbana the economic depression is over and the good old days are here again. Nevertheless, this display of public trust and of plain common sense is somehow an encouraging spot in a generally dark scene. In so far as psychology has anything to do with economic difficulties—and it may have a good deal—some such tactics as those of Urbana might be profitable for far larger communities.

FIFTY-THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS was the price paid in the sale of the Marquess of Lothian’s library for the “Olive Branch Petition,” a document presented to His Majesty King George III in 1775, and signed by forty-six members of the Colonial Congress, among them John Hancock, Franklin, John and Samuel Adams, John Jay, and Thomas Jefferson. It was addressed: “Most Gracious Sovereign”; it began: “We, Your Majesty’s faithful subjects of the colonies”; it pleaded for peace, for cessation of the “effusion of blood” already shed at Lexington and Concord; it declared that the signers ardently desired restoration of harmony and good-will between England and her American children. In short, it asked for dominion government and declared, almost in the words of General Washington a year earlier, that “no thinking man in all North America desired independence.” The document reached England in August, but since the Colonial Secretary, Lord Dartmouth, was in the country at the time, it was not presented to him in person until September 1. Lord Dartmouth consented to receive the petition but announced that “as His Majesty did not receive it upon the throne, no answer would be given.” No answer was given—by King George. But in less than a year an answer was made: it was the Declaration of American Independence, and twenty-five of the signers of the “Olive Branch” put their names to it. It is hardly necessary to point a moral. But in India, in the Philippines, in many other quarters of the world, the alternative answer is reluctantly although irresistibly being prepared.

Dynamite at Shanghai

JAPANESE arrogance, encouraged by the treachery of Washington and Geneva to the Kellogg Pact and the Nine-Power Treaty, has resulted in an explosion at Shanghai. It is now probably too late for diplomatic action. We shall, whether we wish it or not, have to let events take their course—wherever that course may lead us. An attempt at this hour to invoke the Kellogg Pact or any other peace agreement, or to enforce an economic blockade, or to withdraw diplomatic recognition from Japan could hardly have any effect but to inflame still further the Japanese military and their government at Tokio, who already have shown that they mean to do as they please in China, though in doing so they violate every treaty in existence and set the entire world at defiance. In any case, the authorities in Washington have now taken the position that there is nothing left in the Far Eastern situation that is worth saving—except American rights. They have sent a note to Tokio, not to remind the Japanese of their obligations under the various peace agreements, nor yet to confront them with the enormity of their crime at Shanghai, but merely to insist that whatever happens in China the rights of the United States Government and of American citizens must be observed. And to support the note they have rushed additional warships to Shanghai! Defense of our national rights, though it means war, rather than defense of the peace of the world, has become our greatest concern.

Japan might have gone ahead with its program of conquest no matter what the Western world thought of its action. All the peaceful pressure Geneva and Washington could have brought to bear on the Japanese might not have served to restrain them. But the undeniable fact remains that neither the League of Nations nor the United States has to date taken a single sincere step toward saving the Kellogg Pact and the Nine-Power Treaty from destruction at the hands of the Japanese. They have lodged with Tokio not one clear, direct, and forceful protest. To this extent the Western Powers must be held morally responsible for the Japanese invasion of the Yangtze valley. It cannot honestly be argued that Mr. Stimson's note of January 7 constituted an invocation of the Kellogg Pact or any other international agreement. It was simply a warning to China and Japan to observe American rights. Nor do we find in the incomplete correspondence recently made public by the Senate any suggestion that the State Department intended to take any vigorous or straightforward action to support the peace agreements. There was in these notes an occasional expression of concern, but nothing else. The League of Nations at the start was somewhat more explicit and determined. It charged Japan with being the aggressor in Manchuria, and it set a time limit for the withdrawal of Japanese troops. But it lacked the courage to carry its decisions through to successful conclusion.

A united front by the Western Powers at the beginning of the Manchurian trouble, that is, immediately after the capture of Mukden on September 18, would very likely have told another story. Then was the time to exert economic pressure, or to withdraw diplomatic recognition from Tokio.

Then was the time, while the Japanese were still uncertain as to what effect the Mukden incident would have upon world opinion, for Geneva and Washington to have made it unmistakably clear that the world would not put up with Japanese aggression and arrogance. And the Western Powers were in an excellent position to do this. Baron Shidehara, at that time Foreign Minister of Japan, was fighting to keep the militarists in check. He had for several years been able to prevent military aggression in China. When the British and Americans shelled Nanking in March, 1927, it was largely through the influence of Shidehara and his group that the Japanese warships lying in Nanking harbor were restrained from taking part in the bombardment. There can be little doubt that if the Western Powers had openly thrown their support to Shidehara in the Mukden crisis, he would, with the help of Japanese public opinion, which is always sensitive to world opinion, have mastered the militarists. But this support was not forthcoming. Shidehara fought virtually alone. Japanese public opinion, poisoned by a carefully prepared campaign of militaristic propaganda, turned against him. Thanks to the bungling stupidity of Geneva and Washington, to put the matter in its mildest form, Shidehara was overwhelmed, and the militarists gained control. They now dominate the Japanese scene and Japanese foreign policy. Having called more than one bluff of the League of Nations since September 18, and having been given sufficient cause to believe that Washington will not act, it is inconceivable that the militarists will take seriously any further peace overtures or any sort of diplomatic pressure from the Western Powers. Washington and Geneva muffed their chance. By their action, or rather inaction, the peace machinery so painstakingly erected in the last thirteen years has been discredited, and the League of Nations in particular has been dealt a serious, if not fatal, blow. But the most immediately painful consequence of this policy is the invasion at Shanghai. Whither that tragic event will lead the world, no man can tell.

We can now only hope and pray that Washington will move with great tact in handling the Shanghai situation. Its action in sending more warships to China is a dark and dangerous omen. So delicate is the problem that the slightest misstep might readily plunge us into war. We should withdraw completely from the troubled area, taking out all our citizens, troops, and warships. The property that the government and our citizens have there, though it were worth a million-times its present value, it not worth the shedding of a single drop of blood. Our commercial treaty rights can be left to another day for consideration. We have already made it plain that we intend to safeguard those rights. It is too late to save the peace treaties, too late to prevent further Japanese aggression by peaceful persuasion, but not yet too late to save ourselves from being drawn into a Far Eastern war. In their present mood the Japanese militarists cannot be trusted. We must not by our presence in China tempt them to turn upon us. We have only one course—to withdraw now, and leave "American rights" to some future conference.

Unless We Cancel the Debts

IT has now become apparent that the probabilities are immensely against any enlightened action on war debts or reparations either from France or from America. The crushing burden on Germany, of course, cannot and will not be paid. Every unbiased observer and every recent expert committee reports this either guardedly or bluntly, and the present German crisis makes it entirely obvious. French statesmen continue to act as if they had never read the reports or heard of the crisis. As for Congress, it has gone out of its way to say quite plainly that it is opposed not only to any cancelation of the war debts, but to any reduction of them, or even any further moratorium. It has flatly refused to revive the War Debt Commission, for fear such a commission would discover that the debts had to be scaled down. In brief, it has refused to do what any intelligent banker, no matter how lacking in altruism, does—it has refused to investigate its debtors' capacity to pay. It has preferred a wilful blindness. Mr. Hoover, in his turn, has rid himself of the problem by retreating behind the absurd fiction that reparations are purely the concern of Europe.

Under such circumstances, it seems futile to continue to point out how insane our policy is. It is more profitable, perhaps, to ask ourselves what is now most likely to happen. The present moratorium on German reparations expires on July 15. The next debt payments from the Allies to ourselves are not due until December 15. It is possible, therefore, that under the pressure of events France will consent to extend the German moratorium for five months. Germany will continue to insist on a final settlement by July, but no matter what further collapse occurs in Germany, this request will probably be ignored. Farther than this slight extension of the moratorium France is extremely unlikely to go. How can the French Government be expected to consent to any reduction of the reparations worth talking about when it has had the most emphatic notice from Congress that under no circumstances will we in turn consent to deduct a penny from the war debt? What, then, will France do before the extended moratorium period expires? Doubtless it will join with England and the other Allies in requesting a further extension of the moratorium from us. If this request is made before election day, Mr. Hoover will of course refuse even to submit it to Congress. If it is made after election day, Mr. Hoover will probably submit it, but Congress will in any case reject it. The Allies will then notify us that they are taking advantage of the clause in their war-debt contracts permitting them to suspend payments for two years.

The next move will probably be Germany's. Whatever German Government is in power will demand complete cancelation of all reparations. It is possible that France will then extend the moratorium on the unconditional payments, but it is much more likely that it will refuse even that. Germany will then repudiate the reparations. This will leave several courses open to France. It may proceed to apply "sanctions" and move troops into Germany; but it may hesitate to do this through inability to see just what the troops would do when they got there. If the French seized mines,

they would have to operate the mines; if they seized railroads and factories, they would have to operate them also. And this could not be done in a partial way; it would have to be done completely. The French could not operate an automobile factory, for example, unless they operated the railroad bringing raw materials to the factory and shipping out the finished product, as well as the contributing steel works, glass works, leather companies, tire companies, and so on—at least to the extent that such semi-finished materials could not be profitably imported from France or elsewhere. But obviously not a fraction of the excess skilled French labor could be found to carry on such work. It has been suggested that French industrialists might take control of German industry. But even if we assume that they could secure ownership, either of bonds or stocks, the problem of reparations would hardly be changed. True, it would cease to be a problem of taxation, but it would continue to be a problem of transfer; and if the payments existed on any scale comparable with those under the present reparations, the system would be just as certain to break down.

It is possible that much of this may become apparent to French statesmanship before any action against Germany is taken; but whether it does or not, it will become apparent very shortly after action is taken. France's next step, therefore, will be to combine with the other Allies to request an international conference for the drastic scaling down both of debts and reparations. This Congress will reject. France, England, Italy, and the rest will then notify us that they are unable to make further debt payments. Senators Borah and Johnson will make scorching statements condemning Europe for its repudiation of a sacred contract, and the American press will swell the denunciatory chorus. European statesmen and press will reply to Uncle Shylock in kind. Stocks and bonds will probably undergo another collapse; the economic crisis will become worse everywhere. Mutual bitterness and recrimination will continue for years; America and the Allies will throw up still further discriminatory tariffs against one another, and help still further to ruin one another's foreign trade. Statesmen on both sides of the water will continue to feel righteous indignation and thorough self-satisfaction.

Such is the future we have to look forward to if we base our view on a cold weighing of the probabilities. Events may not occur in the order named; but the final result can hardly fail to be the same. There is, of course, one chance in ten that a miracle will happen, and that Congress and the Administration will forgive the debts purely out of intelligent selfishness. In that case, of course, we shall not get our money either, but we shall at least have the world's goodwill, and in such an atmosphere confidence and trade would rise like a submerged raft from which a great rock has been rolled off. There is a huge psychological difference, which we have not yet remotely begun to appreciate, between what follows when a creditor forgives a debt and what follows when a debtor repudiates it. It remains to be seen whether that difference can be understood before it is altogether too late.

A Lesson for Candidates

A CONVENTION of Ohio ministers met in Cleveland late in January and delivered themselves of some conclusions that were admirably plain-spoken. At a time when pussy-footing is practiced by nine public men out of ten, when ninety-nine out of a hundred words uttered for public consumption are mealy-mouthed, cautious, weasel, and with an eye to the main chance, plain speaking is as refreshing as spring showers on packed winter earth. The 400 ministers who met in Cleveland discussed war. They said:

We are convinced that war is un-Christian, futile, and suicidal, and we renounce completely the whole war system. We will never again sanction or participate in any war. We will not use our pulpits or classrooms as recruiting stations. We set ourselves to educate and lead youth in the principles and practice of good-will, justice, understanding, brotherhood, and peace. We will not give our financial or moral support to any war.

The ministers did not stop here. They added:

Governments which ignore the Christian conscience of men in time of peace cannot justly claim the lives of men in time of war. We deplore making military service against conscience a test of citizenship, as in the Macintosh case, and military training a requirement in education, as in our land-grant colleges. . . . Therefore be it resolved that we . . . solemnly refuse to acknowledge the obligation which the Supreme Court declares to be binding upon its citizens. . . . We will use whatever influence is within our power, in our personal relations or in public address, to inform others and to awaken them to the peril in which this decision involves their traditional and most fundamental liberty.

The ministers also had a few words to say about unemployment. Asking themselves whether "men have a right to expect a job and whether society has an obligation to provide it," they answered:

The present industrial and economic order which assumes the right to accumulate profits large or small in unequal and inordinate distribution must take also the responsibility for work and working conditions for those who are the producers of such favorable balances.

Going on to a further consideration of our economic structure, the resolutions indorsed the principle of unemployment insurance and of "greater federal supervision of the industrial program of competition," declared protective tariffs a "constant source of friction," and recommended that the United States "take the initiative in repudiating the traditional method of intervention by armed force to protect the lives and business interests of its citizens in other lands."

It is true that only 400 men indorsed these sentiments; it is true also that many of the resolutions were bitterly fought and were only carried by the force and persuasiveness of the younger group in the convention. But they were all carried. One wonders what would happen if any one of the estimable gentlemen who are at present angling for the Presidential nomination with a leg on either side of every political fence should be as forthright. Obviously these aspirants to high office believe that to do so would lose them votes. There is a possibility that just the opposite is the case.

Minneapolis Morals

WE have had occasion before to comment upon choice bits culled from the showman's Bible *Variety*. Into the somewhat sheltered life of a *Nation* editor this admirable weekly brings news of a world which Mr. Mencken would appropriately describe as "gaudy," and we recommend it heartily to those who are interested in manners and morals but who find themselves cursed with any sort of tender-mindedness. Little incidents in which others would find, at the very least, an editorial "cause for alarm" are merely facts to *Variety*, and there was probably never before any journal which so completely accepted—without ever having heard of it—the doctrine that morals are merely *mores*. In the show business it is frankly only a question of what one can get away with in New York, or Chicago, or Duluth.

Consider, for example, the front page of a recent issue. Who would not be intrigued by the dispatch from Los Angeles describing the success of various "Park 'n' Drink Night Spots" which employ houris to supply highball "set-ups" to "the tired business man too tired to climb out of his car"? And who could fail to be further impressed by the managerial astuteness which provides that the hostesses (limited one to a car) are *supposed* to go no farther than the running-board, or by the further comment that the "amount of whoopee permitted is also strictly controlled, as the outdoor spots are too close to busy corners to tip the lid all the way." Then there is a dispatch headed "Baptists and Wrestlers Conflict in Atlanta," which promises to be interesting and is, but we are most impressed with the news from Minneapolis. It is headed "Minne. Burlesque Chorus Boys Flop; Cops Pass Strip Dancing in the Dark," and we shall quote it in full with the remark that those to whom the language is strange will find the effort to master it worth while:

The Gaiety (burlesque) has dismissed its male choristers and substituted dancing in the dark à la strip by the girls. The cops have okayed the scanty shaking as long as the bulbs don't glow while the gals quiver. The first and only male chorus line ever known in burlesque didn't last long.

As runway attractions the masculine group failed to lure sufficient feminine trade to warrant retention despite the free exposure of manly figures up and down the orchestra gangplank.

A nudist's conception of the art of Terpsichore, as specially interpreted by Hinda Wausau, has the approval of the police, providing the management pulls down the dimmers and thereby aggravates the customers. The head electrician stands a chance of becoming one of the most popular guys in town with a swell opportunity for side coin to miss a cue or two.

We have nothing but pity for that part of mankind which will pay money for the privilege of imagining what it could see if it could see anything at all, but we wonder if the cops are wise. From what we have heard tell, burlesque queens become less seductive in exact proportion to the clarity with which they stand revealed, and if we were managing the morality of Minneapolis we should provide that such performers could appear undraped only under a double spotlight.

How Many Hungry?*

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

HOW many people are hungry in the United States today? How many are in desperate need and are getting no relief, or at best only the barest minimum of help, all too inadequate, from public and private charities? How much money is needed to give these people, not the comforts to which they may have been accustomed under their former standard of living, but just enough bread, clothing, shelter, and medical attention to keep them from suffering and from possible death by starvation, to prevent disease and permanent physical disablement for their children, and to stop from spreading through the country that demoralizing feeling of insecurity which has already reduced hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of Americans to dangerous despair?

Lastly, where is this money to come from? Nobody seems to know. No one seems to have the slightest idea as to the number of persons actually in need, the amount of money necessary to help them, or the sources from which these funds can best be obtained.

A subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Manufactures has been seeking the answers to these pressing questions. It has heard the testimony of dozens of persons, most of them experienced social workers who have been in close and constant touch with the vast financial and human problems directly involved. It has listened to public officials and trade-union leaders, industrialists and journalists qualified to interpret public opinion, and it even went to the unprecedented length of hearing a representative of the unemployed, though this man came uninvited and was shown scant courtesy when he demanded to be heard. But these experts were unable to give an all-inclusive picture of the problem facing the country. Estimates of the number of unemployed were given guardedly and ranged from six million to twelve million for the nation as a whole. In Chicago, said Samuel A. Goldsmith, director of the Jewish charities of that city, "40 per cent of all people who may work, are able to work, and are willing to work have no work!" In New York City the number of unemployed was placed at more than a million; in Pennsylvania at approximately 900,000. But the national figures were only guessed at, and nowhere was there any agreement as to how many needy persons these statistics represented. Some of the social workers said that on the average there were three persons in need for every one unemployed, but the public officials and industrialists challenged this proportion as "too extravagant."

Again, though the witnesses could give in detail the extent and character of their own local problems, they had little or no knowledge of conditions beyond their communities. A few experts, such as Ralph G. Hurlin, statistician of the Russell Sage Foundation, were able to present surveys of the amount of relief extended in various of the larger cities, but their testimony failed to cover many other cities, and omitted whole sections of the country. Nor were these experts able to state with any precision what the needs of the

immediate future might be. Some hope, based on many uncertain and variable factors, was held out that the larger municipalities would be able to care for their own unfortunates, but this hope did not extend to the smaller communities and the farming areas. Mr. Hurlin declared that "organized relief is limited pretty much to the cities." He was "decidedly" of the opinion that a vast majority of the smaller communities and the rural districts were doing "relatively little in efficient administration of relief." Benson Y. Landis, executive secretary of the American Country Life Association, emphasized the growing need for relief in the farming areas. Within the last few years, he said, "many of the farms have become a refuge for persons unemployed." The depression is forcing people to desert the cities and return to their relatives and former homes, not to take up farming anew, but in the hope of obtaining shelter and something to eat. The counties cannot carry all these people. They derive revenue primarily from real-estate taxes, and, according to Mr. Landis, "we have certainly about reached the limit in taxing farm property."

Private contributions to unemployment-relief work have fallen far behind the rapidly growing demand for relief. Herbert Benjamin, representative of the Unemployed Councils of the United States, stated his belief that the unemployed will never get the help they need until every man in Congress "is shivering in his very pants because he thinks the unemployed are going to engage in struggle if they do not get something." That fear of disturbances has proved a stimulus to private contributions was shown by Mr. Goldsmith. He declared that "one little rent riot on the South Side in the Negro district" turned out to be of great help in the Chicago drive for funds. But apparently there have not been enough rent riots. Jacob Billikopf, director of the Federation of Jewish Charities in Philadelphia, submitted a letter stating that data from 130 cities revealed an increase in private contributions of only 14.3 per cent in 1931 as compared with 1930. "Yet relief demands in every American city," the letter continued, "show an increase quite out of proportion to this gain. Philadelphia's relief expenditures during September of this year were 404 per cent above September, 1930; Chicago's 267 per cent; New York's 125 per cent; Cleveland's 134 per cent; St. Louis's 214 per cent." Allen T. Burns, executive director of the Association of Community Chests and Councils, said that there had been an increase of 59 per cent in relief allotments by private charities affiliated with his organization, but declared that this "should be compared with the fact that relief expenditures in these communities are now averaging more than 200 per cent of those of a year ago." And, he warned, "there is no sign of abatement in these increased demands, and so no prospect of sufficient private funds to meet them."

Still another problem that has received almost no consideration is that of the migrant families and individuals, who, because they have no definite residence, receive no relief from local governments or charity organizations. Every community has made it a strict rule to provide for its own people

* The first of a series of articles by Mr. Hallgren on unemployment in the United States. Others will appear in subsequent issues.—EDITOR THE NATION.

first, and there is hardly a community to be found anywhere that can, with the funds available, meet this primary requirement in anything like adequate fashion. The importance of this much-neglected problem was stressed by J. Prentice Murphy, director of the Children's Bureau of Philadelphia, who asserted that "the actual number of unsettled migrants in terms of families and individuals may run up as high as 2,000,000."

What of the communities where relief is organized and presumably efficient? "The total amount of money which is in sight at the present time," said William Hodson, executive director of the Welfare Council of New York City, "is not sufficient to care for the families and individuals who are going to be in need of help and assistance this winter." More than 250,000 families in New York City are in need, he declared, but of this number only 100,000 families are receiving assistance. In Chicago, where 40 per cent of the eligible workers are unemployed, only \$100,000 a day is available to take care of families who are losing \$2,000,000 daily in wages. Even these people must reduce themselves to the status of paupers before they can get help. "We insist that the people who come to our private and our public agencies," said Mr. Goldsmith, "shall use up, absolutely use up and come to us empty-handed, all their available resources. We ask them to borrow on their insurance policies and to reduce their equities in their policies. I think if this committee can get the information from the various large insurance companies as to the amounts of money that have been loaned on policies in the last two years, policies of \$5,000 or under particularly, I think you will be amazed at the huge sums that people have actually borrowed on their estates. We would ask people—and it is not possible any longer to do so in Chicago and Cook County—if it were possible we would ask people to take out second and third mortgages on their homes. Indeed, one of our most serious problems in Cook County is to help the home owner, because Cook County's Department of Public Welfare does not, under the law, help home owners—and these people cannot eat their homes; they must have food, which the department is not furnishing."

Miss Dorothy Kahn, of Philadelphia, told of the struggle to provide relief in that city. Lack of funds to pay rent owed by the families of the unemployed is one of the main difficulties, she said, and as a result there have been many evictions and considerable overcrowding. "The evictions in Philadelphia," according to Miss Kahn, "are frequently accompanied not only by the ghastly placing of a family's furniture on the street, but the actual sale of the family's household goods by the constable." "We have no measure in Philadelphia today," she said, "of the overcrowding that is a direct or indirect result of our inability to pay rent for families. Only the other day a case came to my attention in which a family of ten had just moved in with a family of five in a three-room apartment. However shocking that may be to members of this committee, it is almost an everyday occurrence in our midst. Neighbors do take people in. They sleep on chairs, they sleep on the floor. There are conditions in Philadelphia that beggar description. There is scarcely a day that calls do not come to all of our offices to find somehow a bed or a chair. The demand for boxes on which people can sit or stretch themselves is hardly to be believed."

Mr. Billikopf showed what is happening to these unemployed persons from another angle. Twenty-four hundred

families applied for small loans from a fund that had been made available by a few wealthy Philadelphia residents, which was intended to take care of "such of the unemployed as were too proud to apply to the charities for help." The families, said Mr. Billikopf, "filled out simple questionnaires, giving place of residence, type of employment in which they were engaged, and indebtedness. And here is a very significant fact. The schedules of the 2,400 families showed that they had exhausted all of their savings either with banks or with building-and-loan associations. These amounted to \$700,000. But this is only part of the picture. These 2,400 families were in debt to their landlords, butchers, grocers, milkmen, and so on to the extent of \$1,300,000. . . . Only 513 secured loans. In the case of the others it was felt that it would be an unfortunate imposition to burden them with loans when they were already so heavily in debt, without the least possibility of ever meeting their obligations."

Similarly discouraging reports were made by witnesses from other large communities. But it is in these communities that relief is best organized. One wonders what is happening in the smaller cities and towns, such as Moline, Illinois, where, according to a report from the Illinois Department of Labor which was read into the record, employment decreased 74.4 per cent in the period from September 15, 1929, to November 15, 1931, and pay rolls in the same period dropped 84.5 per cent! One might also be curious to know what is taking place in some of the smaller towns in Pennsylvania. Governor Gifford Pinchot has received many letters from constituents begging for help. A number of these he introduced into the Senate committee's record; two of them follow:

DEAR GOVERNOR PINCHOT: I am in trouble and I cannot think any more. I am writing you that you may advise me what to do. I have ten children and lived in . . . three years ago. My husband got out of work and could not get any. He tried everywhere. My husband and I have our children and don't want to part with them. Some people tell us to drown some of them in the lake. Is there any way the government could get a small farm and pay as rent as I would like to have some place to live in peace?

DEAR GOVERNOR PINCHOT: I am sending this letter to you and your wife to ask you won't you please and help me. I have six little children to take care of. I have been out of work for over a year and a half. Am back almost thirteen months and the landlord says if I don't pay up before the 1 of 1932 out I must go, and where am I to go in the cold winter with my children? If you can help me please for God's sake and the children's sakes and lives please do what you can and send me some help, will you? I cannot find any work. I am willing to take any kind of work if I could get it now. Thanksgiving dinner was black coffee and bread and was very glad to get it. My wife is in the hospital now. We have no shoes to wear; no clothes, hardly. Of what will I do I sure will thank you.

A pitifully small measure of rural relief is being extended by the American Friends Service Committee, according to Clarence E. Pickett, its secretary. "Last spring," Mr. Pickett said, "the chief of the Children's Bureau, Miss Abbott, and the assistant director of the President's Committee on Unemployment Relief, Mr. Croxton, came to us with disturbing stories about the situation in some of the mining communities, particularly in West Virginia and Kentucky, where

the miners were suffering from lack of food and clothing. They asked us if we would consider going in to see that the worst spots were taken care of, particularly the children in those spots. They would like to have had us cover the whole need, but we are a small organization with limited resources." The Friends agreed to go in, however, and have been doing what they can to the utmost of their resources and ability. Mr. Pickett said one of the committee's chief difficulties was to get at some of the "small mines, often located in very out-of-the-way places. . . little, isolated communities where the mine has closed and where the miners have not got out. Even where some have left, there is still a residue left in the company houses, and they are often in very serious distress."

Frank Bane, director of the American Association of Public Welfare Officials, presented a report covering a country-wide survey of relief conditions made by his organization. Again and again in the report there were references to situations in desperate need of attention. Both Williamson and Franklin counties in Illinois, for example, "have deplorable conditions, with the counties literally bankrupt, county relief cut off, banks closed, and few mines running even on part time. People literally have no money, and there is actual destitution and suffering in abandoned mining villages."

That the need is great, that the "calamity we are facing now," to quote one of the witnesses, "will turn out to be much worse than any catastrophe of war" can hardly be doubted. The social workers who testified have their special jobs to attend to; they cannot be expected to have information covering the whole country; they cannot be expected to work out a nation-wide program of relief. For this task one naturally looks to the President's Organization on Unemployment Relief, the only national body solely and directly concerned with the problem. One looks more particularly to the director of that organization, Walter S. Gifford. He was the industrial genius, the master-mind, whose great organizing skill was to go far toward solving the problem. What does he or his organization know of the scope and details of the relief question? Can they tell us how many hungry people there are in America, or how much money is needed to feed and clothe these people? Mr. Gifford's own testimony on this point is most eloquent. Let the record speak for itself:

SENATOR COSTIGAN: How many people are out of work and on the verge of want in the United States?

MR. GIFFORD: I do not think anybody knows, but I will give you a guess.

SENATOR COSTIGAN: You are in an exceptionally good position to make an estimate, are you not?

MR. GIFFORD: Well, I could make a total estimate, but when you come to every little village, town, and hamlet, it is difficult.

SENATOR COSTIGAN: Before you make your estimate, will you tell us what you actually do know as head of the President's Unemployment Relief Committee as to present actual needs in the United States? Is your definite information as to unemployment needs confined to certain cities in the United States?

MR. GIFFORD: Well, I have no definite information, nor has any city definite information.

SENATOR COSTIGAN: You do not know definitely how many unemployed persons in need of assistance are to be found within the borders of the Union at this time?

MR. GIFFORD: No; and you could not know, because

I have people that I individually am helping and undoubtedly you are and they are in need of assistance, but there is no record of that and never will be.

SENATOR COSTIGAN: We have had, however, some very definite estimates as to unemployment in certain parts of the country. They have been obviously conservative estimates, but a committee reported that last summer in Pennsylvania there were between 900,000 and 1,000,000 unemployed. The present estimate puts the figure in Pennsylvania somewhat in excess of 1,000,000 people. Do you regard that as a conservative estimate?

MR. GIFFORD: I do not know. I think that might be all right. I do not know what the working population of Pennsylvania is.

SENATOR COSTIGAN: We have had estimates of New York City of approximately 750,000 people out of work and more or less in need at this time. Do you agree with that as a conservative estimate?

MR. GIFFORD: I think I do. I think that is perhaps all right.

SENATOR COSTIGAN: We have had a corresponding estimate for the State of New York, where, it is stated, there are in excess of 1,500,000 people out of work and more or less in need. Is that in accordance with your understanding?

MR. GIFFORD: There may be that number out of work, but I do not know as I would classify the whole million and a half as in need.

SENATOR COSTIGAN: Could you give us your estimate of how many in New York State are in need?

MR. GIFFORD: No; I could not.

SENATOR COSTIGAN: Can you make an estimate for Illinois, where we were advised the other day there are approximately 1,100,000 unemployed?

MR. GIFFORD: I could not do that.

SENATOR COSTIGAN: Is your information similarly indefinite with respect to the rest of the country?

MR. GIFFORD: Yes, sir.

SENATOR COSTIGAN: The best information I believe we have is in the cities where relief work is more or less organized and community chests have been operating. Am I correct about that?

MR. GIFFORD: I think the best statistics would be available there; yes.

SENATOR COSTIGAN: Do you know or does anyone else whom you can turn to know what the relief needs are in the smaller cities which have no community-chest organizations?

MR. GIFFORD: No; I do not know.

SENATOR COSTIGAN: Do you know what the relief needs are in the rural districts of the United States?

MR. GIFFORD: No.

But enough. There are pages upon pages of this sort of testimony from Mr. Gifford. However, toward the end he struck a note of hope, and this was remarked by Senator Costigan. "I find it pleasant to be hopeful," Mr. Gifford replied. Mr. Hodson, of New York City, was likewise hopeful. "I believe," he said, "that nobody will starve to death in New York City this winter on the basis of the funds which are now available." An hour later Mr. Murphy, of Philadelphia, was reminding the Senate committee that hungry people "do not die quickly. You can starve for a long while without dying." With his lack of information Mr. Gifford may be hopeful, but in the meantime many of our millions of unemployed will be facing the prospect of starving "for a long while without dying."

America's Role at the Conference*

By DAVID W. WAINHOUSE

THE United States will hold the balance of power at the General Disarmament Conference. No other nation stands in such a position to swing the conference into high success as does the United States. But the forces which have contributed to her greatness as the leading world Power are the very forces which now hold her from sharing the responsibilities and obligations of world leadership. Geography has decreed for her security, and the political philosophy of a nineteenth-century agricultural society the tradition of isolation. The twentieth century finds the United States preeminent in the Western Hemisphere, still secured by the Atlantic on the east and the Pacific on the west, with an agricultural society transformed into an industrial one. This transformation in the structure of American society, as in the societies of many other nations, has led to a material interdependence of states which cannot be squared with the tradition of isolation. No longer does the United States live within the confines of a defined geographic area, but in the world. Thus, while the new economic life has outstripped national boundaries, it seems hardly to have been taken account of by the politicians, who still continue to worship isolation with an eighteenth-century mentality. The world will be thrust back to a parochial economy if it does not reconcile the material interdependence of states with their political autonomy.

Isolation, or, stated in another way, Senatorial aversion to political commitments in Europe, has driven the State Department to espouse the "disarmament-school" philosophy, a philosophy which conceives armaments as dependent on technical quantity rather than on political quality. Yet the little progress which has been made in agreement on naval armaments between the United States, Great Britain, and Japan denies the utility of the "disarmament-school" thesis. Naval agreements between these Powers were made possible only because naval armaments were approached in political and not in technical or mathematical terms.

When, in 1921, Mr. Hughes proposed the 5:5:3 capital-ship symbol for the United States, Great Britain, and Japan, political questions forced themselves in by more than one door, and the Washington conference on the reduction and limitation of armaments resolved itself into a conference on the politics of the Pacific and the Atlantic.

The problem of security—that old League problem—then raised its head in a different guise before tons and guns could be measured. It was met for the United States when the Anglo-Japanese alliance, which constituted a threat against her, was canceled; it was met for Japan when the three greatest naval Powers agreed to maintain the status quo of fortifications and naval bases within a specified area of the Pacific Ocean; it was met for Japan again in the Four-Power Consultation Pact, which, in effect, assured her against an Anglo-American naval combination in the Pacific; it was met for Great Britain and the United States in the Atlantic when Great Britain acceded to the demands of the

United States for equality with respect to naval strength.

Thus, not until political foundations were laid was an agreement on naval armaments between these three nations possible. The experience and lessons of the Washington conference of 1921-22, of the abortive Geneva naval conference of 1927, and of the London naval conference of 1930 are sufficiently dear and clear for the United States to judge the future by the past.

Before discussing how much the United States has contributed to laying a political groundwork for the limitation and reduction of armaments in the preparatory stages of the conference, let us consider the three major technical problems which the American delegation will have to face at Geneva—trained reserves, battleships, and budgetary limitation.

Trained Reserves. The issue here is whether trained reserves should be included in estimating the military strength of a nation. The United States has held that trained reserves should be counted in measuring a nation's military strength. Ambassador Hugh Gibson, in setting forth the American view before the Preparatory Commission, contended that "a nation which possesses an adequately equipped trained reserve is in a position promptly to undertake offensive battle." France, however, speaking for herself as well as for the other nations with a compulsory military system, has refused to yield and has declared that "the safeguarding of the vital principles underlying her national defense does not allow her to make any concessions in regard to trained reserves." In the sixth session of the Preparatory Commission (April, 1929) the United States abandoned her opposition and deferred to the views of the conscriptionist nations for the sake of reaching an agreement. With Great Britain and this country committed to let France have her own way in the matter of trained reserves, French armed dominance on the continent of Europe becomes assured. It is idle for the United States to argue that the problem of limiting land armies is purely a European problem and no concern to her as a military nation. While it is true that the American army is on a skeleton basis and constitutes no threat to any Power, the question whether or not France is to remain in complete military domination over Europe is of the greatest importance to the United States as well as to the rest of the world. The disparity existing between Germany and her former allies, who are in a condition of practical disarmament, as against France and her military allies, who have increased their armaments, "has produced an instability of attitude in the center of Europe, which attitude has produced repercussions of a political and financial nature which extend far beyond Europe." The quoted words are those which Secretary of State Stimson used before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. To allow France and her allies to continue in the possession of these huge armies is simply to perpetuate the condition of European instability with its resulting world chaos.

Battleships. At the present time the United States is the only nation which insists upon the retention of battle-

* An introductory article by Mr. Wainhouse, *The Disarmament Conference Meets*, appeared in last week's issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

ships of 35,000 tons. To cut down the size of these battleships, argue the professional sailors, would place the United States in a position of relative naval inferiority with respect to Great Britain and Japan. The American battleship fleet is in a "period of transition," and the destiny of battleships must wait until the naval conference which is scheduled to meet in 1935.

There can be little doubt that ever since the Washington conference battleships have started their march to the grave. No nation has laid down any new battleships since 1921, and not even France or Italy has exercised the right accorded by the Washington conference to replace the 70,000 tons of obsolete battleships.

Great Britain favors not only the reduction of the size of battleships but their eventual abolition. She has already indicated that at the conference she will press for a reduction in the size of battleships. In this she will have the support of France and Italy, and the cooperation of Japan. If the United States resists she will be placed in a position of being the lone defender of these costly floating mastodons.

Budgetary Limitation. The United States has consistently objected to limiting armaments by limiting the amount to be spent on them. She and Germany are the two Powers that have interposed a veto whenever the issue arose in the Preparatory Commission. The German objection has been based on the convincing argument that it is not fair to add budgetary limitation on top of the direct limitation already imposed on her by the Treaty of Versailles. Germany, by unlimited expenditure, has in the past decade made up in quality what she lacks in quantity. The American objection has never been made clear. In 1927 Mr. Gibson contended that it would be unjust to the United States to compare her armament expenditures with those of other countries in view of the higher cost basis. That is a sound argument. But no one has ever suggested that the comparison should be made between the military budgets of one country and those of another, but rather between the succeeding annual budgets of the same country. When the high-cost argument was shown to be based on a misunderstanding of the workings of the principle, it was suggested that budgetary limitation would be unconstitutional inasmuch as the Senate, by a treaty, could not contract away the appropriation power of the House. This argument, too, seems unreal. If the number of battleships the navy is to possess can be limited by the treaty-making power, why cannot a treaty limit the amount to be spent on them? Another argument which has been advanced is that the budgetary system of limitation is an impossible one from the point of accountancy. If the War Department spends money on harbor and river improvements and conducts in part some of the insular affairs, how, it is asked, can the war items be kept separate from the non-war items? But no accountant worthy of the name, not even a government accountant, would take this argument seriously.

Budgetary limitation is something which is readily understood by the man in the street. It is effective, clear, controllable, and workable. It is the only way the world can know what its war bill is. The Budgetary Experts' Committee has reported that it is a practicable method and has drawn up a definite plan for the conference to consider. The United States virtually holds the sole veto of this system of limitation. It seems incredible that Mr. Stimson and Mr. Hoover,

who are anxious to cooperate whole-heartedly in making the conference a success, will hold out against budgetary limitation. They should subscribe to this method notwithstanding the desire of the big-navy interests to build up to the levels of the London naval treaty.

Mathematical formulae, symbolic ratios, and technical criteria alone will not solve the problem of aggressive armaments which exist to carry out national policies. The problem of disarmament is fundamentally political, and the solution of it lies outside the mere consideration of the technical problems in the limitation and reduction of armaments. To what use will these armaments be put? This is the question which France has put to the world, and the United States, as a leading member in the world community, will have to give an answer. Self-defense? The term is a blind. At the London naval conference the respective chiefs of the five Powers all pleaded that their armaments were purely defensive; yet it was the fear that these might be used offensively which brought them together. And it is the same fear which is bringing them together again at Geneva.

America's foreign policy is at stake in the disarmament conference. Aloofness from European politics has been one of the permanent bases of America's foreign policy. It has been a policy which has prevented Great Britain from taking her obligations under the League Covenant seriously. If France should again request from Great Britain military guaranties as a *quid pro quo* for armament reduction, the answer will depend largely on what the United States will do in case Great Britain is called upon to honor her military commitments on the continent of Europe. Will the United States insist on her neutral rights and attempt to give aid and comfort to a nation which has broken the pledge to settle all disputes by peaceful means when the British navy is engaged in running down the aggressor? Great Britain's attitude toward the League is dependent upon the answer to this question.

The disarmament policy of the United States has been shaped and in large measure dictated by the Senate under its constitutional authority of giving advice and consent to agreements entered into by the Executive. The Senatorial habit of modifying and amending treaties, even of rejecting them entirely, has made the State Department a creature of the Senate. While the State Department has become international-minded, the Senate remains incased in the eighteenth-century political thought still current in the regions of Idaho. The Senator who votes to outlaw war one day demands the codification of the laws of war the next.

Under these circumstances the State Department has shown daring and courage in the preparatory stages of the conference, not only in having adhered to a consultation clause, but in having initiated and proposed it. This is a matter of far-reaching importance and has not received the attention which it deserves. The consultation clause is Article 50 of the Draft Convention and is worth quoting in full:

If, during the term of the present convention, a change of circumstances constitutes, in the opinion of any High Contracting Party, a menace to its national security, such High Contracting Party may suspend temporarily, in so far as concerns itself, any provision or provisions of the present convention, other than those expressly designed to apply in the event of war, provided:

(a) That such Contracting Party shall immediately notify the other Contracting Parties and at the same time the Permanent Disarmament Commission, through the Secretary-General of the League of Nations, of such temporary suspension, and of the extent thereof.

(b) That simultaneously with the said notification, the Contracting Party shall communicate to the other Contracting Parties, and at the same time to the Permanent Disarmament Commission through the Secretary-General, a full explanation of the change of circumstances referred to above.

Thereupon the other High Contracting Parties shall promptly advise as to the situation thus presented.

When the reasons for such temporary suspension have ceased to exist, the said High Contracting Party shall reduce its armaments to the level agreed upon in the convention, and shall make immediate notification to the other Contracting Parties.

The principle of international consultation will form the center toward which the problem of the limitation and reduction of armaments will gravitate at Geneva. It will be the heart of the arms agreement.

The consultation clause bears interestingly on the Briand-Kellogg pact. For the past two years Mr. Stimson has had it in mind to propose the adding of a "third article" to the pact, an article which would oblige the signatories to consult in case of a violation or a threatened violation. Consultation envisaged in Article 50 provides this "third arti-

cle." In fact, Article 50 brings within the orbit what the pact by implication excepted, namely, a war of self-defense when that war is coupled with a suspension or violation of the arms agreement. In this respect it encompasses a wider range of action, for it involves questions of war whether defensive or offensive. The United States is thus doing through an arms agreement what President Wilson attempted in part to do through the Covenant of the League of Nations more than a decade ago.

Consultation under Article 50 is the first stage preceding its very object—combined international action against the disturber of the peace. It is a form of sanction, and since it operates automatically, it may in time change the character of private war.

The primary task of the General Disarmament Conference is to build the political foundations for an arms agreement. The conference can begin by setting up a Permanent Disarmament Commission (discussed in the first article), by concluding an agreement to consult, and by limiting armaments by the budgetary method. This must be the groundwork in the immensely complicated business of disarmament. If the American delegation returns with an arms agreement incorporating these three principles, it will have reached the first stage in the difficult journey. And the Senate, however isolationist, will not dare to reject it if American public opinion is bent on sharing the responsibilities for building a well-ordered world.

Bakers' Bread: Costly and Tasteless

By WINIFRED RAUSHENBUSH

AS everybody knows, we have a wheat surplus. And as everybody knows, the unemployed and 2,000,000 wheat farmers are tightening their belts. Bankruptcies in the wheat regions are increasing at a shocking rate, and the United States Department of Agriculture predicts that the American wheat farmer will not sell much wheat to Europe before 1935 or 1936, and that he had better face the fact that he may, in the future, have to produce wheat for the domestic market only. What is the wheat farmer to do?

Between 1904 and 1914 Americans consumed 80 per cent of the American wheat crop. At no time has our population consumed less than 60 per cent of the wheat raised in this country. The American wheat farmer's biggest customer is, obviously, the American people. And how is the wheat farmer getting on with his biggest customer? Very poorly. The per capita consumption of wheat has been declining steadily since 1913. According to the Food Research Institute of Stanford University, the per capita consumption of wheat specifically for food, rather than for other purposes, is lower in the United States than in any other country for which there are trustworthy statistics. Under the Czar, Ivan Smith of Russia ate 2.9 bushels of wheat. He now eats 4.1 bushels. At the time Ivan Smith was eating 2.9 bushels—in 1909-10—John Smith of America was eating 5.3 bushels. Today he is eating only 4.6 bushels. What is the trouble? What is wrong with the American wheat farmer's biggest and most important customer?

The trouble is that Americans don't eat wheat; they eat bread. Midway between the American people and the American farmer with his unsold wheat, which in July, 1930, amounted to 265,000,000 bushels, stands a middleman—the baking industry. What is wrong with the bread produced by the American baking industry? Isn't it wrapped in glazed paper? Isn't it strictly fresh? Isn't it delivered twice a day to suburban back doors by ardent bread salesmen, at the cost of an extra cent a pound? Isn't it "the Kind Mother Used to Make"? It is not. Half of the bread eaten by contemporary Americans and most of the bread eaten by Americans living in cities is bakers' bread. The trouble with bakers' bread is that the Joneses don't like it and the Sweeneys can't afford it.

In 1919 there were about 300,000 baking establishments in the country, 279,000 of which, or 93 per cent, were run by hole-in-the-cellar bakers, who produced about one-half of the bread and collected about one-half of the profits of the industry. None of these 279,000 small bakers produced more than \$20,000 worth of bakery products annually. The other half of the profits went to 21,000 big bakers, including such companies as Ward, Continental, General, and Purities, none of which produced less than \$100,000 worth of bakery products annually. These 21,000 bakers, representing only 7 per cent of the industry, were able to produce about half of America's bread and collect about half of the profits. That their production volume is as high as stated is shown not only by the Kyrk and Davis monograph, "The Baking In-

dustry," which appeared in 1922, but by a report of the Federal Trade Commission published in 1928, which says:

Probably one-half or more of the total commercial bread is produced and sold by a comparatively small number of companies. In 1925, 57 companies, including three chain-store systems operating 278 plants, produced and sold more than 30 per cent of the total commercial production of that year.

It is highly probable that if the big bakers chose, they could do better than this. They do not choose. The relation between the big bakers and the little bakers is extremely cooperative. The big bakers do not push the little baker out of existence; they help him. The help is extended through the officials of bakers' associations. The secretary of one of these associations said of his work: "It's a great deal of satisfaction attending some of these smaller meetings where the bakers need some practical help in ironing out their difficulties. Some of the work may touch on the illegal, but without it many would drag along broke or near-broke." The little baker helps the big baker by charging a high price for bread, because he is poor and inefficient and his production costs are high, and the big baker helps the little baker by not undercutting the little bakers' price. This arrangement enables the little baker to remain in existence, and the big baker to collect the huge profits which are the difference between a low cost of production and a high price.

The price of bread increased by 35 per cent between 1913 and 1927. During the seven prosperous years between 1922 and 1929 it averaged 9.1 cents, as contrasted with a pre-war price of 5.9 cents and a 1931 depression price which occasionally reached a low of 5 cents per pound. It is difficult to find any sound economic reason for the high price of bread during the nineteen twenties. The wheat farmer was already in distress in 1923, when his export markets collapsed, and the present wheat surplus has been piling up since 1925. Dr. Kyrk, of the department of economics of the University of Chicago, states in her monograph referred to above that statistics showed that prior to 1922 rents, taxes, wages, salaries, and total specified costs were lower in the baking industry than the average for manufacturing industries generally. According to the cost-of-living index of the National Conference Board, the index of bread has been from 2 to 24 points higher than the average for food prices generally during the ten years between 1920 and 1930. The Federal Trade Commission, which made an investigation of the baking industry between 1924 and 1928, cites the case of Mr. Win Campbell, president of the Campbell Baking Company, who lowered the price of his bread to 5.7 cents a pound in 1922, when bread was 8.7 cents a pound. On being asked to resign from a bakers' association of which he happened to be president, Mr. Campbell assured the other bakers that he could sell bread at this price and still make a profit. The commission's report notes that a few years later Mr. Campbell's company was again charging the customary prices of the industry. There is, finally, the testimony of the trade press. The *Northwestern Miller* of January 28, 1925, says:

For three full years the baking industry has enjoyed an enormous unearned increment. In all this time the retail price of bread fluctuated hardly at all, while the cost of raw materials went steadily down until last summer. No wonder it seemed that commercial baking was an inexhaustible gold mine.

In 1924 the Senate asked the Federal Trade Commission to investigate the baking industry. The Senate suspected that bread prices were being maintained at an extraordinarily high and uniform level by price fixing and some form of monopoly. Its research agent, the Federal Trade Commission, was not able to prove this. But its report did indicate quite clearly the methods by which bread prices remained uniform and high.

In making their golden profits the big bakers of the industry follow five simple principles: first, never lower the price of bread unless you have to; second, raise the price of bread when wheat goes up; third, if investigated, push the hole-in-the-cellar baker and his high-production costs to the fore; fourth, maintain high prices by being kind to the little baker; fifth, work out an essential monopoly among the big baking companies by means of joint stock ownership and interlocking directorates, but do not let this monopoly become overt.

One of the methods which the baking industry used to raise the price of bread at a time when the price of wheat had gone up will illustrate its general procedure. In 1925 the price of flour was raised from \$1.27 to \$1.45. On January 30, 1925, Dr. Harry Everett Barnard, secretary-treasurer of the American Bakers Association, was interviewed by the *Chicago Tribune*. On January 31 the *Tribune* published the interview under the following headlines: "Expert Predicts Boost in Bread Here Soon—Thinks 1 to 2 Cents More Is Justified." On February 5 two Minneapolis papers announced that bread was to be raised 1 cent per pound. On February 6 the Purities Baking Corporation, one of the four largest companies, announced an increase of 1 cent per pound on bread. And a few days later Expert Barnard received a letter from Baker Bolder, saying, "That was a dandy article in the *Tribune*."

The baking industry's customers fall into two classes: the Joneses and the Sweeneys. It is obvious that the Sweeneys are the more important market because there are more of them. In 1918 there were less than 6,000,000 Joneses and more than 34,000,000 Sweeneys. The distinction between the Joneses and the Sweeneys is that the gainfully employed Joneses make more than \$2,000 a year and the gainfully employed Sweeneys make less.

The United States Department of Agriculture recommends that a typical census family of five persons eat ten pounds of bread a week. The annual cost of this bread quota at Mr. Campbell's price of 5.7 cents a pound would have been \$29.64. The annual cost at the price charged by the baking industry during the same year—8.7 cents a pound—would have been \$47.32. The difference to the consumer would have been \$17.86, or 37 per cent of his annual bread bill.

Could the Sweeneys afford to buy the recommended quota of bread at the prices the baking industry was charging during the nineteen twenties? Could they afford these prices during the boom years between 1922 and 1929? Some of the Sweeneys could not. Between 1922 and 1929 there were never less than 1,400,000 unemployed Sweeneys. During this same period from 5 to 10 per cent of the school children of the United States were undernourished. According to Professor Nystrom of the department of economics of Columbia University, there were during these years probably 9,000,000 persons—men, women, and children

—who were living below the subsistence level. Approximately one person out of every twelve, during the Seven Fat Years of our prosperity, was hungry.

In addition to the 9,000,000 sub-subsistence-level Sweeneys there were millions of other Sweeneys living just at or just above the subsistence level, to whom the price of bread also mattered. "Economic Behavior," a textbook published in 1931 by New York University, says in describing American consumers:

Comparison of income figures with estimates of necessary expenditure suggests that in 1918 nearly 27,000,000 American workers were unable to maintain a family in health and decency. Only about 10,500,000 could attain that standard and only about 5,250,000 could maintain families in comfort. More recent studies of income indicate that in 1926 the average income received by a gainfully employed person was \$1,799, and that if the income of the highest 10 per cent is disregarded, the rest averaged \$1,341. Comparison of the estimates of incomes needed with the incomes actually received will show that the margin separating the American population from distress is not large.

If, as the conclusions of economists seem to show, there were approximately 9,000,000 sub-subsistence-level Sweeneys and an additional 10,000,000 to 18,000,000 sub-efficiency-level Sweeneys during the Seven Fat Years from 1922 to 1929, it is clear that millions of Americans could not afford the high prices charged by the baking industry for a loaf of bread.

The Sweeneys of America were during the nineteen twenties and are now paying more than they can afford for bread, or they are buying less bread. The Joneses are buying less bread than they used to, and not eating all of that. The super-Joneses prefer cake, broccoli, alligator pears, and even carrots and spinach, and the plain Joneses follow their example.

What influences have steered the super-Joneses in the direction of lowered wheat consumption? The first influence was science, which the Joneses venerate highly. Doctors and nutrition experts questioned the value of white bread. The Joneses promptly became suspicious of white bread and began to demand whole wheat. The second influence was patriotism. The United States started an eat-less-wheat campaign during the war, and the Joneses responded loyally. They even began to do without bread in the restaurants which were charging extra for a bread order. The third influence was fashion. The flapper fashions did not encourage avoirdupois, and dieting came into vogue. Starches and breads were not allowed on these reducing diets. The Joneses who still craved bread ate imported breads, guaranteed not to increase weight. The imported breads were expensive. This fact made the dieting Joneses feel better about them. Besides, they tasted much better than American bread.

It is obvious that fashion has had a great deal to do with the decreasing bread consumption of the Joneses. Giving up white bread and adopting whole wheat was a fashion trend. Eating less bread during the war was a fashion, sanctioned by the government itself. And dieting was a fashion made necessary by the Paris dressmakers. Veblen has enunciated one of the important principles relating to fashion changes. The principle is this: If there is to be ready acceptance of a new fashion, there must first be considerable

dissatisfaction with the old fashion. This principle helps to explain why per capita flour consumption has been declining since 1904 and per capita wheat consumption since 1913. It indicates that dissatisfaction with American bread must have begun at about this time. The factor that caused this dissatisfaction was commercial bread. Prior to 1900 the baking industry was of negligible importance. In 1900 the annual per capita consumption of bakery products in the United States was only \$2.33. During the nineteen hundreds and nineteen tens the baking industry expanded with great rapidity, and by 1923 the annual per capita consumption of bakery products had increased to \$10.15.

If the Joneses were not dissatisfied with home-made bread and if they were dissatisfied with commercial bread, then there must be a considerable difference between the two products. It is impossible to say precisely what this difference is, since American bakers have never been willing to make explicit statements about their bread formulae. The National Wheat Conference, however, which met to save the farmer in 1923, knew enough about wheat and commercial-baking practices to supply an important clue to the difference between home-made bread and bakers' bread. The conference, like the United States Department of Agriculture, was interested at this time in stimulating consumption of wheat in the home market to make up for the loss of our European markets. It therefore adopted the following resolution relating to the baking industry: "We urge the production by the baking industry universally of the highest possible quality of bread as an effective means to stimulating its increased consumption. Such bread requires the use of the highest grade of patent flour, *similar to that used almost exclusively in home baking.*"

Nutrition experts agree that although bread depends for its vitamin content on yeast, and for part of its nutritive value on milk, it depends for its taste on the kind and quality of flour used. The reason the Joneses were so ready to give up eating bread was because the taste of American bakers' bread is so negative.

The baking industry is as stupid as it is greedy. Its first mistake lay in assuming that because bread was the staff of life people would always buy it. Its second mistake lay in assuming that it could manufacture a tasteless, high-priced food and compete in the open market with cheap, well-flavored foods. Its third mistake lay in not manufacturing an attractive whole-wheat loaf, when the value of white bread was called into question.

If the wheat farmer knows his markets he will keep an eye on the baking industry. He will watch the weight, the price, and the quality of commercial bread. Further, he will resell the public on the food value and the appetizing taste of commercial bread, even if it means going into the baking business. If the wheat farmer is too hard pressed and unorganized to safeguard his markets, there is nothing for him to do but to sit back and watch the American demand for wheat suffer a slow but steady decline. And there is nothing for the hungry Sweeneys to do either, except, perhaps, to emigrate. To the Argentine perhaps, where the government has taken over the baking industry and cut the price of bread from 3.5 to 2 cents a pound. Or to Russia, where almost no one wears Paris clothes, but where there are plenty of jobs and where the per capita consumption of wheat and rye, combined, is the highest in the world.

Mahatma Gandhi Meets Romain Rolland

[To an American friend Romain Rolland has written as follows about the visit of Mahatma Gandhi to his home.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Villeneuve, Switzerland, December, 1931

HOW I should have liked to have you here during the visit of the Indians! They stayed five days—from Sunday night until Friday afternoon, the eleventh—at the Villa Lionette. The little man, bespectacled and toothless, was wrapped in his white burnoose, but his legs, thin as a heron's stilts, were bare. His shaven head with its few coarse hairs was uncovered and wet with rain. He came to me with a dry laugh, his mouth open, like a good dog panting, and flinging an arm around me leaned his cheek against my shoulder. I felt his grizzled head against my cheek. It was, I amuse myself thinking, the kiss of St. Dominic and St. Francis.

Then came Mira [Miss Slade], proud of figure and with the stately bearing of a Demeter, and finally three Indians, one a young son of Gandhi, Devidas, with a round and happy face. He is gentle, and but little aware of the grandeur of his name. The others were secretaries—disciples—two young men of rare qualities of heart and mind: Mahadev Desai and Pyarelal.

As I had contrived shortly beforehand to get a severe cold on my chest, it was to my house and to the chamber on the second floor where I sleep at Villa Olga—you will remember it—that Gandhi came each morning for long conversations. My sister interpreted, with the assistance of Mira, and I had also a Russian friend and secretary, Miss Kondacheff, who took notes on our discussions. Some good photographs by Schlemmer, our neighbor from Montreux, recorded the aspect of our interviews.

Evenings, at seven o'clock, prayers were held in the first-floor salon. With lights lowered, the Indians seated on the carpet, and a little assembly of the faithful grouped about, there was a suite of three beautiful chants—the first an extract from the Gita, the second an ancient hymn on the Sanskrit texts which Gandhi has translated, and the third a canticle of Rama and Siva, intoned by the warm, grave voice of Mira.

Gandhi held other prayers at three o'clock in the morning, for which, in London, he used to wake his harassed staff, although he had not retired until one. This little man, so frail in appearance, is tireless, and fatigue is a word which does not exist in his vocabulary. He could calmly answer for hours the heckling of a crowd, as he did at Lausanne and Geneva, without a muscle of his face twitching. Seated on a table, motionless, his voice always clear and calm, he replied to his adversaries open or masked—and they were not lacking at Geneva—giving them rude truths which left them silenced and suffocated.

The Roman bourgeoisie, militarist and nationalist, who had at first received him with crafty looks, quivered with

rage when he left. I believe that if his stay had lasted any longer the public meetings would have been forbidden. He pronounced himself as unequivocally as possible on the double question of national armaments and the conflict between capital and labor. I was largely responsible for steering him on this latter course.

His mind proceeds through successive experiments into action and he follows a straight line, but he never stops, and one would risk error in attempting to judge him by what he said ten years ago, because his thought is in constant evolution. I will give you a little example of it that is characteristic.

He was asked at Lausanne to define what he understood by God. He explained how, among the noblest attributes which the Hindu scriptures ascribed to God, he had in his youth chosen the word "truth" as most truly defining the essential element. He had then said, "God is Truth." "But," he added, "two years ago I advanced another step. I now say, 'Truth is God.' For even the atheists do not doubt the necessity for the power of truth. In their passion for discovering the truth, the atheists have not hesitated to deny the existence of God, and, from their point of view, they are right." You will understand from this single trait the boldness and independence of this religious spirit from the Orient. I noted in him traits similar to Vivikananda.

And yet not a single political ruse catches him unprepared. And his own politics are to say everything that he thinks to everybody, not concealing a thing.

On the last evening, after the prayers, Gandhi asked me to play him a little of Beethoven. (He does not know Beethoven, but he knows that Beethoven has been the intermediary between Mira and me,* and consequently between Mira and himself, and that, in the final count, it is to Beethoven that the gratitude of us all must go.) I played him the Andante of the Fifth Symphony. To that I added "Les Champs Elysées" of Gluck—the page for the orchestra and the air for the flute.

He is very sensitive to the religious chants of his country, which somewhat resemble the most beautiful of our Gregorian melodies, and he has worked to assemble them. We also exchanged our ideas on art, from which he does not separate his conception of truth, nor from his conception of truth that of joy, which he thinks truth should bring. But it follows of itself that for this heroic nature joy does not come without effort, nor even life itself without hardship. "The seeker after truth hath a heart tender as the lotus, and hard as granite."

Here, my dear friend, are a few hints of those days of ours together on which I have taken much more detailed notes. What I do not dwell on to you is the hurricane of intruders, loiterers, and half-wits which this visit loosed on our two villas. No, the telephone never ceased ringing;

* Miss Slade joined Mahatma Gandhi at the suggestion of M. Rolland.—EDITOR THE NATION.

photographers in ambuscades let fly their fusillades from behind every bush. The milkmen's syndicate at Leman informed me that during all the time of this sojourn with me of the "King of India" they intended to assume complete responsibility for his "victualling." We received letters from "Sons of God." Some Italians wrote to the Mahatma be-

seeding him to indicate for them the ten lucky numbers for the next drawing of the weekly national lottery!

My sister, having survived, has gone to take ten days' rest at a cure in Zurich. She returns tomorrow. For my part, I have entirely lost the gift of sleep. If you find it, send it to me by registered mail!

Controlling Foreign Loans

By MORRIS L. ERNST

THE investors in South and Central American bonds have lost most of their money. That is too bad but relatively unimportant. The Senatorial inquiry inspired and conducted by Senator Hiram Johnson has, however, pointed to many more lamentable results of our foreign banking policy. Although I am in no way in agreement with Senator Johnson's attitude toward the moratorium and reparations, nevertheless I admire his single-handed efforts to drag out of reluctant witnesses their tawdry tales of bribery and waste. He has elicited testimony which indicates something less than impartial integrity on the part of public officials in the State and Commerce departments.

This hearing is not a criminal trial. The proof needed to inspire legislative remedies may properly fall short of a test of "beyond a reasonable doubt." To any objective person the evidence calls for immediate Congressional action, at least to restate and clarify our national position in the field of foreign financing. Assuming that the bankers were not parties to the illegitimate disbursements accompanying loans, assuming that the State Department was not over-energetic in behalf of Mr. Mellon's oil stake in the Barco concession, assuming that the Commerce Department was not adequately equipped honestly to render opinions as to the commercial aspects of Peruvian financing, nevertheless, all three of these groups must feel quite uncomfortable about their public positions. Certain obvious reforms should be inaugurated without question. The following measures would make financing more respectable and would remove some of the present suspicion from the State and Commerce departments:

1. No government employee, upon leaving the State or Commerce Department, should be permitted for a reasonable time to engage in any field of work connected with the field or staff of his previous employment. Thus we should prevent the stealing of ministers, the buying of assistant secretaries, and the purchasing of attachés by the banking interests. At present public employees necessarily have one eye on the public interest and the other on their future employment. The governmental turnover is excessive; public servants have constantly before their gaze the bribe of bank interests; and their subsequent employment is not entirely divorced from the area of wire-pulling. A similar restriction has been created in many other departments—for example, in the case of income-tax employees and Federal Reserve Board officials. The duration of the limitation can easily be agreed upon. Two years should be adequate as a trial.

2. No government employee, particularly in the State Department, should be permitted to act for compensation or otherwise in behalf of any private interests. The present

legislation on this subject is not broad enough to cover officials or high plenipotentiaries. Such practice should be stopped; we should also condemn by legislation the drafting of private bankers' agreements by ministers.

3. It should be made unlawful to name any government officials, such as the President of the United States, justices of the Supreme Court, or even lesser lights, as arbiters under loan agreements. Such provisions in the agreements are obviously unenforceable and should not be permitted to exist for the mere purpose of duress.

After thus aiding the integrity of the public servants, Congress should enunciate what control, if any, our government should have over foreign financing. Should we return to the old days when there was a free market in money and the government as such was not even consulted? If we are past that era of nationalism, then we must decide what power should be placed in the government departments. Should the State Department have a veto power or be merely advisory? If the latter, shall we need legislation to guard against preferential treatment or duress by the State Department?

For nearly a decade the State Department has exercised an effective veto power. On four grounds the Secretary of State could quash a loan:

1. No money should travel to countries which we did not recognize. This is obviously unenforceable because loans to Germany in fact must have released credits to Russia.

2. No money should flow for the purpose of munitions. This can be circumvented so easily that any decision made by the Department of State would be the laughing-stock of borrowers as well as lenders. The Vickers munition payment resulting from the Dillon, Reed loan in Bolivia is a case in point. Any formula we adopt in this connection should not overlook the coincidental sales by American airplane or munition manufacturers to borrowing nations.

3. No loan should be made unless the budget of the borrowing government balanced. A strict interpretation of this rule would have barred many of our foreign issues. But if such a veto power were sound policy, obviously Congress would have to set up a proper public machinery for the determination of these budgetary facts.

4. No loan should be made in connection with a monopoly. Here again we have a field of difficult determination, and in any event the Commerce Department would be better equipped for reaching a determination than any other branch of the government. If Congress should believe that this fourth classification was a proper basis for absolute veto, where should the power rest—in the State Department or in the Department of Commerce?

A further field of legislative inquiry concerns itself with the banking industry of the United States. The bankers at this moment are genuinely embarrassed when faced with any of their customers to whom they have sold these foreign securities. The churches, colleges, and foundations that purchased such bond issues no doubt feel some slight sense of shame in having been parties to the acquisition of an obligation born, to say the least, in a corrupting environment.

Foreign loans in ordinary times originated in the needs and minds of the borrowers. The bond issues now under consideration in Washington arose, however, in a reverse fashion. Most banking houses sent high-pressure salesmen out into the markets of the world to see where their money could be placed. High and corrupting inducements were made to invite foreign governments to borrow money, to be spent on idle or doubtful pursuits. Grosvenor Jones of the Department of Commerce, testifying in the recent hearings on foreign loans to the competition for South American bonds among investment houses, made two exceptions, these being J. P. Morgan and Company and Kuhn, Loeb and Company, who "had followed the English tradition of the borrower seeking the lender rather than the lender seeking the borrower." Such practices of the banking world call on Congress, even in its limited field of control, to consider the following:

1. Should not commercial banks be prevented from engaging in the business of dealing in securities?

2. Should not all banks be compelled to give up their security companies, incorporated, as set forth in the certificates of incorporation, to carry on a business illegal under the banking laws?

3. Would not such complete divorce and abnegation from the bond and stock business reduce the degree of undue pressure which can be practiced by banks upon outlying banking institutions to purchase the securities of the underwriting parent bank? A major commercial bank in New York is virtually able to compel all affiliated banks in small towns to purchase securities, and the portfolios of our bankrupt banks might well indicate that the smaller the institution and the less important it was to the parent bank, the more likely it was to have foisted on it the least desirable of securities.

4. We might well consider limiting the amount of long-term securities which any bank may hold. Such limitation could be based on a percentage of the capital and surplus, or of the deposits. A quaint but enticing theory exists to the effect that the moneys of a community deposited with these quasi-public institutions known as banks should be kept primarily for the benefit of the community itself. Limitations of investments in long-term securities, particularly in foreign securities, would be in line with such a theory of banking.

5. It has been suggested with such force that it is worth considering that we set up a procedure whereby all foreign governments desiring money in our market should file their applications with the Federal Reserve Board. There, without power of discrimination, the board could act as public auction block for such securities. The issues then would be sold to the highest bidder much in the same fashion as the various governmental entities in this country sell their city or State bonds. The Federal Reserve Board would have the facilities for handling such impartial sales and would be a proper reservoir for preserving valuable information.

After limiting the scope of banks, Congress should con-

sider the further protection of our American investors, our bankers, and our friendly relations with foreign governments by the following legislative enactments:

1. The public recording of all loan and concession agreements. This would include the contracts and all facts in relation thereto, names of commercial agents, amounts paid, expenses, and so on.

2. In respect to loans the bond agreements should be filed thirty days before the date of closing, so as to allow public comment on the proposed agreements.

3. And, finally, there should be recorded after the sale of the issues a complete statement of the entire transaction, including profits, losses, and all attending circumstances.

Imperialism is a vague term. The present disclosure will do little more than accumulate the evidence of the past. The real story lies hidden in the State Department files—hidden from the people by their alleged servants. For my part, more than all the above devices combined I should prefer a simple enactment of "open covenants openly arrived at." I appreciate that we might be impeded in certain ways, but I doubt whether the embarrassment which the State Department always conjures up when asked for information is any greater than that created by the devious negotiations carried on behind closed doors. Has the secrecy of the past brought us any real protection or friendship with other nations? Why not try for two or three years open, fully disclosed dealings with other friendly governments?

The case for secrecy breaks down when Secretary Stimson offers to disclose his files only to the members of the Senate Finance Committee. Why are those men alone to be trusted with these state secrets? What if the facts disclosed are important? They might suggest some legislative cures to be introduced in the Senate. Then Mr. Stimson will have to urge that the arguments for such federal action should not be advanced by the knowledge gained in the secret committee meetings. And what is this secrecy? Secrecy known to the bankers, read by State Department employees, discussed by Senators—but kept from the electorate.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter knows nothing of economics and less of finance. Now and again, however, he hears a story which seems to bear some relation to what is popularly known as the "depression." For him, its interest is human. He does not know what to do about it; he does not know why it is so. But he rather thinks that somewhere, possibly in Denmark, possibly in many parts of the world, there exists matter in a state of decay! He reads of Mr. Abe Wineberg—which is not his name—who two years ago with his wife and eight children decided to leave New York City for Los Angeles. Mr. Wineberg used to be a cap maker; cap making in New York failed to provide sufficient provender for Isidor, then seventeen, Hyman, fifteen, Fanny, thirteen, Sam, ten, Hilda, six, William, four, Pearl, two, and Solomon, just born. Not to mention Papa and Mama. But in Los Angeles things were not so good either. And the other day the Winebergs came home—if home it can be called. They came at the request of the Los Angeles civic authorities, who obligingly provided their railroad fare to

get rid of them, and threw in \$15 for food. Naturally they sat up all the way, sleeping as they could in the seats of the railroad coach; and Mama held Pearl, now four, and Solomon, a big boy of two, on her lap.

* * * * *

IF the Drifter seems to be telling this story light-heartedly, he hastens to assure his readers that it appears to him distressing to a degree. As far as he is able to ascertain, Los Angeles is still a part of the United States. And why the Winebergs should have been considered more the problem of New York than of the City of the Angels he fails to understand. After all, two years of residence might have given them some claim to attention other than a request to depart. The spectacle of them, disheveled and weary, marching out of the train at Pennsylvania Station, to become more than ever public charges, makes the heart weep. New York, obviously will not welcome them. There is, indeed, in the whole United States today no place where ten Winebergs in addition to all the other unfortunates would find a real welcome. There is no relief agency that would not sigh at the sight of the ten lining up for shelter and warmth and clothing and food. They may, of course, be so dramatically pitiful as to excite more than ordinary sympathy and help. If they do, they will only take from another ten the sustenance they in turn need. There is no escaping the fact—the Winebergs are a problem, in a comfortable and well-ordered democracy.

* * * * *

NOR are they the only problem. The Drifter heard another story the other day. Out in the sheep country of Oregon farmers are killing their ewes. This is not the result of an access of bloodthirstiness among the American sheep raisers. But it costs \$1.04 to ship a sheep to market; and the sheep when it is sold for mutton brings the shipper just four cents less. There is, moreover, a law in Oregon forbidding sheep raisers deliberately to let their animals starve to death. The result is that the ewes die, but by their owner's hand. The Winebergs and the slain ewes! Between them there is a gulf that democracy has not yet found a bridge to cross. But even to a Drifter who knows nothing of economics it would seem that the bridge was desperately needed.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

What's Ahead?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Driven from our farm in 1924 by our inability to meet interest and tax payments, we have finally arrived at a point where there is nothing that even looks like a job ahead. Our home is now a tar-paper shack—one room fourteen by twenty-four, one layer of boards for sides and roof, covered with tar paper. This is our shelter from the elements.

We have been following the logging camps around, but this winter all camps are closed, and the word goes out that not a wheel will turn again unless the price of lumber goes up.

We thought we could not renew our subscription to *The Nation*, but have decided that the sooner we all go flat-broke

and ask for help, the sooner this damnable system will crash. When we read of children starving, and of Mrs. So-and-So's jewels, valued at thousands of dollars, being stolen, we naturally wonder "how we got that way." If *The Nation* can tell us how to change such conditions, as individuals or as a group, we will gladly go without what the five dollars would buy.

Sandpoint, Idaho, January 14

NELLIE M. HUNTER

Mr. Anderson Makes a Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter to *The Nation* of January 20 Mrs. Cornelia Pinchot, Governor Pinchot's wife, complains that I misquoted her, misinterpreted her position, and put words in her mouth. She denies that her formal statement announcing her candidacy against Representative Louis McFadden stated that she based her decision to run on the ground that "he insulted our President." The slightest examination of my story will show that I did not quote her at all, and that I did not mention her formal statement. I quoted a common patrioteer's catch phrase to convey my opinion of her demagogic declaration that "anyone must resent an unsubstantiated attack of treason against the President." Apparently she feels that more weight should be ascribed to her written than to her oral utterances. I had assumed she would be equally responsible in both instances; and if she has any knowledge of popular psychology she must have known her oral statement would attract more public attention. If the purpose of it was not to capitalize pro-Hoover sentiment against McFadden, what was the purpose? Careless observation, reckless statement, and twisted argument are not qualified to recommend anyone for high office.

Washington, January 25

PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Russian Jobs Wanted

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Because of our great interest in the development of civilization, we, who are graduating from Oberlin College in June, petition *Nation* readers who have had contacts with Russia for any information concerning the possibility of getting jobs, positions, or anything there which would provide a sustenance and the chance to find out what is going on in the country. We would be willing to try anything where it would be possible to observe the communistic system in operation.

Oberlin, Ohio, January 20

VINCENT BUCHER
ROSCOB BLOSS

For San Francisco Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* Club of San Francisco and the Bay region will hold its annual dinner meeting on February 12, at the Liberal Arts Auditorium, 960 Bush Street, San Francisco. Harry Laidler, of the League for Industrial Democracy, Professor Robert O. Brady, of the University of California, and Lillian Symes will speak. Herbert L. Coggins will be chairman. The price of the dinner is \$1. It is open to the public. Reservations may be made by getting in touch with me at 775 Guerrero Street; telephone, Valencia 1984.

San Francisco, January 28

SOPHIE GREENBERG

Finance

The Real Credit Problem

MR. OGDEN MILLS, Undersecretary of the Treasury, in a recent address in New York, urged bankers to be more liberal and courageous in making loans, less insistent upon keeping their assets "liquid." Why are bankers reluctant to extend credit? Because they fear they will not be repaid. And what reason have they for that fear? They dread a further fall in the prices of commodities and securities which would undermine collateral values and impair customers' ability to pay. Hence the emphasis placed by Mr. Mills and other Administration spokesmen upon the assertion that deflation has gone too far and that it must be arrested. The government is about to throw hundreds of millions into the effort to arrest it, by providing loans to banks and railroads. With this support behind them, the banks in turn are asked to relax their clutch on cash and allow borrowers to have some of it.

This is an appeal to reason for which a case can be made out, however much one may dislike seeing government credit put to such uses. But so much cannot be said of that other part of the program which has to do with liberalizing the rediscount provisions of the Federal Reserve law to permit loans against securities. The danger of such changes does not lie in any immediate prospect of inflation, for it seems a safe enough prediction that no deliberate efforts to inflate at this time would be likely to succeed. It is not inflation we have to fear now, but the throwing open of the central banks to stock gamblers and real-estate speculators a decade hence, when our next boom gets under way.

Underlying most of the proposals for dipping into the Reserve banks is the hoary fallacy that "more dollars in circulation" is what is needed, and that these dollars are withheld because credit is scarce. There is no scarcity of credit in the United States today, any more than there is a scarcity of wheat or copper. The Governor of the New York Federal Reserve Bank recently pointed out that the Reserve system could lend its members three and a half billion dollars, on which, as reserve, those members could in turn create credit to the amount of thirty-five billions. The real scarcity is one of acceptable collateral, or credit risks which the banks recognize as good.

What these proposals for vast credit expansion actually contemplate is a change in the standard of credit, to the end that would-be borrowers who are now unable to obtain accommodation, because lenders fear repayment will not be made, may obtain the funds they want and need. Funds are needed, moreover, not for the immediate launching of new enterprises or expansion of old ones, but to pay off pressing obligations already incurred. Given time and a revival of business, these obligations may be paid, but in the meanwhile one can understand the reluctance of banks, which must pay their depositors on demand, to make loans against them.

Suggestions for ending the depression through large credit or currency expansion rest for the most part on the tacit assumption that depression has a primary cause, which can and must be removed. In a century of hard thinking, competent students have failed to isolate this cause. The late Senator Burton, in his book on business crises, quotes a list of alleged explanations ranging from gold scarcity to the tobacco habit and the issuance of free railroad passes. Alfred Marshall regarded the elements of an economic problem not as a chain of causation, "but as all mutually determining one another." Inflationists might well ponder that statement.

S. PALMER HARMAN

BONIBOOKS

\$1.

AMERICAN OXFORD
DICTIONARY

Compiled by F. G. and
H. W. Fowler

EDUCATION AND THE
GOOD LIFE

Bertrand Russell

GREAT SHORT STORIES OF
THE WORLD

Edited by Barrett H. Clark
and Maxim Lieber

OXFORD BOOK OF
AMERICAN VERSE

Edited by Bliss Carman

ISRAEL

Ludwig Lewisohn

AGAINST THE GRAIN

J. K. Huysmans

OUR BUSINESS CIVILIZATION

James Truslow Adams

THE HIGH PLACE

James Branch Cabell

THIS EARTH OF OURS

Jean-Henri Fabre

WHAT IS WRONG WITH
MARRIAGE

Hamilton & MacGowan

SOUTH WIND

Norman Douglas

MICHELANGELO

Romain Rolland

THE HISTORY OF MR. POLLY

H. G. Wells

TAR

Sherwood Anderson

ALBERT ■ CHARLES BONI

NEW YORK

Books, Art, Drama

Winter: 1932

By JAMES RORTY

Over the dead the ancient battle rages:
Frost and warm earth; where the grave-digger has been,
December strikes
A myriad ice swords, perfect-frail, but piercing
Not far: already the brittle points
Softened and break; the grave-chant warming upward
Yields but a little; worm-hum and beetle,
Music invincible, six feet under.
Perfect their sleep, implacable; winter but feeds
The hot core, the drumming armies; in spring the dead
Storm in their graves, they will not forgive.

Two winters, and now a third; soon you must choose,
America, foolish virgin, incapable of love.
Fear death? Through this gate you must pass.
Fear death? In Massachusetts
Two died, in Russia two million; now the sickle wind
Swings from the north, yells death, more death.
Two winters, and now a third, there is much to slay.
Ah, pale cheat, soft liar, will nothing woo you?
Not words, nor wisdom, nor all time's contempt? Must
you wait
For the mob's leer, the mob's hot rape? . . . Soon you must
choose.

A soft land, hardening; a cold land, burning
Deep at the core. Already the gods have spoken:
"Not for us this child's farce, this idiot huddle of gold-
eaters, paper-eaters, god-eaters.
"What, you will share? You, who have naught to give—
"Courage, nor passion, nor the mind's hot seed? Yes, you
will share
"Terror, and cold, a mouthful of wind at your world's end."

Two winters, and now a third; the grave-chant rises, in
spring the dead
Storm in their graves; bar the door, America, snivel and lie:
Soon you must choose; you shall have lovers, time's womb
shall yet be served.

Jean-Jacques

Jean Jacques Rousseau. By Matthew Josephson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.

WHEN the eighteenth century talked about Rousseau it was very likely to refer to him as Jean-Jacques, but it is, on the contrary, Rousseauism alone which figures very largely in contemporary discussions. The fact is not without its special significance, for it means that a personality has become an abstraction, and the chief merit of Mr. Josephson's painstaking study is, perhaps, that it reminds one again how foolish we are when we talk about him as though he were a disembodied spirit who had come from nowhere for the express purpose of making Mr. Irving Babbitt possible.

Relatively few of the present volume's 550 closely printed pages are devoted to abstract discussion, for most of them are

concerned with the sayings and doings, or the comings and goings, of a rather fantastic but irresistibly arresting man, who—both literally and metaphorically—came and went in all directions as unceasingly as any human being ever possessed restlessness enough to do. Being a chronicle rather crowded, despite its considerable length, Mr. Josephson's book is not particularly easy to read, but it is crammed with information, and it has the effect of reorienting one's interest as it should be reoriented—of reminding one again that Rousseau was a historical phenomenon that is most profitably to be regarded as such. Doubtless his influence still exists, and in so far as it does it is discussible as such, but the origins and the references of his specific doctrines are so much a part of a remote age that it is ridiculous to discuss his errors gravely, as though, for example, the fantastic anthropology embodied in his conception of the state of primitive man had anything to do with deciding whether we today ought or ought not to seek to eradicate all our native impulses as completely as possible. Even a humanist should be able to realize that Rousseau's mythology has as little to do with the question as the mythology of the Old Testament has to do with that Protestant Christian attitude which the said humanist is so busy defending.

Of course Jean-Jacques was inconsistent and absurd as well as totally wrong in those *a priori* conclusions concerning the nature of primitive society which he shared with most learned men of his time. Of course it was inconsistent for a prophet of education to abandon his children to the particularly untender mercies of an eighteenth-century foundling asylum, and of course many of his abstract ideas were, logically, as inconsistent as his actions. Memories of Plutarch's conception of "Roman virtue" had as much to do with his deification of "simplicity" as did any of his communions with nature, and the fact probably accounts for that failure to distinguish between personal and political freedom which made it possible for him to idealize the rigid institutions of Geneva while remaining in all his tastes essentially an anarchist. For him "nature" somehow included Italian opera as well as the fields and mountains, and it was not by logic but by temperament that all he stood for was made a whole. He was a product of, as much as he was an influence on, his times, and he may actually have invented very little of that prodigious complex of rebellious doctrines and attitudes for which he stood. But he had the picturesqueness and the eloquence necessary to give them adequate expression. He was the object around which they crystallized.

To that extent, of course, it is legitimate to use him as a symbol, but it is a little late to attack him as an individual, and it is absurd to suppose that to annihilate him would be to diminish what is called his influence. Rousseauism—if one insists upon retaining the name—is by now detached from Rousseau, and whatever his personal importance may once have been, it is not because of anything which can now be discovered in his books that the world persists in believing all sorts of things highly offensive to those who distrust human nature. To wipe out Rousseauism the whole of the eighteenth century at least would have to be wiped out, since the eighteenth century was, despite the fact that this seems sometimes forgotten, the age of enthusiasm as well as the age of reason, and Rousseau and Richardson were quite as characteristic of it as Fielding and Voltaire. All its speculations and all its emotions are something which the Western world went through, and the experience produced effects upon its spirit which no series of polemics could eradicate, even if it were desirable that it should do so.

It happens that we are just now in one of those recurrent periods when those who are concerned with ideas feel above all else the need to set in order those which we already have. Overwhelmed with facts as well as theories, we long for order, and

as a result it is not unnatural that dilettantes, especially, should profess a sort of precious admiration for whatever writers of the past are simple and consistent and clear. They admire certain very limited men for the reason that they are asking, not how rich their stock of ideas was, but how well it was ordered, and hence they are in no frame of mind to admire a man like Rousseau whose works are a chaos. Yet it should require only a very little historical-mindedness to realize that there are times when the stock of ideas does need to be renewed, and that it is at such times that the Rousseaus, scattering all sorts of seeds in all sorts of places, perform their indispensable function. And what is true of Rousseau is true of the enthusiastic, extravagant, and sentimental side of the eighteenth century. Comparatively little of all the literature which it produced is readable today. Everything it had to say was so new, so undisciplined, and so extravagant that it seems absurd. But every generation since has been concerned with the effort to explore and discipline the ideas and the sentiments which it introduced. Every such period enlarges somewhere the limits within which the spirit moves, and adds something to that repertory of possible ideas, emotions, and sensitivities which makes the experience of being human what it is. Even ■ unromantic age can no more escape the influence of the fact that it has inherited something from romanticism than a skeptical age can escape the fact that it has inherited something from Christianity. No matter how hard we try not to be, every one of us is, to some extent, both a Rousseauist and a Christian.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Individualism" and Housing

Recent Trends in American Housing. By Edith Elmer Wood. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

THE simple fact about American housing is stated on page 46 of Mrs. Wood's excellent book. "Two-thirds of the population cannot pay a rental or purchase price high enough to produce a commercial profit on a new dwelling." A new dwelling, that is, which complies with minimum standards of light, air, space, and sanitation.

One-third of American families have incomes under \$1,200 a year, one-third have incomes between \$1,200 and \$2,000, and one-third have incomes over \$2,000. Yet, as Mr. Robert Whitten showed in his recent study, there are practically no houses of any sort being built in this country to sell under \$4,500—and the \$4,500 house is likely to be a makeshift extravagance at any price. This means that the people who live in wedged-in wood-and-paper packing boxes in Queens, in the newer of the dismal brick rows in Philadelphia, and in the more-gadged dark flats in the Bronx must belong to the fortunate richest third of our population—or skimp on food and clothing to pay for their superior homes. And the others—where do they live? In New York City about two million of them are still crowded in old-law tenements, which it has been illegal to build for thirty years.

Mrs. Wood shows that higher wages alone—the only thing for which workers themselves have actively campaigned—will never radically change the prohibitive ratio between income and the cost of a house. She shows that building-and-loan associations, while they give mild aid in the construction of something under 150,000 homes a year, never reach below the middle of the top income group. She shows that limited-dividend enterprise alone, while it may materially reduce costs, can never reach the lowest third, and, owing to its undependable private philanthropic nature, will never be more than a dubious drop in the bucket anyway. She shows that tax exemption, subsidy though it is, can never produce effective results without a corollary

system of State or municipal credits, the only realistic solution.

Had her book not been published just a little too soon for such comment, she would undoubtedly have shown with equally acid clarity that the President's little mortgage-discount idea, while it might help the banks to cash in on some of their already existing paper, has less than nothing to do with the future construction of houses. And that the President's Conference on Home Ownership and Home Building was not, with the exception of the Committee on Large-Scale Housing, really concerned with houses at all. (It would be so nice, and so *American*, they yearned wistfully, if every family could go out and buy a delightful piece of ground and build thereon the individual home of its dreams and incidentally become a conservative property-owner. Home ownership vaguely connotes stability, and the misplaced emphasis on a comparatively unimportant *effect* is merely a typical case of governmental frustration and romantic wish-fulfilment. Actually, buying a house when you are always in danger of losing your job or being moved somewhere else contributes about as much toward safety and stability as buying stock on margin without having additional resources.)

The point is well clinched by ■ summary of actual achievements in the construction of working-class dwellings in the United States since the war. The list, which includes the work of cooperative societies, limited-dividend companies, private philanthropists, and public authorities, is as follows:

New York City: Under 10,000 apartments (private funds for the most part under State Housing Board control);

California: 7,500 houses (under the Veterans' Farm and Home Purchase Act);

Chicago: 1,000 apartments (private funds, philanthropic);

Rest of country: 1,000 dwellings.

This makes ■ grand total of under 20,000 dwellings, more than half of which are too expensive for any but the highest income group. For obvious reasons, the deplorable results of the earlier unregulated tax-exemption experiment in New York are not included.

Meanwhile, in England, Germany, and Holland about 3,000,000 working-class homes have been built since the war. Many miles of slums have been cleared—something which has not even been started in America. And the negative subsidy of unrestricted tax exemption "has cost the New York taxpayers ■ great deal more than London has paid for her 'assisted' working-class housing." But we are, again in Mrs. Wood's words, "still thanking God that we are not as other men are and that we do not interfere with the sacred laws of supply and demand in the matter of providing homes for those who need them."

C. K. BAUER

Italian Literature

History of Italian Literature. By Francesco de Sanctis. Translated by Joan Redfern. With an Introduction by Benedetto Croce. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two volumes. \$7.50.

THAT ■ book can be understood and estimated more accurately when the reader brings to it ■ knowledge of the age which produced it has become so accepted a truism that its more extreme upholders feel that they must use it not as a conclusion but as a point of departure. It has led, as a result, to some unbalanced critical judgments and ideas. Some of our sociological critics, ignoring their book, have lost themselves, and their readers, in the background; others, disapproving of the social or economic character of a period, have indicted its writers with almost as little reasonableness as ■ traveler would show if he despised the inhabitants of a foreign country for its evil climate.

Literary criticism that seeks to evaluate a book within its setting and influences requires a genius to whom this double seeing would be not a program but a natural act, the result of an almost intuitive power. And as he saw the two together, a unity, so would he write of them, and not as theoretical critics do, laboriously, first a chapter of one, then of the other. Such criticism calls also for one who is a very fine writer himself, so that he may speak of other writers—without self-consciousness, of course—as their peer, and as one who has shared their experiences.

De Sanctis is such a genius. His method, being natural to him, requires no long preface of analysis and justification. When he opens in the beginnings of Italian literature, we are at once in the midst of men, events, ideas, books. Their interpenetration is as complete and active as the fused matter in our minds; and it is achieved not by any breathless mannerism of style but by the spontaneity and whole-heartedness of De Sanctis's interest in his subject, which takes him deeper than his scholarship alone would have enabled him to go. He is so thoroughly interested, so actively concerned, that his emotions are fluent, and their movement communicates directly to the reader happiness, pride, anger, scorn, awe, or sadness, in the same sequence as the men and events that cause them.

About a book like this there is actually little to say except that it is admirable and almost unique in critical literature, and that it would be well for us if every other great national literature had a De Sanctis for its historian. The book has some defects and shortcomings, of course. Being a collection of lectures, it has the lecture's necessary evil of excessive repetition. It was gathered hastily, some parts are less careful than others, and some magnificent metaphors are crudely finished or undone by a mixture. Above all, as an intellectual fruit of the Risorgimento, it gives too much weight to patriotism, and explains too many possibly racial insufficiencies by national disunity. The author's patriotism, however, is in no sense factitious or extraneous, but has become an organic part of his outlook. And his native vision was too clear, and he was too much the artist, for him to allow it to spoil his book.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Death of an Empire

The Birth of the German Republic. 1871-1918. By Arthur Rosenberg. Translated from the German by Ian F. D. Morrow. Oxford University Press. \$4.75.

THE nature and contents of this book would be more nearly expressed by calling it "The Death of the German Empire," for it begins with an analysis of the social forces under Bismarck in 1871 and ends with November 10, 1918—just before the Weimar Assembly drafted the new constitution. The period covered, however, receives a thorough treatment, and the author has done his work in a fine spirit of critical detachment. The internal political conflicts under William II, the World War and the *Burgfriede*, the dictatorship under Ludendorff, the peace resolutions of 1917, Ludendorff at the zenith of his power, and the final collapse—these are the main topics which form the outline of the book; but the wide gulf between Kaiser, chancellors, and military leaders, on the one hand, and the numerous political parties representing the masses, on the other, forms the background of the tragic story of a system which received its death blow on the battlefield of the Marne, and the passing of which ended an epoch in German history.

Dr. Rosenberg was admirably qualified for this work, for he was a member of the Reichstag Committee of Inquiry into the causes of Germany's collapse and therefore in a position

seldom accorded to the historian for getting material at first hand. He belonged to no party or organization, and he had an opportunity for hearing from the leading soldiers and politicians their own explanations of the downfall of the empire. The failure to weather the storm without, according to the author, has its chief explanation in the old constitution, which ignored popular opinion and placed the control of government in the hands of the Emperor and incompetent leaders. Prussia, which controlled the empire, had a class government supported by the army, and when this class, which included the nobility and leading army officials, was destroyed in the first year of the war, there was no party trained to formulate a new policy. When the old army, which numbered some three-quarters of a million men, was replaced in 1916 with four million recruits composed of the divergent political tendencies of the nation, the new officers, though by no means democratic, felt themselves the political leaders of society, and looked to Hindenburg and Ludendorff rather than to William II and the Crown Prince to rescue Germany; but this merely led to the dictatorship, which, failing in the end, left Germany bleeding and torn, with no guiding principles. The result was the Versailles treaty.

While the criticism of the Bismarckian constitution which runs through the narrative may perhaps be just, one may still question whether any other form of government in Germany at the time would have succeeded better. Our system, too, placed the conduct of the war in the hands of one man, the President, limited, to be sure, by the Senate. In a crisis it is not only politics but democracy itself that is adjourned.

KARL F. GEISER

International Drama

The International Note in Contemporary Drama. By Evelyn Newman. New York: Kingsland Press.

THIS is a very serious attempt to follow the growth of international accord from one angle only: that of an increasingly passionate belief in and desire for universal peace. In that respect Dr. Newman's thesis is an international note, clearly seen in the plays of England, France, and Germany—incidentally of America—from pre-war to post-war days. There is, of course, a larger vision of internationalism, of which this is only a part. Theatergoers are fast becoming international-minded. A season demands a familiarity with the stages of all countries. Eugene O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms" and "Emperor Jones" are as familiar in France and Germany and Czecho-Slovakia as are "R. U. R.," by Capek, "From Morn to Midnight," by Kaiser, "The Unknown Warrior," by Raynal, and "Masse Mensch," by Toller, to Broadway.

Dr. Newman assembles all those plays of the chief belligerent countries in the Great War that have to do with the general theme of war and the specific hope for economic and social adjustment in the future. She shows clearly how the different avenues of approach center in an intense condemnation of the old idea of the glories of war, no matter what country the dramatist hails from. It is evident from the findings that the writer for the theater, even though he might give us a British "Journey's End" or an American "What Price Glory?" has taken war from the battlefield and has placed its strain in the inner being of man himself; and it is man who is being sapped and shattered and disillusioned by the old concepts of bravery and honor and loyalty.

In other words, says Dr. Newman, "literature has broken from war," and she proceeds, in the five chapters of her thesis, to assemble the facts in favor of her arguments. If you have seen "Merchants of Glory," by Pagnol, you have witnessed what can be done with glory which is exploited for political prefer-

ment. If you have seen "Wings Over Europe," by Nichols and Browne, you have sensed how the ideals of peace and the instruments to assure peace are valued by the powers in office, and how cabinets abhor ideals unless they offer practical outlets for the increase of national power. The realism of the dramas written directly about war on the battlefield gives way before the philosophical approach in the post-war years, where despair, such as one detects in "Hoppla, Wir Leben!" by Toller, is uppermost. There is an international distrust of the machine age, there is an international fear of the next war, and these are the themes recurrent in the new international drama. Dr. Newman reviews over 125 plays; she painfully outlines their essential plots: that is the dispiriting part of an otherwise interesting theme, for no synopsis can do justice to the shadings of a play. She shows us what we felt when Granville Barker produced Euripides's "The Trojan Women" in our college stadia, that even the ancients were propagandists for peace. Though the contemporary dramatists veil their fervor behind a cloak of past history, historical characters stand reinterpreted as champions of humanitarian ideals. Georg Kaiser, Fritz von Unruh, Alfred Neumann, Ernst Toller have thus used history. Rolland and Shaw, O'Casey and O'Neill have also in their way pleaded for a higher social spirit which is as necessary for conquest of war as the scrapping of armament. No matter to what country you turn for drama, you find some concept of what peace should mean, and how it should be gained.

It would never do to read this book carefully for its literary value; but it does bring you this unity of desire, which certainly is one manifestation of the international note in the contemporary theater.

MONTROSE J. MOSES

Book of the Cloud

The Flowering Stone. By George Dillon. The Viking Press. \$1.75.

IN the symbolic vocabulary of Blake George Dillon's first volume of poems, "Boy in the Wind," might have been called his Book of the Lily (innocence, wonder); "The Flowering Stone" is his Book of the Cloud. It represents that interval, described with such humble savagery by Keats in his preface to "Endymion," when the poet wanders between the imaginations of boyhood and maturity, afflicted by the perturbations of his senses and the ferment in his soul. An indigestion of new influences and the sterile idolatry of an abstract Beauty are characteristic of this hiatus. A little earlier and a little later both taste and genius are more dependable. Mr. Dillon is intrinsically too good a poet to conclude one of his most interesting conceptions with a sympathetic evocation

Of ladies and their lovers mouth to mouth
Deep in the south.

September Noon, however, is not his only poem to suffer from a sudden aberration of judgment. The failures in this volume include The Wakening, The Charm, Extemporaneous Lines, Elegy, Soliloquy Along a Sidewalk, Woman Without Fear. But "failures" is too strong a word: Mr. Dillon is incapable of writing a wholly bad poem.

The best poem in "The Flowering Stone" and in many respects the most remarkable he has yet given us is the untitled sixth piece in the section called Anatomy of Death. To give a hint of its value I must ruthlessly tear a few lines from their context:

Here on a spoiling planet everywhere
Life starts from its tireless cisterns, strange, renewed,
In lovers' bodies. It is by no means subdued.
It seethes from its coldness, a quarrel of ice in the sun . . .

It is an elaborate conceit; beautifully sustained through its mazes of meaning, fierce, incisive, startling, and cruel. Unlike Mr. Dillon's other poems of moderate length (e. g., the fourth poem of the same section), it presents itself as a unit, instead of jerking forward—and sometimes backward—line by line at the caprice of the rhymes.

I like, too, *The Mad Hunter*; *The Summery Night*; *Before the Frost*; *Mind Without Substance*, *Bright and Shadowy*; *What Artifice*; *Fantasia of Winter*; and *Autumn Movement*. The ten sonnets that comprise *An Address to the Doomed* are marked by a quiet strength and dignity of utterance, but the set form brings with it a host of stale conventions, traditional themes, and time-honored postures, which Mr. Dillon adeptly recapitulates without quite achieving a fresh statement. I feel that the outline of his personality as a poet is yet to be clearly drawn. There is no bold demarcation between his ego and the climate of life; although, until these boundaries are unequivocally established, the structure of personality must be at best an illusion, like the shape of a cloud.

In general these are poems of mood rather than of conflict. They are more sensitive than intense. This poet (*mirabile dictu!*) believes in the beneficence of earth. Three of his worst lines exhort us to

Go laughing, though. Go loving, though.
Go hounding beauty always. Oh,
Endure the dazzling dream unblurred,

In his cosmology both man and God are "dreamer[s] in a dream"; "life is proud and long"; "Beauty cannot die"; the eternal dualities are merely a "childish pair," whose divorce the happy man will have "patched up"; the purpose of death is "to fashion a more marvelous thing." This is a comforting faith which we should all like to share, but I am not persuaded that Mr. Dillon's reconciliations are either inherent in his temperament or the inspired optimism of a whole vision. It is significant that in the present collection the finest poems, containing the germ of a more curious metaphysics, poke at a body of evil that is not lightly to be dreamed away.

The stages of a poet's progress are not equally profitable. Some may find "The Flowering Stone" disappointing after "Boy in the Wind," if only because the character of the poetry has altered. A real cause for disappointment would have been the repetition in this second volume of the charming perfections of the first. The poetry in a man is organic: it is subject, typically, to diseases peculiar to each period of its growth. There is ample evidence in "The Flowering Stone" that George Dillon's is a ripening art.

STANLEY J. KUNITZ

Books in Brief

The Imperial Theme. Further Interpretations of Shakespeare's Tragedies, Including the Roman Plays. By G. Wilson Knight. Oxford University Press. \$4.50.

Mr. Knight, whose previous books, "Myth and Miracle" and "The Wheel of Fire," have done as much as anything else to direct the trend of current Shakespearean criticism toward a consideration of the literary aspects of the plays as distinguished from the historical and the bibliographical, carries on in this volume with essays about "Julius Caesar," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Coriolanus," and "Antony and Cleopatra." He has not abandoned his resolve to find in Shakespeare evidences of an occupation with "life-themes"—honor, order, and love—and "death-themes"—hatred, disease, disorder, and death. Indeed, in the concluding chapters he brings his exposition to a climax when he demonstrates that "Antony and Cleopatra" is Shakespeare's best play because it holds all of these themes in a whole-

some balance—love, however, triumphing. There is danger in a critical theory which decides for one play as against another because its "values" are "positive"; and Mr. Knight is not without excesses and absurdities. Nevertheless he is a very brilliant commentator. In no one else at present is there anything like his passion for Shakespeare; and no one else has his ability to discover new excellences. If only a tenth of the virtues he finds in his hero were actually there—and perhaps nine-tenths of them are there—we could understand how it is that Shakespeare rises head and shoulders above all other poets and playwrights. Mr. Knight is absolutely saturated with the plays. He lives with their images, he suffers with their persons, he breathes their poetry. And he is well on the way toward an estimate of Shakespeare the artist which must stand somewhere in the neighborhood of final things.

A Naturalist in Brazil. By Konrad Guenther. Translated by Bernard Miall. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

Dr. Guenther has what is rare in a naturalist, a genuine love of nature. It gives a gusto to his work that makes his book extremely readable in spite of occasional effusiveness and sentimentality. His chapters on the social insects present no new material, but the presentation is keen and dramatic. The chapter on the tropical forest, however, is invaluable, and makes as visible as words can make it the difference between forests in the equator and those in temperate zones. The chapter on Nature as an Organism is packed with interesting information, and is itself constructed upon an organic concept.

Fortune's Favorites: Portraits of Some American Corporations. An Anthology from *Fortune Magazine*. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

Since the war, which created an astonishing number of millionaires in America, there has been a decided appetite among our business men for dignity. The magazine *Fortune* was organized to meet this demand—as well as the standing American demand for the "inside story." The present volume contains, supposedly, the inside stories of fifteen of our largest corporations: American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Swift and Company, Aluminum Company of America, Drug, Inc., American Can Company, A. O. Smith Corporation, Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, International Telephone and Telegraph Company, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation, Standard Oil Company of New York, New York Times Company, Bausch and Lomb Optical Company, Niagara-Hudson Power Corporation, Coca-Cola Company. One article is signed by Stuart Chase; the rest are anonymous. The style is consciously tony; next to sales data we are apt to find an allusion to the classics. The innocence of these anonymous authors concerning the true forces at work in the building of large corporations is beautiful. No millionaire's six-year-old daughter could be more certain of her daddy's benevolence. Such ignorance is necessary of course, for the purpose of the articles is plainly eulogistic; they are simply a new kind of market letter.

De Maisse. A Journal of All That Was Accomplished by Monsieur de Maisse Ambassador in England from King Henry IV to Queen Elizabeth, Anno Domini 1597. Translated from the French and Edited with an Introduction by G. B. Harrison and R. A. Jones. Random House. \$2.50.

This is the first edition in English—incidentally, there is no edition in French—of a journal which has been much quoted by historians and by biographers of Elizabeth. De Maisse, sent by Henry IV to find what was in Elizabeth's mind concerning a possible peace with Spain, was baffled, as most men were, in his attempt to read that mind. But he left one of the most

intimate accounts we have of the queen's character and appearance—particularly her appearance, which in these handsome pages may henceforth be viewed for the astonishing thing it was.

Infants of the Spring. By Wallace Thurman. The Macaulay Company. \$2.

In his first novel, "The Blacker the Berry . . .," Mr. Thurman gave a rather remarkable account of the struggles of a Negro girl whose problems arose not from white discrimination but from the prejudices of the lighter-skinned members of her own race. His new book is more ambitious. Describing the lives of several Negro artists and intellectuals, it necessarily concerns itself with various fundamental economic, racial, and philosophical problems. In narrating the events in which his characters take part Mr. Thurman often writes vividly, and even the long passages in which the characters talk over their problems show considerable insight; but the impression remains that the author is too close to these questions to make the discussion of them objective, and the resulting confusion is heightened by his attempt to deal with several more or less unrelated themes. The effect of all this is, naturally, to diffuse Mr. Thurman's powers and obscure his virtues.

Art

William Gropper

WHAT passes for pictorial satire in the average comic or political periodical in America is in most cases inferior academic drawing humorously captioned. Remove the caption, and the cartoons will serve with perfect appropriateness to advertise the soap that floats, the skin you love to touch, or the runless stocking. A notable exception is made by the small group of cartoonists and caricaturists in the radical movement—Young, Minor, Ellis, Gellert, Burck, Gropper, and a number of others who might be considered on the fringe—Soglow, Dehn, Covarrubias.

The current exhibition of William Gropper (John Reed Club) shows him to be a vitriolic critic of established society and a fine graphic artist as well—one who has developed a style fully adequate to his message. Here is, for example, *Police Brutality*, a subject treated countless times in the radical press; but notice how superior Gropper's drawing is to most by virtue of his better technical equipment—taking for granted his native gift. One of "New York's finest" with uplifted club is bearing down into the mob over a figure lying in his way. A few solid strokes of pitch-black ink serve to define the brute strength of the policeman's back; a mobile contour renders the forward motion of the horse under him; thinner lines used with the same economy suggest the less essential details. Areas of ink diluted to the consistency of a faint wash and distributed with excellent judgment bind the various parts into a cartoon of striking effectiveness.

The best work of Gropper exhibits a similar procedure, although his chief concern is not with "art" at all. No political cartoonist can be "above the battle." Gropper repudiates impartiality. He is quite avowedly committed to a cause which envisages contemporary society as the battleground of a relentless class war between capitalists and workers. Gropper employs his cartoons as a weapon in the class war, as a means of mobilizing the working masses for "the final conflict." Therefore an inventory of his themes is simply a wholesale, withering arraignment of the evils of the system he detests: the sleek hypocrisy of the politician, the venal corruption of the judge,

the lawless terrorism of police and "gorillas," the bellicose aggressiveness of the imperialist, the pharisaic unctuousness of priest and rabbi, the smug complacency of the philanthropist, the open racketeering of labor lieutenants, the callous inhumanity of boss and landlord. Each of the artist's strictures is simple, laconic, bare of all superfluities; each is embodied in a living type both concrete and symbolic, easily recognizable—and preaching a sermon more eloquent than a dozen editorials.

The revolutionary cartoonist has a twofold aim: to hearten and encourage those already in the revolutionary ranks, and to win new recruits into those ranks. Lincoln considered Thomas Nast a "recruiting sergeant" for the Union! Gropper is a recruiting sergeant in a much greater civil war—a civil war involving all mankind. As previously noted, however, the significance of Gropper's work is not exhausted by its illustrative value alone, by the ideological weight of its statements. To avoid monotony and add force to his statements Gropper constantly experiments with papers gray and white, thick and thin, rough and smooth, with wet and dry brush, black and diluted ink, patten, dots, dashes, crayon, new compositional schemes—with the result that his best cartoons carry power, vitality, and conviction which a mere recording of actual events could never achieve. Daumier, to stress the contemporary character of his work, said, "Je suis de mon temps"; Gropper and all other artists enlisted in the same cause revise Daumier's statement to read, "Je suis de ma classe," making it clear that *la classe ouvrière* is meant.

LOUIS LOZOWICK

Drama

"Worse than Death"

S EVEN years ago one of the experimental theaters brought forth a play by a certain Dan Tothoroh called "Wild Birds." It told the story of two young lovers in the West who fled from cruel parents only to die like babes in the woods, and it was rather widely praised for a kind of naive charm which persisted despite a pervading, slightly infantile, absurdity. Nothing further was heard of the author in New York until the appearance of "Distant Drums," which has just been produced at the Belasco and which, unfortunately, is only slightly more substantial than the former offering.

This time the play is concerned with the adventures of a group of pioneers en route for Oregon in a train of prairie schooners. All the scenes take place in the semicircular encampment formed by the wagons, and the chief character is a mysterious woman of vaguely poetical temperament who does not know what she came for until it is discovered that she is the price demanded by an Indian chief for the information which will enable the pioneers to find their way out of the mountains. After some debate, she goes shudderingly to him and the play is over.

Profoundly ignorant as I am concerning the habits of Indians, I really do not know whether or not they had any interest in white women except as possible victims of scalping, and it may be that they did have; but the point is simply that the present play does not make me ready to believe the fact. The central incident remains improbable and appears wholly factitious—something invented for the purpose of supplying the necessary plot by an author who started out with a desire to write about the pioneers, but whose genuine imagination never carried him farther than the general atmosphere of such an expedition as that which he presents. This atmosphere, indeed, is not ineffectively created. One believes in the minor characters, one believes in the reality of the romantic caravan, and one is

Speaking of the Cost of Good Books

THOMAS MANN'S THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN

Complete and Unabridged
in one volume in the

MODERN LIBRARY

EDITION AT

95 CENTS A COPY

In Germany, traditional land of inexpensive books, the cheapest edition of "The Magic Mountain" is 10 marks (\$2.38). In England it is published in two volumes at 18 shillings (about \$3.06). This is only one of a number of Modern Library books cheaper than any other edition in existence.

Other Modern Library High Lights

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT DOSTOYEVSKY
OF HUMAN BONDAGE . . . MAUGHAM
TONO BUNGAY H. G. WELLS
DROLL STORIES BALZAC

A five dollar bill brings you
all five of these books!

At all booksellers. Send for list of titles

THE MODERN LIBRARY, INC., 20 East 57th Street, New York

NEXT WEEK IN THE NATION

Close-up of Washington

an article by

William E. Woodward

Author of "George Washington—
The Image and the Man."

SOCIAL FORCES IN SOCIAL WORK

The trained social worker regards the individual, family and community he serves as centers of convergence of racial, religious, economic and other social forces which hark back to the past and must be utilized to fashion the future. This view is especially important if the worker's field lies in such a highly distinctive group as the Jews.

College graduates should examine carefully the advantages, both tangible and intangible, of

Jewish Social Work as a Profession

A number of scholarships and fellowships ranging from \$150 to \$1000 for each academic year are available for especially qualified candidates.

For full information write to

M. J. KARPF, Director

The
Training
School



For
Jewish
Social Work

(a graduate school)

71 W. 47th St., New York City

Soviet Russia Equals



Europe . . . in cost to the traveler

For the summer of 1932 the Open Road is able to offer its standard travel services in Russia at European prices.

A month's round trip to the U. S. S. R. with expenses New York to Russia and return steamship passage from Europe can be made for . . . \$238, third class on land and sea (with tourist class Baltic crossing and second class sleeper Helsingfors-Leningrad). \$359, second class on land, tourist class at sea (first class Baltic crossing).

Itineraries may be drafted to suit. Experienced Open Road representatives in Leningrad and Moscow know how to make a little time go a long way in a country where the visitor plunges into a bewildering new civilization and where every waking hour of the sojourn is precious.

In writing for itineraries and rates, indicate what phases of Russian life interest you most and whether you prefer to travel with a group or independently.



The OPEN ROAD

Salmon Tower, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City

Cooperating in U. S. S. R. with INTOURIST

ready for the drama which the setting seems to promise. But the preparation is wasted and the big scene does not come off. The distant drums are beating; terrible things are about to happen just off stage. And yet it is impossible to forget even for a minute that this is a play. Instead of thinking about Indians and the drama of the West, one finds oneself thinking about all the other lives "worse than death" to which so many other heroines of melodrama have been about to go. Usually the villains are Chinamen, and one begins to doubt if this chief is really a chief at all. Perhaps he is the mysterious Mr. Wu in disguise, for everybody knows that Mr. Wu would be capable of even that trick.

The central character is played by Miss Pauline Lord—she of the vague gesture and infinitely pathetic helplessness—who lends to the character whatever credibility it has. To watch her in even an unsatisfactory play is to be touched in a very special way, for she has the power of being appealing quite independently of her lines or situations. Once I compared her to Charlie Chaplin, who seems always to be acting in a kind of continued story about himself, and the comparison will still hold. Even in "Distant Drums" she is the same bewildered and charming person whom one has been drawn to so often before, and we believe in her even when we do not believe in the incidents which she is enacting.

"Mr. Papavert" (Vanderbilt Theater) is an even less satisfactory play. Produced a few weeks ago and closed for revision after two performances, it remains crudely conceived, crudely acted, and, even in its central situation, rather less promising than tender-hearted reviewers professed to find it. Undoubtedly something might be made out of the tendency of radical groups to exploit for their own purposes those victims of injustice whom they undertake to defend. We have, as a matter of fact, a now-pending case in which something of the sort is alleged to have occurred. But the particular situation used in "Mr. Papavert" is distinctly unfortunate since it reminds one inevitably of Tom Mooney or Sacco and Vanzetti, no one of whom was, like the hero of the present play, out of sympathy with his champions.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

DAVID W. WAINHOUSE was formerly assistant director of research of the Council on Foreign Relations.

WINIFRED RAUSHENBUSH has for many years been engaged in sociological research in various fields.

ROMAIN ROLLAND, famous French author, is the outstanding literary exponent of pacifism.

MORRIS L. ERNST, a New York attorney, is the author of "America's Primer."

JAMES RORTY is the author of a book of poems, "Children of the Sun."

C. K. BAUER is executive secretary of the Regional Planning Association of America.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER is the author of "The Temptation of Anthony."

KARL F. GEISER is professor of political science at Oberlin College.

MONTROSE J. MOSES is the author of "The Fabulous Forrest: The Record of an American Actor."

STANLEY J. KUNITZ is the author of a volume of poems, "Intellectual Things."

LOUIS LOZOWICK, painter and illustrator, is a contributing editor of the *New Masses*.

LINDSAY ROGERS is professor of public law at Columbia University.

French Logic Versus Customs Unions

By LINDSAY ROGERS

EVEN though the Austro-German customs union has been relegated to the limbo of abandoned projects, it is still much discussed. There is little likelihood that the manner of its abandonment will be speedily forgotten. In formulating her policy toward Germany, France will frequently hark back to the method and substance of the attempted economic *Anschluss*. The advisory opinion of the Permanent Court will be cited when future customs unions are projected, and when such schemes for the Danubian area come to fruition, French logic will have a severe test.

That this may be the case was suggested by an article on the court's opinion which M. Jacques Bardoux published in the Paris *Temps* of October 1, 1931. The *Temps* is a semi-official journal. Its opinions, that is to say, are rarely opposed to the views held by the Quai d'Orsay. M. Bardoux is a distinguished and widely read publicist. His attitude is therefore of double interest. Moreover, M. Bardoux's reasoning has double implications, for not only does it relate to the decision of the Permanent Court, but it is an excellent illustration of the curious manner in which certain French publicists forget that the points which they make so neatly in behalf of France are really points which can be made against France.

M. Bardoux declares that the opinion of the Permanent Court was a "victory" for Sir Cecil Hurst, lately legal adviser to the British Foreign Office and now one of the judges at The Hague. The "victory" resulted from the fact that by a majority of one the court refused to accept the French thesis of incompatibility between the customs-union protocol of March, 1931, and Article 88 of the Treaty of St. Germain, which forbids Austria to compromise her independence. The court simply held that the customs union would be in violation of the protocol of 1922, under which Austrian finances were restored and Austrian economic independence was guaranteed against violation. Thus of two barriers to the conclusion of the customs agreement the court selected the one which was less important and more precarious. The issue, therefore, is not closed but may be reopened.

In obtaining this result Sir Cecil Hurst—the argument runs—achieved a great "political success." He isolated in a "weak and precarious majority" representatives of Latin thought on the court—France, Italy, Spain, Rumania, South America, and Poland, France's ally. On the other side were the representatives of England, the United States, Germany, and Holland. It was an "accident" that the Chinese and Japanese judges were in this group. The presence of the Belgian in such a coterie was a "warning"—a warning, doubtless, that Belgium may not follow France when she is convinced that the French position is incorrect. Here was a cleavage between the Latin and non-Latin conceptions of law. The latter, with its common-law background, closed the door without locking it. But why discuss the decision in terms of a triumph for Sir Cecil Hurst?

The fallacy of doing this is apparent if one thinks of the article of the same genre which could be written for an

English or German newspaper. The French have a judge on the Permanent Court. He is M. Fromageot, lately legal adviser of the Quai d'Orsay but not specifically mentioned in M. Bardoux's article. The decision holding the customs union illegal under the 1922 protocol could be interpreted as showing how successful M. Fromageot had been in lining up the Latin judges and persuading them to accept his views. The Rumanian and Polish judges came from countries which are France's allies. The political success of the Quai d'Orsay in counting on their votes was assured from the beginning. Only in the case of Belgium was France unsuccessful in securing a natural adherent of the bloc. M. Fromageot was unable to convince the Belgian judge. He was unsuccessful in that only seven judges considered the customs union illegal under the Treaty of St. Germain, but he was successful in that eight judges considered the union illegal under the 1922 protocol. Such an analysis of the Permanent Court's opinion would be grossly unfair, but it is no more unfair than M. Bardoux's comments on the non-Latin bloc which, it is alleged, was built by Sir Cecil Hurst. To suggest this is not to defend the decision and its political basis. Nor is it to deny the truth in the jest that if the judges had been weighed instead of counted, the decision would have upheld the legality of the proposed customs union. My point is simply that M. Bardoux, experienced publicist though he be, thinks only in terms of France, so that he writes in blissful ignorance of the fact that his argument can be very neatly turned against him.

M. Bardoux, unfortunately, is not an isolated case. He assumes that the French position on the customs case was unchallengeable; that it was so right that the unwillingness to accept that position *in toto* discloses a conspiracy against France. If all states took such a rigid point of view no international negotiations would be possible. Because the French point of view did not triumph completely, the customs decision is considered a political success of Sir Cecil Hurst. Just as fairly or unfairly, the decision may be considered as a triumph of M. Fromageot. If each side argues in this fashion, what hope is there for intelligent discussion? Too many French publicists "reason" without seeing that precisely the same kind of "reasoning" can be used against France.

When, for example, reparations were being settled at The Hague, and Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, announced that Great Britain would not make further sacrifices, he was denounced as willing to break up the conference. That was the tone of practically every article in the French press. There was little or no discussion of the merits or demerits of the British case. Would it not have been equally fair or unfair to say that France was willing to break up the conference because of her refusal to discuss England's refusal further to sacrifice? If that had been the tone of the non-French press, what would France have said? At The Hague it remained for Italy, whose diplomacy is rapidly becoming the most astute on the Conti-

HUNGER AND LOVE

A Novel by Lionel Britton
Introduction by Bertrand Russell

is

- no book for the faint-hearted;
- no book for the intellectually lazy;
- no book for those who wish to believe this the best of all possible worlds;
- no book for those who do not want to be stirred, aroused, angered, electrified, embittered.

Among those who have been extravagantly enthusiastic about this novel, which has created a sensation in England (it is now in its third printing there) are BERNARD SHAW, BERTRAND RUSSELL, ARNOLD BENNETT, LAURENCE STALLINGS and UPTON SINCLAIR. Originally published in this country by Harper and Brothers at \$4, it is now reissued at \$3 by its present publishers, who have acquired all American rights.

623 Pages

\$3 at all bookstores

THE VANGUARD PRESS

100 Fifth Ave., New York

YOU'LL want to read

Jessie Fauset's
powerful novel about modern Negroes—

The CHINABERRY TREE

Countee Cullen says:

"It mightily establishes Miss Fauset's position as our foremost Negro fictionist." Author of "Plum Bun."

At your bookshop. \$2.00

F. A. STOKES COMPANY, 443 Fourth Ave., New York

PROOF!

Oscar Ameringer's new journal of opinion, in seven months' time has shown the following growth:

April 3, 1931.....	3,618	Aug. 1, 1931.....	8,942
May 1, 1931.....	5,012	Sept. 1, 1931.....	11,216
June 1, 1931.....	6,326	Oct. 1, 1931.....	15,829
July 1, 1931.....	7,842	Nov. 1, 1931.....	18,027

Born during the worst period of the depression, without the use of a single premium, without the payment of one cent to subscription agents, The American Guardian has had such excellent growth.

Imagine a newspaper voicing the radical spirit of the day, receiving in its mails, subscriptions from bankers and day laborers, professional men and workers, letters from men and women in every walk of life, saying, "I like your humor, your wit, your logic, and I'll help you grow." Write for samples. Let the paper speak for itself.

\$1.00 for the Year

THE AMERICAN GUARDIAN

BOX 777

Oklahoma City, Okla.

ment, to point the way to an adjustment that was more equitable than either extreme position would have been.

There are two other aspects of the customs case which will be of some future interest. Before the Permanent Court's decision was announced, there were plain indications that if the court ruled in favor of the legality of the customs protocol, France would nevertheless object on political grounds to the consummation of the union. If that had been done—and who will deny that it would have been attempted—France would have sought to revise the treaty settlements. The Permanent Court would have ruled that the treaties and the protocol of 1922 permitted the economic *Anschluss*. France would have then endeavored to prevent the economic *Anschluss* and in effect to amend the treaties. The French position has been that the treaty structure of Europe is sacrosanct. Should not the logical position now be that the treaty structure is sacrosanct unless France wishes to change it to her own advantage?

And what will France's position be when closer economic arrangements are discussed for the states bordering on the Danube? Could Austria enter into a customs union with Hungary without compromising her independence? The advisory opinion would seem to say no, but the juridical question would not arise since the French representative on the League Council would probably not object. Would he thereby sanction on political grounds an agreement which violated the protocol of 1922? When such questions are posed and answered, that logic of which the French occasionally boast may be subjected to slight strains.

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

Brief Moment—Cort—W. 48 St.
Civic Light Opera Co.—Erlanger's—W. 44 St.
Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
Cynara—Morosco—45 St. W of B'way.
Distant Drums—Belasco—W. 44 St.
Electro—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
Hay Fever—Avon—W. 45 St.
Jewell Robbery—Booth—45 St. W. of B'way.
Mourning Becomes Electra—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.
Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 4 Ave.
Springtime for Henry—Bijou—45 St. W. of B'way.
The Animal Kingdom—Broadhurst—44 St. W. of B'way.
The Bride The Sun Shines On—Geo. M. Cohen—B'way. & 43 St.
The Devil Passes—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
The Good Fairy—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.
The Left Bank—Little—44 St.
Whistling in the Dark—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.

DEBATE

"Should Divorce in America Be Made Easier,"—Morris L. Ernst, and Rev. Wm. Sheafe Chase, D.D., Tuesday evening, February 9, 8:30 p.m., at Auditorium, 150 West 85th Street.

OPERA BENEFIT

"La Juive," Metropolitan Opera House, February 22, at 2 p.m., American Ort Benefit, to aid the Jews of Eastern Europe.

See page ii for plays, films, debates, lectures, reunion and benefit.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1932

No. 3476

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	181
EDITORIALS:	
A New Partition of China	184
Christian Science Economics	185
A Four-Year Program	185
The Cynical Youngest Generation	186
CHINA FIGHTS BACK. By T. A. Bisson	187
THE OPPOSITION IN JAPAN. By Upton Close	189
MR. HOOVER RIDES THE DONKEY. By Paul Y. Anderson.....	190
A CLOSE-UP OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By W. E. Woodward..	191
DOLE OR INSURANCE? By William M. Leiserson.....	193
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	195
CORRESPONDENCE	195
FINANCE: ENGLAND GROPEs FOR MARKETS. By S. Palmer Harman	197
MIDWINTER BOOK SECTION	
LYTTON STRACHEY. By Joseph Wood Krutch	199
POEM FOR MY DAUGHTER: II. By Horace Gregory.....	200
THE CALM WITHIN THE CYCLONE. By C. Hartley Grattan.....	201
LULLABY FOR JONATHAN. By Frances Frost	204
BOOKS:	
What's Wrong with Utopia? By Henry Hazlitt.....	204
Two Reviews of Mr. Tarkington. By Clifton Fadiman	206
Education in America. By Abraham Flexner	207
A Cloud of Dadaists. By Matthew Josephson	208
Books in Brief	209
MUSIC: Mental and Bodily Rhythm. By Arthur Mendel.....	210
DRAMA: O'Neill Again. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	210
FILMS: Propaganda. By Margaret Marshall	212
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	212

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

WHEN THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE at Geneva opened it was faced with obstacles that seemed virtually insurmountable. To these, at the eleventh hour, was added the Japanese invasion of Shanghai, which so greatly embarrassed the delegates that few dared predict anything but miserable failure for the conference. There is still grave danger of failure, though the Japanese have relieved the embarrassment noticeable at the first session, not by acting sensibly, but by making themselves appear ridiculous. The second session had to be postponed an hour to allow the League of Nations Council time to discuss the events at Shanghai. At the Council meeting the Japanese representative arose and solemnly indorsed international intervention at Shanghai "to protect the Japanese from Chinese aggression." Suddenly, according to Frank H. Simonds, reporting the conference in the *New York Evening Post*, "a low shrill laugh was heard. In a moment almost a hysterical outburst of derisive laughter swept statesmen, diplomats, and audience." What is happening at Shanghai can certainly never be laughed off. But the spontaneous outbreak of bitter laughter that greeted the Japanese representative may serve to clear the atmosphere in Geneva. Having penetrated the all-too-transparent camouflage of Japan's argument, the League may now be able to deal with Japanese aggression in China as justice and international conscience require.

THE FRENCH PROPOSAL for an international police force composed of the heavier armaments of the members of the League of Nations—with the non-member states under the control of a mysterious "international authority"—is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the attitude that armed force keeps the peace. History is full of examples to the contrary—the strongest nation, the nation most completely equipped with armaments and most securely strengthened by allies, is the nation confident enough to venture any war. The French suggestion, however, is entirely consistent with the steadily held French demand for security. By thrusting it at the conference almost before the preliminaries are completed, France evidently hopes to disguise that demand by proposing a gift of security for the whole world. That the proposal has nothing to do with disarmament should be plain to all. It has had a cool reception: England does not welcome the idea of placing its navy under the control of any outside agency; our isolationist Senators refuse to take the plan seriously; Dr. Curtius, former German Foreign Minister, declares that the French wish merely to disrupt the disarmament conference. At that conference the Soviet delegates remain the only champions of complete disarmament, although Signor Grandi of Italy is quoted as urging "the reduction of armaments to the lowest possible level," and the "entire abolition of certain arms." By the proponents of armed security, these positions are generally dismissed as unrealistic, but the French, usually the super-realists of civilization, have this time made a gesture impossible of realization as it would be ineffectual if it were realized.

TEN MILLION SIGNATURES attest the wishes of their signers that world armaments be substantially reduced. Packing-boxes of petitions containing the hopes of these and many more millions for success to the conference at Geneva were piled about the table in the hall where the delegates are meeting. Eight million women sent their names; 2,500,000 men and women from Holland alone added their pleas; representatives from 25,000,000 Catholic women, representatives of peace organizations with a combined membership of 45,000,000, representatives from 50,000,000 Methodists, from the International Cooperative Alliance, with a membership of 70,000,000 families—each in turn marched up to the peace table and declared the hopes of their several memberships. One wonders just what went on in the minds of the delegates to the conference as they heard these pleas for release from the numbing burden of world arms. Each delegate has his plans, also; each one knows just how far his government is willing for him to go in the direction of limitation of armaments; each one knows what reservations will be made, what limitation of limitation. Each one knows that every country is in the last analysis dominated by fear, and fear demands force to protect it from possible enemies. But every delegate must know also that if these millions who are on record as desiring peace should severally and jointly refuse to participate in the next war, there would be no more wars. The petitioners themselves do not realize their power. Until they do, their petitions remain so much paper in packing-boxes, vague regis-

trations of an attitude wholly just and sound, but ineffective until reinforced by action.

THE APPARENT DETERMINATION of Senator Glass to rush through his banking bill as if it were an emergency measure is unfortunate. There is, strictly speaking, but one provision of the measure that needs to be acted upon quickly. This is the one setting up inside the Federal Reserve system a corporation to liquidate the assets of failed member banks and promptly to pay depositors as large a proportion of those assets as possible. But there is no reason why this provision cannot be passed as a separate measure, leaving other provisions to maturer consideration. *The Nation* has already indicated its sympathy with many of the other provisions of the Glass bill—notably those extending branch banking, removing the Secretary of the Treasury from the Federal Reserve Board, and seeking to control banking affiliates—but other provisions might prove immediately harmful by forcing liquidation of certain types of loans at a time when the business community is least prepared to withstand such liquidation. We need further study, moreover, to know whether the provisions for controlling banking affiliates would really control them or whether they would merely drive some of the large banks out of the Federal Reserve system and under State charters where the law would be ineffective.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, who stood with Wilson in 1920 for the League of Nations and the new internationalism, has now gone over to the nationalists and isolationists. He has turned against the League of Nations, and he insists that Europe must pay its debts. He seems to realize that the trend in American sentiment today is away from Europe, and, if we may take his speech before the New York State Grange at its face value, he apparently means to cater to this growing nationalist sentiment in the hope of catching votes for himself as a Presidential candidate. The League today "is not the League conceived by Woodrow Wilson," he said. "It might have been had the United States joined." But as we did not join, "the League has not developed through these years along the course contemplated by its founder." Therefore, "I do not favor American participation." Just what does this mean? Clearly nothing except that Governor Roosevelt has not the courage to stand out bravely for the internationalism he once sponsored. His attitude on the war debts is equally unrealistic. He would grant the European nations a respite "if it were considered advisable in the present condition of world finance," but he would "insist upon an accord as to when payments should begin and in what amount." The high spot of his address was his denunciation of the Smoot-Hawley tariff, which he correctly pointed out was adding to the cost of living in this country. But instead of urging that the American tariff be reduced, or pledging himself to work to that end when and if he becomes President, he vaguely recommended that an international tariff conference be called.

ALFRED E. SMITH has announced that he is willing to accept the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, "if the Democratic National Convention, after careful consideration, should decide it wants me." This means, in less diplomatic language, that former Governor Smith is now

an avowed candidate for the nomination. It does not mean that he will be nominated or elected. For months the anti-Roosevelt Democrats have been leaderless and planless; they have swung from one candidate to another, from Owen D. Young to Albert Ritchie to Newton D. Baker to John Garner, without being able to crystallize sentiment for any one of them. In consequence the boom for Franklin D. Roosevelt moved steadily forward, until in the last few weeks it began to appear as though the nomination would go to the New York Governor by default. Smith's statement has changed this. Although he said that he would not make a personal campaign to win delegates himself, his announcement was clearly a call to the anti-Roosevelt people to tackle that job for him. It is not likely that he will go into the convention with enough delegates to win the nomination for himself, but there can be little doubt that he will have enough votes to block Roosevelt, if that is his desire, and to veto the nomination of anyone else to whom he might be opposed.

THE OBVIOUS COMMENT upon the transfer of Andrew W. Mellon from the Treasury Department to the Embassy of the United States at the Court of St. James's, is that this is a convenient way to remove from Washington an official long since supplanted by his subordinate, who now succeeds to his position. A long time ago the myth was exploded that Andrew W. Mellon was the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton. Our late captains of industry and leaders of Wall Street have forgotten to use this complimentary description of Mr. Mellon ever since the crash of 1929. His administration of the Treasury Department could no better bear analysis than could that of most of the men alongside of whom he has sat during his eleven years in the Cabinet. To pretend that this appointment measures up to the standard set by our ambassadors to London until recent years, is obviously preposterous. Mr. Mellon typifies the successful pursuit of wealth, coupled with the acquisition of some political power in his State and a complete readiness to represent in political life the desires of the masters of America. His successor, Ogden L. Mills, has undoubtedly a more liberal viewpoint, comparative youth, great ability, and the faculty of presenting his views in public with remarkable clarity and force.

Besides "making the world safe for democracy," the most impelling reason why the United States entered the World War was to protect its capital loaned abroad. It had loaned money to the Allied nations, and its arms manufacturing had rolled vast quantities of war materials to be shot by the Allies into Germany, and against the German army, in protecting France and Belgium.

THIS BOLSHEVISTIC UTTERANCE we have clipped straight out of the editorial columns of the *Chicago Journal of Commerce*, the organ of big business, the exponent of unrestricted capitalism, of more business in government, and less government in business. This paper is one hundred per cent American and down with all critics of the best social and political system in the world! Yet here it is using exactly the words for which Eugene Debs was sentenced to prison in Cleveland soon after the outbreak of the war. He, too, declared that it was a war by capi-

talists for capitalists and the idea that there was a vestige of idealism about it was a fraud. For that he stayed in jail until Mr. Wilson disappeared from office and a kinder and more humane man, President Harding, took his place. It is true that before his death Mr. Wilson admitted that the war had its origins in economic strife, but never before have we seen such a confession as the one we have quoted right in the citadel of big business. At least it is gratifying now to know that the *Chicago Journal of Commerce* has seen the light and can declare, speaking of the Shanghai situation, "We have no business in this mess except to protect American citizens and treaty rights. We have no business, regardless of sympathies one way or the other, to sell arms and war materials to either Japan or China. . . . One sale of ammunition to either side would make us a potential ally." Shades of the war to end war!

DESPITE THE DISAGREEMENT in its own ranks, the British Cabinet has submitted to the House of Commons a resolution providing for a general tariff. The measure would place a 10 per cent ad valorem duty on all imported goods except raw cotton, raw wool, meats, fish, and wheat. A tariff will be put on wheat later when a quota system, yet to be devised, is adopted. Imports from the British dominions are to be excluded from the provisions of the tariff act pending the outcome of the Imperial Conference at Ottawa in July. Thus does Great Britain formally renounce free trade, for there can be no question that the overwhelmingly Conservative House will approve this measure. In offering the resolution Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said that the general tariff would be used for bargaining purposes. Nothing could be more absurd. Does Mr. Chamberlain or anyone else really suppose that this will lead to a leveling of tariff walls? Quite the contrary; other nations will be quick to raise their tariffs so that they will be in better position to bargain with Great Britain. Such bargains at best will mean merely a subsequent return to the present levels. And if the bargains fail, we shall have tariff walls even higher than those which are now slowly choking to death the foreign trade of England and all other protective countries.

IT WAS NO ACCIDENT perhaps that Lithuania should have chosen this particular time for a coup d'état in the autonomous territory of Memel. This district is a stepchild of the League of Nations. It once belonged to Germany, but under the Treaty of Versailles Germany ceded it to the Allies, who placed it under French administration. Lithuania felt that it ought to have been given to her inasmuch as the port of Memel provides the only ocean outlet for most Lithuanian commerce. On January 15, 1923, the Lithuanians by a surprise attack seized Memel and forced the French garrison to surrender and evacuate. Under an agreement proposed by the conference of ambassadors in Paris and signed in May, 1924, Memel was constituted a unit within the sovereignty of Lithuania. But the city was considered a port of international concern, and therefore it was given a clearly defined measure of administrative and financial autonomy. The President of Lithuania was granted the privilege of appointing the governor of the territory. As the population of Memel is predominantly German, the governing council has been in German hands. But now Lithu-

anian troops have arrested the members of the council, and a Lithuanian directorate has been set up to govern the city. This is clearly in defiance of the 1924 agreement, responsibility for which lies with the League of Nations. It is unlikely that Lithuania would have taken this step had she had any real respect for the authority of the League, but so low has that organization fallen in the esteem of the world, largely as the result of the Manchurian failure, that even minor Powers like Lithuania feel confident that they can with impunity ignore it.

TO GOVERNOR PHILIP LA FOLLETTE goes the honor of being the first Executive to sign a bill setting up a compulsory unemployment-insurance system in America. This will go into effect in Wisconsin next year unless employers in the meantime adopt a satisfactory voluntary plan affecting at least 175,000 workers. Once more Wisconsin, under the La Follette leadership, is in the van of progress. The law requires every employer to set aside 2 per cent of his pay rolls until a fund of \$75 has been built up for each employee. Any employee laid off because of curtailment of work will draw a maximum benefit of \$10 a week for a period of ten weeks. It is obvious that in a crisis like the present such a provision will prove entirely inadequate. The bill is plainly but a beginning. This its sponsors admitted, and they are looking forward to strengthening and improving it as experience in its operation is acquired. The important thing is that a beginning has been made and an example set. It now remains to be seen whether the Industrial Commission to which the enforcement of the statute is committed will discover in June, 1933, that there is sufficiently extensive voluntary insurance to postpone the enactment of the statute, or whether all employers in the State will have to make their first payments under the law in June, 1934.

A STATE SECRET is out at last! When Vice-President Coolidge took the oath ushering him into the Presidency of the United States he stood in the old homestead at Plymouth, Vermont, and with his hand on the family Bible, and by the light of a kerosene lamp, repeated after his own father, a justice of the peace, the significant words. We all read it at the time, and it helped make the picture of the simple, taciturn Yankee, American to his roots, who was to guide the destinies of America. Every roto-gravure section of the Sunday newspapers carried affecting pictures of the simple scene, and the little drama was worth thousands of dollars in Presidential human interest. It seems, however, that there is no Santa Claus. For Mr. Coolidge, with characteristic Yankee suspicion, thought perhaps the simple, country oath had been something less than adequate, and two weeks later the oath was privately administered by Justice A. A. Hoehling in Washington, with nobody present but the President and the Judge. It remains a question whether or not, from August 3 to August 17, 1923, we were without a duly sworn President of the United States. Probably the issue will never arise. But the next time we read of the President's grandchildren looking for bears in the White House, or of the puppy which takes liberties with the President's breakfast unrebuked, we shall be frankly skeptical. We have been deceived once. Hereafter an ineradicable suspicion will be a part of our formerly credible nature and salt will be the main article of our diet.

A New Partition of China

JAPAN has proposed a new partitioning of China. She would have five of the principal cities—Shanghai, Canton, Hankow, Tientsin, and Tsingtao—demilitarized and surrounded by neutral zones from fifteen to twenty miles in diameter. The neutrality of these areas would be guaranteed by the foreign Powers; Chinese troops would not be allowed to enter the zones. The extraterritorial rights of foreign residents would be retained in these five cities, though abolished elsewhere in China. Permanent international intervention of this character is absolutely essential, say the Japanese, if China is to have enduring peace and a stable government. Could anything be more fantastic—or more hypocritical?

The Japanese base their proposal on two contentions: first, that the Nine-Power Treaty has failed of its purpose, and, second, that twenty years have passed since the republican revolution and these twenty years have failed to produce peace and stability. Therefore, "it is high time that the Powers do something." It cannot be denied that there has been little peace and stability in China since the revolution of 1911, but can it seriously be argued that by taking over the five principal commercial centers of the country the Powers can insure internal peace? And what assurance does history give us that Japan or any of the other Powers would go about this task sincerely and honestly? None whatever. Indeed, the statement of the Foreign Office spokesman in Tokio clearly suggests the true motive behind the Japanese proposal. The spokesman said that by internationalizing these cities the Chinese war lords would be deprived of their principal sources of revenue and thus could no longer carry on their costly and disturbing civil warfare. Who then would control these revenues? Obviously, the foreign Powers.

It is true that the Nine-Power Treaty has failed, but this failure has not been due to any defect in the treaty itself. The treaty has failed because Japan has smashed it with ruthless military force. The Japanese seek to justify their action in Manchuria on the ground that the Chinese themselves were unable to maintain that measure of stability and administrative integrity which the Washington agreement was supposed to guarantee. Hence the Japanese contend it was imperative for an outside Power to step in and help the Chinese. But this is utter nonsense. The Nine-Power Treaty was adopted in Washington for the very reason that conditions in China were unstable, and therefore it was considered necessary to set up an international guaranty that would protect China against the aggression of another Power which might seek to use the unstable conditions as an excuse for aggrandizing itself. It was deliberately and frankly designed to prevent the very sort of military aggression which the Japanese have undertaken in Manchuria and at Shanghai. Having destroyed the treaty, the Japanese now propose that another shall take its place, and that this new covenant shall legalize Japan's unlawful action in conquering Manchuria and bombarding Shanghai.

But the Japanese scheme has other and perhaps more serious aspects. It openly flouts the historic Chinese policy

of the United States, and it would undo those peaceful efforts (though it must be conceded that all our past relations with China have not been peaceful or entirely unselfish) which we and other Powers have made in the last thirty years to help the Chinese establish an enduring government. We have tried to help the Chinese modernize their court system, and have promised to abolish extraterritoriality when this is done; we have restored tariff autonomy to China; we have encouraged it in its struggle for political stability and independence by recognizing the Nationalist Government and by maintaining friendly diplomatic relations throughout the period of its distress. Now we are called upon to renounce even these efforts, feeble as they are, to assist China. The Japanese would retain extraterritorial privileges for all foreigners in the internationalized cities, though abolishing them elsewhere. But it is just in these cities that the bulk of the foreigners live, and it is against their retention of special privileges that the whole Nationalist campaign has been directed. Do the Japanese propose that we now take away from the Chinese the tariff autonomy we yielded to them only a few years ago? They can have nothing else in mind. The only way the Powers could possibly prevent the Chinese government or the Chinese war lords from obtaining the revenues available in these cities is by collecting the customs duties themselves or by hiring Chinese puppets to do this for them. Furthermore, by thus controlling the chief commercial cities the Powers would in effect be controlling, not the narrow zones that the Japanese suggest be neutralized, but the whole economic hinterland of each city. In brief, the Japanese plan would put virtually all of China—or at least all of it that is worth exploiting—completely under the domination of foreign Powers.

That Tokio has signified its willingness to share the loot with other countries does not make its projected crime any more justifiable or excusable. Clearly the Japanese have taken this attitude only because they have suddenly discovered that the Shanghai situation is more than they can handle alone. At Shanghai they have come into open conflict with the interests of other Powers, and, what is probably more important, they have been rebuffed by the Chinese. To clear the Chinese soldiers out of the Shanghai area they would have to send a large-sized army into China. But that would increase the chances of a clash with the other Powers and therefore the chances of an international war. Though it was not so clear a week ago, it now seems certain that Japan at this time does not want to risk a war against the rest of the world. What could be more reasonable, therefore, than to invite the Western Powers to help Japan accomplish what she apparently set out to accomplish alone? Manchuria presents a different situation. There no other Power—except Russia—has a definite political interest. Hence, say the Japanese, "we can handle that problem single-handed." They are willing to be generous when it comes to partitioning China proper, but Manchuria, which they have been able to steal without direct outside aid, they intend to reserve for themselves.

Christian Science Economics

WHAT is optimism?" Cacambo asks in Voltaire's novel. "Alas," replies Candide, "it is the mania of maintaining that everything is well when we are miserable." This is the definition of Mr. Hoover's official optimism; and that optimism is his chief prescription for getting us out of the world depression. If we could all conspire to have "confidence," we are led to believe, the depression would be over in three months. This theory was never put forward more bluntly than in the President's recent appeal to the public to end currency hoarding. Yet even if the theory were fundamentally correct, Mr. Hoover's appeal, and the ballyhoo conference that followed it, would have been dubious actions. There are few more effective ways of undermining confidence than to tell everyone that a lack of confidence already exists.

The President, moreover, partly through lack of knowledge and partly through lack of candor, has greatly misrepresented the real situation. He maintains that at present more than \$1,300,000,000 of currency is being hoarded. This estimate is apparently based on the figures of Federal Reserve notes in circulation. On February 3 these amounted to \$2,664,000,000, an increase of \$1,187,000,000 over those in circulation in the corresponding week a year ago, and of \$1,340,000,000 over the circulation in the week of August 20, 1930. It is a general belief, which the President shares, that there has been no increase in business in the meantime to account for the larger volume of currency in circulation, but on the contrary a decrease in business, the additional currency has all been called for to supply or to take the place of currency in hoarding. This theory, however, overlooks one extremely important factor. Since the beginning of 1931 more than 2,500 banks have closed their doors, leaving hundreds of communities without any banking facilities of any kind. When people are no longer able to do business by check, they are forced to carry on whatever business remains with cash. Naturally, therefore, the demand for hand-to-hand cash must have increased enormously. Exactly what proportion of the \$1,300,000,000 increase in Federal Reserve notes is the result of this type of demand it is of course impossible to say; but it is obviously a very substantial one; and such currency can certainly not be called "hoarded."

Curiously enough, while the President greatly exaggerated the volume of genuinely hoarded money by neglecting to think of—or to mention—this factor of closed banks, he gave a misleading impression on the other side by his statement that "the very act of creating the [Reconstruction Finance] Corporation has already shown results in the dissipation of fear and the restoration of public confidence, as indicated by the fact that recently we have had on balance no increasing in hoarding of currency in the country." The Federal Reserve note figures, certainly, do not support the President's statement; they show an increase in the note issue of \$51,000,000 since the beginning of the year, compared with a decrease of \$187,000,000 and \$226,000,000 respectively in the two preceding years.

Mr. Hoover also greatly misrepresented the situation in asserting that "every dollar hoarded means a destruction of from five to ten dollars of credit." If the public were now hoarding *gold*, the President's remark would at least have had a certain purely theoretic justification, for credit cannot be further expanded when the gold-reserve ratio falls below a certain point. That purely theoretic consideration, however, has absolutely no practical importance or relevance at the present time. The Governor of the New York Federal Reserve Bank has only recently pointed out that on the basis of our present gold reserves, credit could now legally be expanded—if there were any effective demand for it—by the stupendous total of \$35,000,000,000. Yet even such a purely theoretic justification does not exist for the remark that the hoarding of *currency* "destroys" from five to ten dollars of credit. Everyone in the least familiar with banking knows that bank deposits and bank notes are convertible into each other dollar for dollar in accordance with public demand. In the Federal Reserve Bank statement, the bank notes do not appear on the "resources" side with the gold reserves, but, quite properly, on the "liabilities" side with the deposits.

But the major criticism of the President's statement is that it reveals, more nakedly even than his previous statements, that his policy is not to concern himself with the roots of the present depression but merely with its symptoms. Hoarding is obviously far more a result of conditions than it is a cause of them. And it is certainly not going to be ended merely by patriotic appeals or high-pressure propaganda. There is an element of truth, of course, in the belief that business improves when confidence improves. But Mr. Hoover must some day be brought to recognize that confidence itself must in its turn be based on something. It will begin to make its appearance when Mr. Hoover and Congress have shown a willingness and a competence to deal with conditions with intelligence and courage. The Christian Science economics of the Hoover Administration is as much as any factor postponing the return of confidence that the President so ardently and rightly desires.

A Four-Year Program

WE are including with this week's issue of *The Nation* the four-year Presidential plan prepared by the League for Independent Political Action as something that could be in large measure achieved between 1932 and 1936 by any President who had social vision and a progressive political party behind him. That much of it could only be initiated is true. But a President who espoused even half of this program could readily change the whole face of things in America provided that he had a Congress to back him.

Let us point out at once that the league itself is not a political party and under its charter could not turn itself into one. It was conceived as a clearing-house of progressive opinion, as a rallying-point for those who refuse any longer to be buncoed by either of the outworn and corrupt parties now existing. The program is therefore not advanced as a definitive and all-inclusive program. Any third-party movement which may be launched either this year or

four years from now will be bound to take this program into consideration. It would be a mistake, however, for any party organization to use for its statement of principles a document as long and detailed as this. Failing a single compelling moral or economic issue, any such political venture should confine itself to some few major principles. It is the misfortune of progressives today that there are so many wrongs crying for adjustment, that the whole field of economics has overrun the field of politics, and that international relations have become so tremendously involved and so vital. There seems no hope that out of all this welter will come one or more compelling issues, unless it should be the question whether the American Republic shall or shall not collapse under its present misguided leadership, and whether or not thousands upon thousands of Americans shall die of starvation because of the insistence of a few men in political life, at the behest of their mistaken financial masters, that no direct aid shall be given to these unfortunate persons.

Failing that—and we trust with all our hearts that no such issue will present itself—the question of social and economic reform is of the utmost urgency. We repeat that it is hopeless to expect the slightest advance from the Republicans or the Democrats. Were there courage or intellectual honesty in the Republican Party today, the leaders, who are overwhelmingly opposed to the renomination of Herbert Hoover, would say out loud what they are saying privately about the failure in the White House. As for the Democrats, there is not a candidate in sight who is not weak or a typical compromiser. If anybody thinks that Franklin Roosevelt or Newton Baker could achieve anything worth while, in conjunction with the present Democratic Party, his political insight is of the stuff that dreams are made on. Hence the necessity that some group should be studying political problems from the point of view of political theory and economic necessity. Certainly this document of the League for Independent Political Action embodies the most advanced thinking that has been done in non-Socialist circles since the Bull Moose platform and that of La Follette.

By that we do not imply, nor, we are sure, would its authors suggest, that it is beyond improvement. We regret, for example, that it does not unqualifiedly call for the complete wiping out of debts and reparations. But as a whole, particularly in view of the short time in which it was produced, we find it a worth-while and challenging document. There will be those to regret that it was not built around some central policy, and many will feel that it is not radical or impassioned enough for the existing situation. None the less, we believe that it is a great step forward; if this were a country given, like England, to a discussion of political theories and principles, this program would at least demand a response from the parties now in the field. Somehow, sometime, a program like this must be put before the electorate if we are not going to be given the choice between extreme conservatism and the radicalism of the Communists. Now at least we have a program which embodies in very considerable measure the reforms for which *The Nation* has pleaded these many years, for which little groups all over the country are beginning to organize. Here at least is a basis for discussion for those whose foresight and patriotism rise above indiscriminating adherence to political parties long since outworn.

The Cynical Youngest Generation

THE one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Horatio Alger has passed uncelebrated in these columns. Apparently it passed equally unnoticed in a good many others, for the Children's Aid Society was moved by the general lack of excitement to investigate the state of Alger's fame in the ranks of the youngest generation, and has come to the conclusion that the man who was once by far the most popular writer for boys in America has fallen very low indeed.

Less than 20 per cent of the seven thousand members of New York's juvenile proletariat had ever heard of the author of "Tom the Bootblack"; only 14 per cent had read even one of his 119 published works; and not a single boy owned a single volume of the series, though about half of the seven thousand queried "have a book." What will be even more alarming to some is the fact that a considerable number dismissed the theory of "work and win" as "a lot of bunk," and that only one youth could be found sufficiently conservative in his literary taste to boast that he had read every one of Alger's books. Doubtless he will grow up to be a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

We must confess, however, that our own melancholy as we contemplate this example of the transitoriness of literary fame is purely sentimental, and that it does not spring from any faith in either the aesthetic merits of the works themselves or in their capacity to elevate the moral standards of their readers. We once read all of them on which it was possible to lay our hands and we read them with a passionate loyalty, but it is hard even to remember what their charm was or why we did not simply read the same one over again as often as the need to read anything arose. The formula was invariable, and always involved, first, the rescue of the banker's daughter from a mad dog or a runaway horse, and then a false suspicion of theft which raised its ugly head against our hero. Alger is said to have been distressed all his life with the desire to do "serious work," but we know of no one who ever revealed less promise, and it is our considered belief that the literary value of his novels is about as near absolute zero as it is possible for anything composed in intelligible sentences to be.

Neither, for that matter, are we aware that our moral tone was stiffened, or that we would have been any more efficient in handling a mad dog than we would have been if we had spent all our time in the company of Old King Brady. Putting aside the nice ethical questions involved in the effort to evaluate the exact degree of moral beauty to be discovered in the general injunction "Be good so you can get rich," it is to be observed that all Alger's insistence upon the duty of thrift did not prevent him from being extremely improvident or from dying poor, and we are inclined to believe that the effect of his work could be pretty accurately measured by its effect upon him. If detective novels and gangster movies do the youth of the land no more harm than the Alger books did their fathers good, then the youngest generation is safe.

China Fights Back

By T. A. BISSON

THE January events of 1932 at Shanghai throw a lurid glare back over a path that the Powers have been following in China for nine decades, since the Treaty of Nanking in 1842. They presage the end of an era. Events not too dissimilar are transpiring in India; the burden of their message is the same. The two great colonial nations of the world—China and India—are in revolt. The grip is slipping; the heyday of imperialism has passed.

The Treaty of Nanking marked the turning-point in China's struggle to maintain its integrity in the face of the ever-accelerating onslaught of the West. For China it broke down the wall of exclusion erected in self-defense. For the West it established an "open door"—through which to enter, and then to get and to hold. The Opium War of 1839-42 was fought by Great Britain, which therefrom gained two especial benefits: the cession in perpetuity of Hongkong, and an indemnity of \$21,000,000. The more significant advantages—unrestricted freedom of trade, a low fixed tariff, extra-territorial jurisdiction—were shared by the United States and France in treaties they made haste to negotiate with China in 1844. The American policy of equality of opportunity secured the same advantages to all the Powers that followed—some twenty of them by 1900.

By 1844 China was well started on the road to a colonial status. The steps on that downward path indicate how completely the goal was achieved. They include the following: loss of territories—Siberian Maritime Province, Upper Burma, the Loochoo Islands, Indo-China, Formosa and the Pescadores, Korea, Tibet; leaseholds—Kiaochow, Liaotung, Kwangchowwan, Kowloon Extension, and Weihaiwei; some fifty concessions and settlements in a score of cities and towns; railways from Manchuria to Yunnan; indemnities and loans, met from revenues of the foreign-administered maritime customs and salt gabelle; 5 per cent ad valorem tariff, fixed on the 1858 price level and unchanged until 1902, when it represented an effective 2 or 3 per cent, raised to an effective 5 per cent in 1902 to make possible payments on the Boxer indemnity; extraterritorial jurisdiction; right of coastal and inland navigation for foreign vessels; policing rights, through foreign warships on Chinese waters and military forces at Shanghai, Tientsin, Peking, and elsewhere.

Not the least significant phase of foreign economic penetration is represented by Shanghai. Through this commercial metropolis of the Far East have poured the machine-made products of the West. Aided by the nominal customs tariff these goods have flooded China, overwhelming the native handicraft industries, disrupting the delicate equilibrium between the products of farm and handicraft characteristic of the older Chinese economy, disintegrating the guilds, and throwing thousands of artisans back upon an already overcrowded agriculture for their means of livelihood. It is to the working out of this process, especially to the loss of the effective economic and political controls formerly exerted by the guilds, and not to a facile assumption of Chinese political incapacity, that the present disorganization of Chinese society must be chiefly traced.

The areas now embraced in the International Settlement and the French Concession, and the authority wielded by the foreign governmental authorities set up therein, constitute the results of a gradual evolutionary development that began in 1842. The Treaty of Nanking denominated Shanghai as one of the five treaty ports within which foreigners might take up their residence for purposes of trade. The establishment of a settlement in which foreigners might acquire land and rent houses and set up business establishments constituted the totality of the rights conferred by treaty. The British Settlement was established at Shanghai on this basis in 1843. No definite boundaries were fixed; no administrative rights were delegated to the foreign residents. On this slight foundation, so far as legal right is concerned, the superstructure of modern Shanghai, with its extensive foreign-administered areas, has been built.

The bounds of the British Settlement, first definitely marked out in 1846, inclosed an area of about 150 acres, which was expanded to 470 acres in 1848. In the following year a French Concession was delimited, the area of which, by successive acts of usurpation, has been steadily extended. An American Settlement with undefined boundaries was recognized in 1854. Ten years later the American and British Settlements were consolidated into the International Settlement, which then comprised an area of 2.75 square miles. In 1899, at the nadir of China's strength, the foreign authorities at Shanghai forced the Chinese government to grant an extension of the International Settlement area to a total of 8.35 square miles. Simultaneously, the French Concession was greatly expanded. Since 1916, especially, the Shanghai authorities have further extended the Settlement limits by the device of building extra-Settlement roads, over which they exercise police authority, out into the Chinese areas. These roads now total approximately twenty miles in length, and are the subject of much bitter Sino-foreign controversy.

Foreign administrative authority within the Settlement areas, similarly unauthorized by any treaty grant, has been established by a similar process of usurpation. The rights thus acquired are expressed in a succession of land regulations, the first of which was issued by the local Chinese magistrate (the *taotai*) in 1845, requiring registration of lands at the British consulate, and specifically forbidding the exercise of foreign police authority. A second series of land regulations, adopted in 1854, permitted the registration of land at any consulate, and established a municipal council with policing and taxation powers. These significant changes were afterwards accepted by the *taotai*. From this period dates the beginning of the all-inclusive administrative powers now wielded by the Municipal Council of the International Settlement. A third series of land regulations, strengthening the power of the Municipal Council, was adopted in 1896 without even the formality of consulting the local Chinese authorities.

Extraterritorial jurisdiction has, of course, prevailed by treaty right within the Settlement since its inception.

With the admission of increasing numbers of Chinese residents after 1853, however, it became necessary to institute a Mixed Court for cases in which the Chinese were defendants. Such a court was established within the International Settlement in 1864. From the beginning it was dominated by the foreign consuls, who sat as assessors. Foreign domination of the Mixed Court became even more pronounced after the revolution of 1911, when the Municipal Council assumed control over the court, and the foreign assessor was given power to sit both for civil and criminal cases.

The peculiar limitations upon franchise in the International Settlement have placed control of the Municipal Council in a virtual oligarchy comprised of the heads of the leading foreign business establishments in Shanghai. The land regulations designate several classes of residents—land-renters, rate-payers, foreign persons, and Chinese. Certain members of the first two grades are eligible to be members of the council; others who are not eligible for the council have the right to vote; while the great majority, foreigners and Chinese alike, are completely disfranchised. In 1925, out of a population of 840,000, there were approximately 30,000 foreigners, of whom but 2,700 were entitled to vote. Until 1926 the Chinese did not even have a representative on the council, thus presenting the anomaly of a great city, which was 96 per cent Chinese, governed by an insignificant minority of foreign traders.

As an aside, it should be here noted that the growth of Japanese influence in the Settlement during the last twenty years has been phenomenal. In 1890 there were only 386 Japanese in the International Settlement; in 1910 there were still fewer than 3,500. During the next five years the number more than doubled and by 1925 exceeded 13,000. In 1916 thirty Japanese police were added to the Settlement force. Two of the municipal councilors are now Japanese.

With the growth of Chinese national consciousness during the past fifteen years, effective resistance against foreign encroachment has begun, and the process of decline reversed. The World War caused the first notable breach in the rampart of foreign privilege in China. The concessions, extraterritorial jurisdiction, and the other special privileges of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Russia were swept away. Supported by a well-organized boycott, the case for the return of Shantung by Japan prevailed at the Washington Conference. Chinese tariff autonomy became operative in 1929. A number of the concessions and leaseholds have been regained. Some ten nations have concluded treaties of complete mutual equality with China. All but four of the Powers—the United States, France, Great Britain, and Japan—are pledged to relinquish extraterritoriality, and the Big Four are weakening.

At Shanghai comparable gains have been made. The shooting of a number of unarmed Chinese students by the Settlement police on May 30, 1925, gave birth to nationwide revolt against a situation which permitted foreigners to exercise police authority over Chinese citizens on their own soil. A bitter struggle ensued. Boycott and strike were called into play by the Chinese. In 1926, when three Chinese members were admitted to the Municipal Council, the first wedge was driven into the foreigners' ranks. Four years later the number of Chinese councilors was increased to five as against nine foreigners—at present one American, two Japanese, and six Britishers. A new Provisional Court,

set up in 1926 to take the place of the old Mixed Court, proved but a nominal change. In 1930, however, a District Court entirely under Chinese control was established for all cases whose jurisdiction did not lie with the foreign consular courts. In 1930 a governmental decree required all foreign business establishments to register with the Nanking government. This order was enforced upon the foreign businessmen in Shanghai by denying them the right to sue in the Chinese District Court unless they had registered. The insistent Chinese demand for complete rendition of the Settlement was met by the pledge of a full and impartial investigation, for which Justice Feetham of South Africa was retained. His report, published in the summer of 1931, recommended only minor changes and was the occasion for a recurrence of vigorous Chinese protests.

Step by step, using lawful and pacific means, the Chinese have thus been regaining political and economic autonomy. Western governments, with a healthy respect for a Chinese boycott, have increasingly turned a deaf ear to pleas for a show of force from the foreign diehards in China. Only under the utmost provocation, as at Nanking in 1927, or against Communist "bandits," is force resorted to by the Western Powers. The Japanese "liberals," represented by Baron Shidehara, who have guided Japan's destinies during the greater part of the last decade, have chimed in with this policy. Not so the Japanese militarists, bureaucrats, and clansmen, who periodically usurp governmental control in Japan and recklessly drag the nation into military adventures. To this clique the surging forces of Chinese nationalism, the steady whittling down of foreign privilege, must be counteracted or all is lost. Of late, in Manchuria, matters have been going from bad to worse. Since 1930 Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang has definitely swung the Three Eastern Provinces within the Nationalist orbit. His railway projects, and especially the construction of the new port of Hulutao, are viewed with concern. Rate cuts by the Chinese lines, when supported by the patriotic sentiments of the Manchurian Chinese, plus a dash of coercion from Mukden, turn freight and passengers from the South Manchuria Railway. With the depression, profits decreased from 45,000,000 yen in 1929 to 21,000,000 yen in 1930; dividends were cut from 11 to 8 per cent. These things cannot continue. Something must be done. Thus, September 18, 1931.

When this clique rules in Japan, the colonialism of a past age is in vogue. Its members verily believe that Manchuria can be conquered, controlled politically and economically, and developed profitably by the Japanese business man. Once again, however, the crushing weight of the Chinese boycott has worked havoc on Japanese trade. It has led to a resort to force at Shanghai that passes all bounds of decency, even when dealing with China.

Most significant, however, is the Chinese resistance at Shanghai. For the first time in recent history, a Chinese force not overwhelmingly superior in numbers and definitely inferior in armament has thrown back a foreign onslaught. Not that China could resist the concentrated attack of the Japanese naval and military machine. But the witness borne by this success to the morale of the Chinese nation, the extent to which it is aroused, and its determination to resist at all cost admits of no contradiction. China, as a colonial nation, has ceased to exist. It can no longer be ruled by force against its will.

The Opposition in Japan

By UPTON CLOSE

BLIND nationalism in Japan today faces its supreme test. Japan and France stand at this period as two prize spectacles of nationalist society. Of all the peoples of the world the Japanese and Frenchmen are most likely to think of themselves first as Japanese or Frenchmen, rather than as conservatives or radicals, or religionists, or rich or poor. Yet in neither Japan nor France would the commanders of the people do well to strain loyalty to the point of national collapse.

The military's coup of September 18 last was more successful in first results in Japan than in Manchuria. The latter is yet far from under control. Japan, on the other hand, was completely within the power of the inner military clique within a week. But the victory was a little too facile to be permanent, and workingman, rich man, and politician who lined up behind the military were given to expect far more in advantages than there is now any hope of their gaining.

Within the last few weeks the cohorts of doubt have been gathering. A cable to New York states that election bets are three to two on the return of the Minseito—with Wakatsuki and Baron Shidehara—to a majority in the Diet in the elections set for February 20. The unfavorable odds representing the prospects of the present government's party are based not upon popularity but upon guesses regarding the extent to which the political and military chiefs will dare go in bribery and police interference with the balloting. The present regime already faces accusations of failure in its "platform" to end the Chinese boycott, get foreign loans, procure foreign markets, and stimulate internal industry. Should its appeal to the voters be defeated, it would be in an insufferable position and would be forced to resort to open dictatorship until the next Diet session in July.

Unless it dares undertake sufficient interference with the polling, the most promising strategy for the Seiyukai Government is to create a national crisis of the first magnitude. This may in part lie behind the Shanghai adventure, but the opposition is not hesitating to use that same crisis in its vigorous attack charging the Seiyukai with endangering Japan's national existence. The Seiyukai Government is bolstered by a mass of contradictions, making it vulnerable from all sides. One of the most glaring is its promise—purely for the sake of popularity—of suffrage to women. This gives it the powerful support of the Hatoyama family, once body-guard to the august person. But the Seiyukai supporters of the military clique have put themselves in a most uncomfortable position in promising suffrage to the women who have sent to Geneva the longest petition in the world against war and for disarmament—not that Japanese women at this time would take effective action, but that a wonderful opening is given to lampoonists.

Another danger to the ruling clique is its affiliation with the house of Mitsui. Without Mitsui money the Seiyukai could not have preserved its organization during the lean years. Now it finds itself sold, body and soul, to these interests, which, if ever the word were justified, may be called "predatory." The argument of the Seiyukai as to

the patriotic necessity of going off the gold standard was rather vitiated when the Mitsuis availed themselves of the opportunity to clean up a hundred million dollars by "selling their country short," leaving a very considerable shortage to be made up to the government exchange bank from taxpayers' money. A mob of students attacked the Mitsui Bank in Tokio and sixty of them were cudged into submission and dragged off to jail, but public feeling was such that the Home Office saw fit to release them without trial. This news the Japanese censorship suppressed.

Aside from the liberal Minseito Party (which received overwhelming public indorsement in prefectural elections as late as September 17, the day before the coup) there are yet more interesting elements of opposition. A bitter anti-political feeling directed at professional politicians of all parties is spreading among smaller Japanese business and professional men. This numerous community the new Japanese "Nazi" organization, the Sakai Kokuseito—"Social Nation Force Society"—plans to capture. Having started as part of the so-called "China ronin"—irresponsible chauvinist hoodlums—the "Nazis" now declare the inner military clique, the five wealthy houses, the two political parties, and the radicals to be alike menaces to the nation, and offer a program of dictatorship gathered from radicalism and fascism.

The organized radical groups are potentially rather than actually important. Although Kagawa, with his very important following of Christians and pacifists, can do little in direct opposition to the military policy, he has just begun the publication in the largest Japanese newspaper of another nation-stirring serial novel called "Two Sparrows"—revealing the tragedy of the Japanese factory women. This attacks the clique in power on an even more vulnerable front, for the pressure that will eventually overthrow the military will begin with the overworked and underfed or unemployed and starved industrial workers. Inspired by Kagawa are the peasants, increasingly socialist in temper, militant against their landlords. These peasants have been promised more money for cocoons and rice in return for their traditional pro-Seiyukai ballots. The Seiyukai fulfils its promise by the facile method of going off the gold standard. But the peasant is already finding out that more yen may not mean more money.

Japan, historically, has gone through political changes faster than any other country in the world. Organized radicalism there can still be ignored but it provides a bold nucleus of leadership for the time when the peculiarly Japanese "supreme disgust" shall settle upon the increasing multitudes of doubters, whose present feelings, as nearly as they dare send them through the mail, are indicated with truly Japanese allusiveness in the words of a letter received this week:

After the second gold embargo the depression is getting better, but only superficially, I guess. In such a small country as Japan, it is very easy to make people patriotic(?) by force, and this can be said now that everyone of this country feels somewhat that our military is doing good for us. By reading the newspapers every day and every evening we all get such an illusion.

Mr. Hoover Rides the Donkey

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, February 6

PRESIDENT HOOVER finally has found a party he can control. In a burst of that fine chivalry which impels them irresistibly to espouse causes which are both lost and discredited, the Democrats in Congress have hastily enacted most of the Hoover proposals and confirmed nearly all the Hoover appointees, and now they are valiantly opposing what Hoover calls the "dole." To be perfectly consistent they should also support him for reelection. "Dole," it should be explained, is a term colloquially employed to define a federal appropriation for relieving starvation in the United States. It does not apply to federal appropriations for relieving starvation in Belgium, Germany, Serbia, Poland, Russia, and points east—that comes under the head of "American altruism." It does not apply to federal appropriations for relieving hungry banks, railroads, insurance companies, or farm cooperatives—these are "constructive measures." Nor does it cover municipal, county, State, or private relief funds—they are in the noble category of "local self-help." In its glorious fight to save starving Americans from contamination by the "dole," the Administration once more has found a leader in the person of Senator Joe Robinson, the Arkansas statesman. The fact has provoked malicious whispers. Some persons are base enough to connect Sunny Joe's accommodating disposition with the appointment of Harvey Couch to the board of the new Finance Corporation—merely because Joe's law firm happens to be counsel for Mr. Couch's power companies. I heartily dissent. Anyone who knows Joe will agree that the Finance Corporation is the sort of thing that would naturally appeal to him, and that a "dole" (except to Arkansas drought sufferers) would arouse his natural antagonism. The circumstance that he and Hoover have a mutual friend and benefactor in Couch is mere coincidence. People should not yield to morbid suspicions about great men.

THE Administration's astonishment over the Japanese invasion of China proper would be ludicrous if it contained fewer possibilities of danger. It is now apparent even to the colored messengers in the State Department that Secretary Stimson utterly failed from the outset to comprehend the scope of Japan's program or the determination behind it. Less than two months ago he was cheerfully assuring the press that the Japanese would never venture as far south as Chinchow, in southern Manchuria. Today their guns and airplanes are raining death and desolation upon the heart of Shanghai, and Henry L. Stimson enjoys the unique distinction of having run backward 700 miles in four weeks, leaping the Great Wall en route. The bloody Shanghai gesture was necessary to awaken this Administration to the fact that it was confronted with the evolution of the same definite and settled policy which prompted the original Twenty-one Demands. In the furtherance of

that policy a certain amount of veering and tacking has been expedient, but the ultimate object—control of Manchuria and domination of Asia—was not for one moment abandoned. Nor was there anything in the situation to persuade a prudent man that it had been abandoned. We may understand how a member of the Hoover Cabinet would forget that it is possible for a government to adopt a fixed policy and adhere to it, but understanding does not save us from the consequences. Failure of the Administration to perceive the real scope and resolution of Japan's purpose has subjected us to a series of humiliations from which we can now escape only through the alternatives of added ignominy or an insane war. Charles Evans Hughes may have exhibited excess solicitude for the rights and opportunities of American oil companies in the Far East, but he always knew what he was doing. More important, he knew what other people were doing.

* * * * *

AT the President's urgent request, Uncle Andy Mellon has relinquished the Treasury to become American Ambassador to Great Britain. This curious transfer represents the success of Hoover's last desperate effort to pry the aging but tenacious Andrew out of a job which Ogden Mills actually has filled for nearly two years. That the Pittsburgh octogenarian possesses almost no qualifications for the new position does not seriously matter. His tenure will be brief, and his duties in London, as of late months in Washington, will be performed by a younger and better-qualified man. His reluctant decision to accept the change doubtless was hastened by the uncomfortable discovery that the House really was giving serious consideration to the impeachment charges pending against him there, as well as by Hiram Johnson's disclosure of the government's part in obtaining the fabulous Barco oil concession for the Mellon interests in Colombia. It is high time he retired from the position to which Harding and Harry Daugherty elevated him. It is my solemn judgment that he has done more to lower the standards of public service in this country than any other man who has held public office during the last fifty years, not excluding members of the Ohio Gang who came in with him. Others have used their official positions to augment their personal fortunes, but it remained for the saintly Andrew to make the practice "respectable." Probably we shall never know the exact sums returned to his corporations by his department in the form of tax refunds, or the personal savings effected through tax measures sponsored by him, or the profits accruing to his family and himself through tariffs advocated by him, or the penalties evaded through failure of the Department of Justice to prosecute the Mellon companies under the Sherman Act; but we know the total runs into many millions. Linger on for a little while, he will presently fade into the oblivion which awaits the few survivors of the Harding regime. He leaves a bad taste but few mourners.

BUT away with melancholy! If the Washington scene offers much to depress the thoughtful observer, it also has its comic aspects. Consider, for example, the sight afforded by those gentlemen who for fifteen years have been warning us against the perils of bureaucracy and the dangers of government interference in business. Today, in worn cutaways and frayed silk hats, they are camping on the steps of the Capitol beseeching the despised Congress to extricate them from the mess into which "private initiative" and "rugged individualism" got them. Washington correspondents have seen too many wizards of industry and finance made to look ridiculous by so-called hick politicians to retain any faith in the old myth of business-man superiority, but it is gratifying and diverting to watch them as they crowd to the mourners' bench. Of course, fairness compels us to acknowledge that all the peanuts do not grow in Wall and La Salle streets. No matter how much we may laugh at Pat Hurley, Bob Lucas, Secretary Lamont, and "Puddler Jim" Davis, we cannot laugh them off. In recent months Pat acquired a reputation for Irish wit and eloquence which was the more spectacular because it was so unexpected. This interesting development was rudely arrested a few days ago by the disclosure in a Washington newspaper that the War Secretary's cleverest speeches were the handiwork of Captain Abraham Ginsberg, brilliant young Russian-born member of the Army Intelligence Service. I need not dwell on the Secretary's chagrin. Promptly the offending newspaper was visited by the Captain, who, in the presence of Hurley's trusted secretary, implored the reporter to certify that he had obtained

his information outside the department. Since this was wholly true, the reporter consented, but his Samaritan instincts availed nothing. In a whimsical moment he had also suggested that Captain Ginsberg's talents might have been enlisted by Bob Lucas and the Republican National Committee. This wild guess proving to be all too true, nothing could convince Pat that Ginsberg didn't tell, and a promising career in arms and literature seems doomed. You can always depend on a good Moose to enliven a grim situation, and "Puddler Jim" has not disappointed. Two years ago when he was elected Senator from Pennsylvania (to fill an unexpired term), it was on a dry platform. A month ago Bill Vare of Philadelphia tersely announced that the Republican nominee in the approaching campaign would be wetter than a bathing suit in August. This week the "Puddler" informed a waiting world that, after a careful study of the Wickersham report, he was convinced that prohibition had been a failure, and would advocate repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, with beer and wines in the meantime. Secretary Lamont's contribution to Washington gaiety was less spectacular but more expensive. It develops that in the new seventeen-million-dollar Commerce Building he enjoys the exclusiveness of a private elevator and a secret passageway. The guard who watches the secret door receives \$100 a month and the elevator operator gets \$90 a month, although to reach his private elevator and his secret passage the Secretary must walk in front of two public elevators! Probably this is the Administration's contribution to the unemployment problem.

A Close-Up of George Washington

By W. E. WOODWARD

GEORGE WASHINGTON was born two hundred years ago this February 22. More books have been written about him than about any other famous American. Yet there is no record in existence of any of George Washington's conversations. No verbatim report. Curious fact, this is. Men would spend the evening in Washington's company and write to their friends that the General told some anecdotes, talked about planting fruit trees, drank Madeira wine, and cracked nuts between his big, strong fingers. But exactly what did he say? And how did he say it? What was his personal conduct toward verb and adjective? Did he ever use slang in his conversation?

My inference is that the Father of our Country was not a brilliant conversationalist. If he had been a good talker some of his anecdotes would have been preserved, in his own words. No flashes of wit fell from his tongue. Nor did his talk contain much, if any, of those plain and simple generalizations known as "homely wisdom." He was slow and deliberate in his speech. I think his diaries give a clear idea of his conversational style, for a man who writes something to be seen only by himself is likely to write as he talks. Here is an extract—a record made in his diary at Rye, New York, on the first day of a tour of New England:

The Road for the greater part, indeed the whole way, was very rough and stoney, but the Land strong, well covered with grass and a luxurious crop of Indian Corn inter-

mixed with Pompions [pumpkins] (which were yet ungathered) in the fields. We met four droves of Beef Cattle for the New York Market, (about 30 in a drove) some of which were very fine—also a flock of Sheep for the same place. We scarcely passed a farm that did not abd. in Geese.

During his first year as President he lived in New York, in a large, comfortable house on Pearl Street. If that house were still standing it would be almost under the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge. George was called "His Excellency" and Martha was "Lady Washington." Their entertainments were on a large and elaborate scale, though they were not as exclusive as Martha thought they ought to be. Some concession had to be made to the common herd, as everybody had a vote, and the day of the politician was in its rosy dawn. Martha wrote that the walls of her drawing-room were marred "by the dirty fingers of the democrats."

William Sullivan, one of the best observers of the time, with an eye for character and a sense of picture, used to attend the Presidential receptions. He says His Excellency was usually surrounded by young and beautiful women. That is not surprising; for some reason elderly distinguished men possess an extraordinary fascination for young girls.

One may imagine the scene: the large room, brilliantly lighted by hundreds of candles set in silver brackets on the

wall; the men in knee breeches of velvet of the color of puce, wearing coats of green and lavender silk with lace at the cuffs; their hair concealed under powdered wigs. The dowagers, austere and stiff with dignity, sit on sofas covered with damask or figured French cloth. Their billowing skirts flow about them. Their headdresses are composed of their own hair, raised in a towering structure by a framework of wire. They look like Britannia ruling the waves, or a device on a coin, or some such symbol of feminine force.

At the end of the room, before the crackling fire, stands the towering Washington. The young women crowd around him, their fans fluttering in the perfumed air. Outside the throng men with axes to grind look on wistfully, thinking of schemes to break through the wall of girlish chatter.

Sullivan says that on these occasions, though Washington was surrounded by young and admiring beauties, his countenance "never softened, nor changed its habitual gravity."

Of course Washington was dull in manner. In saying this I am not attempting to belittle him. Far from it; quite the contrary. Cleverness is the opposite of greatness. All great men are dull, and most of them are melancholy; and all really great books are heavy and dull. Sprightliness runs so easily into a sacrifice of essential truth. The memory of the wisecracker is never embalmed in the majestic whatever-you-call-it of human endeavor. Dull men are so puzzling. Perhaps that is why we call them great.

I lived with George Washington for two years while I was writing his biography—"George Washington, the Image and the Man." I mean that I lived with his spirit. Daily; every day; all day. For two years I hardly thought of anything but G. W. I found out all sorts of interesting things. About Washington's voice, for instance. He had a hollow voice, somewhat muffled. The kind of voice that never carries far. Whenever he made a speech—and he was a poor orator, I may say—he had to exert himself to be heard.

Although he had great physical strength, there was a strain of weakness—congenital, I fancy—in his constitution. He was always getting sick; bowel complaint, bad colds, liver trouble, and so on. He dosed himself with the strong, gripping remedies of the day.

Another fact is that the commonly accepted portrait of Washington—the Gilbert Stuart Athenaeum painting—is not his best picture. What I am saying here will be considered the rankest heresy; nevertheless it is the truth, like a good many other heresies.

His face was leaner and longer than it appears in the Athenaeum portrait. He had a finer, more sensitive countenance. In 1785 the French sculptor Houdon made a life mask of G. W. Incidentally the making of this mask frightened Martha almost out of her wits. She did not know the mask was to be made, it seems, and she walked into a room and found her husband lying flat on his back, his face covered with plaster, and Houdon bending over him. Great alarm—and considerable explanation required.

This life mask shows Washington's features perfectly, of course. It is a mechanical reproduction. The life mask lacks the beefy look of the Stuart picture.

The more I found out about Washington the better I liked him. I had to unlearn, at first, all the silly fables that had been taught me at school and which have existed a century or more in our folk-lore. But as these childish myths

were stripped off, I saw that a great personality was beneath them. I began to admire him ardently. He had honor, truth, honesty, and courage. What great qualities these are—and how sadly lacking in a world of sham and hypocrisy!

He was not a great general or a great statesman, but he was a great man. His greatness flowed from character, from personality. When I say that he was not a first-class general I mean that he did things which were strategically unsound. He never won a major engagement. But he held the army together by his persistency and his will; he won the war through his defeats. The British found out that you cannot keep on beating a man forever unless you kill him. If you can't kill him, after awhile you have to surrender to him. The British, sick and tired, finally surrendered to Washington.

It is a curious fact that there is nothing whatever in our intellectual and political traditions that could be called Washingtonianism. Jefferson and Hamilton both left to posterity coherent theories of government. Washington didn't. He seems never to have evolved, even in his own mind, an articulated set of principles. The essence of his energy was practical. He set himself to doing whatever lay before his hands.

Anything that tells the truth about the Father of our Country is denounced, even if the truth is favorable. Isn't that one of the strangest things you ever heard of? My book was cursed up hill and down dale, which helped its sales, but made me rather sad. The denunciation was accentuated by an incident in my literary life which may interest you.

Everyone has moments of fatal indiscretion, times when the jackass that lives in all men and women steps out and brays. Unfortunately these moments are usually beyond recall and survive forever. Before the jackass is batted over the head, the deed is done, the check is mailed, the marriage proposal has been made, the boss has been insulted, the asinine anecdote has started on its travels. It is a law of life. This principle, by the way, has been expanded by me into a psychoanalytic theory. It appears in all the up-to-date books on psychoanalysis as the Woodward Theory of the Inner Jackass, and has been accepted by Dr. Freud as a basis for fresh meditation.

While I was writing my first book the inner jackass came out for a moment and brayed. The book was called "Bunk." I wanted to devise a word which would mean "taking the bunk out of human affairs"—and I made up the word "debunk." It is probably the ugliest word in the language.

Of course, I became known immediately as the great debunker. I cannot open my mouth without people expecting me to debunk something or somebody. As soon as my life of Washington was published I saw headlines in the newspapers which said, "Woodward Debunks Washington."

The Daughters of the American Revolution in some States advised people not to read the book, and that helped the sales. Here and there posts of the American Legion denounced me and all my works, and declared that I ought to be sent back where I came from. That helped sales, too.

I have given all this not only to show the peril of the literary life, but also to indicate how difficult it is to get the American people to accept a truthful valuation of George Washington, even if the truth is favorable to him.

Dole or Insurance?

By WILLIAM M. LEISERSON

THERE are only two methods of dealing with unemployment—by insurance or by doles. The insurance method assumes that the cost of supporting the unemployed is properly a charge against industry, like the maintenance of unemployed capital. It forces management to treat the labor investment as a fixed charge in the same way that bond interest is handled. The dole method relieves industry of this labor-maintenance cost and throws the burden on the community—on private charities or on public relief funds, or on both.

Of course, neither insurance nor the dole offers any permanent solution for unemployment. But however practical and desirable the plans for stabilizing employment may be, can they guarantee steady jobs for all willing workers at all times? Those who think that unemployment may be handled by abolishing it may well be reminded that fireproof buildings have not abolished fires. Safety work has not solved the problem of accidents. Preventive medicine, sanitation, and health work have not eliminated sickness and disease. What reason is there to believe that the measures designed to eliminate unemployment will be any more effective than these other preventive measures have been?

Those who are advocating permanent solutions for unemployment are like the "new-era" economists who a few years ago thought that depressions had forever been abolished. Then it was mechanization of industry, mass production, high wages, and high prices that would make prosperity permanent. Now it is scientific management, regularization of employment, public work for the unemployed, economic planning boards, and reductions in hours of labor that will forever abolish unemployment and the consequent distress. But this second new era is likely to prove as chimerical as the first. Modern industry, even under such controlled conditions as exist in Russia, cannot be carried on without fluctuations in employment, sometimes small, at other times large; and for handling this inevitable unemployment there are only the two methods, insurance or doles.

The method that we now use is the dole method. Private charity doles are our first resource; but in a depression charity funds are soon exhausted, and taxpayers are then asked to provide for the unemployed by public doles from local-government treasuries. In the present depression it is becoming increasingly evident that federal doles will also be necessary. In the effort to avoid this the President has appointed an Emergency Relief Committee to stimulate neighborly charity and the voting of local public-relief funds. But in spite of a frenzied national organization and advertising campaign, representatives of community-chest organizations throughout the country testified in Washington the other day that local and State funds will be insufficient, and that the federal government will have to contribute its doles for the maintenance of the unemployed.

But why should either charities or the taxpayers bear the cost of supporting industry's employees? If industry must have its employees idle for weeks and months at a time, why does it not provide means of support for them during

the enforced periods of idleness? The reason is that we have so pauperized American employers that they now look upon contributions from the public for the maintenance of their labor forces as a matter of right. By laying off workers they automatically draw on public and private charity funds. In times like the present large sums are diverted from the care of the crippled, the sick, the aged, and the mentally defective to maintain the able-bodied workers until their employers need them again. But while an industry may keep itself solvent and show a profit by this method of removing from its books one of its essential costs, it is from the point of view of the community an unprofitable industry. It is receiving a subsidy from the public. Whether the money is contributed by private charities or by the taxpayers, the result is the same—the payment of a dole not only to the unemployed workers but also to their employers.

When workers are unemployed, capital is also unemployed; but the interest and capital maintenance charges are paid by business whether the capital is working or not. The fixed charges for idle labor also have to be paid. But the public has been footing this bill. When men decide to become printers rather than to enter other trades, they invest their labor in the printing industry just as the owners invest their money in it. And they cannot change their trade so easily as bond- and stockholders can sell out their interests. Yet the industry assumes no responsibility for the labor investment. Is it not about time that we served notice on American industry and its managers that **we do not propose** in future depressions to subsidize them by supporting their employees from government and charity funds? Can we not make it the duty of all employers of labor to provide against the disasters that recurring depressions bring to their working forces in the same way that they are compelled to provide for their interest and other capital charges?

Unemployment insurance is the most economical method by which this can be done. With the cost spread over a wide variety of industries the charge against individual enterprises is small, and the addition to production expenses is negligible. Industry is thus compelled to be self-supporting, to bear all its costs, and to quit depending on doles for the support of its workers. The insurance benefits maintain the health, efficiency, and self-respect of the necessarily unemployed workers, and are the only alternative to the degrading dole.

American business, seeing the trend toward insurance, has launched a nation-wide campaign to convince the country and its legislatures that compulsory action is not necessary. Employers will themselves voluntarily establish reserve funds to protect their employees, we are told. The United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, and the National Industrial Conference Board have all indorsed the idea that industry must provide reserves to assure incomes for employees during periods of idleness. Even the Senate committee headed by Senator Hebert, which was packed with a majority to oppose the Wagner national unemployment-insurance bill, has come out for insurance conducted by private industries. The need, the justice,

the desirability of insurance are no longer denied. Those who for years denounced it as the "dole" have changed their position. They agree in principle, as the diplomats say, and they offer a substitute—voluntary private insurance.

What employers would set up their own reserve funds if all were not compelled by law to insure? Obviously the more foresighted and efficient, those who had taken steps to regularize employment. The rest, those who cause the most unemployment, would say that it is not practical in their business. And when the uninsured laid off workers, who would support them? The taxpayers and the community chests of course. The most backward industries and employers would thus be subsidized, while the more progressive and responsible would be burdened with expenses both for regularizing employment and for paying unemployment benefits. In the face of this obvious result of voluntary private insurance, it is strange to hear from its advocates the complaint that compulsory state insurance would penalize the efficient employers and use their premiums to help pay for the unemployment caused by the inefficient.

Underlying the plea for voluntary action by employers is the idea that if business were properly managed each enterprise could fully take care of its own unemployment. Private reserve funds, it is claimed, would provide the incentive for each employer to regularize his employment to the utmost. But when records of firms which have stabilized work are examined, it is found that the effect of their regularization is the same as if labor-saving machinery had been introduced. More work is done with a smaller force of steady employees and the rest are thrown on the community.

Private insurance funds must necessarily neglect the mass of unemployed labor released not only by regularization programs, but by technical and managerial improvements of various kinds and by declining industries. It is for these released workers, however, that insurance is most needed. Adequate protection, therefore, must be based on the general insurance principle that all who are subject to risk shall contribute to a common fund, and those who suffer losses shall draw from this fund. Voluntary insurance selects the good risks for protection and leaves the worst risks uncared for. There is no more reason for an industry that has little unemployment to object to paying insurance premiums than there is for a person to object to paying for his fire insurance because he has never suffered loss from fire.

There are serious objections also to the administration of private insurance funds. A corporation in Wisconsin has just announced a plan which requires employees to contribute 5 per cent of their pay until reserves equal to six months' pay have been accumulated, when the contributions are to decline to 2 per cent. Benefits are payable only in times of general business depression, and then, after a waiting period of three months, 40 per cent of average weekly earnings will be paid. Employees may not withdraw their contributions when they quit the company. What is to prevent the spread of such fantastic schemes? Other plans provide for contributions from the employer only, but usually with reservations that workers acquire no legal rights to the funds, and that the plans may be changed or discontinued at the option of the employer. The originator of one of these plans stated he did not want the employees to contribute because this would require that they be given some control over the funds. When a worker is discharged for cause, he is always dis-

qualified for unemployment benefits. What is just cause for discharge, and how are employees to be protected against dismissal to avoid payment of benefits?

Those who are lucky enough to work for firms that have insurance plans will be unequally protected. Some employers will be liberal, others will be able to afford only meager and inadequate benefits. The amounts paid to the unemployed workers will be determined not by their needs but by what the employer considers the business is able to pay. The basic weakness of voluntary insurance is that it sets up no authority that is in any way responsible for the community's or the country's problem of unemployment. Its primary concern is not the needs of unemployed workers but the interests of business enterprises. If these interests are considered compatible with the payment of unemployment benefits, such benefits will be paid; otherwise not. Some slight reduction in the number of those whom industry throws on the community to support may be expected. But the essential problem of getting rid of public subsidies to industries to enable them to meet the cost of their unemployed labor cannot be solved by voluntary insurance; nor can an effective substitute for the dole be found in it.

It is because business and industry have no means of providing jobs or maintenance for all willing workers that compulsory action by the government is necessary. It is absurd to think, however, that public officials would know how to provide employment when business men do not know how to do it. Therefore government action must take the form of compulsory insurance. Such government compulsion to protect workers and their families has always been an essential characteristic of real Americanism. The notion that able-bodied and willing workers shall be forced to beg for charity while the government keeps its hands off is a Tory myth, not an American principle. Seventy years ago the United States government adopted the Homestead Act, giving to everyone who wanted to work the land a free farm of 160 acres. The act was denounced as an attack on prosperity and as an agrarian (communistic) scheme for dividing wealth, but it was passed.

About a hundred years ago America decided to provide education for all its children. When working people found that they were denied opportunities because they lacked training and education, they demanded tax-supported schools. Today compulsory taxation of the rich to educate the children of the poor is looked upon as an essential principle on which the very foundations of American institutions rest. But when the public-school system was about to be introduced, the *Philadelphia National Gazette* wrote (August 19, 1830):

The scheme of universal equal education, at the expense of the state, is virtually "agrarianism." It would be compulsory application of the means of the richer, for the direct use of the poorer classes; and so for an arbitrary division of property among them. . . . One of the chief excitements to industry, among those classes, is the hope of earning means of educating their children respectably or liberally; that incentive would be removed, and the scheme of state and equal education be thus a premium for comparative idleness.

The Homestead Act and our public-school system show what the truly American tradition requires when the opportunity to work and live is at stake. They are our precedents for compulsory unemployment insurance.

In the Driftway

FROM time to time the Drifter hears comment on the younger generation. A novelist says the boys and girls of today are lazy, untutored, illiterate; a minister says they are immoral, irreligious, disrespectful; a mother says they are a nuisance; and a father appears against his son to press a charge of grand larceny that will send him to prison for life if he is convicted. It is hardly necessary to indicate what reflections these criticisms cast on the elders of the young persons in question, who presumably are responsible for their education and moral training. The Drifter does not need to do so, for the young persons of his acquaintance do not in any way merit the indictment. A friend of the Drifter's the other night urged that he might be permitted to read aloud from a manuscript that had been sent him. Somewhat reluctantly the Drifter consented. The article was a criticism of seventeenth-century English poetry; it was considered, fresh, admirably phrased, expert in its critical judgments, and displayed a healthy erudition. "Very nice," said he, in the manner of an editor who can take things calmly even if they are very nice. "Who wrote it?" "One of my freshmen," said the friend, who was a professor of English. "I'll read you another." This time the Drifter did not protest. The essays had been submitted by a class of twenty-odd; every one was better written than the average article submitted for magazine publication. Every one showed not only learning and skill, but devotion to a task, industry, and patience.

* * * * *

THE Drifter knows rather better another lad now ■ senior at a large university. He spends as many week-ends as he is allowed in New York City; he likes to dance, he is by no means inexpert in courting agreeable young ladies. But his real passion is economics, and he gives his father, a well-known newspaperman, many uncomfortable half-hours by the searching and detailed questions he asks on recondite political subjects. His brother is younger. He favors the radio, and since the age of twelve has been able to assemble with surprising skill radio apparatus of the more complicated sorts. It is possible to multiply instances indefinitely of boys and girls who apply themselves with industry and eagerness to tasks that their elders would sigh at or shrink from. No laziness here, no irresponsibility. Honest work, on the contrary, and more often than not work that is not required either by parents or professor. Nor are examples of another sort lacking. A boy of fifteen spends his Saturdays and one or two evenings at work to earn money for camp; his father has not worked for two years, mostly from choice. The boy's grandfather keeps him and could send him to camp also if necessary. The grandson prefers to work.

* * * * *

ALL that the Drifter really seeks to prove by these scattered instances is that it is not safe to generalize. It is not safe to talk about the "younger generation" without qualifying by saying: "I mean that lazy, good-for-nothing boy across the street." The Drifter will not generalize

either. All he will admit is that he knows on the whole many more lazy, reprehensible adults than lazy, reprehensible adolescents. In his experience the younger generation is sober, hard-working, knows what it wants. These young persons sometimes lack humor. But so far that has not been named in the indictment.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Birth Control—Pro and Con

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For some years past I have been a subscriber to your paper. The issue dated January 27 reached me yesterday. I find upon reading it that the front page and fifteen of its forty pages of reading matter are devoted to the advocacy of birth control, justly characterized by President Roosevelt in his day as race suicide.

I am the happy and contented father of nine living children and the grandfather of twenty-one grandchildren, and there is not ■ black sheep or a yellow streak among them. My dear departed wife (recently deceased) was my devoted helpmeet for nearly half a century and was the proud and loving mother of these nine children.

Your over-zealous hysterical advocacy of this harlot-like practice shocks me, and makes your weekly paper unwelcome in my home. If you and your fellow-believers practice what you preach in the years to come, they and your subscribers will soon be few in number. Please cancel my subscription.

Chicago, January 25

E. F. DUNNE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The only valid argument in favor of birth control is ill-health of the parents or their economic disability. If either party is sick, then self-control is the humane and, indeed, the necessary attitude of the other party, and self-control is neither impossible nor precarious; in fact, it is the efficient prophylactic for our modern neuroses.

If healthy married people desire children as normal people do, and are hindered from exercising normally this natural right by economic hazards, why, in God's name and in the name of the American people, is there no concerted effort made to save this natural right by abolishing these economic ills? Let those who have wealth and no children subsidize those who have children and no wealth. It is the living children of the poor that ring a wall of flesh about the country's wealth in time of war. The rich give patriotic sentiments while the poor give their sons.

The enthusiasm of birth-controllors is almost as hysterical as a revival and as economically careless as ■ crusade.

New York, January 27

JOHN MONAGHAN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to file a protest against your omission of Dr. William J. Robinson from among the contributors to the birth-control number of *The Nation*. For over ■ quarter of a century, when no one had ever heard of Margaret Sanger, when the subject of birth control was taboo to Drs. Pusey, Lake, and Knopf, Dr. Robinson agitated for birth control among physicians in his *Critic and Guide*, books, lectures, and so on. It was Dr. Robinson who converted the late Dr. Abraham Jacoby, former president of the American Medical Association, to the movement.

Detroit, January 30

M. E. KOHN, M.D.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to express to you my admiration of your courage and farsightedness in devoting a considerable part of *The Nation* of January 27 to the discussion of birth control.

At the Philadelphia County Medical Society, with a membership of nearly 2,200, we arranged a meeting on birth control about a month ago, against considerable opposition on the part of the Catholic element in this community. An attempt was made to break up the meeting, but was unsuccessful.

I am a subscriber to *The Nation*, and I believe it is one of the most courageous sheets in the country.

Philadelphia, January 25 JAY F. SCHAMBERG, M.D.

Mr. Hoover's Strange Career

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A diplomatic incident has occurred at Brussels as a consequence of the publication of extracts from John Hamill's volume, "The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover." Mr. Gibson, the American Minister, who claims to be an intimate friend of Hoover, has lodged a protest with the Belgian Foreign Minister against such publications, and M. Hymans, the Foreign Minister, has expressed his regrets.

Such incidents will occur in every part of the world, as the volume has a wide circulation. The Chicago *Tribune* of January 4 regrets that the circulation of the volume was stopped, and that the matter was not threshed out in court; but the paper admits that certain facts are undoubtedly true! I have myself found notes from the *Congressional Record* of March 3, 1919, where a speaker proved with documentary evidence that rotten wheat and flour were shipped for the Belgian Relief.

Paris, January 16

J. GERSONG

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Though a regular reader of *The Nation* for more than forty years, I have bothered your editorial staff but rarely. Hence I am not going to apologize for doing so now. While in Milwaukee over the week-end, I chanced upon a copy of "The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover," by John Hamill. I have not finished reading the book as I write, but if the author is guilty of untruths, it would be the privilege, nay the duty, of President Hoover to bring him into court.

No doubt someone on the editorial staff of *The Nation* is competent to discuss this problem. Am I asking too much that *The Nation* throw light on the situation created by the appearance of this book, which seems to have called for a new printing almost monthly since it first made its appearance?

Madison, Wis., January 27

EDWARD KREMERS

Campaign Strategy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Hoover has not the slightest intention to answer domestic criticism. His campaign is not to be against any opposition party or candidate. All that is to be austere ignored. He will not take the defensive on his record, nor will his halberdiers do so for him.

What is to be is this: He will run against a more or less mythical menace from abroad. As matters now stand, it is my judgment that the Reds will not be regarded as adequate. I think privately that Stalin is fed up on nursing the infantile leaderships of other units of the Third International. He is well informed of the community of imperialist interests and

will not be drawn into a world ambush by the Japanese maneuver. And so his wiliness is going to deprive him of the honor of being opposed for the presidency of civilization.

What, then, is to be chosen as a foe worthy of the G. O. P. steel? Already the newspapers are building up our national fears of a world arrayed against America, and before the campaign is far advanced it will be stated that it would be unpatriotic to oppose the President now. It will be "Stand by America" or some resonant equivalent of that.

You will recall that two years before Ramsay MacDonald's defection I hinted to you not to expect anything from him. Now I warn you that nothing, much less than nothing, can be expected of the Socialist Party, even if in the thick despair it should gain headway. It is just another capitalist party. But liberals, after all, must be good for something. I warn them that they are perilously underestimating Hoover in those qualities by which he has corkscrewed himself to wealth and eminence. The rich and powerful and the profligate in America have not grown sick of him as the silences might seem to indicate. The word has simply gone out that his attacking critics are to be allowed to wear themselves down.

Washington, D. C., January 18

BRUCE ROGERS

"Man Must Work"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I add my testimony to that of the Drifter in your issue of January 6? The Family Welfare Association of Minneapolis has inaugurated a very small program of work relief, i. e., payment of wages for work done rather than financial assistance. Part of this work consists in wood cutting in woods fifteen miles from the city, transportation for thirty miles daily being by open truck (I trust your readers know what that means in a Minnesota winter).

The plan involved having a certain number of men report each day to the truck to be transported to the job. But the number reporting was invariably greater than the number needed and the paymaster instantly jumped to the conclusion that the extra men would expect to be paid wages. She was prepared to make a careful statement of the association's policy of limiting work, and wages, to just enough to cover the minimum necessities of the family, when the ground was cut from beneath her feet by the men explaining with one accord that they knew they would not be paid but were thankful to do anything to keep busy. Numerous other experiences of this association bear out the Drifter's conclusion that "man must work."

Minneapolis, January 7

PEARL SALSBERY

What Shall We Do?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During these days of crises it seems to me that *The Nation*, as a leader in liberal thinking, could do its readers a tremendous service by pointing out to them in a series of articles what the individual may do. The Communists say that the individual does not matter, but there are many who feel that he does, even in a revolutionary world. How are we to conduct our lives, plan our careers, direct our energies? Should we, for example, try to protect our investments by supporting the capitalists until their stupidities ruin us, or should we try to hasten the process by aiding, in small ways, the revolution? What we do probably does not matter, but we must keep up the illusion that it does.

Glen Ridge, N. J., January 4

HORACE COON

Finance

England Gropes for Markets

GREAT BRITAIN is reported to be considering tariff reciprocity with a number of European nations, for reasons which should interest the United States. When the pound sterling toppled from its gold base last September, Englishmen derived some consolation from the thought that the depreciation of British exchange in gold-standard countries would stimulate exports. With the pound 25 per cent below par, the cost of British goods to foreign buyers would in effect be reduced by an equal amount, so long as internal prices could be held at their old level.

These calculations, however, were rudely shaken when a number of Britain's best customers promptly followed her off the gold basis. New York exchange rates (gold-standard rates) in London, Oslo, Copenhagen, and Stockholm all now stand about 29 per cent below par; that is to say, they are at parity with one another. These are the European exchanges which are most closely tied with sterling through banking connections, and the fact that all are equally depreciated removes the bargain-basement attraction which British goods would have had if these Scandinavian currencies had remained above sterling in value. English exports to gold-standard countries are restricted by tariffs; to countries whose currency is in worse state than sterling, by lack of purchasing power and an actual premium exacted on British imports. For a depreciated exchange to produce a worth-while export stimulus, we evidently must have a world in which a substantial number of countries remain on the gold standard and refrain from imposing tariff barriers.

Confronted by these adverse conditions, it is not surprising that English merchants and bankers should be surrendering their illusions about the advantages of a discount on the pound and should now be returning to the idea of parity—a parity of misfortune between London and the Scandinavian centers. Here exchange parity, however, is not enough to insure large and stable trade; hence it is proposed to reinforce the existing monetary basis by reciprocity agreements.

Such agreements are the antithesis of the most-favored-nation principle, which is largely inoperative as a trade stimulus under existing tariff-barrier conditions, and which is not in our favor, in any case. A writer in the *Revue Economique Internationale* cites the Franco-German agreement of 1871, under which each nation agreed in perpetuity to extend as good terms to the other as were extended to England, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Austria, and Russia. Frenchmen of that day did not foresee Germany's rise to industrial supremacy, and found themselves unable to place low tariffs on the "ribbons of Basel, the silks of Zurich, the lingerie of Saint-Gall, and all the products of the Swiss chemical and electrical industries" without throwing the door open to the products of Crefeld, Elberfeld, Leipzig, Mannheim, and Nuremberg. Since there was no intention of doing the latter, a protectionist policy was inevitable.

It is, after all, a small territory which England now thinks of tying together with reciprocity agreements. It leaves the dominions out of account and will apparently call for endless detailed agreements. The British problem is to find an adequate market for British goods, and neither the Scandinavian countries nor the dominions provide it. Any reciprocity program abroad must add to the difficulties of finding a market for America's surplus goods. In the light of British experience, abandonment of the gold standard would be unlikely to help us.

S. PALMER HARMAN



... You Can't Know Soviet Russia from Books

Like all living things Soviet Russia must be observed to be understood.

Traveling with the Open Road, you see at first hand the workings of Soviet methods and institutions and you find out how they affect human lives.

With five years of experience in arranging Soviet travel and established American representation in Russia, the Open Road is equipped to serve the best interests of Americans traveling independently or as members of specially constituted Open Road groups.

For 1932 the Open Road offers standard services at reduced rates. In writing for itineraries and rates, indicate what phase of Russian life interests you most and whether you prefer to travel with a group or independently.



The OPEN ROAD

Salmon Tower, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City

Cooperating in U. S. S. R. with INTOURIST

LABOR NEWS "In the Raw"

During this winter of discontent when the suffering of the workers is to be the greatest in American history, you will want to get your facts straight from original sources without "the editorial slant."

Federated Press, labor's only daily news service, offers you either a daily news service from bureaus in Washington and New York plus less frequent service from Pittsburgh and Chicago, at \$5 a month; or

A weekly news service including usually the most important release weekly from each of FP's four bureaus, at \$10 a year. Both payable in advance.

Federated Press is non-partisan, has 100 correspondents watching the hot spots, gets the news too hot to print—and no editor can keep it from you if you take this service. We suggest that clubs, groups, classes and libraries take the service. Republication is expressly forbidden.

FEDERATED PRESS

112 E. 19th STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Three Biographies of Enduring Value

Matthew Josephson's

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

F. M. Kircheisen's

NAPOLEON

H. W. Nevins's

GOETHE: MAN AND POET

Josephson's *Rousseau* is acclaimed on publication as "one of the most remarkable biographies of the last ten years."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. It is a full, glowing, masterfully controlled story of a man who changed a world, whose life has been a hotbed of controversy. All critics so far seem to agree with Herbert Gorman that "it is the best biography of Rousseau in existence." \$5.00 . . . Kircheisen's book on Napoleon, being a condensation of his nine-volume work, which is regarded everywhere as the authority, assumes first rank for modern readers. It combines a simple, dramatic narrative style with a wealth of authoritative facts. "The best biography of Napoleon in the English language."—*Liverpool Post*. \$5.00 . . . Goethe's centenary, falling this year, calls to mind Carlyle's comment on Goethe's works. "To estimate a this, the time is not come; a century hence will be a fitter time. *Goethe; Man and Poet* attempts to fulfill this task. Nevins is a great English authority on the poet, and his work has already been commented upon by Hugh Walpole in the *N. Y. Herald-Tribune* London Letter, as "a magnificent book, generous, wise, beautifully written—a real book about a Hero."—\$2.75.

TOWARDS A BETTER LIFE

Kenneth Burke

With this first novel by the author of *Counter-Statement*, "we are thrown into contact with one of the few original artists of our generation. He is looking for a better life. I believe that his search will continue to be a significant contribution to American literature."—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune*. A remarkable and original contribution which serious readers of fiction will not wish to miss. \$2.50

THE PURITAN

Liam O'Flaherty

The author of *Mr. Gilhooley* is at his realistic best in this murder mystery of a religious maniac who loves and kills a woman of the streets. \$2.00

THE HOGARTH LETTERS

The letter form, having the advantage of putting both writer and reader immediately at ease, has been revived for this series of intimate dissertations on a variety of subjects. E. M. Forster, Rosamond Lehmann, and Viscount Cecil of Chelwood are the respective authors of these first three letters.

Three pamphlets in slip case, \$1.00

ZEPPELINS OVER ENGLAND

Capt. Treusch von Buttlar-Brandenfels

A first-hand account by the German officer who participated in most of the Zeppelin raids on England during the war. "It rings true as a human document because of its high spirits, humor, and gallantry."—*London Times*. \$2.50

ESSAYS IN PERSUASION

John Maynard Keynes

Because he is easily the most interesting of economists—with his wit, wisdom, and high average as a true economic prophet—Mr. Keynes's view of the economic present and future in his timely new book becomes highly exciting and important reading. \$2.50

ECONOMIC STABILITY IN AN UNBALANCED WORLD

Alvin H. Hansen

Furnishing a background of reliable knowledge on the present world-wide depression, Hansen's fundamental discussion of the causes of economic stability is a valuable, readable book that cuts through a maze of contemporary theorizing. \$3.00

THE EMERGENCE OF MAN

Gerald Heard

The unusual method of this stirring book—applying psychology to man's history—results in: entering into the mind of half-man, tracing his emergence with the excitement of actual understanding, sensing the spiritual, not the material, steps of his progress. "It all means the most stimulating popularization of man's history written in our generation."—*Horace Gregory, N. Y. Post*. \$2.75

Midwinter Book Section

Lytton Strachey

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

It would be difficult to find a literary career more neatly rounded and successful than that which has just been closed by the death of Lytton Strachey. At the age of thirty-eight Mr. Strachey was practically unknown; at fifty-two, when he died, he was firmly ensconced in the particular niche which he himself had chosen and to which he had won an undisputed right by the quiet but persistent cultivation of his own peculiar gifts. His output was not great, and his fame will rest upon not more than four books, but there were few by-products or false starts, and such quiet efficiency argues the presence of a clear-sighted confidence perhaps even rarer in writers than it is in other men.

Strachey enjoyed, to be sure, certain initial advantages. Member as he was of a literary family, the way was to some extent smooth before him, and he does not appear to have been very seriously oppressed by financial needs. But with his second book, "Eminent Victorians," he sprang forth fully formed, and he wrote exactly as though he had already achieved the position which that book was to win for him. Nor does there seem to be any good reason for doubting that he felt as confidently as he spoke. Whatever formative process he may have gone through was already over. He knew exactly what he wanted to do, and he knew that he knew just how it could be done. Only on such an assumption can one account for a passage like the following from his preface—a passage in which a practically unknown young man calmly annihilates one whole branch of contemporary literature and proposes with equal calmness that his work be taken as a salutary example of how biography should be written:

The art of biography seems to have fallen on evil times in England. . . . With us, the most delicate and humane of all the branches of the art of writing has been relegated to the journeymen of letters; we do not reflect that it is perhaps as difficult to write a good life as to live one. Those two fat volumes with which it is our custom to commemorate the dead—who does not know them, with their ill-digested masses of material, their slipshod style, their tone of tedious panegyric, their lamentable lack of selection, of detachment, of design? They are as familiar as the cortège of the undertaker, and wear the same air of slow, funereal barbarism. . . . The studies in this book are indebted, in more ways than one, to such works—works which certainly deserve the name of Standard Biographies. For they have provided me not only with much indispensable information, but with something even more precious—an example. How many lessons are to be learned from them! But it is hardly necessary to particularize. To preserve, for instance, a becoming brevity—a brevity which excludes everything that is redundant and nothing that is significant—that, surely, is the first duty of the biographer. The second, no less surely, is to maintain his own freedom of spirit. It is not his business to be complimentary; it is his business to lay bare the facts of the case, as he understands them. That is what I have aimed at in this book—to lay bare the facts of some cases, as I understand them, dispassionately,

impartially, and without ulterior intention. To quote the words of a master—"Je n'impose rien; je ne propose rien; j'expose."

This is not the sufficiently common bumptiousness of a swaggering incompetence; it is the rare but justified confidence of a man who knows that he has done what he set out to do. And if the concluding sentences are sufficiently wide of the mark to make one suspect an actual disingenuousness; if, in other words, it is clear enough that Strachey was not impartial or dispassionate and that he certainly did have an "ulterior intention," yet the whole passage could hardly be better as the rhetorical prologue to what was essentially a work of art.

"Eminent Victorians" was a brilliant book, and none of those which succeeded it—neither "Queen Victoria," "Elizabeth and Essex," nor "Portraits in Miniature"—did much more than profitably reemploy the talents which it revealed. But unlike most brilliant books it seems almost as brilliant fourteen years after publication as it did when it appeared, and to turn its pages again is to realize that the sensation which it caused is perfectly understandable today. Even though read many times before, these essays remain arresting, vivid, and irresistibly interesting. Nor does their wit—the only quality which can be illustrated by a phrase—seem any less flashing than it did. There is Dr. Arnold, writing a Roman history "based partly upon the researches of Niebuhr, and partly upon an aversion to Gibbon," or rising in the pulpit on a Sunday morning to explain to his pupils "the general principles both of his own conduct and that of the Almighty." There is also Lord Acton, "a historian to whom learning and judgment had not been granted in equal proportions, and who, after years of incredible and, indeed, almost mythical research, had come to the conclusion that the Pope could err." And though the allusions are learned, or at least, and like everything that Strachey wrote, rather bookish, the phrases are witty because they compress into a few words such a voluminous comment that they make one wonder if any other English writer since Gibbon was so expert at the business of "sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer." At every word a reputation dies.

Strachey was, of course, responsible for the development of the "new biography." Not only did he make the public (and the booksellers!) aware of the fact that biography might compete on its own formal merits with other branches of literature, but he actually set the details of a fashion by making, for example, the immediate past the most popular subject, and an ironic condescension the most popular tone. Yet it is not always sufficiently realized how free he was from the faults so common in many of his imitators—how the thoroughness of his information contrasts with their often superficial knowledge, and how the quiet deadliness of his rapier differs from the noisy ineffectiveness of their bludgeon. Nor should any criticism of his work fail to note how sure his judgment was in distinguishing between the art of the

biographical essay and those other arts from which many imitators have borrowed all too freely. He made biography interesting and he gave it form, but he never lost sight of the fact that a distinction must be made between the use or interpretation of records and mere invention. Instead of imagining a telling incident after the fashion of the novelizing biographers, he winnowed the haystack of sources for the significant fact or the revealing remark, and he made such facts or remarks serve his purpose far better than any invention could have served it. Turn, for example, to the concluding sentences of his essay on Manning:

The Cardinal's memory [he writes] is a dim thing today. And he who descends into the crypt of that cathedral which Manning never lived to see, will observe, in the quiet niche with the sepulchral monument, that the dust lies thick on the strange, the incongruous, the almost impossible object which, with its elaborations of dependent tassels, hangs down from the dim vault like some forlorn and forgotten trophy—the Hat.

This is rhetoric if you like; but there could hardly be a more telling rhetorical symbol of Strachey's point—that Manning had sold his soul for a trophy which no one now values—and yet the symbol is not a bit of fancy but one of those established facts with which it is the biographer's business to deal.

It was inevitable that there should be a slight reaction against the high and almost universal praise with which his first books were greeted. Over "Elizabeth and Essex," as well as over the recent "Portraits in Miniature," certain reviewers caviled, but they could hardly do more than point out that Strachey was not a universal genius and that his range was, as a matter of fact, rather narrow. Primarily an essayist rather than a historian, or even, in certain senses of the word, a biographer, he was remarkable chiefly for the literary use which he made of generally sound information. Most often choosing as subjects persons concerning whom much had already been written, he seldom if ever added anything to the stock of available information, and doubtless his knowledge could not compete with that of technical experts in the various periods with which he dealt. But he was at least very learned by comparison with ninety-nine out of a hundred "interpreters," and it was his business to select the revealing and the picturesque fact wherever he could find it. No pure scholar immersed in the details of research could have written his delightful essays, and whatever limitations may be discovered in his style and tone are similarly compensated for by the fact that it was by accepting them that he was able to achieve so completely all that he attempted to achieve.

One naturally compares him with certain of the eighteenth-century masters whom he so obviously admired, and the similarity goes deeper than tricks of style—deeper than the clarity of his sentences, the grave irony of his mocking, and the set precision of his frankly rhetorical passages. And it goes deeper because Strachey had cultivated the mind to which such a manner is appropriate. He was aloof from all the enthusiasms which have been popular since its time, and the world of his books is very largely the world as it was seen by an eighteenth-century eye. The fact is made evident by the rareness of any references to the scientific or economic considerations which play so large a part in recent writings. Thus his point of view is political, rationalistic,

and as nearly devoid of concern with amelioristic sociology as it is of romantic poetry. Thus, also, his ridicule falls swiftly upon any who deviate from common sense into eccentricity. He is so aware of Florence Nightingale's absurdity that he can hardly remember her greatness or respect her achievement. But this narrowness of interest, this impatience with anything which is not clear and rational, made possible to him, as it made possible to his models, the neat adequacy of his writings. Modern man is extraordinarily involved in things which he hopes, or senses, or half knows. He is aware of the inadequacy or incompleteness of his knowledge concerning things which he believes to be extremely important. Hence in his writing he is bound to be always qualifying and always inserting provisos. But all this, no matter how necessary it may be, is bad for his style. It clutters up his sentences and it blurs his effects. Strachey would have none of it. A writer before everything else, he would write about nothing which could not be written about well, and his essays are remarkable examples of the effectiveness to which such an attitude may lead.

To him one goes, not primarily for fact and not primarily for the most modern interpretations of either historical or other phenomena, but for that same literary delight which one seeks in a Gibbon. Take up any one of his essays and one may be sure of several rare and agreeable things. One may be sure that there will be no windiness or absurdity, no extravagance, and no folly. One may be sure also that one will find said all that shrewdness, wit, and cultivated common sense can say. There will be a beginning, a middle, and an end, and no loose threads left dangling.

Poem for My Daughter: II

By HORACE GREGORY

Tell her I love

to make these words a song
with her careful lips

(O bride

Spring and bridegroom at your side)
save them for the deep and long
moment when the northstar mind
perishes down quicksilver steep
walls of flesh where love and death
make a counterfeit of sleep.

Take this wreath to celebrate
union of the fire and rain,
bone and tissue

(Sleep O bride

for the waking limbs divide
into separate walls again)
Tell her I shall be riveted
into earth;

this wreath is grown
from black bronze roots to weave a crown
for the death mask and the head
fixed with its metallic smile
upward where generations climb
making garlands of their own
out of iron and of stone.

The Calm Within the Cyclone

By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

ALL art is selection according to some prepossession in the mind of the artist. An artist's prepossessions may never rise to the dignity of a philosophy, may never be elaborated into a theory; but unless he is ■ fumbling incompetent, his fiction will tell us what he thinks about life. Whether he is ■ humorist, a writer of tragedy, or ■ concocter of sweetmeats for the feeble-hearted or feeble-minded, it is possible to trace out, by observing what he puts in or leaves out, his own scheme of values. Henry James had a definite point of view which he never attempted to formulate, self-consciously, into a theory of society. It was something apart from his idea of how to write ■ novel. Since he thought that art was based on selection and that the creation of ■ world within ■ world was the artist's purpose, we have every reason for seeking out his own picture of ■ desirable world. In tracing the outlines of his conception we must work from both positive and negative evidence. We must observe what he praises and what he condemns. There are more ways to condemn than make an impression on an untrained mind. It is as effective to condemn by irony as by emotional denunciation, by suave and subtle methods as by finger-pointing. Henry James never used the emotional method in his fiction. That he did not, increases the difficulty of stating precisely his vision of the world.

He was beyond all else the great exponent and defender of the leisure class. He joins himself, therefore, to the great aristocratic tradition in European literature. Coming late in the history of the leisure class, on the very edge, as we shall see, of its demise, he was lacking in many of the sharper prejudices cultivated before the middle-class revolutions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He accepted with entire insouciance the fact that the class must recruit its members from the children of newly rich business men. Indeed, he often placed them on a higher moral plane than certain of the impoverished representatives of the group that belonged to it traditionally. Neither was he without a certain sympathy for the proletariat, as shown in "The Princess Casamassima," even though his understanding of proletarian unrest was ludicrously inadequate. Henry James was, in a word, a man of his time. His insight into social forces was weak. His vision was of a static society.

The bias of his mind in favor of the leisure class was deeply rooted. His father had deliberately cultivated the idea that none were so admirable as the leisured and cultivated. In Newport, just before the Civil War, he caught a glimpse of what the representatives of this class might be, and when he came to examine American society after the war he was shocked to find that even the saving remnant that had perilously maintained its footing in Newport had disappeared. The whole emphasis of American society was hostile to the immediate development of the class. The next step in America was to be the development of ■ plutocracy. James perceived the results of the American development very clearly, but since he had been trained to believe that the leisure class represented the *ne plus ultra* in human development, he was not able to forgo it as a subject for his fiction.

He wrestled conscientiously with the American society that was before his eyes, but he could make nothing of it. He was permanently barred from contact with the dynamic individuals in American society, the business men, ■ fact which he regretted to the end of his days. Obscurely he knew that if he could grasp them in his understanding he would be close to the American secret. Not being able to do so, he accepted as final wisdom a conclusion he had drawn from his study of Balzac. Late in life he formulated it once again:

What we on our side in a thousand places gratefully feel is that [Balzac] cares for his monarchical and ecclesiastical society because it rounds itself for his mind into the most congruous and capacious theater for the repertory of his innumerable comedians. It has, above all, for ■ painter abhorrent of the superficial, the inestimable benefit of the accumulated, of strong marks and fine shades, contrasts and complications.

It was forced in on James that if he wished to deal with complex people he must search for them in ■ society exhibiting at least some of the paraphernalia exploited by Balzac. He found his resting-place in the nearest approximation to Balzacian society available after the revolutionary upheavals that had swept the world since his day. But he also went beyond Balzac in the sense that he concentrated his attention upon the finest types in that society. With his ineluctable prejudice against "simple organisms" he could hardly do otherwise. He knew that he was doing something unique and special, and the fact was confirmed during a lifetime of change. Scanning the works of his predecessors and contemporaries—Balzac, Flaubert, Zola, Maupassant, Searo, D'Annunzio—he found them all deficient in insight into superior people. None of them obtrudes except in the crudest fashion upon his own selected domain, and in that way, if in no other, he differed from his generation.

But as he pursued his quarry into its most secret places, he left behind him the seething world of naked social forces, and found it possible to deal with life and living without reference to the passions that are necessary to successful functioning in it. "In all the life that has energy enough to be interesting to me," wrote George Bernard Shaw many years ago, "subjective volition, passion, will, make intellect the merest tool. But there is in the center of that cyclone a certain calm spot where cultivated ladies and gentlemen live on independent incomes or by pleasant artistic occupations. It is there that Mr. James's art touches life, selecting whatever is graceful, exquisite, or dignified in its serenity." Henry James's people lived in sublime unconsciousness of their position in the center of the cyclone, and their creator was but dimly aware of the cyclone himself. He could only imagine that those who were excluded from it by birth and economic circumstances might be restless because they could not get to the "center." His careerists, moreover, are not Julien Sorels. The idea that reasonable men might wish to destroy it altogether never entered his mind. Only unreasonable men could cherish such an idea. And if he once reflected upon the terrible basis of exploitation upon which

such a society rested, he was so enamored of the possibilities of the situation that he was able to blink away what he had glimpsed. His severest criticisms were reserved for the decay of manners and the corruption of ideals among those happy few whose hereditary or achieved resting-place the "center" was.

In his search for a society which would in some vague way provide him with the materials for the construction of his ideal world, he tried first the United States, then Italy, then France. He finally settled upon England, not because it completely corresponded to his conceptions, but because it offered the nearest replica in the actual world, and because living there was pleasurable to him personally. In England he found the requisite social machinery for the lives of the happy few in operation, and while he did not make use of it all in his stories, it provided him with a background against which to paint his pictures. In the famous passage from his critical study of Hawthorne he described the machinery he found necessary by enumerating the items lacking in the American scene:

No sovereign, no court, no personal loyalty, no aristocracy, no church, no clergy, no army, no diplomatic service, no country gentlemen, no palaces, no castles, no manners, nor old country-houses, nor parsonages, nor thatched cottages, nor ivied ruins; no cathedrals, nor abbeys, nor little Norman churches; no great universities, nor public schools—no Oxford, nor Eton, nor Harrow; no literature, no novels, no museums, no pictures, no political society, no sporting class—no Epsom nor Ascot!

But if he thought that to do a completely satisfactory novel he should work with a background in which all these and more were present, he made singularly little use of them in his fiction. He simply felt that without them present to him in the surrounding air his people existed in a void. Their very lives were conditioned by these factors, even if they were not dragged in on every possible occasion. They formed a part of the mental furniture of his people.

He concentrated his interest on his people, in this fashion still further removing himself from questions of social forces, historical movements. Character was James's consuming interest, and character in its highest expression, which he took to be under the conditions of leisure-class life. His people are very special types, carefully trained, specially disciplined, having ideals of conduct and motives for their conduct far removed from those galvanizing more ordinary mortals. They were controlled neither by social compulsions nor by unconscious psychological drives. Indeed, they were supremely self-conscious. Never for a moment did they lose an acute awareness of the freedom of their wills, and they are portrayed as acting according to the dictates of conscience controlled by taste and imagination. While their values might be based on traditional accumulations, they never acted without thought, but only after the most scrupulous examination of their motives. Correct conduct became with them the product of taste, conscience, and imagination, and in consequence high, fine, and above all beautiful. James is very close to the third Earl of Shaftesbury in his opinions. If his people were deficient in any one of these factors, their conduct was aberrant, and a fatal indictment of a James character is to say that he lacks taste and conscience. He may, though not if he is one of the truly celebrated, lack imagination. But if he lacks conscience, of which taste is the

overt expression, he is damned. Taste may be rather strange so far as dress and manners go, but in moral matters it is impeccable. And as conscience is the basis of taste, so taste is the correcting and controlling factor with regard to imagination. It is imagination that carries James's people to the highest pitch of mental development.

With the three great factors active, the only logical result was an almost tedious self-consciousness about action. And it is the very fact that in James's world these factors are active that makes his "dramatic" novels seem so nearly static. No James character remains unconscious of his predicament. In direct contrast to the deterministic novels with their emphasis upon man as the creature of socio-psychological compulsions, the James novels deal with men and women who are acutely "aware." No more illuminating contrast can be drawn as illustrating one of the great differences between James and one of the most notable of his American successors, Theodore Dreiser, than the difference between James's self-conscious people, with their free wills, and the men and women of Dreiser's novels, who are supremely lacking in awareness, completely victims of a determining environment and psychological compulsions. This contrast goes deeper than any mere difference in fictional method. Its roots are in the fact that Dreiser explored, with as active a receptivity of impressions as James, the very American waste land that James rejected. He found his impressions crystallized and confirmed by the mechanistic evolutionary monism of Spencer and others of that time. This contrast is a measure of what in all probability James escaped, as it was precisely at the time that his ideas were taking definite shape that Spencerianism was most active and impressive. Would he have been able at once closely to study American society and escape the Spencerian conclusion after the fashion of his brother William? There is every reason to doubt it, for if ever a society seemed to justify a deterministic point of view it was American society from 1870 on. It is the absence from James's world of the factors with which Dreiser is so deeply concerned that makes it seem vague and unreal to those whose taste is for the sociological novel. They cannot see any rational basis to his psychology. That it had a scientific basis the writer would be the last to argue, but he does argue that properly and sympathetically viewed it makes James's world intelligible. Furthermore, it often results in the characters' acting from motives which are in exact correspondence with those current in the Anglo-Saxon world at large, so far as it is untouched by modern psychological findings.

Since James's chosen way of handling his material was dramatic, and since he could not work without placing his characters in "predicaments," it follows that he juxtaposed his evil and good characters to bring out the drama and define the predicament. The characters he admired are the "pure in heart." It is to Isabel Archer, Milly Theale, and Maggie Verver that his heart goes out. His disapproval weighs upon Gilbert Osmond, Kate Croy, and Charlotte Stant. And if their cases are considered thoughtfully, it will appear that the pure in heart are trying to live beautifully in freedom. They are defeated by the malignancy of the world. There is no doubt that James had a profound realization of the vileness of the world. "A prouder nature never affronted the long humiliation of life," he wrote of Fanny Kemble, and that judgment might almost stand as an

epigraph for his great characters. The struggle for beautiful living, for freedom, for a situation in which one can act spontaneously from the purest of motives, tells us by plain implication his vision of the highest human felicity. He thought he saw the requisite fundamentals of such a society in the leisure class of his time. He did not take the leisure class at its own valuation, but starting from what it presented to the discerning eye, he projected a vision of a society higher and nobler than any he had found. In writing his fiction he was compelled to admit that his completely admirable characters could only expect to suffer defeat from contemporary conditions. And he censured the conditions in no uncertain terms, whether they were new growths or long-established traditions of human obliquity.

His pure in heart were usually Americans, and this in spite of the fact that he had rejected America as a scene on which to work. He may have been influenced in this view of the American character, particularly the female character, by his father's ideas unconsciously and inadequately absorbed. Whatever the origin of the bias, it is apparent that he thought that these women and men would suffer an even more complete defeat under American conditions, and that if they were to gain any satisfaction from life at all, it would be in the European situation. And if, in any imaginable future, they were to flourish in complete freedom, it would be in a society which was a sublimation of European leisure-class life into something unimaginably higher and finer.

Yet in spite of the splendor of James's vision there is something seemingly shallow and limited about it. In his curious distaste for "simple organisms," we may find one of the important limitations of his reasoning. It led him to consider the case of complex and highly disciplined people working on narrow "class" problems, and to ignore the more simple and naive types whose "implications" were more "human." In this way he narrowed the appeal of his treatment by seeming to narrow the application of the truth with which he was dealing. It is only when we consider his version of the difficulties of the pure in heart in comparison with that of Herman Melville that we see that he treated here a universal problem in a specialized manner. We find Melville dealing with the pure in heart in his last novel, "Billy Budd." The problem worried Melville to a far greater extent than it did James, but he presented his version of the difficulty on a far simpler plane than James. Billy Budd, our example, is the type of morally naive man—a man of primitive Adamic purity—victimized and brought to his death by a corrupt creature whose moral obloquy is beyond Budd's comprehension. Now Melville persistently visualized this situation and found no way of resolving it any more than James did. But—and here is the point—he saw that good and evil are permanent factors in the world whether we deal with their expression in simple or in complex people, and that evil will triumph over good as often as not. Higher than either is justice, and the best that we can pray for is that those delegated the function of dealing out justice really meet the exacting demands of their position. James had just as firm a grasp on the problem as Melville, but with his narrower social sympathies he so specialized the problem that it is with difficulty that we realize that he is dealing with a matter of universal import. This weakens the appeal of his work even if it does not detract from its validity.

Continuing on this same line, we find in this point the key to the fundamental flaw of his whole vision. In concentrating his attention upon highly complicated representatives of a highly specialized social group, he brought the interest of his stories to the narrowest possible point. And by developing a complex method with which to deal with his very special people, he still further narrowed the appeal. The fundamental problems remained the same, but his people expressed themselves, not directly with reference to native emotions, but in self-conscious and even niggling debates over points of conduct—secondary and tertiary growths. By burying the problems under a thick and luxuriant covering of manners, he led the careless reader easily to believe that manners are the whole story. But they are not! James was unquestionably right in insisting that the more complex the people and the more acutely self-conscious they became, the more interesting they became to the analyst. But in pandering to the analyst in him he hid the moralist. Indeed, he almost destroyed him, and his vision got almost hopelessly entangled in the enormous developing tropical plant of adventitious circumstances! If the critic may be so presumptuous as to put his finger on what he thinks to be James's first misstep, he may place it on that period in his life, the Newport time before the Civil War, when he got the idea that leisure-class life in a complex society was the highest expression of human living. Once that vision got a firm hold on Henry James's mind, it was only a question of time until he would end up by writing so baroque a piece of fiction as "The Golden Bowl."

Had James lived in a feudal society at the height of its glory and had at his command (an impossible conjunction of circumstances to be sure) all the resources he developed for fiction writing, he would have been one of the chief glories of that sort of society. It was his misfortune to live at the very end of an epoch in world history, when even the grip of the middle class over the governments of Western Europe was weakening, and the proletarian ideal was in the making. He accommodated himself very well in the world so long as no overt and dislocating catastrophe took place. He could ignore, with a certain complacency, the warning voices of such writers as H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw. He could take a certain scared interest in the stirrings of the proletariat without finding any more drastic remedy than "democracy with a chance." But he could not envisage the extinction of his world. He could not foresee the time when the leisure class would be written down as a mere parasite on the social body, worthy only of the drastic treatment meted out to biological parasites. In direct contrast to the position of his brother William, he believed in the fixed and the permanent. His world was a static world, a closed universe. Had his social vision been broader, and had his sense of historical change been greater, he would never have been led into this astonishing error. Far from being a defender of civilization against barbarism, as a distinguished and cultured critic has recently celebrated him for being, or the proponent of cosmopolitanism against provincialism, as he frequently envisaged himself, he was the supreme representative of the leisure class advanced to the stage of selectively admitting the moneyed middle class to a part in the life on sufferance, but not to the stage of seeing that the whole structure was in acute danger of collapsing and disappearing at the demand of the onward-marching proletariat.

Lullaby for Jonathan

By FRANCES FROST

The earth in the night,
The earth in a spiral of stars
Rocks slowly with its white
Streams that fall
In alleys of crying down a mountain wall,
With its boulder-scars
Settled more darkly into the thawing hills.
The wild sap fills
The budded trees; vertical madness spills
In a froth of leaves from the shaken and secret bough.

This is an hour for sleep . . . O child, close now
Your eyes on the furious spring!
Weep not for anything who now may lie
Cradled upon a world that in the sky
Rocks with its cloud of savage blossoming!
Not yet must you be ardent and possessed,
Loving the flesh, the grass,
The dangerous winds and the steep
Grooves of wilderness-water thundering down.
Oh, close your eyes against the perilous, deep
Chasm of midnight where the strange stars pass . . .
This is the hour when in the valleys of spring
Only the very young and the old may sleep.

Books

What's Wrong with Utopia?

Brave New World. By Aldous Huxley. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

ON the flyleaf of this novel is a quotation from Nicolas Berdiaeff: "Les utopies apparaissent comme bien plus réalisables qu'on ne le croyait autrefois. Et nous nous trouvons actuellement devant une question bien autrement angoissante: Comment éviter leur réalisation définitive?" Mr. Huxley has portrayed here a Utopia that obviously he would wish to avoid. It is set ostensibly in the far future, the year of Our Ford, 632. One has not read very far, however, before one perceives that this is not really Mr. Huxley's idea of what the future will be like, but a projection of some contemporary ideals. So far as progress in invention is concerned, there is very little in this Utopia, outside of the biological sphere at least, that does not seem realizable within the next twenty years—though people do go to the "feelies." Economically, the ideals that prevail are those usually associated with Henry Ford—mass production and particularly mass consumption. Everyone spends freely, and games and other pleasures that do not require the use of elaborate and expensive apparatus are frowned upon. The social organization is communistic—there is a World State managed by ten World Controllers, who head an almost Catholic hierarchy; everyone is assigned his job, is educated to identify his interests with those of everyone else, and is suspected if he is ever found alone. The official religion is Fordianity; people under stress of emotion say "Ford forbid!" or "Ford's in his flivver; all's well with the world," and make the sign of the T. "My Life and Work" has replaced the Bible, and all old books are forbidden to circulate because they sug-

gest the past and history is bunk. Moreover, reading wastes time that should be given to consumption.

The sexual *mores* stem from the ideals associated with the names of Freud and Bertrand Russell. There is complete promiscuity; every woman carries a set of contraceptives with her; the children are taught erotic games in the kindergarten; marriage and the home have disappeared; any approach to monogamy is considered hardly decent; children are brought to birth in bottles in laboratories, and mother and father have become merely obscene words. Sentimentality and a curious bottle-fixation seem to have survived, however, for the people sing such popular songs as:

Bottle of mine, it's you I've always wanted!
Bottle of mine, why was I ever decanted?
Skies are blue inside of you,
The weather's always fine;

For
There ain't no Bottle in all the world
Like that dear little Bottle of mine.

Curiously enough, there is no democracy, but, on the contrary, a rigid caste system. Each caste is set off from the others not only by the work it does, but by the color of its clothes and even by physical constitution. The Alphas represent the highest intellectual class, from which all the directors are recruited; they are selected from the finest chromosomes, and developed in their bottles under optimum chemical conditions. The classes graduate down through Betas, Gammas, Deltas, and finally Epsilons, who do the most menial work, and are even purposely stunted in growth by a shortage of oxygen in their incubator bottles. The purpose of the caste system is social stability. There could obviously be no social stability if everyone were an Alpha. The lower castes are prevented from being dissatisfied by having brains geared down to the work they have to do. In addition to these hereditary and prenatal precautions, conditioning along the lines discovered by Freud, Pavlov, and Watson begins at birth. The secret of happiness and virtue, as one director points out, is liking what you've got to do; therefore all conditioning aims at making people like their unescapable social destiny. Children are conditioned to hate flowers by giving them regularly an electric shock when they touch them. In their sleep certain maxims, like "Everybody belongs to everybody else," are repeated to them over and over again, so that the adult mind accepts them as axioms. Finally, these people are also protected from whatever physical and emotional pain there may be left in the world by regular doses of *soma*, a drug somewhat similar in its qualities to morphine, with none of the latter's bad after-effects.

What is wrong with this Utopia? Mr. Huxley attempts to tell us by the device of introducing a "savage," brought up under other ideals on an Indian reservation, and having read that author unknown to the Model T Utopia, Shakespeare. In the admittedly violent and often irrational reactions of the "savage" we have the indictment of this civilization. Not only is there no place in it for love, for romance, for fidelity, for parental affection; there is no suffering in it, and hence absolutely no need of nobility and heroism. In such a society the tragedies of Shakespeare become not merely irrelevant, but literally meaningless. This Model T civilization is distinguished by supreme stability, comfort, and happiness, but these things can be purchased only at a price, and the price is a high one. Not merely art and religion are brought to a standstill, but science itself, lest it make discoveries that would be socially disturbing. Even one of the ten World Controllers is led to suspect the truth, though of course forbidding the publication, of a theory holding that the purpose of life is not the maintenance of well-being, but "some intensification and refining of consciousness, some enlargement of knowledge."

"Brave New World" is successful as a novel and as a

The Book on the U. S. S. R. **RUSSIA**

By **HANS von ECKARDT**

The one book that answers every question about what is happening in the U. S. S. R. today and why. The author is Professor of Political Science at the University of Heidelberg and was for years professionally in touch with the economic situation of Russia. The book deals with Russian economics, history, politics, art, science, philosophy, and the communal life of today. *With 127 illustrations and 13 maps.* 6¼ x 9½ inches, 760 pages. \$7.50

**Tales as tall
as the
Michigan pines**



BABE, THE BLUE OX, one of the woodcuts in—

THE SAGINAW PAUL BUNYAN

By **JAMES STEVENS**

These stories of that truly American legendary hero, Paul Bunyan, and his fantastic lumberjacks are a grand contribution to Americana. Besides Paul Bunyan and the bears who one winter hibernated in his beard, here are Babe, the Blue Ox, who measured forty-two ax handles and a plug of chewing tobacco between the horns, and the rest of Paul Bunyan's amazing crew. *Illustrated.* 5¼ x 8¼ inches, 276 pages. \$2.50

MAN AND TECHNICS

A Contribution to a Philosophy of Life

By **OSWALD SPENGLER**

This first book since Spengler's epoch-making *The Decline of the West* is both a summary of his known philosophy and an introduction to his future work. It is compact and powerful. *To be published February 19th.* cloth, 5¼ x 8¼ inches, 110 pages. \$2.00

LORENZO IN TAOS

By **MABEL DODGE LUHAN**

As thrilling as any novel and, in the opinion of many, the best portrait we are likely ever to get of that strange genius, D. H. Lawrence. Included in the text are some ninety odd letters from Lawrence to Mrs. Luhan which have never been printed before. *To be published February 19th.* *Illustrated.* cloth, 5¼ x 8¼ inches, 352 pages. \$3.50

MODERN EDUCATION

A Critique of its Fundamental Ideas

By **DR. OTTO RANK**

With an Introduction by Ludwig Lewisohn

To the great names of Freud, Jung and Adler must now be added that of Otto Rank. Long an international figure in the world of psychology and described by Havelock Ellis as "perhaps the most brilliant and clairvoyant" of Freud's many pupils and associates, Dr. Rank has written here for the general reader on the basic problems of education. *To be published Feb. 19th.* cloth, 5¼ x 7½ inches, 256 pages. \$2.50

BORZOI BOOKS



If the books listed on this page have caught your interest, you will certainly not want to miss the new Borzoi catalogue which is just off the press. It describes the Borzoi Books which will be published this Spring. Write to-day and it will be sent to you free of charge.

the talk of England and America

MEN IN DARKNESS

By **JAMES HANLEY**

"A man to be closely watched," this young author who has succeeded in sending both the English and American public and critics quite daft over his work. Percy Hutchison said in *The New York Times*: "Hanley writes like a riveting machine, or machine gun, in action. . . It is evident that Hanley, with his profound insight into the lower depths, with his surging but well-leashed resentments, is a man to be closely watched." There are five stories in all, but just read a few pages of *Narrative* yourself, and you will want the book. \$2.50

UNINVITED GUESTS

A Short Account of the

Animals Living On or In Us

By **DAVID CAUSEY, Ph. D.**

"Probably the most witty, interesting and yet accurate account of human parasites that has ever been offered to the general reader . . . it is heartily recommended . . .", says Dr. Edwin Grant Conklin, Professor of Biology at Princeton University, in recommending this book to Scientific Book Club members. 5¼ x 7½ inches, 144 pages. \$2.00



ALFRED · A · KNOPF · 730 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

satire; but one need not accept all its apparent implications. A little suffering, a little irrationality, a little division and chaos, are perhaps necessary ingredients of an ideal state, but there has probably never been a time when the world has not had an oversupply of them. Only when we have reduced them enormously will Mr. Huxley's central problem become a real problem. Meanwhile reformers can continue to strain every muscle in the quiet assurance of their own futility. They may, for example, form their Leagues of Nations, draw up their Kellogg Pacts and Nine-Power Treaties, and hold their disarmament conferences, in the calm confidence that a Japan will still brutally attack a China.

HENRY HAZLITT

Two Reviews of Mr. Tarkington

Mary's Neck. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.50.

MR. TARKINGTON'S latest novel might be reviewed in one of two ways. Let us call the first

THE MODE UNHUMOROUS

Readers interested in some minor sidelights on the decay of American middle-class culture should turn to "Mary's Neck," a new novel by an author who, once upon a time, in a book called "Alice Adams," evidenced a sincere desire to deal fearlessly with his material. As Mr. Tarkington is already comfortably provided with the goods of this world, he must have written "Mary's Neck" because he liked to do so, which is to say that it represents to a degree his present attitude toward a certain level of American life.

Mr. Tarkington is an observer of really valuable talents: he has a quick eye and ear, a true though not a philosophic sense of humor, and can tell a story more clearly and craftily than nine-tenths of his fellow-novelists. It is all the more regrettable, therefore, that he employs these talents so unfruitfully. He knows the surface behavior of Americans (the more comfortable ones) as few know it; but he has more and more consistently refused (out of laziness? out of timidity? out of stupidity? out of all three?) to recognize either the dramatic or the social meaning of this behavior. If Mr. Tarkington were merely a light novelist like Mr. Wodehouse, this intellectual constriction would be excusable, even laudable; for of Mr. Wodehouse and his kind we demand a certain fairy-tale defiance of reality. But Mr. Tarkington has the reputation of a social satirist. He deals in national types. No matter how gossamer the story of "Mary's Neck" may be, the book *does* have something to say about American society, American women, the younger generation, prohibition, and other solemn topics. And what it has to say about these things cannot be put in the category of happy-go-lucky chaffing. What it has to say is pernicious propaganda for smugness, stupidity, waste, cruelty, and weakness. Mr. Tarkington probably does not know this, but his good intentions do not alter the fact that the 100,000 comfortable Americans (particularly women) who read his books will subconsciously absorb it as an apology for their own mode of life.

In "Mary's Neck" there is only one even mildly intelligent character—Madame Parka; and there is only one relatively decent person—Mr. Massey, the narrator. The others, by their own actions, show themselves up—despite the author's gentle and tolerant smile—as snobs, dipsomaniacs, hypocrites, and vulgarities. The mainspring of the book is the activities of the Massey family. Mr. Massey performs a single function: he supplies money to Mrs. Massey and to Enid and Clarissa, her two half-witted daughters—or, translated into Tarkingtonese, wholesome American girls. The female Masseys spend the

entire summer in various highly organized forms of conspicuous waste for which the emasculated (Tarkingtonese: good-natured) Mr. Massey pays. The present reviewer, who is noted for his lack of humor, here presents an approximate listing of the summer expenditures of the Massey family—that is, those expenditures specifically referred to in the book. I commend this list to the attention of Mr. Stuart Chase.

Traveling expenses from Illinois to Maine and back	\$1,000
Cottage rent	2,000
Hired help (including gardener hired to satisfy Mrs. Massey's uncontrollable, though impermanent, lust for New England gardens)	500
Fake antiques brought home in triumph by female Masseys	1,000
Buying and enlarging cottage—necessary to assure female Masseys' peace of mind	10,000
Run-abouts for female Masseys	4,000
Repair of damages to furniture caused by presence of Eddie Bullfinch, Enid's semi-lunatic admirer	250
Purchases of "modern art"—Miss Massey's gesture toward Higher Life	1,500
Country-club dues (necessitated by social ambitions of female Masseys)	500
Extra expenses incurred as result of above	500
Fee and expenses of Doctor Gilmerding, lecturer (another gesture toward Higher Life on part of female Masseys)	250
Purchase of frame to enshrine picture of another of Miss Enid's dribble-mouthed young men	70

This makes an approximate total of \$25,000 spent that the female Masseys may remain unconscious of the fact that they have no legitimate reason for existing.

There are about two hundred other residents of "Mary's Neck," all engaged in doing the Massey kind of thing. If we assume that the female contingent of each family indulges in conspicuous waste only up to the modest amount of \$10,000 per family, we have a total of \$200,000 thrown away during a single summer season at one small, exclusive resort. This outlay, meaningless, non-productive, and associated only with the meanest and cruelest of human emotions (greed, snobbery, and hatred), is really the skeleton of the anatomy of Mr. Tarkington's society. His women spend; and his "men"—the gelded rich—accede supinely to this spending because (Mr. Massey is a nice case in point) the very guts have been slowly drawn out of them by the confident fingers of their women-folk.

And all the fake art and culture which drives us to despair—all the Doctor Gilmerdings and New England antique collectors and art-colony fakers—all this is nourished by the stupidity and snobbery of the female Masseys and by the vacant-eyed, grinning generosity of their gutted male appendages who have enough brains to run large-sized industries but not enough to combat the exhibitionist whimsies of their women.

It is perfectly true that all this is material for farce, but Mr. Tarkington is not writing farce, he is writing social comedy. Apparently he invites us not merely to guffaw but to think—and then, because he is unable or unwilling to expose the real meaning of his very able observation, prevents us from doing any real thinking at all.

What is there in our literary set-up which produces "in-between" novelists such as Mr. Tarkington, Miss Hurst, Miss Ferber—men and women of keen minds and great diligence, but who, somehow, with the rich materials of our life under their very hands, draw back and present us with bastard fictions which are neither genuine entertainment nor genuine novels? In Germany a writer like Vicki Baum turns out the same bastard art form—but she does it self-consciously. She is faking, she knows she is faking, she wants to fake, and she is sure that her audience wants to be bamboozled. Not so Mr. Tark-

ington, Miss Hurst, Miss Ferber: they are as honest as sunlight, but something betrays them, some essential blindness, some fear. Perhaps the fatal flaw in their work is due to their dim consciousness of the increasing non-significance of the class to which they have elected to belong. They have thrown in their lot with a way of life which already stinks of putrescence, and perhaps it is too much to ask of them that they should open wide their nostrils.

The second way of reviewing "Mary's Neck" might be termed

THE MODE AFFABLE

"Mary's Neck" is one of Mr. Tarkington's pleasantest and shrewdest tales. It deals with the adventures and misadventures of the Massey family, consisting of Mr. Massey, president of the Logansville, Illinois, Light and Power Company; his wife, and their two young daughters, Enid and Clarissa. The wholesome, average, upper-middle-class, but rather naive Masseys invade the exclusive Maine seaside resort of "Mary's Neck," and attempt, a bit fumblingly, to accommodate themselves to an environment to which they are not by nature adapted. Mr. Massey is one of Booth Tarkington's most understanding portraits. It is he who, in his garrulous, Middle Western lingo, relates, with a certain amount of humorous detachment, the efforts which his wife and his two attractive daughters make in the direction of art, literature, and the social elegancies of the best Eastern families. In the course of his gentle but shrewd satire, Mr. Tarkington creates a small gallery of amusing characters, all the way from destructive little Paulie Timberlake, aged nine, up to Doctor Gilmerding, lecturer and authority on the habits of the Ogilluwaya Indians. Mr. Tarkington, in the course of the years, has grown mellow and more tolerant in his view of American life. The Babbitt-baiters and the viewers-with-alarm will turn with contempt from this merry tale, but the rest of us, less stiff-necked perhaps in our literary preferences, will be only too happy to tender Booth Tarkington a vote of thanks for this consistently intelligent and amusing addition to his long list of distinguished novels.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

Education in America

The Theory of Education in the United States. By Albert Jay Nock. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

A SMALL volume on education, worthy in style and content of Matthew Arnold's pen and brain—is not this an amazing event? It comes, of course, not from a professor in a school or college of education, but from an urbane and mellow scholar, educated in what he calls the Great Tradition, and keenly sensitive to the meaning of words. Mr. Nock perceives the profound truth of Renan's observation: "Countries which, like the United States, have set up a considerable popular instruction without any serious higher education will long have to expiate their error by their intellectual mediocrity, the vulgarity of their manners, their superficial spirit, their failure in general intelligence." And we are expiating it with a vengeance. Misled by catchwords like "democracy" and "equality," we have in the realm of the spirit and the intellect leveled down to the average or subaverage person; and we have obliterated the distinction between liberal and instrumental. In thorough agreement with Mr. Nock, Justice Holmes once said that democracy and equality have a meaning in the social and political sphere; but "when the effervescence of democratic negation extends to spiritual things, we are not only wrong, but ignobly wrong." Precisely the same is true of sub-

BONIBOOKS

\$1.

AMERICAN OXFORD
DICTIONARY

Compiled by F. G. and
H. W. Fowler

EDUCATION AND THE
GOOD LIFE

Bertrand Russell

GREAT SHORT STORIES OF
THE WORLD

Edited by Barrett H. Clark
and Maxim Lieber

OXFORD BOOK OF
AMERICAN VERSE

Edited by Bliss Carman

ISRAEL

Ludwig Lewisohn

AGAINST THE GRAIN

J. K. Huysmans

OUR BUSINESS CIVILIZATION

James Truslow Adams

THE HIGH PLACE

James Branch Cabell

THIS EARTH OF OURS

Jean-Henri Fabre

WHAT IS WRONG WITH
MARRIAGE

Hamilton & MacGowan

SOUTH WIND

Norman Douglas

MICHELANGELO

Romain Rolland

THE HISTORY OF MR. POLLY

H. G. Wells

TAR

Sherwood Anderson

ALBERT & CHARLES BONI

NEW YORK

ject matter and activities. Science, art, literature, politics, mathematics, music give scope to taste, ideals, and intelligence; out of them educated persons can be made. But street-cleaning, dish-washing, laundering, and shaving are merely instrumental: someone must do them; perhaps everyone, for one reason or another, should participate in them. But out of them no liberal education can be fashioned for either youth or adults. Indeed, the whole adult-education movement will founder unless the steadily increasing leisure of manual and other workers is utilized to bring into their lives interests and outlooks that are totally apart from their mental, mechanical, or instrumental activities. In his recent Inglis Lecture, Professor Dewey places zoology and laundering on some sort of educational parity. He says truly that zoology may be made "narrow and confining"; but he fails to note that laundering cannot help being "narrow and confining," whereas zoology rightly presented is an enlightening discipline. The generation that has been demoralized by the equalitarian philosophy that assumes equal importance for Homer, Spinoza, and "food etiquette" ought to be brought to its senses by Mr. Nock's careful and restrained exposition of what education really is.

But while the indiscriminate admission of any sort of knowledge or skill has for the time being destroyed colleges and universities and with them a race or group or remnant of educated men, I am much more willing than Mr. Nock to depart from the letter of the Great Tradition. Educable persons can be educated by means of so-called modern subjects; but, as Mr. Nock rightly maintains, not by being nursed and spoon-fed. Education is a difficult, perilous, exacting adventure; only those competent to struggle upwards with little help are going to be educated. Our schools and colleges and universities, in becoming "public-service institutions," have ceased, as Mr. Nock points out, to be colleges and universities. His appeal that they drop the name of college or university will fall on deaf ears—partly because they know not the enormity of what they do, partly because they are loath to disclose their nakedness.

ABRAHAM FLEXNER

A Cloud of Dadaists

The European Caravan. Edited by Samuel Putnam. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$4.

THERE are compendia and compendia. "The European Caravan," however, as compiled and translated by Samuel Putnam and several associates, manages to be an affair of extraordinary interest. A strange book, well off the beaten track, its successful qualities seem rather the result of intuition and happy accident than of design. As a gleaning from ten years of the literary advance guard in Europe it is not always a happy amalgam: the English and Spanish sections—save for Gomez de la Serna—have but little excitement for us; the fragments come and go too swiftly to be tasted or appraised. As translation "The European Caravan" generally fails creditably before fearful hazards: those of reproducing the writings of young men who exclaim in the manner of Rimbaud, "Prends l'éloquence et tords son cou!"—who, hating literature, seek to "wring its neck." But in itself, the French section, filling half the spacious volume and bulwarked by a mass of explanatory notes, appeals to us powerfully through the bars of translation; as an account of a decade of artistic and moral experiment which has been little understood or recorded, it becomes superb dramatic history.

The amateur spirit has always thrived in France, to the shame of all the professional writers of books for railway stalls and all the academicians. The literary world pictured in this anthology is composed of a far greater number of apocalyptic

characters than we ever hear of; it is made up of men and women who arrive from Chile or Rumania with their own absolute, uncompromising solutions, setting up their own altars, their own reviews, gathering apostles, or sometimes furnishing, in their own persons, an audience of a single reader. Thus many schools, "movements," controversies are paraded before us by Mr. Putnam with no little pedantry. You have dadaism in revolt against society and its arts; you have superrealism succeeding dadaism; and finally you have "creationism" revolting against both superrealism and literature. But "creationism," as this reviewer recalls, happened to be a hoax played upon the South American who was its only prophet and "angel." In any case we perceive clearly enough that during this period the moderns of the apocalyptic type were far more interesting for their actions than for their writings.

Dadaism has been defined as a tremendous and violent joke upon society in general. If it was a joke, it was a rather bitter one. In retrospect, it appears to have begun and ended in an affair of suicide. Certainly it was the most dynamic "movement" of the period. A young philosopher, dandy, and soldier, Jacques Vaché, who killed himself in 1918, seems to have furnished the cult in his letters and conversation with much of the nihilistic doctrine and sinister humor it embraced. There were other precursors, of course, for Breton, Aragon, and Soupault to nourish themselves with. After the war Tzara came over from Zurich to join them, bringing his barbarous boom-boom and the new god "Dada."

"Dada meant nothing," as its devotees asserted again and again. It was the end of all "movements." At the same time it promised a new technique for promoting disorders, farces, sensations, revolts, of all kinds, and especially publicity of a grim and offensive humor. It was to furnish a "weapon for the demolition of the Old World," for perpetual revolution. Those who attended, between 1920 and 1923, the noisy "conventions" and soirees of Dada, who heard the reading of dadaist texts to the accompaniment of jazz bands, who watched the bold conduct of plots or exploits in "bad taste" calculated always to insult the public, felt themselves privileged indeed. The leaders, including also Marcel Duchamps and Picabia, were men either of remarkable fertility or remarkable talent. At moments men like Valéry, Picasso, Paul Morand, and Cocteau were their partisans as well. Even the aged Tory, Maurice Barrès, admitted his envy of them. Why? Because manifestly the dadaist-superrealists armed themselves with a kind of absolute moral "sincerity" which repudiated all worldly compromise, thus approaching anew the anti-social and romantic doctrines of Jean-Jacques. If to be thus sincere meant, upon occasions, to be destructive, the ringleaders did not blench. Their "conspiracies" ranged from the pernicious dissemination of social defeatism to the more comic aspects of revolt, such as aiding in the escape from parental tyranny of young poets destined for the theological seminary. I remember well the organized and successful effort of a whole troop of dadaists, against the Parisian police and detective force, on behalf of an eloping couple whom they concealed in the heart of the city. For a period an underground fame and authority brought the insurgent young to their camp, as to an ardent foyer of revolution.

Among such nihilists and super-Bohemians there could not fail to be perfidy of the most elaborate kind, dissension most merciless. Trials were held which seemed fully as terrifying as those under the revolutionary tribunals of 1793. Again, and again, following storms within the microcosm, the movement would "purge" itself, until it was broken into unrecognizable fragments. The army of snobs and dandies who had followed it with delight knew not where to turn.

The rise and fall of a line of dadaist-superrealists is traced in detail by Mr. Putnam, and illustrated by examples of their "texts" which never fail to appear strange in English. (It

is a pity that nothing by Louis Aragon has been included; although it may evidently have been impossible to secure the co-operation of a writer who, in the most menacing terms, recently forbade all the book reviewers in France ever to mention his name.) Some of the group had led double lives—that is, preserved good homes, brought up children, in after hours. Like Soupault, they could say, once the great days were over, "I write novels, I publish books. I keep busy!" Others have turned to the religions of Karl Marx or St. Thomas; even to the cult of *conformisme*. One of them at any rate, Jacques Rigaut, well known as an occasional resident of New York, carried defeatism to its limits. This charming, impeccably dressed young Frenchman ("Lord Patchogue") was the hero of a story written by one of his colleagues, called "The Empty Valise." On November 5, 1929, he ended his life with a pistol. "Here," as Mr. Putnam observes, "was one dadaist-surrealist who put the thing into practice." But then, suicide is an old story in the history of French letters.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Books in Brief

The Bridal Gown. By Kristmann Gudmundsson. Translated by O. F. Theis. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. \$2.50.

"The Bridal Gown" is in the best tradition of Scandinavian literature, a sober, detached study of two generations of Icelandic farmers. The symbolism of the stain on the bridal gown, the husband's fanatic repentance to his dead wife, his daughter's eventual breakdown in her attempt to remove the stain—this story of hatreds and lifelong revenge is clearly reminiscent of Selma Lagerlöf's "Ring of the Löwenskölds." There is a great difference in that the madness and cruelty of the characters of "The Bridal Gown" are treated with a matter-of-fact casualness and a tolerant humor that suggest an acceptance of them as normal human conduct. Melodrama so simply written that its excesses seem natural loses much of its effectiveness, but "The Bridal Gown" remains a powerful and memorable novel.

No Minor Vices. By Edmund S. Whitman. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.50.

A young man goes to Central America out of a proper New England home to work as timekeeper on a banana plantation. He disintegrates in the usual manner. Even the author's autobiographical interest in relating minutely all the details of life on a banana plantation, and the various angles of the problem of whether to sleep or not to sleep with brown-skinned women, cannot give the account any force or vividness; it sinks with each page farther into dullness.

Mud and Stars. By Dorothea York. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.

Miss York has made a very complete and interesting collection of the soldier songs of the Allied nations in the late war. Her contention is that men in the trenches sang perhaps more of love than of war, that certainly when they wrote down their verses their subjects were most likely to be sentimental. She has, of course, done considerable editing of these songs, since otherwise many of them would not be allowed in print, but she has been able to keep the full flavor of the lines and much of their quick humor. Since variation was rather the rule than the exception, she has caught only one version—enough to indicate how the thing was done. Acquainted as Miss York is with a large body of this folksong, she is able to make some interesting distinctions between, for example, the songs of the Tommies and of the Doughboys.

"The best historical study of Japan, I believe, in the English language."—Nathaniel Peffer.

JAPAN

By G. B. Sansom

"This leisurely, scholarly book gives more background for a real understanding of modern Japan than any other book in the English language. . . . Amid a flood of books which suggest that Japan was born with the arrival of heavy machinery in the last half century, it is notable and unique."—Lewis Gannett.

Illustrated, 536 pp. \$7.50

"The cleverest man of the 19th Century."

—Bernard Shaw.

LASSALLE

By Arno Schirokauer

"This volume is the first adequate biography of the great Socialist leader available in English, and its chief merit lies precisely in the sense of balance with which the full-length portrait is presented. . . . A fascinating personality emerges to delight readers of biography."—*New York Sun*.

Illustrated \$5.00

The Century Co., New York

Discover the Human Side of the
author of "Jurgen" in this
New Book by

BRANCH CABELL

These Restless Heads

A new Cabell draws back the richly brocaded curtains which have hitherto concealed him. Dwelling with Cabellian irony on his personal experiences from the days of callow youth, he establishes their significance in the pattern of everyday existence. As you read this book pictures of your past will inevitably take form in your own head, whether it be restless or otherwise. February Selection of the Literary Guild.

\$2.50

A New Book by

NORMAN DOUGLAS

Paneros

A diverting and sophisticated history of aphrodisiacs written with all the rare erudition, lightness and humor, wisdom and courage peculiar to the author of *South Wind*. Limited Edition.

\$5.00

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & CO. 4 West 16th St., N. Y.

The Oxford Lists. By H. C. Boulbee. Oxford University Press. \$1.

This is a slim little volume of capable but rather dull poetry on the themes of war, beauty, life, and death. The poet, who is probably Canadian, shows familiarity with the whole tradition of English poetry, and the skill which training in the history of that poetry sometimes gives. But he has almost nothing new to say and he uses a literary language which stunts the emotion.

Music

Mental and Bodily Rhythm

THE slightly misty word "eurythmics" has somewhat clouded, in the minds of those unacquainted with what it stands for, the signal importance of the works of Emile Jaques-Dalcroze. The fact that the system of musical instruction evolved by him has been of great assistance to dancers—and that some of the most conspicuous dancers, like Mary Wigman, are former Dalcroze pupils—has tended to obscure in the public mind the essentially musical origin and application of "eurythmics."

Emile Jaques (the "Dalcroze" is a synthetic pseudonym) came upon the ideas that underlie his work as a teacher of *solfège* (ear-training and sight-reading) and theory at the Geneva Conservatory. In his work he found—what is proved anew continually in the round of concertgoing—that, of the elements of music, rhythm is the least understood, and that while systems of melodic and harmonic instruction have been evolved in great detail, and are generally used, the rhythmic side of the musical personality is usually left entirely uncultivated. It had been felt that "either one had a rhythmic sense or one hadn't," and that in the latter case there was nothing to be done about it—chiefly because before Jaques-Dalcroze there had been very little idea what to do. His search for a form of instruction in rhythm that would correspond to the regular training in *solfège* and harmony led him to a study of bodily rhythm, and of the relations of bodily movement to musical rhythm.

These relations are, of course, fundamental—the origins of rhythm itself having been in these same bodily movements that Dalcroze organized and conventionalized for study purposes. Their historical connection is, of course, no guaranty of their pedagogic efficacy. But the direct advantage of rhythmic movement is that it offers to the novice the sort of active musical experience that he could not otherwise hope to participate in until after years of technical study; and that for the musician it isolates just those problems which his years of technical training have too often entirely failed to teach him.

The number of "finished musicians," for example, who can sustain an even tempo over a considerable period of time is lamentably small; yet there are doubtless few of these same musicians who have any difficulty in walking several blocks at a fairly even gait. Their training has cerebralized their rhythmic faculties to such an extent that they have forgotten that there is any relation between the two activities. To teach them to rediscover that relation, to use the regularities and irregularities of bodily movement as a guide to corresponding regularities and irregularities in music, and to prevent the child or the novice from losing his sense of the identity of bodily and mental rhythm, is one aim of the eurythmics class.

Almost as important—for the adult perhaps even more important—is the freedom from muscular inhibition which the rhythmic gymnastics bring. The difficulty with which the average adult achieves the simplest rhythmic exercises is only less surprising than the speed with which he acquires muscular con-

trol and freedom. And it is just the lack of that muscular and nervous freedom which keeps him from the poise and relaxation necessary to truly rhythmic realization of even the simplest music. Take a simple rhythmic problem: the simultaneous division of a given time unit into two and three equal parts. By dint of great effort of the will and considerable muscular and nervous tension, the average piano student stumbles through such passages of three-against-two. But he has never really learned the solution, of course, until he can effect it without any tension or conflict; and his body has been so completely excluded from participation in the solution of rhythmic problems that he does not really know whether the muscles of his wrist or arm or shoulder are relaxed or not. But set him to running the three's and clapping the two's against them and if there is the slightest conflict it will show in a dozen ways—lack of balance, unevenness of steps, tension in the arms—so that his clapping is frenzied and explosive instead of natural and relaxed. Moreover, the amplex of the movements in the eurythmics class is itself an aid toward muscular freedom—as contrasted with the narrow and too often cramped movements at an instrument.

The Dalcroze system began as a musical training, and its musical importance seems to me fundamental—above all for musical novices, both children and adults, as an aid to and foundation for their musical development, either as listeners or as performers. But with its musical advantages it combines important physical benefits. It does not aim directly at an aesthetic result, like the Wigman system; or directly at physical development, like Mensendieck; but for one whose interests are chiefly musical, it offers an exceptional opportunity for development in both the latter directions, simultaneously with and incidental to its musical advantages. It is no more dancing than it is piano-playing, or listening to music; for all three activities the joint participation of mind and body is essential, and to all three Dalcroze work seems to me an important preliminary and aid.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

O'Neill Again

"MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA" continues to fill the Guild Theater, but several readers, less enthusiastic than I, have written to point out various alleged defects which I failed to observe in Mr. O'Neill's play. One, for example, devotes no less than five typewritten pages to complain that "Electra" is "too long." Another, somewhat more consistent, writes as follows: "Mr. Krutch implies that O'Neill lacks only language to make him almost the equal of Shakespeare; Shaw contends that language is Shakespeare's only greatness. Put the two together and what do you get?" You get, of course, a very striking illustration of how wrong Shaw can be.

Still others, failing to remember either Shakespeare or the Greeks, argue that a great play must have an original plot, or that any so-called tragedy which contains much violence must be, of necessity, no more than "mere melodrama." But the commonest complaint seems to be pointed directly at me, since no less than three correspondents have written letters whose burden may be summarized as follows: In "The Modern Temper" you contended that genuine tragedy could not be written today because we had lost the necessary sense of man's intrinsic greatness. Yet you imply that O'Neill's play is genuine tragedy for the reason that it does celebrate just that greatness. You cannot possibly have been right on both occasions, and we wait

only to learn which of your words you are now prepared to eat.

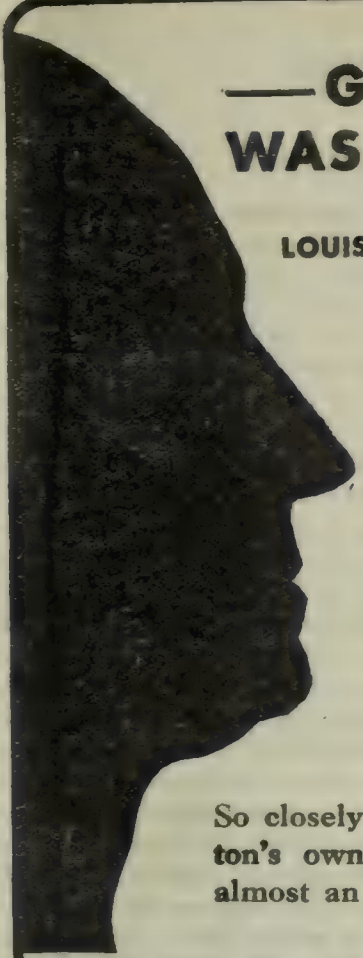
The point is a good one, and I am glad to confess that what I wrote about O'Neill was written with the full consciousness of the fact that the point was raised. It is true that one swallow does not make a summer, and it is true also that O'Neill's language weighs him down for the very reason that he is a modern. But I admire his play just because it does come nearer than the work of any other recent dramatist to the spirit of the great tragedies, and I shall admire his next play even more if it proves, by equaling the greatest works of the past, that a modern poet has learned how to reconcile his intellectual comprehension of man with that need to believe him magnificent to which tragedy ministers. I shall still have the personal satisfaction of believing that I was correct in my *diagnosis* of the difficulty behind the failure of most modern attempts at tragedy, but I shall be very glad to confess that the solution of the difficulty was nearer at hand than I had supposed.

Certainly no reconsideration of "Mourning Becomes Electra" inclines me to believe either that I spoke of it with praise too high, or that the reasons which I gave for my enthusiasm were improperly chosen. I did not call it "better than Shakespeare" or even as good, but the impression which it made is as vivid as it was when I left the theater, and what I remember is still the stature of the persons concerned. Most modern realistic drama endeavors to compensate for the insignificance of its characters by involving them in complications which state some contemporary "problem," or by suggesting that the characters are important because they are so "typical." Most modern attempts to achieve any sort of emotional amplitude depend, on the other hand, upon the effort to reemploy some romantic or pietistic attitude which has become an anachronism. But O'Neill does neither of these things. He deals with no contemporary problem and he does not ask us to accept any standards not universally current. Yet far from making us question the significance of his people, he makes us accept that significance as something self-evident. Their passions move and their fates concern us because the magnitude of the persons has been put beyond question. "What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?" Nothing yet everything, and it is characteristic of the really great works of literature that just that must be said of them. They do not argue concerning the nobility of man or the significance of life. They demonstrate it.

I must add also that I cannot feel the force of the argument raised by those who condemn the play for its psycho-analytical undercurrent. It contains no exposition of any intellectual theory, and if it is understandable in terms of certain hypotheses which have become a part of our mental equipment, I cannot see that there is anything strange or unfortunate in the fact. O'Neill, like Sophocles, is concerned with *events* which might occur in ancient Greece or in modern New England, but while the motives behind such deeds were quasi-normal in one society they are less so in the other, and the problem is merely the problem of understanding the people who commit them. We understand in terms of current conceptions, and there is no more reason for objecting to the fact that this play implies psychoanalysis than there would be for objecting to Greek tragedy because it implies the Greek religion. An audience must comprehend in the terms with which it is familiar, and the modern audience is familiar with Freudian terms.

No event of the week requires much comment, although "Robin Hood" (Erlanger Theater) is a worthy addition to the light-opera revivals of the Aborn Opera Company. "East of Broadway" (Belmont Theater) is a comedy-drama of Jewish life with some amusing moments, but is intended for only a very naive audience.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH



—GEORGE— WASHINGTON

by
LOUIS M. SEARS, Ph.D.

The real Washington has been rescued from a maze of conflicting opinion.

576 pages
Portrait—Maps
\$5.00

So closely based on Washington's own writings as to be almost an autobiography.

from **CROWELL'S List of Good Books**

Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 393 Fourth Ave., New York

The Birth of the GERMAN REPUBLIC

By **ARTHUR ROSENBERG**

Translated by Ian Morrow

The essential background for an understanding of the present situation. "... the most impressive and best coordinated work on the subject that has so far appeared in Germany... evidence from documents and witnesses at first hand."—New York Times. **\$4.75**

GERMANY

The Spirit of BRITISH POLICY and the Myth of the Encirclement of GERMANY

By **HERMAN KANTOROWICZ**

Translated by W. H. Johnston. Preface by
Gilbert Murray

A German exposes the sources of the myth of Germany's encirclement by England. "... casts a flood of light... His work is as valuable in relation to post-war as to pre-war Germany."—News Chronicle (London). **\$6.50**

ENGLAND and the International Policy of the European Great Powers, 1871-1914

By **A. E. Pribram**

An Austrian view of Anglo-German relations, based on the State Archives in Vienna. **\$3.00**

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Films

Propaganda

SINCE the American movie can seldom be accused of carrying propaganda for anything more civilized than the ambition to be rich, "The Man I Killed" (Criterion Theater) is important and refreshing. The theme of Ernst Lubitsch's latest work is the lumbering cruelty and blind stupidity, on an enormous scale, of war in relation to its human victims, who wish most of all to go on living and to experience the ordinary satisfactions of life. The picture that Lubitsch creates of the little German town after the war and of the people who live in it is completely real and very moving. The character that Lionel Barrymore brings to life, of the father grieving for the death of his only son, is unforgettable—in only two or three minor scenes is he betrayed into that lack of restraint that often mars his really fine acting. Nancy Carroll handles a rather quiet role with competence. Phillips Holmes, in my opinion, weakens the force of the story. He plays the part of the young Frenchman whose conscience will not let him rest, who finally hits upon the solution of seeking out the parents of the man he killed and confessing his crime, only to find that it is impossible to shatter their pathetic joy in their mistaken conclusion that he is the friend and not the murderer of the dead son. More because of his physical appearance than by any deliberate acting, Holmes gives throughout the impression of a weak boy gone neurotic. A normal person unnerved by the insanity of war would have been just as believable and much more effective from the pacifist point of view which informs the picture.

It need hardly be pointed out that the plot of "The Man I Killed" is far-fetched. Also, it has the synthetic quality which

distinguishes propaganda from art. Nevertheless, it is effective, as a poster is effective.

The strength of Lubitsch as a director lies in his talent for significant detail which brings his characters and his settings to life. The meeting of the two mothers in the cemetery is an excellent example of his art. His weakness is a lack of restraint in piling up detail to the point of submerging both effect and character. Throughout the present picture he bears down too heavily on every ironic or pathetic touch. In the restaurant scene, for instance, the father, who finds his old friends cool because he has been entertaining a Frenchman in his home, launches into a peroration in which he demonstrates that it is the fathers and not the French who are the real murderers of their sons. It is an excellent speech, but it is rendered superfluous and stagy by the scene which immediately follows it. Outside the restaurant, the father hears, in memory, the passing feet of his son's regiment. In tones of heartbroken bitterness he says, "My son was marching to his death—and I cheered."

The other important film event to be noted is also propaganda, less artistically handled. "The Road to Life" (Cameo Theater), the first Russian talking film, is, like most Russian pictures, an educational tract, but it is not up to the standard of its predecessors. The photography is very uneven. Like the plot, it shifts from melodramatic blacks and whites to the subtler shades of realism and back again at the sacrifice of coherence and unity. The sequence of the stolen spoons is real; the building of a railroad by a crowd of former wild boys with the help of no visible engineer is not convincing. As for the Russian dialogue, it sounds as if it were a great deal more subtle and humorous than Michael Gold's acutely class-conscious captions in English would indicate. The acting is adequate but not exceptional. Despite all these handicaps, however, the picture is very much worth seeing, if only for that quality of eager and fresh life that pours into and out of every activity that new Russia engages in.

MARGARET MARSHALL

HUNGER AND LOVE

A novel by Lionel Britton

Introduction by Bertrand Russell

BERTRAND RUSSELL, BERNARD SHAW, ARNOLD BENNETT, LAURENCE STALLINGS and UPTON SINCLAIR are a few of those who praise this novel extravagantly.

UPTON SINCLAIR avers: It is the thing I have been waiting for some twenty-five years—that is to say a really great book by a proletarian writer of the new generation in Great Britain . . . This book is great in the fullest sense of the much abused word. It has the divine rage of genius; it has the revolutionary fire and, at the same time, a world-embracing grasp.

This novel, the story of Arthur Phelps' attempt to gain a mind, has set England agog; it is now in its third printing there. The present publishers, who acquired the rights to this novel from Harper and Brothers, have reissued it at \$3.00 instead of \$4.00. They are convinced that HUNGER AND LOVE is destined to take its place with the great literature of all time.

623 pages

\$3.00 in bookstores

THE VANGUARD PRESS 100 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

BOARDING SCHOOL—GERMANY

One of the best German boarding schools for boys, located on a lake near Munich, with excellent teachers and a distinguished clientele, will make room for a few American boys, preferably with some knowledge of German. Highly indorsed by the Editor of "The Nation," to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

Contributors to This Issue

T. A. BISSEON is a member of the research staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

UPTON CLOSE, author and lecturer, has spent many years in China and Japan.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

W. E. WOODWARD is the author of "George Washington—the Image and the Man" and "Meet General Grant."

WILLIAM M. LEISERSON is professor of economics at Antioch College.

HORACE GREGORY, author of a book of verse, "Chelsea Rooming House," has recently published a translation of Catullus.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN has written a book on the James family to be published next fall.

FRANCES FROST is the author of a book of verse, "Blue Harvest."

CLIFTON FADIMAN is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

ABRAHAM FLEXNER is director of the Institute for Advanced Study, and author of "Universities: American, English, and German."

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, who was closely connected with the dadaist and superrealist movements in France during their early days, is the author of "Jean Jacques Rousseau."

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1932

No. 3477

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	213
EDITORIALS:	
Great Expectations	216
Open War in China	217
Who Wants to Disarm?	217
Mass Production	218
IF THE SOVIET SHOULD FALL. By Louis Fischer	219
IS FRANCE BACKING JAPAN? By Robert Dell	221
THE WORKERS DEMAND— By Felix Morrow	222
COURT REFORM—A JOB FOR LAYMEN. By I. Maurice Wormser	224
GOVERNMENT BY ORDINANCE IN INDIA. By A. Fenner Brockway	226
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	227
CORRESPONDENCE	228
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	229
FINANCE: WHY COMMODITY PRICES SLUMP. By S. Palmer Harman	230
BOOKS, ART, DRAMA:	
So Long It Has for Echoing. By Eda Lou Walton	231
A Philosophy for Carnivores. By Henry Hazlitt	231
Travel Disappoints. By Henry Bamford Parkes	232
Cabell New and Old. By John Macy	232
How Utilities "Educate." By Amos Pinchot	233
Strange Interlude. By Arthur Warner	234
Books in Brief	234
Art: Conversation with a <i>Surréaliste</i> . By Paul Rosenfeld	236
Drama: Cleopatra's Nose. By Joseph Wood Krutch	238
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Liberty in the Irish Free State. By Robert Reinhart	239

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Mrs. Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE APPOINTMENT of Benjamin N. Cardozo to the vacancy on the Supreme Court caused by the resignation of Justice Holmes is the best news out of Washington in years. Of Justice Cardozo's fitness for the place it is not necessary to speak; he will bring as much honor to the Supreme Bench as will be added to him by the appointment. It is clear that while strong pressure must have been brought on the President to name a man who was in every possible way outstanding, equally strong representations must have been made by the West and the South for a local candidate in the fear of overbalancing the court by justices from New York. Mr. Hoover chose the handsomer course and he will deserve the gratitude of millions of his fellow-citizens therefor. Nor does it lessen the thanks that will be his due to add that he could hardly have made a happier political gesture. His critics will be speechless; his champions will be more enthusiastic than ever. But criticism silenced in as good a cause is altogether fortunate. The President, the new Supreme Court Justice, and the people of the United States should receive general congratulations all around.

WE HAVE already indicated our belief that the Administration is not likely to succeed in getting present hoarded money back into "sound banks" and "sound securities" by its present ballyhoo methods. It has already been embarrassed by Congressman La Guardia's re-

quest that it tell the money hoarders just which particular banks and securities are sound. (Not to speak of the difficulty, mentioned by F. P. A. in the Conning Tower, of finding money to deposit after the first bank which held one's funds has failed.) One positive measure it could take would be to remove the present limit of \$2,500 on Postal Savings accounts, and so provide additional refuge for many present frightened holders of money. This is a step that could be taken immediately. Later it may be advisable for the Administration to consider the more thoroughgoing recommendations made in the program of the League for Independent Political Action. These included the removal of the Postal Savings system from the jurisdiction of the Post Office Department, the setting up of a government-owned banking corporation to manage it, and the establishment of separate savings banks in important centers.

AGAIN THE BLOODTHIRSTY Soviets have walked out far in advance of the rest of the world in the way to peace. M. Litvinov, presenting at Geneva the proposals of the Soviet delegation on disarmament, ended nearly all of his telling paragraphs with the remark that the only way to avoid war was to disarm completely. This was, of course, merely a repetition of the proposals made by Soviet Russia at earlier conferences; this time, one may note, it was not greeted with the abuse that welcomed it before. However, although the plans of France, Great Britain, and the United States, unsatisfactory as they were, appeared on the first page of the *New York Times*, M. Litvinov was relegated to page 4. An offer to disarm is evidently not news. Soviet Russia not only proposed total disarmament as the only way to peace, but offered to agree to every possible intermediate proposal for partial limitation that any other country might advance. In M. Litvinov's speech occurred another point worth remarking. It must be clear to all, he said, that "the Soviet requires neither increase of territory nor interference in the affairs of other nations to achieve its aim." By means of the Five-Year Plan, with its "colossal achievements in every sphere of economic life," by a furious and passionate zeal for industrial progress, the Russians have found the "moral equivalent for war." They can disarm because they have better things to do than fight.

THE ASSASSINATION of Junnosuke Inouye, former Finance Minister of Japan, has strengthened the hands of the Japanese militarists. By the same token his death is a serious blow to the hopes of that small group of public men in Japan who wanted the country to pursue peaceful methods in Manchuria and Shanghai. This group was led by three men: Premier Hamaguchi, who was assassinated last August; Inouye, who has fallen by the same foul means; and Baron Shidehara, former Foreign Minister, who, despite his illness, is continuing the struggle virtually alone. These men were frankly imperialists; they believed in the colonization policy of Japan, and doubtless recognized the dangers involved in following that policy. But they sought at all times, primarily by attempting to restrain the militarists, to prevent Japanese penetration of the Asiatic mainland from taking the form of military aggression. It seemed probable that the Minseito

Party, to which these three men belonged, would carry the national elections late in February. Had they been victorious it was intended that Inouye should assume the premiership. But Inouye is dead, and it is now a question whether the Minseito liberals or the conservatives and militarists will win the election. The police are satisfied that Inouye's assassin acted upon his own initiative and was not connected with any of the militarist or superpatriotic societies. Nevertheless, the responsibility can be indirectly traced to the militarists, for their propaganda, with which the Japanese press has been filled since last June, has been sufficient to turn great masses of the Japanese people not only against the Chinese, but also against the liberals and moderates at home.

HOW FAR into the interior of China will the Japanese carry their present drive? Japanese diplomats suggest that they would be content to have the Chinese retire a minimum of twenty miles from Shanghai. But the Japanese commanders have established no such limit. Lieutenant General Kenkichi Uyeda declared that the farther the Chinese retired the better it would be for everyone concerned. Admiral Nomura was more specific. He said:

Our function is to drive the hostile Chinese armies far enough away from Shanghai so that they will no longer be a menace. I can say that the exact distance for this is dependent upon the character of the Chinese armament and means of transportation. In areas where railways and highways are non-existent it would be ample to eject them just beyond the range of their most powerful artillery, but where railways and highways exist the distances may be greater, depending upon their supplies, trucks, automobiles, and rolling stock.

This does not look as though the militarists would be satisfied with a twenty-mile neutral zone around Shanghai. Rather does it appear as though they intend to take over all means of transportation far up the Yangtze valley, dislodging the Chinese troops from their positions along the river and along the railways in this area, for how otherwise can the Japanese ever feel certain that they are safely removed from the menace of the terribly aggressive Chinese?

TWO JUDGES have recently been nominated by President Hoover for appointments on the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. One is James H. Wilkerson of Chicago. Donald R. Richberg, as general counsel for the Railway Labor Executives' Association, has this to say, among other equally arresting remarks, of Judge Wilkerson's fitness for the position:

In the Daugherty injunction case of 1922 he attempted to enjoin legitimate activities of labor unions in carrying on a lawful strike and he violated the express prohibitions of the Clayton Act. He set aside the constitutional guaranties of liberty of contract and free speech. He attempted to extend the authority of a single District Court throughout the United States. . . . He permitted his court to be used to prevent the settlement of the shopmen's strike. . . . He wrote bitterly partisan opinions in this case, branding as criminal conspirators labor leaders of unblemished reputations, although the government admitted that it had been unable . . . to produce any evidence connecting a single one of these leaders with any unlawful act.

Mr. Hoover's other appointee is Judge Kenneth Mackintosh of Seattle. Judge Mackintosh, too, has a record which organized labor would do well to protest. When sitting on the Supreme Court of the State of Washington he rendered the following opinion on picketing:

This Court has declared all picketing unlawful, announcing that the term sometimes used of "peaceful picketing" is self-contradictory and meaningless, that picketing, in and of itself, is coercive and that is its purpose and effect.

Aside from the fact that the late Chief Justice Taft rendered an opinion that picketing was lawful in the *American Foundries vs. Tri-Cities Council* case, thereby offering disagreement with Judge Mackintosh from the highest court in the country, it seems plain that neither Judge Wilkerson nor Judge Mackintosh, because of obvious bias and prejudice, is fitted to be seated on the bench of any court which will hear labor cases. It is a sad commentary on the strength of the labor movement in the United States that confirmation of these appointments seems all too likely. Yet while there is still time, every possible protest should be made, if not by labor itself then by the advocates of civil liberties and the right to organize.

AN INTERESTING BY-PRODUCT of Great Britain's new tariff enthusiasm and "Buy-British" campaign is the break that those in power have made with all expert opinion. Ferdinand Kuhn, Jr., in a dispatch to the *New York Times*, points out that nearly every British economist of repute is now opposing the new tariff policy. Sir Walter Layton, Britain's delegate on the Basel Advisory Committee, has remarked that Britain is making "an unrepentant plunge—sword in hand—in the midst of a tariff battle which is fast bringing the world to bankruptcy." Henry Clay, economic adviser to the Bank of England, has predicted that the new tariff will not help to restore Britain's balance of trade in the slightest. Francis W. Hirst and Professor T. E. Gregory have ranged themselves unreservedly against the new tariff, and J. M. Keynes, who had advocated a small revenue or emergency tariff before Britain went off the gold standard, has since declared that with the collapse of sterling the justification for a tariff has vanished. To all this the British Government turns a deaf ear, just as Mr. Hoover did to the protest against the Hawley-Smoot tariff signed by practically every economist of note in the United States.

WAR IN KENTUCKY is no less important to us than war in China. Indeed, the civil warfare now in progress in the mining sections of that State may have far more serious consequences. The Kentucky authorities are fighting with every weapon they can command, but their favorite weapons have been hunger and suppression of civil liberties. In *The Nation* of January 13 we discussed the case of Harry Appleman, Kentucky grocer, who was arrested on a charge of criminal syndicalism after he and his wife had spent their savings on a carload of flour which they distributed to the miners' families. More recently county officials have stopped the distribution of all food supplies and clothing sent to Kentucky from outside the State. When a committee of New York writers, including Waldo Frank, Mary Heaton Vorse, Edmund Wilson, and others, brought

several truckloads of food into the State they were arrested on charges of disorderly conduct. After their release they were escorted to the State boundary, where two of their number were beaten up. As these lines are written, word comes that two National Guard companies have been sent to the mining country to suppress a meeting of the National Miners' Union, the only group that has sought to help the pit workers form an effective organization for their struggle against starvation wages and impossible working conditions. Kentucky's only answer to the pleas of these men for food and justice is to supplement the tyranny of the local authorities with a show of military force.

SOCIALIST MILWAUKEE is not alone in enjoying efficient municipal government. Cincinnati, which has a city manager, also did well in 1931. It was able to reduce its bonded debt by the sum of \$1,193,719, and to cut its tax rate to \$9.10 per thousand dollars, the lowest tax rate of any American city with a population of 300,000 or more. By abolishing politics from the municipal administration a saving of \$26,000 was effected in the Public Works Department, while the saving in the Water Works Department ran to more than \$75,000. As a result of these economies a new schedule of water rates has been adopted which will reduce the water bill of the consumers by approximately \$300,000 annually. Major reductions were made in the appropriations for other departments which probably would have been impossible had not the City Manager, C. A. Dykstra, been unhampered by politics. Despite these economies, Cincinnati expanded its public-works program during 1931 and thus provided extra jobs for many of the city's unemployed; moreover, it spent more than \$770,000 on direct unemployment relief. Of this latter amount \$678,000 came from city departments which, as a result of their increased efficiency and through close economizing, managed to save that much out of their annual appropriations. This is doubtless a source of satisfaction to the citizens of Cincinnati, but to the residents of almost any other city in the country it is a sad, sad story.

THE CONVICTION FOR MURDER of one Vincent Mummiani was reversed on February 9 by the New York State Court of Appeals on the ground that the prisoner had been subjected to the third degree. Commissioner Mulrooney's comment on this is an indignant denial that Mummiani was beaten and starved into making a confession, as the defense alleges, and an announcement that hereafter an "outside" physician will be called in to examine every person held for a major crime. Just how disinterested Mr. Mulrooney's "outsider" will be remains a question; if he searched far enough the Commissioner might succeed in finding a physician who would attest that a bruised prisoner had received his contusions by falling downstairs in his eagerness to consult with the nice, kind policemen. But this is hardly the point. Mental torture leaves no traces on suffering flesh; sleeplessness, hunger, thirst, even the rubber hose expertly applied are not evidenced by black-and-blue spots on the human hide. Commissioner Mulrooney would do better to save his indignation, to put aside his plans to spare his policemen from unkind accusations of brutality, and to remember the law which provides for "prompt production of a suspect before a magistrate." Here, as pointed out by

Zechariah Chafee, Jr., in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is the first and simplest way of avoiding charges of having administered the third degree. This device of merely obeying the law would be far more reassuring to a cynical public largely convinced of the prevalence of rubber-hose methods in the police station than any number of protestations about the steaks and the coffee and rolls furnished by obliging policemen to unfortunate prisoners, who are not, it seems, properly grateful.

WHILE THE SENATE is haggling over the question of federal aid for the hungry, the Connery Old Age Pension Bill has been unanimously reported out of committee in the House. This bill provides for a federal appropriation of \$10,000,000 to be apportioned among the States to make up one-third of the fund; the States are to supply the remaining two-thirds. That the bill should be passed is obvious; that it is niggardly is equally plain. Persons to be aided must be sixty-five years of age, must not possess property in excess of \$5,000, and must be without other means of support; in addition, while the amount of the pension is not fixed by the bill, no sum in excess of \$1 a day is discussed in it. With this princely sum the forthright champions of rugged individualism will reward the aged and destitute citizens of the Republic. It is estimated that there are 6,600,000 persons in the country sixty-five years of age or over, and that of these a third are in need of an old-age pension. At a dollar a day, to pension them would require \$800,000,000. The government's \$10,000,000, therefore, even augmented by the \$20,000,000 from the States, seems a modest enough sum to ask. The measure has been valiantly pushed by the American Association for Old Age Security, the need for it was surely never greater, and every person who has reached or who hopes to reach the age of sixty-five should be its champion.

THE THREAT OF EXTINCTION to the *Police Gazette*, which missed an issue for the first time in eighty-five years and may never appear again, will cause pain in many a manly breast. Gone are the days when it appeared in every barber-shop in town; gone, also, are the days when its ladies in tights were not to be viewed by one's maiden aunt. But the sentimental attachment to its bright pink pages is strong. A thousand barber-shops in New York still subscribe to it; every army post receives its copy; and the chaplain at Fort Leavenworth is on the list of subscribers. There will be mourners enough for its passing, even though one barber on Second Avenue declared that customers now are in too much of a hurry to read it. "They don't sit around to hear you play the guitar or sing songs like they did when my father ran the shop." Another proof that the good old days of leisure are gone. Today we shave hurriedly with a safety razor, gulp breakfast, and dash for the subway. If we read, we read the tabloids or the *New Yorker*, wherein, be it noted, ladies in tights—or ladies without tights—abound. Indeed, not the lack of leisure but too much competition probably proved the undoing of the *Police Gazette*. Readers with only two cents can get all the spicy reading about morals or murders they want in the *Daily Scab*; readers who will invest three-fifths of a quarter can buy louder, funnier, and smarter pictures and comments in brighter-colored magazines.

Great Expectations

THE jubilation which followed the proposal of the Glass-Steagall bill, under the impression, held for example by Senator Vandenberg, that "this bill means more money," and that "its effect will be to bring the price of the dollar down and the commodity price index up," is likely to be considerably modified when the real purpose and probable effect of the measure are better understood. What the measure proposes immediately is an extension of the rediscount privileges of the Federal Reserve banks, and it provides also for the possible issue of Federal Reserve notes against the collateral of government obligations. The measure is regarded by its chief sponsors as a purely emergency one; the increased rediscounting and note-issuing privileges it extends are to expire at the end of one year from the passage of the act.

The purpose of the Glass-Steagall bill is clear enough when the present situation and the present rediscounting and note-issuing arrangements are understood. Within the last year there has been a steady demand throughout the country for more hand-to-hand currency. This has developed for two main reasons. The failure of more than 2,500 banks, with deposits of nearly \$2,000,000,000, since the beginning of 1931, leaving hundreds of communities without banking accommodation of any kind, has compelled the population of those communities to carry on business in cash instead of by check. But it has also undermined confidence in banks, and led to withdrawals of cash or failure to make fresh deposits. This in turn has driven the banks to borrow against—"rediscount"—part of their holdings of commercial paper at the Federal Reserve banks, and to secure Federal Reserve notes for them to meet the demands of their own depositors. The result has been that though price levels and business activity have steadily fallen in the last twelve months, the volume of Federal Reserve notes has increased more than \$1,000,000,000. But even this increase does not mean that the situation has been met adequately. For the banks that were compelled to come to the Federal Reserve for more currency could do so only if they held "eligible" paper, that is to say, merchants' notes with (except for agricultural paper, which may run longer) a maturity of three months or less. When their holdings of such eligible paper were exhausted, they could no longer continue to borrow and to draw currency from the Federal Reserve banks, even though they held other sound assets. The Glass-Steagall bill attempts to meet this situation by permitting any group of five or more independently controlled banks to borrow against their joint promissory note—upon receiving the consent of not fewer than six members of the Federal Reserve Board—and it permits any individual bank, with \$500,000 capital or less, under similar circumstances, to borrow against its promissory note for a period of not more than one year after the passage of the act. The notes in each case must be secured by satisfactory collateral, which presumably will include long-term obligations, but no loans of this sort are to be made unless the banks concerned have no further ordinarily "eligible" paper available; and all such loans are to bear an interest rate at least 1 per cent higher than the

prevailing rediscount rate. Finally, at any time within the twelve months' period, should the Federal Reserve Board deem it in the public interest, it may, upon a majority vote, authorize the Federal Reserve banks to issue currency against the collateral of direct United States Government obligations.

In speculating upon the probable effect of the measure it is necessary to distinguish between the more liberal borrowing provisions and the new currency provisions. To permit banks to borrow against their promissory notes is a sound emergency measure, particularly when it is safeguarded by penalty rates. The chief criticism to be made of it in its present form is that it does not go far enough to be as effective as it might be. There is no sound reason why the privilege should be limited to banks with less than \$500,000 capital, as an amendment, inserted after the original bill was published, provides. The purpose of the measure is not to help this or that particular little deserving bank, but general confidence, and this purpose can be achieved even more by providing help for large banks than for small ones. Another pointless restriction—inspired mainly by political prejudices—is that prohibiting foreign obligations to serve as part of the collateral against any of these emergency loans.

The currency provisions are more questionable. The main object in a time of crisis is to keep banks liquid; and when increased currency is permitted, it should not be for its own sake, but merely to achieve the end of bank liquidity. Any currency issued as a result of borrowing by the member banks, and secured by sound assets, is a good currency; and in a time of crisis these assets may justifiably be less liquid than in ordinary times. But the issuance of Federal Reserve notes against government obligations can easily be subjected to abuses; the Federal Reserve banks can and do buy government obligations in the open market on their own initiative, and if they should deliberately pursue a cheap-money policy, as they have in the past, they might issue such currency unwisely. The provision, nevertheless, may be useful as a weapon against any foreign government or bank that might suddenly begin withdrawing gold from our market. In that case the Federal Reserve Board could prevent a restriction of credit by authorizing the government-bond-secured currency to take the place of the gold withdrawn.

In sum, the measure will permit a greater expansion of the Federal Reserve currency than could otherwise take place, to meet the extraordinary demand caused by bank failures and hoarding; it will make the position of the member banks in the Federal Reserve system potentially more liquid, so that they will be somewhat more free to extend credit against sound assets than they have been. But two apparently widespread illusions ought to be dispelled. The new measure may reduce the number of bank failures, but it will not, as some sanguine supporters have asserted, put a stop to them; and unless it is very gravely abused it will not "raise prices" through "inflation." It will supplement the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, but it will be of no direct aid to non-member banks, in which by far the greater number of failures has occurred. x

Open War in China

A STATE of war exists in Shanghai and the lower Yangtze valley. This can no longer be disputed by those experts on international law who are forever splitting hairs over the definition of war. The Japanese invasion of Shanghai has gone beyond mere "protection of the lives and property of Japanese nationals"; it has gone beyond that form of "reprisal" which international law allows stronger Powers to take against weaker nations whenever the spirit moves them. That the fighting in the Shanghai area actually constitutes war, despite the absence of formal declarations, is openly recognized by the special committee of the League of Nations which has been inquiring into the Shanghai situation. It is, moreover, tacitly acknowledged by the Japanese themselves, and by the other Powers. The United States went to war with Germany on the strength of a Congressional resolution which, strictly speaking, was not a formal declaration of war, but simply a declaration that a state of war with Germany existed. The Russo-Japanese war in 1904 was also begun with a surprise attack by the Japanese without a formal declaration.

Notwithstanding their public utterances the Japanese are not deceiving themselves as to the actual meaning of their activities at Shanghai. They intend to carry their operation in the Yangtze valley through to successful conclusion. To this end they are massing a formidable army in China. This force is not limited to the ten or twenty thousand men which Tokio has at various times hinted it might send to Shanghai, only to deny later that it was considering dispatching any reinforcements. But now, according to foreign military observers on the scene, the Japanese have actually landed 35,000 men, and there is no telling how many more may be on the way. It is recalled that when the Allied Powers intervened in Siberia in 1918, it was agreed that Japan should send in 10,000 of its troops and no more. Some months later Tokio asked permission to increase its quota to 12,000. This aroused the suspicion of Major General William S. Graves, the American commander, who investigated and found that there were not 10,000, nor even 12,000, Japanese soldiers stationed in Siberia, but 72,000.

As a matter of diplomatic technique it probably would be unwise for the other foreign Powers openly to announce that they consider a state of war to exist in Shanghai. They are nevertheless proceeding on that assumption and are insisting upon full observance of their rights as neutrals. What action they will take now that the Japanese have violated those rights remains to be seen. The International Settlement is to all intents and purposes foreign territory under the protection of certain Powers. Thus it is neutral territory. The representatives of the Powers and the authorities of the Settlement have announced that they mean to defend the area against invasion, and that they also intend to prevent its being used by the Japanese as a base of operations against the Chinese, for such use would be tantamount to a breach of the Settlement's neutrality. To this the Japanese agreed only a week ago, definitely promising the British Consul General, J. F. Brennan, that they would land no more

troops in the Settlement. Nevertheless, this promise, solemnly given, was deliberately broken when the latest reinforcements arrived from Japan.

Throughout the action in the Shanghai district the Japanese have time and again ignored their promises and have upon several occasions disregarded the rights of other Powers. The League committee that has been studying the Shanghai question found that while it is still not clear which side started the fighting, "the offensive is entirely in the hands of the Japanese." The committee added that soon after the fighting began the Japanese initiated a reign of terror. But it should not be difficult to determine the aggressor in this affair. It was the Japanese who sent a naval force to Shanghai—a provocative act, if not legally an act of aggression—and it is the Japanese who are now sending an army into China, and who are, according to the League's investigators, carrying on offensive warfare. We certainly do not want this war continued; we want it stopped at once; but we nevertheless must recognize that a state of war exists, and that Japan began that war. Frank acknowledgment of that fact at Geneva and elsewhere would do much to clear the air and make the Japanese realize the seriousness of their position. Not even they could be foolhardy enough to brave the firmly and frankly expressed censure of the whole rest of the world.

Who Wants to Disarm?

AT Geneva are gathered the representatives of virtually all the nations of the world. They have come together for the avowed purpose of working out a program for reducing national armaments. It is clear that the peoples of all countries want actual, sincere disarmament. It is not so clear that their representatives in Geneva have any such desire. True, they say that they want to reduce armaments, and they know that their people want this done, but no delegation except that of Soviet Russia has yet offered a concrete suggestion that would help bring this about. The hypocritical proposals of France we have already discussed. France has been denounced ever since the war as a militaristic country. The French now wish to get out from under this censure, not by reducing armaments, but by sharing with the rest of the world the responsibility for maintaining a huge war machine. The British, taking issue with the French on the question of a League of Nations army, have nothing practical to offer in its place. Sir John Simon, the British Foreign Secretary, wants to discuss the entire question on the basis of the draft convention which several preliminary conferences labored over and never got completed. He would support "the establishment of a permanent disarmament commission," abolish gas and chemical warfare, and "press for the abolition of submarines." The Soviet delegation has reiterated its plea for complete abolition of all arms and armies, but if any other delegation is planning to support this proposal, the fact has not yet been made public.

Germany, of course, is in no position to lay down the law to the other Powers, to say that this or that plan will lead to actual disarmament. But the Germans have public law and, if there is such a thing, international morality on

their side. The Allied and Associated Powers at Versailles twice promised Germany, once in a note to the German delegation and later in the League Covenant, that its own involuntary disarmament would be followed by a reduction of the military forces of other countries. Chancellor Brüning has now called upon the world to redeem this pledge. He told the Geneva conference that Germany wants "a general disarmament which would be put into effect for all nations according to the same principles and which would create an equal measure of security for all peoples." But beyond this generality the German Chancellor has had nothing specific to offer.

Ambassador Gibson, acting chairman of the American delegation, presented what was, next to the French proposal, the most definite and detailed program the disarmament conference has yet heard. The American program has nine points. It supports the British thesis that we already have sufficient peace machinery and that this machinery should now be made secure by reducing armaments. It denies the contention of André Tardieu and the French that world peace must first "be organized." But examined closely, what is there of real value in the American program? Nothing whatever. The first point suggests the willingness of the American delegation to discuss disarmament. The second expresses the hope that France and Italy will forget their differences and accept the London naval treaty. The third recommends indefinite further cuts in naval forces, if France and Italy can come to an agreement. The fourth, fifth, sixth, and eighth points would abolish submarines, protect civilians from aerial bombardments, abolish gas and bacteriological warfare, and place special restrictions on tanks and heavy mobile guns. The seventh, referring to something called "the computation of the number of armed forces on the basis of the effectives necessary for the maintenance of internal order plus some suitable contingent for defense," is unintelligible. The ninth point merely presents another excuse for postponing acceptance of budgetary limitation of armaments.

Where in this whole detailed program is there to be found the slightest hope of real disarmament? Naturally, great naval Powers like the United States and England want to abolish submarines, which are the only defense small countries have against the big fleets of their more fortunate neighbors. And how are civilians to be protected from aerial bombardments? Unhappily, Mr. Gibson does not say. Nor does he mention the fact that the United States has already signed two treaties looking toward the abolition of gas and chemical warfare, neither of which has been ratified by the Senate, though both have been before that body for from seven to ten years. In short, the American program, as the *New York World-Telegram* has pointed out, is "only another plan to make war pretty, which can't be done."

Starting with nothing, the Geneva conference will now proceed to discuss this nothing for several months. What it will wind up with cannot be foretold. Why has not some delegation besides the Soviet group, which will not be taken seriously, mustered up courage enough to come forward with a plan to slash all armaments 25 per cent, or 50 per cent, or to abolish them entirely? The question remains, Do the people gathered at Geneva today really want disarmament?

Mass Production

EDGAR WALLACE has just died of pneumonia in Hollywood. The news is news to far more people than would note the passing of almost any other contemporary author, and as one reads the obituary notices in the *New York Times* one is struck by the fact that the story of his life is interesting in much the same way as is one of his innumerable novels or plays. It is, to be sure, almost as improbable, but—and this is even more important—its values lie so close to the surface that there is nothing to say about them. Critics were not inclined to talk about his books because it is not necessary to explain why injured innocence or wily crime is exciting, and it would be the most gratuitous sort of lily-painting to attempt to point out the picturesqueness of his career for the simple and similar reason that it includes almost everything which could appeal to the popular imagination.

He was, to begin with, not only poor and an orphan but actually a waif, and when at the age of nine days he got himself adopted, he was careful to choose as foster-father a man who followed that most notorious of humble callings, fishmonging. Of course he sold papers; of course he enlisted for the Boer War; and then, by one of those sudden transitions which biographers never explain because only the inexplicable element of outstanding talent can account for them, he next appears earning \$3,000 a year as a war correspondent. About twenty years ago he gave up active newspaper work for what another would have called "leisure to write," and became the most popular as well as the most prolific author of detective stories. He is said to have worked from twelve to twenty-one hours a day, and with the aid of a dictaphone he composed some 140 novels, besides innumerable plays and more newspaper articles than he could remember.

The legend of his prolificness pleased the popular imagination, but here again it was apparently impossible for the fiction to surpass the fact. He once did a 36,000-word article in a day, two plays in four days each, and on another occasion, which even he regarded as somewhat unusual, he found twenty-four hours sufficient in which to write two short stories and a racing article, attend a full rehearsal of a play, and make a speech at lunch. In three years he wrote twenty plays, six of which were enjoying successful runs at the same time in London; and another year's industry produced twenty books, eight plays, three hundred columns of theatrical criticism, three hundred columns of racing news, thirty magazine articles, and a few "odds and ends."

Apparently Wallace was amiable, modest, and unpretentious, but there is no use in attributing to him qualities which he did not possess, or of assuming that because King George admired his work it had any merits beyond fluency and a kind of gusto which routine did not seem to destroy. The very fact that he could turn out so much which was up to the required standard is enough to prove that the standard was not very high, and it would not be unjust to apply to him one of Dr. Johnson's most famous remarks. A tree, he said, might produce nothing but crabs; but if it produced a great many of them, then it was a very good crab tree.

If the Soviet Should Fall

By LOUIS FISCHER

Berlin, January 10

THE Soviet Union is making uninterrupted economic progress. The rate of its industrial construction, I believe, was unequaled either in the United States during the great expansion westward or by England during its industrial revolution. But both America and Britain have built quickly and well at various stages of their development. So have Germany and Japan. There have been times when these countries, like Russia today, had no unemployment. Rapid industrial growth is not peculiar to a Socialist state.

The Five-Year Plan, to be sure, has demonstrated that communism is capable of construction as well as destruction. Moreover, time is a decisive factor in all human events, and the fact that the period of tremendous Soviet economic up-building coincides with years of crisis, financial collapse, universal unemployment, and mass psychological depression in bourgeois states throws Russia's achievements into sharp relief. Before the Soviet Government can be credited with any unique distinction, it is necessary, however, to show that the idea and execution of the Five-Year Plan differ basically and qualitatively from industrialization processes which have preceded it in capitalist countries.

In the youth of capitalist countries—as in their adult life of course—individualism ran amuck. Victory was to the strong. The early history of many great American trusts is a record of crimes illustrated with the tombstones of those who fell that a few might succeed. This initial period has put its stamp on the national psychology. The powers that be in the economic world glory in individualism because it was the ladder by which they climbed to success. By that token, individualism is a weapon for the suppression of the weak.

Russia is being built up by collective effort, and human nature is shaping itself to conform to this concrete, irresistible circumstance. In its pioneering stage, when the character of its people is being molded, the political and economic system of the U. S. S. R. sternly represses any tendencies toward personal enrichment and property ownership. The men who find highest praise in Soviet society are those who do least for themselves and most for the masses. A generation is growing up which sets no store by individual wealth and even regards possessions as "bourgeois." Bolshevism permits of savings, of bond investments, of interest payments. One Russian may be richer than another. Money, however, can bring comfort or luxury in Soviet Russia, but never power. No citizen can use his funds to build factories or houses. The wealth of the individual, in other words, is not capital. (It is only an article of consumption.)

Some time ago in Moscow I attended a conference of the managers of all the gigantic construction projects which the Soviet Government had undertaken in accordance with the Five-Year Plan. The director of Magnitogorsk was there, the biggest steel town in the world; of Dnieperstroï, the biggest dam in the world; of the Nizhni Novgorod automobile works, and so on. After the proceedings they came

up to introduce themselves to me. The Russian introduces himself by stating his name. But these directors, instead of extending their hands and saying "Dybets," or "Ivanov," or "Sidorov," said "Autostroi," "Dnieperstroï," "Magnitogorsk." They had merged and identified themselves with their jobs.

Does the collectivist, unindividualistic method of sovietism slacken the rate of economic progress? Are incentive and initiative eliminated? Stalin's compensation, of course, is not the salary of 300 rubles which he receives monthly. Nor do most prominent and rank-and-file Communists work endless hours for the miserable wage they earn. They are impelled to self-sacrifice and an enormous expenditure of energy by the will to succeed of the whole movement, by faith in the wisdom and advantages of their policies, and by the satisfaction of participating in the fulfilment of a life's ideal. In varying degree this same spirit filters down into millions of workers, but for the proletariat and the peasantry, as well as for the bulk of non-party government officials, the first incentive is financial reward. Yet over and beyond this, a social motive enters into play. An author in any country may write with an eye on royalties and fees. Nevertheless, public praise is an important element in his "pay." Applause does not increase the size of a musician's check, but it makes him happier. He plays more eagerly under the audience's approval. In this sense every laborer in Russia is in a position parallel to that of the artist. The nation owns the factories. The nation acclaims the most successful factory and the most efficient workers in each factory. Soviet newspapers follow the construction of a plant or the progress of an industry with the same richness of detail which foreign dailies devote to love tragedies and murder stories. The worker is in the limelight. He basks in it and reacts to it. The interest in his activities and welfare creates an enthusiasm that accelerates the pace of progress. It is all part of the collective spirit which sharply distinguishes the Soviet system.

Planning is another distinguishing and anti-individualist characteristic of Bolshevik economy. When bourgeois economists speak of applying a plan to capitalism they are, in fact, proposing a marriage between collectivism and individualism. They wish to add elephants and fountain pens. They want to graft oranges on to onions. Individualism and collectivism belong to unrelated species.

The plan makes Soviet socialism organically different from world capitalism. It is not only that planned economy enjoys obvious and now generally recognized advantages over the anarchy and waste of capitalist production, but that the organization and control of industry in the U. S. S. R. are altogether unlike that in other states. First, there is state ownership and management. (Then there is workers' participation in the direction of industry.) The class in a capitalist economy which earns without working—in contradistinction to the class which works without earning very much—has been eliminated. Competition does not wholly disappear. One trust strives to outbid another for available freight facilities, labor, and credits. A certain amount of

rivalry remains. (Though the manager of one Soviet corporation does not earn a penny more if he increases output or shows a better profit, he tries hard to outwit his neighbor and put in the biggest possible stock of equipment and raw material. The plan, moreover, breaks down in places. Infallibility is not assumed, and numerous elements defy control or anticipation. These circumstances notwithstanding, planning does reduce waste and overlapping to a minimum, and wipes out direct losses due, for instance, to overproduction—in other words, to badly organized consumption.

It is often submitted that Stalin has adopted capitalist methods in industry. Is not the insistence that each trust or factory pay its own way a concession to capitalism? Unless a plant can prove that it has orders, it can no longer receive credits from the State Bank. Industries are now permitted to retain a greater share of their profits for reinvestment or for improvement in the living conditions of their workers. This, too, has been called a reversion to capitalism.

Now it is perfectly true that the Soviet Government applies many of the methods of private capitalism. It maintains large factories, for instance. It pays wages. It makes bread by baking dough, electricity by harnessing water power. It produces and sells goods for money. A tractor manufactured by Henry Ford may be an exact copy of one produced in Stalingrad. Yet the Detroit plant is private property and the factory on the Volga state property. The American tractor is usually sold to a private farmer; the Soviet tractor to a collective. With Ford, labor is a commodity like steel and glass. He buys it on the market. In the U. S. S. R., the worker is the hub of the universe. His interests come first.

Wool travels the same road from the sheep's back to the clothing store, whether it be in Moscow or Berlin or New York. The manufacturing processes coincide. The difference is in the formula that Socialist industry does not produce for profit. In Berlin and New York the clothing merchant asks himself how much he can get for a suit. In Moscow the cooperative or state store asks itself how little it can afford to take. I do not mean to indicate that prices are always lower in Russia than in America and Europe. For the moment, the U. S. S. R. is a technically backward country, and costs are excessive. But the Bolshevik principle of price determination is diametrically opposed to that which dominates in bourgeois lands. Similarly, wages are fixed as high as the state can pay and not as low as the workers will accept. Man was not made for industry, but industry for man. In a society which is anti-individualist, the individual may in the end gather richer fruits than under a system vociferously individualistic.

It has been said that "Stalinism" represents a compromise with capitalism. Actually, however, Soviet internal policy has never been as radical as it is today. Since 1929, since the emergence of what has been styled "Stalinism," a vigorous, uninterrupted, and loudly heralded campaign has been in progress to eradicate the last weak roots of private capitalism both in the Soviet city and the Soviet village. What remains is not viable. Moreover, there is no road back to capitalism. Zigzags to the right and left are possible. But no sharp deviation from the anti-capitalism of the Bolsheviks is conceivable in Russia—unless the Soviet Government is overthrown—and prophets of that eventuality have been very silent of late. The younger generation in the U. S. S. R. did not know capitalism but it hates it never-

theless. Certain obvious fruits of bolshevism will not readily be surrendered. Apart, however, from the social opposition to capitalism, objective facts and physical institutions would make the reestablishment of capitalism in Russia impossible or at least a costly adventure.

The fall of the Soviet regime is theoretically possible, but the rapid development of Socialist economic features makes it increasingly difficult to substitute other—capitalist—forms for those which exist today. Agrarian collectives are the outstanding example. If the Soviets had been driven from power prior to collectivization, capitalism might have stepped into their shoes in the villages without modifying the organization of production or the outward shell of economic life. (But 100,000 tractors are 100,000 obstructions to a new regime.) If the collectives fall apart under a new capitalistic state, who will own the tractors, the thousands of combines, the other large agricultural machines? Few Russian peasants are rich enough to own them individually. Some form of collectivism must remain. Yet a capitalist order would seek to destroy collectivism and, *ipso facto*, mechanization. If it succeeded in overcoming the communal organization of villages, agriculture would take a tremendous step backward to pre-war primitiveness. The giant government farms where the peasants are merely employees of the farmer-state constitute an even greater obstacle to non-Soviet methods of agrarian cultivation, for here the basis of work is mass production of grain, directed from central headquarters, under conditions of 100 per cent mechanization. If private initiative took over an ordinary state farm, the farm would be divided into perhaps 5,000 individual holdings. Then 5,000 private homes would be needed, 5,000 plows, 5,000 barns—and again the question would arise of the ownership and use of the mechanical equipment. The farther collectivization progresses, the greater the purely physical obstacles to discarding the economic features of bolshevism on the land.

In the city the collapse of the Soviets would be tantamount to industrial ruin. All Soviet factories, railroads, mines, oil fields, hydroelectric power stations, forests, newspapers, publishing houses, dwellings, stores, theaters, baths are owned by the state or by semi-state cooperatives. Suppose this state disappeared. There are no capitalists in Russia to take over all these economic institutions. Not only is there no private capital of any dimensions; there are no private capitalists. The presumption, then, is that the new capitalist regime would assume control of industry, transport, distribution, and entertainment—but it could do so only temporarily. Its individualistic, capitalistic nature would protest against government ownership and government management. Who would buy the industrial plants? Only foreigners would be in a financial position to do so. Russia would become a colony of the rest of the world. But the world bourgeoisie, suffering now from overproduction and interested at all times in new markets, must object to Russian industrialization. It would prefer to have Russia buy machines from Europe and America. The overthrow of bolshevism in the U. S. S. R., accordingly, would stop the country's economic growth. More, it would inevitably mean industrial and agrarian retrogression. It may very well be that a nation which has lived for even a limited period under socialism cannot return to capitalism any more than England or America could become a feudal state without inviting economic disaster.

Is France Backing Japan?

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, February 2

THE French reactions to the Japanese attack on Shanghai are very significant. During the session of the Council of the League of Nations in Paris in November and December most of those that closely followed the proceedings of the Council had a strong suspicion that there was a secret understanding between France and Japan. It was the hypothesis that best fitted the facts and best explained Briand's conduct. No doubt the thick-and-thin support given to Japan by the overwhelming majority of the French papers had the explanation usual in such cases in France. It must have cost the Japanese Government a lot of money. But the semi-official press could not have gone so far as it did in defending the action of Japan in Manchuria without the consent of the French Government. Most significant of all was the attitude of the papers immediately under Briand's influence. Some of them began by severely censuring Japan and demanding strong action by the League Council, but after a very short time they suddenly shut down and said nothing. And when the Council capitulated to Japan on every point and produced a resolution that was a monument of hypocrisy, those papers sang in chorus a hymn of praise to Aristide Briand, who had prevented war in Asia. Yet there was not a single person in Paris, either on the Council of the League or outside it, who did not know perfectly well that when the Council authorized the Japanese to continue military operations to repress "bandits," it was giving Japan a free hand in Manchuria and, ultimately, in China as a whole. It is a pity that the Government of the United States acquiesced in the attempt to humbug the opinion of the world.

Now that the capitulation of the League Council has had the consequences that it was bound to have and that some of us foretold, the attitude of the French press confirms the suspicion that there is a secret Franco-Japanese understanding. The *Temps*, organ of the Quai d'Orsay and the Comité des Forges, has not had a word of blame for the bombardment of an undefended town without a declaration of war and the massacre of hundreds or thousands of its innocent inhabitants. On the contrary the *Temps* declares that Japan is acting "within the strictly defined limits of the treaties and international agreements." When it was inaccurately reported that China had declared war on Japan, the *Temps* said that, if it were true, China had put herself entirely in the wrong, had designated herself as the "aggressor," and had violated the Kellogg Pact, which, it seems, is not violated by the attacks on Shanghai and Nanking. "Pertinax" has shown his contempt for the intelligence of the readers of the *Echo de Paris* by asserting that Japan has been goaded into taking extreme measures by the "provocations" of the League of Nations! The *Temps*, by the way, at first called on the League Council to refuse to act on the Chinese demand for the application of Articles 10 and 15 of the League Covenant, although such a refusal would have been itself a violation of the Covenant, as even Paul-Boncour was obliged to point out to the Japanese on the Council.

The theory of the French Government as expounded by its tied press is that Article 16 of the Covenant, concerning sanctions, cannot be applied because a state of war does not exist. Thus we have it laid down that a member of the League of Nations may make war with impunity so long as it does not formally declare it. And the nation attacked must not declare war to enable the Council to act on Article 16, for by so doing it would become the "aggressor." It is just to say that this theory was propounded during the session of the League Council in Paris by Sir John Simon, the British Foreign Minister, whose skilful interpretations of the Covenant reduced that document to a "scrap of paper." Among other things Simon held that the Council was powerless to declare one of its own members to be the "aggressor" under Article 10 without the consent of the member in question. Thus the article that Wilson described as "the heart of the Covenant" becomes inoperative in any dispute between Powers represented on the Council. If the governments of the great Powers of Europe had desired to destroy the League of Nations they could not have acted otherwise.

Most significant of all, perhaps, is the attitude of some of the "Briandist" papers here. The *Volonté* has hinted that Briand's "European Union" is much to be preferred to the League of Nations. This throws light on the real motives of Briand's proposal. Herriot, in an article in the *Ere Nouvelle*, has suggested that France has been too scrupulous in fulfilling her international obligations, while other nations neglect them, and that the time has come for her to pursue a "national" policy. It seems to most outsiders that that is what she has been doing for the last thirteen years. The *Ere Nouvelle* has followed Herriot's line in a leader, on the excuse that England and the United States have reduced the League of Nations to impotence. As for the *République*, which has hitherto been looked upon as an organ of the left-wing Radicals, it throws to the winds French obligations under the Covenant—which, be it remembered, is part of the Treaty of Versailles—declares that France has no interest in the Sino-Japanese conflict provided that the safety of Indo-China is secured, and that, as America will no doubt be much occupied in Asia, now is the time to blackmail the Government of the United States to obtain the cancellation of the war debts. It is just to say that the *Œuvre*, which has hitherto been silent about the Shanghai affair, has a leader this morning insisting on the suicidal folly of holding aloof and pointing out that the whole problem of the Pacific is involved. This increases the number of Parisian papers that have protested against the action of Japan to six, the others being the *Populaire* and the *Soir* (Socialist), the *Humanité* (Communist), the *Peuple* (trade unionist), and a Conservative nationalist paper, the *Journal des Débats*.

The view of the man in the street seems to be that a war between China and Japan would be good for business, as France could supply both belligerents with war material and other supplies. There are, however, signs that the very full and objective accounts of Japanese savagery at Shanghai telegraphed to the Parisian newspapers are having an effect

on public opinion and causing an anti-Japanese reaction.

The French official attitude as reflected in the press seems to me incomprehensible and, indeed, almost insane except on the hypothesis of a Franco-Japanese understanding. Apart from the danger of Japanese militarism to the French Asiatic colonies and to French prestige in Asia—for of what value are any guaranties that Japan may have given in regard to Indo-China?—by their attitude in this matter the French are undermining their whole thesis of guaranties of “security.” They are going to say at the disarmament conference that they will consent to no reduction of armaments without an organized system of mutual guaranties and a strengthening of “sanctions,” either by a revival of the Geneva Protocol of 1924 or by drastic amendment of Articles 15 and 16 of the League Covenant, or both. Of what use will further “sanctions” be if, as in the present case, the great Powers have not the courage to apply those that already exist or even to go to the length of breaking off diplomatic relations with an “aggressor”? How dangerous a precedent has been set by the theories that war is not war until it is formally declared and that the League Council can take no effective action against one of its own members! Have the French reflected on the possible applications of these theories to Europe? They are a direct encouragement to the Hitlerites, if ever they come into power in Germany and have the necessary military strength (as is doubtful), to walk into the Polish Corridor without declaring war. And if the Hitlerites did this, it is doubtful whether France could invade Germany to go to the aid of Poland without violating the Treaty of Locarno.

Without the hypothesis of a Franco-Japanese understanding, the French attitude is, as I have said, incomprehensible. But what would be the motive from the French point of view of such an understanding? It has been suggested that the consideration is Japanese support for French policy at the disarmament conference, but that seems to me insufficient. Japan would in any case have refused to reduce her armaments. The Japanese Government declares them to be already inadequate and claims the right to increase them.

It is much more probable that France wishes China to come under Japanese domination so as to exclude the influence of Russia. And if the Japanese enterprise led, as it almost certainly would if allowed to go on, to war between Japan and Russia and the consequent interruption of the Five-Year Plan, that would not perhaps be profoundly regretted in Paris. Briand’s “European Union” scheme was in its intention anti-Russian and no doubt also anti-American. Briand fought hard to keep Russia out of it and yielded only when he was obliged to yield. Another scheme, closely connected with that of Briand and strongly supported in France—Count Coudenhove-Kalergi’s “Pan-Europe”—was quite definitely aimed, in the intention of its author, against Russia on the one hand and England and America on the other. Count Coudenhove-Kalergi has recently published a pamphlet with the title “Stalin & Co.,” which leaves no doubt about his aims. He calls on all the other European countries and on all Europeans, whether Socialists or capitalists, nationalists or internationalists, democrats or fascists, to unite against Soviet Russia. They are to suppress the Communist Party and all Communist propaganda in every country, to organize a joint economic boycott of Russia, and to form a “Council of European Defense” for the purpose of organizing an “army of the European alliance” to make war on Russia and put an end to bolshevism and the Five-Year Plan. Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, who has been staying in Paris, was received yesterday (February 1) by M. Roustan, Minister of Public Instruction, in the company of the Rumanian ex-Minister, John Petrovici. One would have thought that he would have gone to the Ministry of War—perhaps he did.

It is also probable that, as the *République* hinted in the article already mentioned, official France would see without regret complications between Japan and the United States. In any case it is clear that, whether there is a formal understanding or not, France is backing Japan. As I write comes the news of the announcement at the Council meeting at Geneva this afternoon of the joint intervention of America and England to stop hostilities. May it be the beginning of a wiser policy!

The Workers Demand—

By FELIX MORROW

FEBRUARY 4 was National Unemployment Insurance Day. In a hundred cities and towns there were organized demonstrations against the starvation decrees of government and employing class. All-day rains in New York and Philadelphia, blizzards in Boston, Chicago, and Detroit, and snow in the Middle West cut into the size of the demonstrations, but they were impressive enough. The *New York Times* said: “Veteran police officials who have handled many such demonstrations commented that yesterday’s seemed better organized and more vociferous than previous rallies. They expected that the rain would cut the demonstration down considerably and were astonished at the large numbers who marched in it for hours.” There were the usual police clubbings and arrests, particularly in Pittsburgh, Newcastle, Philadelphia, and McKeesport, an old strike town, where 10,000 townfolk battled against the

police. In Minneapolis the Farmer-Labor mayor smashed the demonstration. The most significant fact about the demonstrations was the spread of the unemployed movement to the smaller cities and towns, particularly in the South and the far West.

The nation-wide demonstrations and the earlier National Hunger March to Washington, not to speak of more than a score of State and city marches and demonstrations, were organized by the National Committee of Unemployed Councils and supported by the Communist Party, which also initiated the organization of the Unemployed Councils. But the unemployed movement is not a Communist movement, though led by Communists. It is designed to be a broad united-front organization, based on the central issue of unemployment insurance—an issue with revolutionary implications, it is true, for victory will require the building of a

powerful mass movement for a terrific struggle, and fulfilment of its demands will require fundamental concessions from capitalism; but an issue, nevertheless, for which non-Communists will fight. To the Unemployed Councils are rallying Simon-pure trade unionists as well as class-conscious radicals, the aristocracy of labor as well as the lowest stratum of marginal laborers; and, for the first time in America, a militant working-class demand is meeting with the sympathy of the intellectual and lower middle classes.

Committees affiliated with the Unemployed Councils fight for acceptance of its program in trade unions, fraternal organizations, workers' clubs. But the main work of the councils is to gain the support of employed and unemployed by leading them in struggles for even more immediate needs. Committees are organized in flophouses and bread lines to fight for better food and treatment. Housewives' committees uncover the worst cases of destitution, and demonstrations are staged before local charity agencies to force them to act. This part of the work has been so efficient that some relief agencies, among them the New York Home Relief bureaus, have offered to give preference to cases sent by the Unemployed Councils. I have seen a letter from the local Home Relief Bureau to the lower Harlem Unemployed Council to this effect; the letter assumed, with typical bureaucratic stupidity, that the council was a closed craft union catering to its own membership.

Free hot meals and shoes for poor school children are demanded from the local school authorities, and are being granted; though usually, as in New York, at the expense of the school teachers, who are levied on for this purpose. Evictions for non-payment of rent are fought by returning the furniture to the vacated rooms and then banding the other tenants together to strike if the landlord persists in evicting the destitute tenant. (On the face of it, this method may not seem very effective, but it has worked beautifully in Detroit, Chicago, and New York.) Perhaps the most promising activity of the Unemployed Councils is to organize and conduct rent strikes. The recent newspaper reports of successful rent strikes only presage a widespread use of this weapon.

How large the mass movement led by the Unemployed Councils promises to be may be realized if one considers that unemployment benefits are as vitally necessary to the employed as to the unemployed. The army of the destitute is a menace to the living standards of the employed. The A. F. of L. locals and central bodies who have repudiated the stand against unemployment insurance of the Vancouver convention have not suddenly turned radical. The nineteen New York locals which on January 27 declared for the insurance demands and for participation in the unemployment demonstrations are probably the same bona fide trade unionists that they were before the depression. But today trade unionism itself is at stake.

The radical trade unions of the Trade Union Unity League are less hurt by strike-breaking, since their strike demands are always tied up with the demands of the unemployed—relief, insurance, no overtime, seven-hour day, and five-day week to provide work for the unemployed. In radical strikes large numbers of unemployed are always to be found on the picket lines. But even the Trade Union Unity League cannot prevent starving men from strike-breaking. The conservative unions are infinitely worse off.

The old business unionism has no basis on which to appeal for cooperation from the unemployed. It is for this reason, not to speak of the pressure of the one-third of their members that are unemployed, that some of the most reactionary sections of labor, such as the typographical workers of New York, have supported the unemployment-insurance bill. How strongly many conservative workers feel about it was evidenced during the hunger march, when in many towns they fought off the suppressive measures of the police.

But it is not only the whole working class of America which needs the bill. The lower middle classes, those who make their living directly from the workers—small shopkeepers, small landlords—are discovering that it is also necessary for their welfare. The swift contraction of the living standards of the working class has ruined many shopkeepers and landlords and will ruin many more. Workers simply do not buy, not even foodstuffs. Nor, to an amazing extent, are they paying rent; and the policy of local officials of discouraging evictions for non-payment of rent, plus the activities of the Unemployed Councils in fighting evictions and calling rent strikes, is driving many landlords to the wall. Their only hope lies in the workers receiving unemployment benefits.

There is another class which, I think, is being drawn into the fight for insurance, and this class, though small, is highly vocal. A large part of the professional class—doctors, dentists, pharmacists, lawyers, musicians—is badly hit by the contraction of working-class standards. But they, it is too often forgotten, have other reasons, besides those immediately economic, for hating capitalism and supporting the working class. In a world where conspicuous consumption is the ruling-class standard, the professional class is the lackey of ignoramuses; the learned professions and the arts seem particularly irrelevant when a large part of the population suffers poverty and starvation. With a kind of bitter reluctance men like Edmund Wilson are showing the way to their generation. The larger part of the professional class is not likely to go Communist, but it may be depended upon to support the establishment, through unemployment benefits, of a minimum standard of living.

The unemployment-benefit program of the Unemployed Councils differs from other suggested plans in many ways. European systems of unemployment insurance have shown that institution of insurance by industries has meant the barring from benefits of large sections of the working class—agricultural laborers, fishery workers, those employed in many seasonal industries, railroad workers in England, and so on. Consequently the plan of the Unemployed Councils is designed to apply to all wage-earners without exception. The plan must also be on a national basis, for to stop at State lines would mean, for instance, that Michigan would be unable to levy on New York and Chicago capitalists who have waxed fat over many years on Detroit automobile workers. It is also demanded that the government and the employing class together shoulder the costs of unemployment benefits; for to elicit contributions from workers means to cut down the actual unemployment benefits, to pass on a large part of the burden to the skimpy wages of those still employed, and to bar from the benefits those young people who have been unable to begin working. The system of benefits is also to be under the control of workers' committees, a demand given point by recent happenings in Eng-

land. As in Tammany's distribution of relief jobs, the English bureaucracy put on the lists many who did not need the dole, and workers ignorant of their rights or awed by the machinery of appeal were dropped. After which, in the drive to contract the insurance fund, the unworthy cases were used as a front to cover up the merciless slashing from the list of thousands of deserving workers.

The demand of the Unemployed Councils for insurance at full wages is the one most likely to seem unreasonable. It does seem a great deal if one thinks only of the small aristocracy of labor. It must be remembered, however, that the average wage of the mass of workers—33,000,000 of them—even during the halcyon years before the depression, was less than \$25 weekly. Compare this sum with the minimum annual family budget prepared by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, computed for 1930,

which would require at the lowest \$2,024 in Schenectady and \$2,468 in San Francisco. On these figures it is a mystery how most American families manage to live at all. Even the Charity Organization Society of New York recently computed that \$25 weekly is the minimum required to maintain in health and decency *dependent families*. Add to this that no thinking person believes any longer that unemployment is a temporary phenomenon. Even in the most favorable year of 1927 over two million persons were unemployed. It is undeniable that the dynamics of American economics is slowing up. A considerable percentage of the ten to twelve million persons at present unemployed will perhaps never again find work. A whole generation must be kept alive. On the evidence of these facts the demand for unemployment insurance at full wages is the minimum basis for a self-respecting working-class movement.

Court Reform—A Job for Laymen

By I. MAURICE WORMSER

THE various highly touted law-reform movements, led by judges and lawyers, which have been descending "from Dan to Beersheba" in the last few years, reached the nethermost suburbs of the latter place the other day when a former bar-association president admitted: "Our courts as at present constituted are entirely inadequate to cope with modern conditions—they function and operate through legal machinery which was outmoded and obsolete many years ago"; and when an appellate justice warned a federation of lawyers' associations that "unless something were done about the administration of justice the public would revolt."

Apart from the moderation of their language, it cannot honestly be denied that there has been an increasing sense of disgust among business people with the juridical process; that the delays are shocking; that the scandals are unsavory; that the various and abundant technicalities and red tape result frequently in a complete denial of justice; that there has been no really substantial improvement in court procedure, in New York at least, in over a generation; that the community feels that our legal machinery is out of step with the needs of twentieth-century developments; and that too often the law itself, instead of being a part of life, is apart from life.

The Merchants' Association of New York stated in December, 1931, that "the calendars of many of our trial courts are so long as to make it impossible in some sections of the State for a case to be reached for trial within a period of from sixteen months to more than two years from the time that the cause is brought to issue." Of course it is usually several weeks before issue is joined. A lawyers' service bureau in New York City reports that it takes about a year and a half to reach a case at jury trial term of the Supreme Court, New York County; three years in Kings County; two years and nine months in Bronx County; and three years in Queens County. That in the City Court, New York County, the delay on the general trial calendar is three years; three years eleven months in Kings County; two years eleven months in Bronx County; and three years

in Queens County. That in the Municipal Court of New York—the poor man's court, where surely, if anywhere, justice should not lag—one jury part in Manhattan is a year and a half in arrears, and another a year and two months. But in Brooklyn the situation is even more serious; there some of the jury parts are as much as two years five months, and two years eight months, in arrears. And in Bronx County, to cap the climax, the jury part in one district is three years six months behind. Such shameful delays are of course a denial of justice.

The second fundamental evil is the lack of an efficient and business-like supervision and control of the administration of justice. There is nothing to prevent a judge from declaring a recess at any time, perhaps for only a day or two, possibly for a week or more, without assigning any reason or being held amenable to any authority. Instances are not lacking of judges who have gone away to summer climes during the busiest weeks of the winter, though they have long summer vacations; and in the meantime, of course, the people must and do pay their large salaries. This is unbusiness-like and uneconomical, to say the least. Courts should run continuously to get cases out of the way. They should be held to render the same degree of efficiency as an up-to-date public-utility corporation. The methods of check-up on diligence, attendance, and output employed by a business executive should be adopted and unflinchingly enforced.

The third grave evil is that too many judges, however honest or learned, suffer from a social astigmatism in regard to procedural reform. Mr. Elihu Root has said: "Everybody knows that the vast network of highly technical rules of evidence and procedure which prevails in this country serves to tangle justice in the name of form. It is a disgrace to our profession. It is a disgrace to our law, and a disgrace to our institutions." To this emphatic language from a conservative source nothing can be added, except to quote from the English humorist, A. P. Herbert, to whose little volume, "Misleading Cases in the Common Law," Lord Hewart, then Chief Justice of England, wrote an introduction. Herbert refers to Chapter 29 of Magna Carta, "To no man

will we sell, to no man deny, to no man delay, justice or right," and appends this comment: "But we in this court are well aware that these undertakings have very little relation to the harsh facts of experience. It is the whole business of the honorable profession of the law to sell, delay, and deny justice—to sell it to those who can afford it, to delay it if the client has money, and deny it if he has not; and many of us wish that we could sell more justice than we do."

Nowadays public criticism of the legal process is assuming a far more serious aspect than in the Pollyanna era. *La crise* is making its reverberations felt on all sides, and the field of the law is no longer immune. The necessity for reform has reached such a high point that nobody can ignore it. The feeling of disrespect for law and the courts seems to be growing steadily.

The bench and bar have had ample opportunity to reform their creaking machinery, anachronistic trial survivals, outdated practice, and general policy of drift. It is amazing that in the year 1931 a committee of lawyers, in referring to the scandalous delays in the lower courts, should merely report that "some plan to expedite the trial of jury cases, and thereby to relieve the congestion due to crowded calendars, is sure to be found." The stock "remedy" of course was advanced—"increasing the number of judges." Can the public be blamed if it feels nausea? Yet our legal Neros continue to fiddle—and even their fiddling isn't done any too well. Every comprehensive plan of law reform has been scuttled or disregarded by the legal fraternity, with the consequence that the man in the street, who is more observant than lawyers think he is, has become justly cynical. He has noted that a "clubby" spirit pervades the lawyers' associations; that they are operated on the line of guilds; that they hold back when they should step forward bravely; and that the bar and bench, altogether complacent with a very few outstanding exceptions, look upon legal reform as involving a "sacrifice."

In England many years ago it came to be seen that law reform could not safely be left to lawyers and judges, that their reports were mere pretenses, that their suggestions were futilities; and thereupon the laymen stepped in and turned the matter of remedies over to public, not professional, control. In this country our lawyers and judges, who have been dominating the attempts at law reform for the past generation, seem to accomplish practically nothing except to please themselves. The laity is in a state of despair. It is now high time, therefore, to give the layman his chance, since it has become apparent that real judicial reform must come elsewhere than from the bench and bar, which have tried again and again and have failed. Indeed, it is not certain that they really desire to succeed, for their seed may not be designed to be truly fruitful. The laity must point out the curatives—not mere palliatives—for the defects and failures of our existing system, must seek their adoption, and insist upon their enforcement in good faith. True reform must come from the outside—preferably from a committee composed of leaders of the business community, including representatives of labor as well as of capital, aided by lawyers on purely technical matters. They will make suggestions which will put our law and procedure on a business-like basis. This will insure the community a chance at least to see the horses run. In a contest between justice and outworn nonsense, justice should be given a sporting chance.

The layman *can* bring about law reform: first, by in-

sisting upon the enactment of legislation which will unify the entire judicial system of each State and place it under the control of a centralized tribunal—the Council of Justice—charged with the duty to supervise and control, in all respects, the administration of justice. To insure its freedom from the dogmatism and narrowness of legalistic authoritarians, this council should consist of five representatives, one from each of the following classes: invested capital; labor unions; the sociological and economic thought of the hour; business men familiar with the customs of commerce and trade arbitration; and the bar. This council would be obligated to make thorough investigations, at periodic intervals, of all courts in the State, with a view to making them run more efficiently, more honestly, and on a more business-like basis. The council also should be vested with authority to supervise the work of judges and recommend to the legislature or other appropriate body the removal of judges wanting in capacity, honor, or both. It is commonly asserted that instances are not lacking where grave injustice has been done to litigants because of the use of "fixers," "influence," and ulterior considerations. For the first time in the history of this State the Council of Justice would present an official organization to which the man in the street could take his just grievances.

Secondly, the layman can make it his business to see that the selection of the judiciary shall be dug out by the roots from the realm of machine politics. To attain this reform would require constitutional amendments in most States. Judges should not be voted for at the regular elections, but at special times fixed for that purpose. They should be nominated by petition and appear on the ballot without party designation of any nature, and in every instance, before the name shall appear upon the ballot, the antecedent written approval of the integrity and capacity of the nominee by the Council of Justice must be made mandatory. This proviso would compel the candidate to submit to a complete "show-down" of his record and attainments. Provision must be made for publishing in all newspapers exceeding a given circulation, during a stated period of weeks, the name and address of every proposed nominee, so that the public may become acquainted with the aspirants and communicate with the council and inform it fully. The somewhat perfunctory approval or disapproval by bar-association groups after the nominations have been made, under the present system, amounts to little or nothing, and the public very shrewdly does not even take it seriously. So also, where there occurs an unexpired term, no appointment should be filled without the antecedent written approval of the designee, as to both ability and character, by the Council of Justice.

Of one thing I am sure—that the lawyer or judge alone cannot reform the process. He is as a rule too bedeviled by the withering blight of the remote past, of antiquated procedural precedents, and of moth-eaten technicalities. Like Lavinia, haunted by the dead Mannons, he says: "I'll have the shutters nailed close so no sunlight can ever come in. I'll live alone with the dead, and keep their secrets, and let them hound me."

It therefore must be the task of intelligent laymen to let the "sunlight" in, and it is to them that a bewildered and perplexed generation must come for guidance out of the catacombs of legal obscurities, procedural technicalities, expense, anachronisms, and delays.

Government by Ordinance in India

By A. FENNER BROCKWAY

London, January 20

ONE of the strongest arguments against the rule of India by Britain is that, in the very nature of things, the British people are ignorant of what that rule consists in. The population of Britain has enough problems of its own. The working class are wondering how they are going to live on reduced wages and unemployment benefits. The middle class are wondering how they are going to pay their income tax. It is not to be expected that they should show much concern about the problems of a people 7,000 miles distant.

The average British citizen has little or no sense of responsibility toward India. The traditional British view has been to leave such matters to the "man on the spot." Occasionally the newspapers report something startling. Then one man in the railway carriage will remark to his neighbor, "I see that silly old man, Gandhi, is making trouble again," and conversation will turn to his loin cloth. There are only two sections of the British people who have any real interest in India—the keen Socialists and the keen imperialists, both of whom are, of course, except at election times, insignificant minorities. Perhaps there is a third section—the Lancashire population engaged in the cotton industry. They are concerned about their loss of trade. During the past few weeks the newspapers have given exceptional space to India, though still much less than the American newspapers give. But British public opinion is still quite hazy as to what is occurring. The average man knows that some Indians have been in London at some kind of conference and that as soon as Gandhi got back to India trouble began again. He knows that there is some difficulty about what kind of government India should have, but little more. He reads of ordinances being promulgated, but if one asked him what an ordinance is he would not know, and as to what promulgation is—!

But there is some excuse for the average man. There are not three newspaper editors in London who at this moment know the terms of the new Indian ordinances. The latest Bengal ordinance was published in Calcutta last October. Three weeks ago there was not a copy in England outside the walls of the India Office! My friend Reginald Reynolds, the young Quaker who delivered Gandhi's final message to Lord Irwin, before the civil-disobedience campaign of 1930, scoured London for a copy in vain. Finally, he succeeded in securing a loan of a copy from the Secretary of State. Yet this ordinance, issued in the name of the British people, embodies principles against which all the honored pioneers of British democracy have fought!

The Bengal ordinance is political terrorism beyond anything which the Fascists are imposing in Italy or the Bolsheviks in Russia. Here are a few of the provisions of the first chapter of the ordinance:

1. The Government assumes power to commandeer any property, movable or immovable, for its use—land, houses, furniture, vehicles, etc.
2. The District Official may award such compensation

as he thinks reasonable. There is no obligation to award any compensation.

3. Various specified classes in the community, including teachers, may be conscripted to assist the Government in the maintenance of "law and order" or in the protection of government property.

4. Collective fines may be imposed on the inhabitants of areas concerned in the commission of a scheduled list of offenses.

5. No civil or criminal proceedings are allowed against any action taken under the ordinance or "in good faith intended to be done" under the ordinance.

The second chapter of the ordinance sets up tribunals for the trial of political offenses. These are the main characteristics of the tribunals:

1. The special tribunals are to consist of three persons.
2. A majority verdict is to prevail.
3. The tribunals may meet *in camera*.
4. Sentences of transportation for life and of death may be given.
5. Accused persons may be tried in their absence.
6. No appeal is allowed.

The avowed object of this ordinance was to suppress a "terrorist" movement in Bengal. It was promulgated before the Round Table Conference in London had dispersed. I was with Mr. Gandhi when he received news of the ordinance, and he feared immediately that it meant the end of the truce between the British Government and the National Congress. Then came news of repressive ordinances to suppress the discontent in the Northwest Frontier Province and the rent strike in the United Provinces. They had a most depressing effect upon Mr. Gandhi. Despite the disappointments of the Round Table Conference, he still had hope. He trusted the honesty of purpose of Sir Samuel Hoare, the Conservative Secretary of State, though he recognized the distance which separated their views. While there was sincerity on each side he felt that the door to cooperation was still open.

The Bengal ordinance has been extended to Bombay, and the Northwest Frontier Province ordinances have been extended to a large part of India. Before describing them, reference should be made to the Rent Strike Ordinance, which at the moment of writing is limited to the United Provinces, though its extension to Gujerat, in the Bombay Province, is anticipated.

The rent strike has both a political and an economic motive. It has a political motive because the British Government in India is, in the last resort, the possessor of all land. In certain parts of India the peasants pay direct to the revenue-collectors; in other parts they pay to the "zemindars" (large landholders), who transfer approximately 50 per cent of their takings to the government. The latter system is particularly hard on the peasants, because the zemindars have the power to increase their land charges, irrespective of what they pass on to the authorities. But during the last year, owing to the fall in the prices of grain,

the peasants have found the demands of both the zemindars and the revenue-collectors intolerable, and an economic motive for refusal of land payments has been added to the political.

The rent strike spread like a prairie fire over the United Provinces. The government agreed to reduce rents to the level of 1901, when prices were similar to those of this year, but the rent strike continued. A special ordinance was therefore issued on December 14, enabling the authorities to arrest anyone withholding rent or inciting others to withhold rent, and to sentence them to two years of rigorous imprisonment. It was under this ordinance that Jawaharlal Nehru, the most influential of the younger leaders of the Congress cause, was arrested for attempting to leave Ahmedabad, when this had been prohibited. He had been a prominent advocate of the rent strike. He was sentenced to two years' rigorous imprisonment and fined 500 rupees. This ordinance will undoubtedly be used extensively by the Government if the refusal of land payments spreads to other parts of India.

The Northwest Frontier ordinances were promulgated on December 14 and were known as the Unlawful Instigation Ordinance and the Unlawful Associations Ordinances. They were originally issued to meet the activities of the "Red Shirts," a formidable, though avowedly non-violent, organization, loosely associated with the Indian National Congress and whole-heartedly supporting its aims, but largely uninfluenced by its discipline, owing to distance and racial and religious independence. To the Red Shirts the spirit of the truce meant little; they carried on their agitation for independence and strengthened their organization, in readiness for the renewed struggle. Accordingly the British authorities assumed power to suppress their organization, to arrest their leaders, and to arrest anyone instigating resistance to British rule.

This Unlawful Instigation Ordinance has since been extended to Madras, Bombay, the Punjab, and Bihar and Orissa; the Unlawful Associations Ordinances, to Madras, Bengal, Bombay, the United Provinces, and Bihar and Orissa. It is under the latter ordinance that the Congress has been declared an illegal organization. During the civil-disobedience campaign of 1930 Congress was an illegal organization in some parts of India but legal in others. The head office of the Congress at Allahabad remained open during the whole of the campaign; for instance, the Working Committee met there unmolested. In Bombay, however, where the Congress was outlawed, the premises were seized and the members of the Congress Committee were arrested almost as soon as they were appointed. It is characteristic of the greater thoroughness with which the Government is now attempting to suppress the Congress movement that it has applied this ordinance to practically every part of British India. The members of the All-India Working Committee, as well as of the district and local committees, are being arrested *en bloc*.

A third ordinance—the Prevention of Molestation and Boycotting Ordinance—applies to the whole of British India. The ordinance which was in operation in Bombay during the 1930 campaign has been extended to include peaceful picketing, as well as actual molestation. Congress supporters have even been arrested for sitting outside shops selling British goods, though they have remained silent and motionless. Their presence is regarded as an offense!

The most inclusive of the ordinances is the Emergency Powers Ordinance of January 3. It is being applied steadily to all parts of India. It gives the British authorities virtual power to conscript both property and persons. It provides for the commandeering of transport, the restriction of communications and movements; it gives rights of search, the right to arrest suspected persons and to restrict them to certain areas; it enables the authorities to take possession of buildings for government service or for the accommodation of troops or police; it applies compulsion to certain persons, such as the headmen of villages, to maintain "law and order"; it authorizes the collection of "collective fines"; and it gives power to suppress newspapers and to confiscate their printing plant. It is the kind of measure which an invading military commander applies to an occupied territory during war.

This is how Britain is ruling India. What do the British people think of it? The extreme Conservatives are jubilant. At last they see the "strong hand" which they have been demanding. The moderate Conservatives, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and the governmental Liberals are more restrained. They argue that the ordinances are necessary to crush an "unconstitutional movement"—as though any democratic movement can be "constitutional" when self-government does not exist!—and they emphasize that the Round Table Conference policy is to be continued—as though it can be anything but a farce with Mr. Gandhi in prison! The Liberal press is cautiously disturbed, not daring to say much in criticism, though pointing out that "force is no solution." The Labor Party is indignant—forgetting that a Labor Government authorized the imprisonment of Mr. Gandhi and 60,000 of his followers in 1930! The I. L. P. supplements its indignation by whole-heartedly supporting India's claim to independence and by urging the Indian people to persist until social and economic freedom is won, as well as political freedom.

In the Driftway

MARRIAGE is a subject on which the Drifter has no fixed judgments. Although he has considerable information on the matter, gleaned from various sources, the sum total of his actual knowledge is small. About slavery, also, he knows very little, though the orthodox opinions have been long familiar to him. The following item, however, which pertains to both marriage and slavery, is worth commenting on. It is a formula for slave marriage, devised by the Reverend Samuel Phillips of Andover, Massachusetts, in the middle of the eighteenth century.

You S. do now in the presence of God, and these witnesses, take R. to be your wife; promising that so far as shall be consistent with the relation which you now sustain, as a servant, you will perform the part of a husband towards her; and in particular you promise that you will love her; and that, as you shall have the opportunity and ability, you will take a proper care of her in sickness and health, in prosperity and adversity; and that you will be true and faithful to her, and will cleave to her only, so long as God in his Providence shall continue your and her abode in such place (or places) as that you can consistently come together.

THERE is a refreshing realism about this document which might very well be more often imitated. Whom God hath joined, say the Scriptures—let none but man put asunder. Let nothing but the exigencies of an unjust world, the hard, unyielding facts of economic necessity, poverty, the need of labor, the obligation to serve a master—let nothing but these impair this marriage duly contracted in the presence of God and of these witnesses. What, the Drifter asks, is wrong with this ceremony? Is it not better, the world being what it is, than the vow without exception which young men and women take to cleave one to the other until death do them part? The Reverend Samuel Phillips merely recognized the plain fact that many things might part man and wife besides death. And for his unfortunate slaves, therefore, he invented a better formula than the one he doubtless employed for his free white parishioners.

* * * * *

NOR is the Reverend Mr. Phillips the only marital realist. In Chihuahua, across the Texas border from El Paso, it is now possible to obtain a divorce by mutual consent with only one day's notice, and without either of the parties being compelled to appear. However, these divorces are not granted to persons who have been married less than a year. In other words, while the state of Chihuahua recognizes that divorce is often desirable and should be granted freely at the will of both parties, it is aware also that many a quarrel arising during the first months of marriage ends in the fondest of reconciliations in less than twenty-four hours. The first time a young husband comes home late for dinner, the first time a young wife leaves her husband's home for her father's, the first difference over money, the first sharp clash of taste and acrimonious exchange of mutual disrespect—these are not, in the opinion of the wise Chihuahuan judges, grounds for irrevocable rupture of the marriage vow. The Drifter, having observed a number of marriages in various stages of agreement, can only bow to this superior wisdom. One swallow does not make a summer—but beware the whole flock! After them is all too likely to come the winter of discontent.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

War—in India and Outside

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is difficult to understand in what way you imagine that your article entitled War in India, in the issue of January 13, is going to help the cause of world peace. You write of the present struggle in India as if it could terminate in only one way—"the end of British control in India." You produce no evidence for this assertion, nor does your article show appreciation of the fact that the British Government is assured of the support of liberal opinion in India in the furtherance of the constitutional changes proposed by the Round Table Conference. Are we to assume that *The Nation* is in favor of assassination of British officers as a legitimate political weapon in the cause of Indian nationalism? We have witnessed in the last few weeks the murder of an Englishman, Mr. Stevens, who was known to be sympathetic to Indian aspirations, by two high-school Indian

girls. This is the first time in the Indian political movement that Indian women have indulged in terrorism of this nature.

You may say that Mr. Gandhi is not responsible for acts of terrorism, and, indeed, you quote his saying that the Congress method of winning India's freedom is "truth and non-violence." The fact remains, however, that nowhere has the Indian National Congress under its present administration spoken decisively against terrorism. There has been from time to time grudging disapproval of specific acts; but notwithstanding lip service to the creed of non-violence, in more than one instance Congress has publicly expressed its admiration of what it is pleased to call the "martyr spirit" that has led misguided young Indian men and women to indulge in assassination of individuals.

What civilized government in the world, even including the enlightened administration of the United States of America, would tolerate for a single moment a parallel authority to its own in the sphere of general law and order? The following extract from the statement issued by the Government of India on January 5, 1932, would be subscribed to by all those who have not allowed their love of pacifism to overrule their regard for constitutional progress:

The peaceful progress of India depends on the maintenance of the authority of government, whatever that government may be, and of respect for the law, and the present Government of India would fail lamentably in their obligations to their successors if, during the period of transition, they allowed this fundamental principle to go by default, or were content to permit the usurpation of their functions by any political organization. An issue of hardly less importance is whether a political organization is to be allowed by lawless means to impose its will on the public, large sections of which deny its authority and oppose its pretensions. Government would fail in their duty were they to countenance the claims of Congress to control and domination, or permit them in effect to assume the position of a parallel government.

Mr. Gandhi is a publicity expert of the first order, and no doubt it is for this reason, more than any other, that foreign observers seem to labor under the impression that he is the sole exponent of India's legitimate claims. He may certainly be considered, as a religious teacher, to hold a unique position in the modern world, but his political aptitude has been questioned by more than one competent Indian authority. You mention his declaration: "We are prepared to sacrifice all." What exactly has he sacrificed? His ascetic life may be admired, but that is a personal matter. A real sacrifice would be if he responded to Mr. Sastri's appeal at the conclusion of the second session of the Round Table Conference, and harnessed his great gifts to the constructive work of the nation. Some of us think that his teaching of non-violence is an emasculating factor in the building up of a true national life in India.

London, January 21

BASIL P. HOWELL

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Lord Willingdon is reported to have said that "no self-respecting government could afford to ignore Gandhi's challenge." No one expects the British Government in India to ignore the present situation, but there are different ways of responding to it. So far, the response to civil disobedience, which has remained amazingly non-violent in view of the intensity of the feelings involved, has been the establishment of a "legal" reign of terror. Life pensions have been announced as available for informers. Political prisoners are given hard labor or deported. A man can be indefinitely imprisoned without charge preferred, or condemned to death *in absentia* on the basis of a police report alone; and while, in Britain, the slogan "Buy British" is everywhere proclaimed, in India children have been condemned to years of imprisonment or to the lash for

peaceful picketing. These are not the acts of a self-respecting government, but of one driven by blind rage and fear. One does not know how many English officials are still living only as a consequence of Indian reluctance to take life; one does feel that the British are hoping to break down this patience so that they may have an excuse to use their rifles and bombs on unarmed crowds. English diehards have repeatedly admitted that England cannot "afford" to lose India; at the same time they have made it impossible that anything else should happen.

What, if anything, can be done here? We cannot expect the American government to interfere in British "domestic affairs," however scandalous. But would it not be helpful to publish and distribute here some of the recent ordinances, together with a few examples of ferocious penalties inflicted on children, and then to prepare an open letter of protest, such as one cannot doubt that a few hundred of the most distinguished Americans would be glad to sign in their individual capacity?

Boston, January 29

ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY

A Note from Pineville, Kentucky

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my article on the Kentucky mine strike on February 3 there are two errors: (1) I stated that Allan Taub was "released on the second day" after his arrest, when actually he was held a prisoner for eight days, from January 6 to January 14. (2) Through my own lack of exact information I made it seem, in the article, that Taub merely refused to answer the question "Do you believe in God?" for personal reasons, whereas his objection to the question, which concerned not only one but all the defendants involved, was that according to the Kentucky law of evidence such a question could not be asked.

In a letter to me calling attention to these inaccuracies, Mr. Taub adds:

You may also be interested to know that on January 24, when I tried to return to Pineville, I was stopped on the highway outside of the town by about seven deputies armed with high-powered shotguns. After I protested, a telephone call was made to the mayor by one of the deputies. In a few minutes two carloads of officers and deputies—about fourteen of them—arrived, armed with sub-machine-guns and high-powered shotguns, and headed by the mayor and chief of police. I was ordered to leave, and was informed that if I ever wished to return I would first have to get permission from the mayor.

However, I did return a few days later (without asking anyone's permission to do so), and have been here for the past six days.

New York, February 9

OAKLEY JOHNSON

The Madness of Moderation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The radicals of this country are lucky! If they controlled a party like the British Labor Party, history would repeat itself—victory followed by total smash-up. Treacherous leadership merely contributed to the British radical collapse. The fundamental cause was lack of audacity.

This madness of moderation runs all through your recent dictatorship symposium. Not one of the contributors seemed to have the faintest realization of what a desperate situation a radical government would face. Ten million men, we are told, are unemployed. Can anyone doubt that the shock of a radical triumph at the polls would double this number? How are all these men to be given work? The only idea I have been able

to glean from your symposium is that the government should finance public works by means of bond issues. Bond issues, to the extent of many billions, by a government that is already going bankrupt!

East Jordan, Mich., January 28

F. H. FOOTE

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Why Recognize Russia?"

ROBERT DELL has for many years been the Paris correspondent of *The Nation* and the *Manchester Guardian*.

FELIX MORROW has contributed articles to the *New Republic*, *Symposium*, and *Menorah Journal*.

I. MAURICE WORMSER is editor of the *New York Law Journal* and author of "Frankenstein Incorporated."

A. FENNER BROCKWAY is author of "The Government of India" and "A Week in India," and editor of the *New Leader*.

EDA LOU WALTON is author of "Jane Matthew and Other Poems."

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES is an English writer now living in the United States.

JOHN MACY is the editor of the recently published symposium, "American Writers on American Literature."

AMOS PINCHOT is a New York lawyer and publicist.

ARTHUR WARNER, a contributing editor of *The Nation*, is author of "A Landlubber's Log."

ROBERT REINHART is the secretary of the International Committee for Political Prisoners.

Jewish Social Work a Career and Challenge

Do your criteria of a successful career include also the intangible values of inherent interest, stimulating contacts and social usefulness?

If so, then you should study the advantages of

Jewish Social Work as a Profession

Scholarships and Fellowships ranging from \$150 to \$1000 for each academic year are available for especially qualified students.

For full information, address

M. J. KARPf, Director

The
Training
School



For
Jewish
Social Work

(A graduate school)

71 W. 47th St., New York City



RUSSIAN TRAVEL MADE EASY

In visiting Russia, you want to travel as widely as you can, gain as many first hand impressions as you can, and know what your expenses will be. The Open Road has devoted five years to perfecting its organization in the U. S. S. R. Open Road representatives in Moscow and Leningrad know the travel facilities of the country, and the things worth seeing. They save you time and money. They help you to see what interests you most.

When inquiring for rates, please indicate whether you prefer to travel alone or in one of many specially constituted Open Road groups. Also, state what phase of Russian life interests you most. Round trip rates as low as \$238.

The OPEN ROAD

Salmon Tower, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City

● Cooperating in U. S. S. R. with INTOURIST



VARIETY of TOURS TO U. S. S. R.

at

REASONABLE COST

1. \$198.50 Round trip including visas, 5 day tour in Russia, hotels, meals, guide, interpreter, etc.
2. \$242.50—Dnieprostroi Tour—Leningrad, Moscow, Kharkoff, Dnieprostroi, Kiew—11 Days in Russia.
3. \$598.00—Specially conducted tour through Constantinople, Odessa, Dnieprostroi, by steamer on the Dniepr, Kiew, Moscow, Leningrad—Starting in New York under the leadership of Dr. P. T. Swanish, linguist and expert tour leader.

Ask for our tours New York to Leningrad direct by steamer
With cooperation of CUNARD LINE and INTOURIST

CHICAGO'S LABOR BANK

Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank

111 W. Jackson Boulevard

Chicago, Ill.

Finance

Why Commodity Prices Slump

THE depression is entering a new phase, characterized by a resumption of the decline in commodity prices. Last autumn the index number of the Bureau of Labor Statistics seemed to be in a stable condition; in November there was a decline of only a fraction of 1 per cent. During December, however, there was a drop of 3 per cent, followed by another of nearly 2½ per cent in January. A startling number of commodities, including raw sugar, copper, cocoa, zinc, hides, rubber, and several grains, have sold at the lowest prices on record. Rubber, which changed hands at 24 cents a pound in 1929, and at \$1.12½ in 1913, went substantially below 4 cents. Copper is offered at 6¼ cents a pound, compared with approximately three times that figure within the last two years, and Rio coffee has almost exactly duplicated the performance of copper. Raw sugar has fallen from 3 cents in 1927 to less than 1 cent, while cocoa sells at 3¾ cents as against 20 cents in 1927.

Figures such as these furnish an ironic commentary on the statement, which in the early days of the depression attained the vogue of a slogan, that "business is fundamentally sound." The price record shows that business was unsound to the core, and that the mighty slump of 1920-21 was only the first step in the post-war process of deflation. Never before in the history of the country was an eight-year interval of stability after a collapse, such as that extending from 1921 to 1929, followed by a renewed slump. In previous boom periods, credit inflation was expressed in a rise in commodity prices; on this occasion it contented itself with holding prices steady through an enormous increase and diffusion of popular purchasing power—founded on borrowed money and stock-market profits. The tremors of the common-stock debacle are now reaching down to the roots of the rubber trees and coffee plants and to the deepest workings of the copper mines. The full force of the shock has been a long time in arriving at these obscure points; there is some reason to believe that it will exhaust itself here.

It seems fairly evident that this latest price slump traces directly back to the credit collapse in Europe of last summer and autumn. Raw products and foodstuffs have felt, in their turn, the paralyzing hand which monetary troubles have laid upon Europe's industry. But in addition, these commodities are especially sensitive to irregularities and instabilities in the foreign-exchange markets. They weigh heavily in international trade, hence their free movement depends upon a safe medium of international payments. But with one country after another abandoning gold, things may happen between the drawing and the paying of a ninety-day bill against which commercial bankers cannot protect themselves.

Disturbing as this belated price movement is, it carries with it a sort of grim encouragement. If low prices are "sound" prices, we are moving toward a point where the soundness will be unquestioned. If prices must attain equilibrium, one with another, before business can revive, certainly the wild irregularity of the downward movement represents a headlong sweep toward equilibrium. And if business men and consumers can be persuaded to resume operations only when "bargains" are available, the recognition of bargains can hardly be delayed much longer. This is not to say that at some nearby point business activity will suddenly begin to climb toward the old levels. Some of the most orderly, if unspectacular, periods of prosperity in the past have been associated with a commodity price level which was merely stable, or even gently declining.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books, Art, Drama

So Long It Has for Echoing

By EDA LOU WALTON

One might—one might—
Dear darkness of the heart
Wherein the pale moon rises and the slight
Flame in the wrist starts suddenly into light!
Yes, love again—come hate, come unconcern,
Still must the tired palm turn
Against the palm,
And the calm moon rise till round it burn
Another hole in heaven.
When day come slanting down the barren hill
Is long, and white, and still,
Yet will the heart not understand, not know
Its prophecy of snow;
Even a broken vessel struck will ring,
So long it has for echoing,
For dying, so long—

A Philosophy for Carnivores

Man and Technics. A Contribution to a Philosophy of Life.
By Oswald Spengler. Translated by Charles Francis
Atkinson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

THE present slim volume, Spengler tells us, sets forth a few thoughts taken from a larger work on which he has been engaged for years. Most of the book is given over to a discussion of man's prehistoric origins and alleged inherent nature; the final chapter deals with the present economic crisis and the approaching doom of our civilization, though the precise logical connection between the early chapters and the last is not altogether clear.

Man, Spengler tells us in italics, is a "*beast of prey*. . . . Ideals are cowardice. . . . *The animal of prey is the highest form of mobile life.*" Such an animal "can hold its own only by fighting and winning and destroying. It imparts a high dignity to Man, as a type, that he is a beast of prey." The opposite of the soul of a lion is the soul of a cow. "For strength of individual soul the herbivores substitute numbers, the herd, the common feeling and doing of masses. But the less one needs others, the more powerful one is. A beast of prey is every one's foe. Never does he tolerate an equal in his den. Here we are at the root of the truly royal idea of *property*. Property is the domain in which one exercises unlimited power, the power that one has gained in battling, defended against one's peers, victoriously upheld. It is not a right to mere having, but the sovereign right to do as one will with one's own." Nothing here of "the toothless feeling of sympathy and reconciliation and yearning for quiet." Spengler then proceeds to dilate on the difference between carnivore and herbivore ethics. Herbivore ethics depress, make mean and cowardly, while carnivore ethics elevate "through power and victory, pride and hate." Spengler is proud that the tactics of Man's living "are those of a splendid beast of prey, brave, crafty, and cruel," and that his natural soul "knows the intoxication of feeling when the knife pierces the hostile body, and the smell of blood and the sense of amazement strike together upon the exultant soul."

It would be pointless to "answer" a passage like this.

One can only admire such a writer for his courage in making assertions which to a decadent age like ours will seem merely ludicrous. This distinction between "carnivore" and "herbivore" ethics, of course, is merely a biological twist given to Nietzsche's "master morality" and "slave morality," and Spengler's speculations on the original nature of man are no more scientific than Rousseau's. Rousseau was wrong chiefly through the ignorance of the age in which he lived; Spengler is wrong because of a personal determination to be so. This is evident from the high-handed manner in which he deals with the conclusions of science. He contemptuously dismisses in a footnote "the enraged demon of classification that haunts the pure anatomists which brought man close to the apes." His motive in doing this is patent: we know the apes to be herbivorous; if they were carnivorous, Spengler would cite our kinship with them triumphantly. But there is no absurdity that Spengler will shrink from to make his point. He not only rejects Darwinian evolution; he solemnly assures us that man's hands and the tools he has fashioned with them came into existence together. "The unarmed hand is in itself useless. It requires a weapon to become itself a weapon. As the implements took form from the shape of the hand, so also the *hand from the shape of the tool.*" The italics are Spengler's. His formula seems to be that if a statement is particularly incredible it may be made to seem convincing if it is shouted. He offers no explanation of—indeed, he makes not a single reference to—the weaponless hand of the ape. It is one thing to deny our kinship with the apes; it is quite another to forget their existence.

One would think his analysis would lead Spengler to conclude that the most desirable state of affairs would be one of absolute individualistic anarchy, with men living exclusively on meat, and goods changing hands only through the medium of the club and the knife. This conclusion, for some reason, is not drawn. Spengler turns out, apparently, to be a fascist—though fascism at least implies "law and order"; and why should the lion-souled, the proud carnivores, have any respect for either?

But let us waive these questions, and come to Spengler's final forecast. The machine age is rapidly hastening to an end. The multiplication of machines is beginning to defeat their own economic purpose; in countries where large-scale industry is of old standing the leaders of thought begin to be sick of machines; the workers themselves are revolting against the role for which the machine ("not, as they imagine, its possessors") earmarks most of them. The doom of the industrial white countries began when they ceased using their colonies and backward countries for opening up new markets and new sources of raw material, and stupidly began to export, not finished products exclusively, but "secrets, processes, methods, engineers, and organizers." "The unassailable privileges of the white races have been thrown away, squandered, betrayed. . . . The accustomed luxury of the white workman, in comparison with the coolie, will be his doom. The labor of the white is *itself* coming to be unwanted. . . . This is the real final basis of the unemployment that prevails in the white countries. It is no mere crisis, but the *beginning of a catastrophe*. . . . The machine-technics will end with the Faustian civilization and one day will lie in fragments, *forgotten*—our railways and steamships as dead as the Roman roads and the Chinese wall, our giant cities and skyscrapers in ruins like old Memphis and Babylon."

Purely as economics, this is vividly imaginative but entirely unsound. When a country that has hitherto been chiefly agricultural throws up a tariff wall to develop its own industries, it shuts off a market from countries with industries expanded to supply that market, and hence produces in those countries a sometimes severe but essentially temporary depression. In the long run the newly industrialized country will probably

develop a higher purchasing power for the older countries' products; at all events a new equilibrium is finally established. To the problem of "unwanted" white labor there are at least three solutions: (a) the production of a wider range of commodities; (b) the production of a much higher *quality* of the same commodities—for example, housing; and (c) the reduction of the number of working hours to permit more leisure or more "shifts."

As we are doomed, Spengler urges us to meet our doom courageously, gloriously, like thoroughbreds. But this recommendation is illogical in a thoroughly fatalistic philosophy, particularly one which, like his own, holds that civilizations die because of changes that occur *within* man's "soul." A man who writes elsewhere: "The place of . . . 'it ought to be so' is taken by the inexorable 'it is so,' 'it will be so,'" should not be so inconsistent as to tell us how we *ought* to meet our fate.

None of such criticisms individually, however, or even all of them together, can "dispose" of Spengler. "The Decline of the West," for all its defects and even absurdities, remains, with its staggering erudition, its ringing prose, and its imaginative sweep, one of the few great works of the twentieth century. Even the present slim volume is extremely impressive. I have quoted much that is absurd; I have failed to quote much that is admirable. Spengler must be judged, in the end, not by his individual statements but by his total effect. His thought is to be appraised for its seminal value rather than for its logical rigor. Indeed, perhaps he is not to be classed as a "thinker," in the narrow sense, at all. He is, rather, a great dramatist, a prophet, a poet. His prophecies of doom may rest, at bottom, on nothing better than dubious analogies; but they remain an admirable antidote to what he calls progress-optimism and progress-philistinism. And there is always the suspicion that they may be right.

HENRY HAZLITT

Travel Disappoints

They Were Still Dancing. By Evelyn Waugh. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

IN that forgotten era when the waves were ruled by Britannia and Britannia by Lancashire cotton manufacturers, seriousness was the hallmark of the Englishman. His traditional beef and beer, translated into spiritual terms, became obedience to duty, stern morality, solid self-assurance; the responsibility of guiding less favored nations toward the haven of Protestant religion and parliamentary government made him a trifle suspicious of art that was not obviously moral, a trifle obtuse toward more subtle varieties of humor. The war has changed all that. The modern Englishman, relieved of the responsibilities of world rule, despairing of salvation from his own insoluble economic problems, prefers to find life amusing. If he has ideals he submits himself to the protective hands of the Catholic church; he is liable to regard the Byzantine Empire, with its thousand years of unprogressive stability, as the highest society achieved by man. Of this new species of Englishman no one is more typical than Evelyn Waugh, Catholic and cynic.

Mr. Waugh's first novel, "Decline and Fall," was perhaps the most amusing book published in England since the war. The English public school, English high society—so drearily portrayed by pompous autobiographers and would-be Juvenals—became the scene of the most extravagant adventures, related with that mock-serious understatement which is the method of sophisticated humor. In "Vile Bodies," two years later, the method was repeated, but the humor had grown savage; a tortured individual became visible behind the mask of the clown. The adventures were as absurd, but the total impression was

too gloomy to be amusing. How Mr. Waugh will develop cannot be foretold; he is still under thirty. In "They Were Still Dancing" he is marking time. He describes a visit to the coronation of the king of Abyssinia, followed by a tour of East Africa and southern Arabia. As a travel book—that very minor genre—it is perfect. The style is lucid and simple, and information is attractively sandwiched between adventures and character sketches. There is an American professor, expecting to be enormously impressed by Abyssinian religion and invariably disappointed by its realities, who might have walked out of "Decline and Fall"; he is at once an epitome of all professors and a very concrete individual. This is avowedly a potboiler; Mr. Waugh saw nothing remarkable—his main theme is that what he saw was always far more ordinary than what he expected to see. But from this unpromising material he has concocted a couple of hours' excellent light entertainment.

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES

Cabell New and Old

These Restless Heads. By Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.50.

AN author should be allowed sometimes to review his own book. But as the more scrupulous journals do not permit such a self-judgment, the next best thing is for the book to be reviewed by the fortunate person to whom it is dedicated. To prevent misunderstanding, I will say at once that the gracious acrostic which makes me in a sense part owner of "These Restless Heads" has not violently prejudiced me against the pages that follow it.

Mr. Cabell has decapitated himself. James Branch Cabell is a gentleman still living in Richmond and likely to live far beyond his earthly years in a certain completed opus, to which nothing can be added by him or by anybody else, except fraudulently. Whatever in the future the gentleman in Richmond may choose to write will be, like the present volume, by an author who has two, not three, words in his name. The introductory quotation from "The Mikado" indicates that this lopping of James off the Branch may be a merry prank. Yet it has an earnest meaning (Cabell has always passed easily from fooling to seriousness); it is a practical confirmation of what he has announced before, that the biographer of Manuel has closed his career. The king is dead. Long live the king!

But the new king so resembles his predecessor as to be rather like a twin brother than a son, and the similarities will rejoice the subjects of James I. The virtues are familiar; much of the substance is new; some of what is new reminds you happily of the elder romancer and critic. The Prologue fancies what happens to Prospero after Shakespeare's curtain falls upon the magic island and the Duke returns to Milan, to the world of pomp and authority, of statesmanly duties, which he completely discharges. But Ariel is now his secret master. It is the contest between common sense and beautiful nonsense. And when at his death Prospero passes from the world of folly back to the wisdom of the magic island, the reader may guess for himself who is the protagonist of this super-Shakespearean fable.

From fantasy we pass abruptly to daylight comedy. Mr. Cabell's morning mail reminds him of many things; of the various kinds of correspondents who pester authors of repute; of visitors to Richmond, not his private friends, who come to see him; of the assumption that writers and artists (especially if, like Mr. Cabell, they have dealt with amatory subjects) must lead wild lives and cannot be just ordinary citizens attending to their business at their typewriters, or at church, or at a meeting of the Board of Trade; of the egotism, strained broad-minded-

ness, and artificial immorality of authors; of what girls really were like in his youth, when he was dreaming of the girls he afterward wrote about, girls who never existed but had the only real existence.

Near a Flag in Summer is, prosaically, a satire on patriotism; it is more than that, a gorgeous description of the country, and, still more, an evocation of the country beyond the State in which we happen to live, the limitless ungeographical land of romance. The two countries are in conflict, and the poet lives in both, in one with his body, in the other with his imagination. The conflict is developed in the section called Before Æsred in Autumn. Æsred is the goddess of compromise and conformity whom Cabell discovered, or created, on Mispec Moor, and whom, as he contemplates her bust in his comfortable library, he sees as the wise ruler of the world. Round that world he puts a girdle of golden writing, which embraces history, mythology, literature, and the cosmic significance of a safety match. At the end Æsred is transformed by a simple change of the mechanics of vision to Ettarre the Witch Woman—which is such a sleight-of-hand, or of eye, as we may sometimes find in the works of the late James Branch Cabell.

In a section called On a Journey in Winter the present Mr. Cabell is still in his library among his toys of metal and china and his other toys, the earthly caskets which hold the recorded wisdom of the world. Among the many library essays in which writers have been most happy discoursing of their only true possessors and possessions, this is one of the richest and finest. It is in the spirit of "Beyond Life," but only in a fresh and glowing sense a repetition of that. Some of the sentences have a rhythm of the seventeenth century, of Jeremy Taylor, and of Thomas Browne, who is summoned in an introductory quotation to set the tone. But the tone is Cabell's and it is not maintained at an intolerable level of eloquence; it is varied by modern matters and colloquial self-banter. (We recall a perished writer of considerable talent who had a strange habit of laughing at his own highest solemnities and of not being deluded by his saddest disillusionments.) The gist of the essay is that all the great tales of romance and adventure recount that some man for some reason went on a journey. And life is a journey. And so is the Epilogue of True Thomas by Moonlight, which concludes this book. There is diversified matter in "These Restless Heads," but it has, as its author maintains in the Introduction, "one single main theme"; and the component parts are, in words adjacent to those quoted on the title-page, "all combined in beauty's worthiness."

JOHN MACY

How Utilities "Educate"

The Public Pays: A Study of Power Propaganda. By Ernest Gruening. The Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

THIS is an important book. To anyone curious to know how public opinion is steered and for what purposes, it is a fascinating one. It is an authoritative account of the stupendous propaganda machine which the public-utility people have built in order to hide and protect a system of almost incredible illicit profit. In the interest of "education" and "public information," they have divided the country into geographic regions, each in charge of committees and numberless subcommittees which bring pressure to bear upon practically every agency that spreads information and shapes opinion in this country.

High schools, colleges, universities, business schools, technical schools, and their principals, deans, presidents, and faculties; the press, the screen, politics, textbook publishers, men's and women's clubs, chambers of commerce, lecture bureaus,

boards of education, and even kindergarten children and their teachers, have, in amazing numbers and by the power of very hard cash, been herded into the cast of a huge drama of praise and celebration. Here they sing their songs and do their steps under the skilled choreography of the National Electric Light Association and the Joint Committee, themselves the propaganda and political instruments of the utility hierarchy headed by Morgan, Mellon, the Insulls, Sloan, Owen Young, Byllesby, Carlisle, Sidney Mitchell, and the rest. It is a staggering picture of the power of money and organization, which gains force through the objective way in which Dr. Gruening paints it.

Of all the generalissimi of the utility companies Mr. Merlin H. Aylesworth, former managing director of the National Electric Light Association, seems to have been the most tireless in injecting propaganda into our educational system. And for his good deeds Mr. Owen D. Young promoted him to the presidency of the National Broadcasting Company, at the same time praising him to the skies in a *Saturday Evening Post* interview for his "intuitive sense about relations with the public." Dr. Gruening reveals Mr. Aylesworth advising local utility executives to get economics professors on the pay roll. "For how in heaven's name can we do anything in the schools of this country with the young people growing up, if we have not first sold the idea of education to the college professor?" Incidentally, in looking through the N. E. L. A. minutes seized by the Federal Trade Commission, one runs across Mr. Young solemnly counseling the utility people to write their own economics courses and have them introduced into the colleges, a recommendation which has unfortunately been carried out on a very large scale.

The utility companies maintain their own schools and bureaus for public speakers and have provided for the delivery of as many as 30,000 propaganda speeches a year. High schools are flooded with utility propaganda, and use utility-made "catechisms" in the classroom. In Missouri 659 out of 790 high schools took the utilities' so-called "school service." Literature of this kind abounds with false statements, such as that the utilities are not profit-making organizations. Meanwhile, under the influence of generous subsidies and the hope of more to come, our technical schools and business colleges are turning out tainted textbooks on utility problems under their own dignified imprimata.

Some of Dr. Gruening's disclosures are rather diverting. We find, for instance, Mr. E. C. Deal, of the Electric Bond and Share Company, telling with sincere pride of the benefits obtained by having his local executives identify themselves with Girl- and Boy-Scout movements and become Scout masters. Dr. Hugh Blain, head of the Louisiana-Mississippi committee on schools, reports that in vacation time "we cooperate with the playground workers and thus keep in touch with the school children." One likes to think of Dr. Blain rolling his hoop with his little playmates, meanwhile enlarging on the glories of the power companies and the moderateness of the family light bills.

Like Mr. Aylesworth and Mr. Young, Mr. Matthew S. Sloan, also until very recently on the high command of the utility companies, believes in catching them at an early age. He tells of the work of his committee in providing kindergarten children with fairy tales illustrated in color which recount the adventures of "The Ohm Queen" and describe the wonders of electrical service in the home.

With Dr. Gruening's conclusion that public ownership and operation of utilities have in reality proved as much a success as private ownership and operation have been a failure, all who know the facts and discount the propaganda will agree. But it is hard, for me at least, to share even in his rather faint hope that under private ownership effective regulation may yet grow out of the present wretched system. Regulation in the public interest is, I think, an impossibility for the simple reason that the profits which the utility people make by defeating regu-

lation are so vast as to form an irresistible incentive for corrupting the government and capturing the regulating machinery.

If you are keen about education or politics, you should read Dr. Gruening's book. It is not only an illuminated bird's-eye view of the invisible and sordid empire created by the Kilowatt Klan, but a revelation of the fact that the utilities now stand in the position and relation to the public formerly occupied by the railroads in the halcyon piratical days of Gould, Fiske, and Huntington, so vividly described by James Bryce in his "American Commonwealth."

AMOS PINCHOT

Strange Interlude

Only Yesterday. By Frederick Lewis Allen. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

TWO years ago last autumn 120,000,000 Americans fell out of bed. They hit the floor with a thud as stock prices crashed to earth, but so sound was the sleep and so captivating the dream that most of the sleepers were only partly roused. They still are hoping to slip back into dreamland "when business picks up." But though most Americans still cling drowsily to their dream, is it not probable that the autumn of 1929 not merely closed a "business cycle"—to be followed by depression, readjustment, and then another boom—but that it ended a civilization which never will, never can, come back?

There seems to be confirmation for this view in this volume by the associate editor of *Harper's Magazine*. Although "only yesterday," the period already looms as remote and unreal as that of the Crusades. Such a mad, preposterous, impossible decade—could it ever have been at all? The war years were extraordinary, but for the most part they were only an intensification of experiences men had known before. The epoch in the United States from the Armistice to the Wall Street crash—the subject of Mr. Allen—was so unusual that one is almost persuaded not only that men never had such experiences before, but that they did not have them even in the nineteen-twenties. The decade seems to belong to mythology, not history, to be an undated fairy story out of a nameless never-never land. We have had books on the Mauve Decade and the Brown Decades. Mr. Allen might have called his epoch the Incredible Decade.

One picks up "Only Yesterday" with some misgivings that it may be simply a medley from the front pages of the newspapers of the past decade, a photograph album of recent years. The author himself, afraid apparently that the book might fail to sell if regarded as too serious or substantial, calls it "an informal history," while the publishers insist that "it is anything but academic." Actually the volume is far from a mere compendium of headlines. It is a sound piece of historical writing, constructed with care, written with verve, and so convincing in its interpretation as to suggest that Mr. Allen—unlike most of the rest of us—either slept through the decade with one eye open or woke with an unusually lucid recollection and understanding of the dream.

All the significant details of the decade are in the volume: the retreat of Wilsonian idealism into the Harding political scandals, the burgeoning of the automobile—there were 6,771,000 passenger cars in 1919 and 23,121,000 in 1929—the career from birth to gianthood of the radio, the exaggerations of advertising, the indecencies of salesmanship, a previously inconceivable use of credit which led thousands of individuals so to conduct their finances that, to borrow a phrase which Max Winkler applied to the Hoover bull market, they discounted "not only the future but the hereafter."

Two words which enjoyed special popularity in the nine-

teen-twenties were "bunk" and "ballyhoo," suggesting that even in an age of somnambulism people were not quite oblivious to its absurdities, though skepticism never was strong enough to provoke effective opposition. Supreme in the ballyhoo of the day were the words of a supposedly scientific man, a certain Great Engineer, who in accepting the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1928 said that "we shall soon, with the help of God, be in sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this nation." As one surveys the bread lines and soup kitchens of 1932, the conviction is inevitable that God did not hold up his end.

Mr. Allen is not occupied unduly with politics and industry. He realizes that the revolution in manners and morals, the thoughts and aspirations of the decade, were even more consequential. He recalls the revolt of the Younger Generation (and older ones too) against previously accepted standards. Supposedly the god of the decade was science, but actually old Dr. Darwin was less potent than old Dr. Freud in molding the thought of the epoch, though the fundamentalists lacked the wit to discern it. Before the decade ended, the obsession of sex had waned, and, as Mr. Allen puts it, "the wages of sin had become stabilized at a lower level."

Mr. Allen picks on disillusion as the dominating spirit of a decade in which—amazing paradox—braying advertisers and ballyhooing mountebanks seemed to drown all other voices. This, in turn, led to a surprising preoccupation with trifles, culminating in the adoration of Lindbergh for a feat accurately described by Mr. Allen as simply "a daring stunt flight." In the hullabaloo the newspapers failed to remind their readers—a majority do not know it even today—that a non-stop flight had been made across the Atlantic eight years earlier. Mr. Allen bases the adulation of Lindbergh partly on the young man's subsequent modesty and good taste. But though these augmented and made more lasting his idolization, the fact is that in the subtle workings of mass psychology this "stunt flier" had become the hero of the decade by the time he stepped out of his plane in Paris.

What a mad, bizarre, unbelievable era it was! How exciting to live through if not rich in enduring legacies! Poor Mr. Harding, thinking to give us "normalcy," ushered in the most abnormal decade in the history of this, perhaps of any, country. Reaching back to 1918, we can grasp the firm foundations of the ghastly war years, while since the autumn of 1929 America has been at grips with the even ghastlier realities of an unhealing peace. But stretching between was a gorgeous, giddy, gargantuan pageant which we now apprehend vaguely only as a strange interlude.

ARTHUR WARNER

Books in Brief

History of Palestine and Syria to the Macedonian Conquest.

By A. T. Olmstead. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$7.50.

To the fine series of histories of ancient civilizations—Breasted's "Egypt," the present author's "Assyria," and Means's "Ancient Civilization of the Andes" (Rogers's "Persia," regrettably, is not up to the standard of the others)—Mr. Olmstead adds a comprehensive, authoritative, and well-written history of the lands that bordered the great highway of ancient civilization in the Near East. Dr. Olmstead turns to other sources than the Bible for his material, reveals again how relatively short and sporadic was Hebrew national life in Palestine and how deeply it was influenced by predecessors and neighbors, and puts it into its proper niche in history. If this niche is a small one, it must be remembered that Judaism and its offshoot, Christianity, became historically more important to Western Europe than they ever were to the ancient Near East.

Except for a tendency to describe buildings and archaeological sites in detail (pardonable perhaps since excavations have furnished the most important data for the modern historian) Dr. Olmstead's volume is continuously readable.

The Psychology of a Primitive People. By S. D. Porteus. Longmans, Green and Company. \$6.

Dr. Porteus went to Australia to apply intelligence tests to the fast-dwindling aborigines. The tests demonstrated little that his own general observations had not already covered. Dr. Porteus believes, and quite persuades us, that the Australian aborigine is not, intellectually, as low as was formerly supposed. The poverty of his culture is part of the poverty of the land, for Australia is not only mainly a desert, but contained no large animals, until white settlers introduced them, which could be domesticated. Dr. Porteus has a genuine literary talent, and the many pages he gives to his vindication of the aborigines and his description of their subtle social adaptation to desert life make very interesting reading.

The Flower of Life. By Thomas Burke. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.

Thomas Burke's brief tale of progress to the poorhouse is neither a *nouvelle* nor a short story: it is in effect the synopsis of a long, realistic novel with a story which has been told too often to be very moving. The heroine works and loses her positions through accidents; she marries, and her husband leaves her with her infant daughter, who grows up to die in disgrace. These events are related, rather than dramatized, and with a refinement of sentimentality Jane Cameron is sent at last to the workhouse, mainly, it seems, because it is the one fate she has most feared. Life is "an unconstructed blur of pain and joy and inertia," the author says in his moral, and "Life is a novel dreamed by God in a garden."

Zodiak. By Walter Eidlitz. Translated from the German by Eric Sutton. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Gambo is an Anatolian peasant boy. An "exchange of population," under the terms of the Versailles peace treaty, moves him and his fellow-Greeks from Turkish soil to Athens. In Athens this naive product of "Asiatic earth" comes in contact with the modern world and, above all, with the machine. He learns to be a car-washer, a chauffeur, and an aviator. In Egypt he manages to board the Zodiak, a giant Communist plane which is spreading propaganda for the world revolution. The Zodiak crosses the Mediterranean and then the Atlantic. While dropping leaflets over New York it explodes. The Russian members of the crew are all killed, but Gambo wakes up to find himself, miraculously alive, in the Medical Center, Convalescent, his leg in a plaster cast, he is permitted to take a few symbolic steps on "American earth" before the story ends. Throughout, of course, Gambo is simply an instrument of the fancy of Herr Eidlitz, who is a young Viennese playwright and novelist. The book is prefaced by a sentence from the pen of Henry Ford: "Shall we not some day reach a point where the machine becomes all powerful and the man of no consequence?" At the end Gambo comes to the conclusion that "we men will have to evolve quite another kind of consciousness. . . . We shall have to strengthen our consciousness so as to remain master of the machines that are to come." He represents the oldest continent, and has come to the newest to face the problems of our day. Herr Eidlitz's knowledge of these problems is as remarkable as his knowledge of New York. He talks of the Medical Center with the same sure facility that he shows in talking of the machine age. He is a European journalist who can shake headlines and history together into a cocktail for intellectuals. There is a distinctive dash of idealism. The cocktail tastes good if drunk quickly.

BONIBOOKS

\$1.

AMERICAN OXFORD
DICTIONARY

Compiled by F. G. and
H. W. Fowler

EDUCATION AND THE
GOOD LIFE

Bertrand Russell

GREAT SHORT STORIES OF
THE WORLD

Edited by Barrett H. Clark
and Maxim Lieber

OXFORD BOOK OF
AMERICAN VERSE

Edited by Bliss Carman

ISRAEL

Ludwig Lewisohn

AGAINST THE GRAIN

J. K. Huysmans

OUR BUSINESS CIVILIZATION

James Truslow Adams

THE HIGH PLACE

James Branch Cabell

THIS EARTH OF OURS

Jean-Henri Fabre

WHAT IS WRONG WITH
MARRIAGE

Hamilton & MacGowan

SOUTH WIND

Norman Douglas

MICHELANGELO

Romain Rolland

THE HISTORY OF MR. POLLY

H. G. Wells

TAR

Sherwood Anderson

ALBERT & CHARLES BONI

NEW YORK

CHAOS OR CONTROL

a series of five articles by

GEORGE SOULE

will be published in consecutive issues of The New Republic, beginning in the issue of March 9. The articles are an exposition of and argument for the idea of national economic planning; an effort to explain planning, to convince its opponents of the need for it, and to explore some of its conditions and its possibilities. Showing, first, the inability of the contemporary business man and his satellites—banker, technologist, consumer—to control their individual economic destinies, Mr. Soule bases the case for planning on the premise that the driving force of social evolution lies, not in the profit motive, but in the impulse and faculty of man to organize his work, his play and his group. From our experiences in 1917 and 1918 he deduces certain of the elements which are essential for successful national planning, and searches the Russian experiment for the useful suggestions which it offers. In the concluding article he proposes an objective for a national plan, and outlines the steps by which it might be achieved. The series will be published under the following subdivisions:

- I IMPOTENT BUSINESS
- II THE ORGANIZING MAN
- III WE LEARN FROM WAR
- IV RUSSIA'S ECONOMIC INVENTIONS
- V A CHALLENGE TO INACTION

SPECIAL OFFER:

13

weeks of The New Republic, including all the articles in the series "Chaos or Control"

\$1

THE NEW REPUBLIC, 421 West 21st Street, New York, N. Y.

For the enclosed \$1.00 (check or money order, if possible,) please send me The New Republic for the next 13 weeks, including all the articles in the series "Chaos or Control," by George Soule.

Name _____

City _____

Street _____

State _____

N-2-24

Art

Conversation with a *Surréaliste*

I T was after eleven when W— blew in. He had a bad cold; had been at home sick-a-bed; and "Come on and lunch!" he commanded.

"I've got to go to the Julien Levy gallery again," I temporized. "It's the final day of the *surréaliste* show, and I've still to get up my article on it. While I do not agree with those who find the movement as important as cubism (I don't think its achievements at all equal the cubists' in pictorial values) I can't help sympathizing with a romantic attempt like *surréalisme's* to reach new expression through new subject matter. Come on along! I'd imagine you would consider escorting me there a duty, you *surréalistic* poet."

He flung himself comfortably down. "I'm curious to know how you expect to focus an article on *surréalisme* through an exhibition which omits examples of at least three of the leaders of the movement," he challenged.

"Meaning whom?"

"Paul Klee, Giorgio De Chirico, and Joan Miro."

"I confess I missed Arp, and canvases by Max Ernst of the grandiosity of those I saw in an exhibition in Düsseldorf two summers ago; but then Levy's gallery is small: a bit of *surréalisme* in itself; and quite a lot of the paintings and 'montages' he has on exhibition amused me. I like Pierre Roy, I guess everyone does; and one or two of the Ernsts make me feel the fellow has a mighty delicate imagination. Besides—I'm in favor of these fantasies: they give me a sense of knowing what people are like, today, with their queer manias and phobias and obsessions. But perhaps you are right; the show may not be representative. I dare say the one held in the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford was broader. I have thought of confining myself to a restatement of the aims of the movement. What intimidates me from essaying such a formulation is the fact that a very concise little one already exists, in the shape of the release which young Levy sent out to the newspapers before the opening of his show. You saw it, did you not? Whether he derives his information from André Breton, who appears to be the logician of the movement, or whether it is the product of his own observations I do not know. In any case, he very succinctly explains the dependence of the movement upon Freud. The old thaumaturge's interpretations of dreams, the symbols of the fantasy world, and the entire realm of subconscious phenomena had fortified these artists in their conviction that as great an amount of reality is conveyed through these obscure, fantastic symbols—the queer indefinable feelings and images which pop into one's mind and haunt it and defy analysis and explanation—as through the more logical expressions. I think he says, 'The dream world has a continuity which our memory has been used to neglect. There are fancies of real validity in childhood which have been discontinued for the expediencies of adult life, and lying hidden in some corner of our mind, reach an unearthly maturity of their own. Mythology, superstition, magic, from the culture of childhood, may still live with accumulated sophistication as unrealized phantoms in our modern civilization.' Besides, who knows what has, and what has not, a good reason for existing? My one question, on reading these lines, was relative to the differentiation of *surréalisme* from expressionism. That, too, was an art of the indefinable; that, too, accepted the dream-symbol, the fantastic association, the haunting indefinite sensations, as a valid expression of reality. I spoke of this to Levy, and he explained that the *surréalistes* were differentiated from the expressionists by their

conviction that the world contains an objective correspondence for every feeling, every fancy, and that it is their business to find and depict it—"

Angrily my *surréaliste* friend interrupted. "That's all got nothing to do with it!"

"The explanation is incorrect?"

"It's worse than incorrect! It's pedantic; and if *surréalisme* is anything at all, it's a protest against pedantry, against the mass of knowledge and technique which lies heavy on life and chokes the manifestations of the spirit. A protest against the habit of analyzing and rationalizing. If it's a product of Freudianism, it's also a protest against the kind of Freudian analysis which dissects every bit of spontaneity and lyricism in the interests of a search for causes. For me, *surréalisme* seems the last flickering manifestation of spirit in this rationalistic, regimented, practical-materialistic world, the last defiant appearance of the impulse which is its own justification and doesn't need to rationalize or formulate or justify itself, because it is its own satisfaction; because it is unquestioningly responsive, through handy means, and in utter fidelity to its lights, to a given stimulus. Its products are to be enjoyed or marveled at or laughed over—or thrust aside. But not to be codified, and explained, and rationalized. It either carries conviction, or it fails."

"I understand; but aren't you being too generous? Isn't *surréalisme* the essence of logicity, for all its protests against logic, for all its pretense to exploit the unconscious mind? Is not the deliberate exclusion of the conscious mind from participation in expression but a way of preventing the unconscious from manifesting itself? You know, it seems that the two minds reveal themselves only in conjunction, and that tricks like automatic writing and all similar attempts to free the subconscious from conscious control result in a mass of evasions and abortions. Hence, the elimination of the conscious mind from expression would seem to be but another triumph of the logical strait-jacket, another form of repressing the unconscious. Isn't *surréalisme* a characteristic product of those terrible rationalists, the French, and meaningless in Germanic and Anglo-Saxon countries, where mystical and anti-logical expressions are almost traditional? They are traditional in our poetry, certainly: Blake is in the great English tradition, and such contemporary *surréalistes* as yourself and Cummings and Cary Ross, in their way, too. I don't know whether Cummings is a *surréaliste*, but Ross surely is—I noticed the people who got up the show in Hartford headed their program with one of his little poems—"

"Ross is plainly a *surréaliste* poet; I think the best in America. But, pardon me if I find these literary analogies forced. What you say about logical illogicality may be true of Breton and his crowd, though I understand they abandoned automatic writing and all that years ago. But Klee and Miro and De Chirico certainly combine the two minds; they have certainly added to pictorial experience. So have Ernst, and Arp—"

"And Salvador Dali, the newcomer, the fellow who paints watches to look like saddles? From a distance, his things look like Patiniers or some other German primitives; don't you think?"

"That's exactly why I leave him out. *Surréalisme* is an expression of spirit, or nothing; and Dali's primitivism seems a bit of shrewdness; particularly in view of the recent craze for German primitives in the circle of the Vicomte de Noailles, the patron of *surréalisme*. Well, I suppose you are getting ready to go to Levy's gallery and get up your article on the movement there?"

"Not at all. Let's go to lunch. I've seen the *surréaliste* thing quite clearly, I think, or as brightly as I could see it anywhere. Thanks for the article, my dear W——!"

PAUL ROSENFELD



PLAYS



DEBATES



The Theatre Guild Presents
EUGENE O'NEILL'S TRILOGY
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

Composed of 3 plays
Homecoming, The Hunted, The Haunted
All 3 plays will be presented in 1 day, commencing at 5:30 sharp. Dinner intermission of one hour at 7 o'clock. No matinee performances.
GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of Broadway

THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS
REUNION IN VIENNA

a comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
MARTIN BECK THEA., 45 St. & 8 Ave. PENN. 6-6100
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

CIVIC LIGHT Opera Co. presents **ROBIN HOOD** LAST WEEK

Beg. Mon. Mat. (Washington's Birthday)—Two weeks only—Seats now
BEPIE de VRIES DONALD BRIAN

THE MERRY WIDOW

Thrift Prices: Eves. 50c to \$2.50, Wed. Mat. 50c to \$1.50.
Sat. and Hol. Mats. 50c to 2.
ERLANGER'S THEATRE, W. 44th St. PENN 6-7963. Eves. 8:30

GILBERT MILLER Presents
EDNA HERBERT
BEST and MARSHALL
in **THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET**

A Comedy by John van Druten
EMPIRE THEATRE, BROADWAY AND 40th STREET
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30
EXTRA MATINEE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

HELEN HAYES

in MOLNAR'S New Comedy
THE GOOD FAIRY
HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd Street
Evenings 8:50 Mats. Thurs., Sat. 2:40
Extra Matinee Washington's Birthday

LESLIE HOWARD
in PHILIP BARRY'S New Comedy
THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

Staged by GILBERT MILLER
"The season's most gratifying adventure."
—Percy Hammond, Herald-Tribune.
BROADHURST THEA. 44th St., West of B'way. Eves. 8:40
Mats. Wednesday, Saturday, 2:30
Extra Matinee Washington's Birthday

A Clearing House Of Opinion **THE GROUP** Meets at Auditorium 150 West 85th St.
Tuesday evening, Feb. 23, at 8:30 P. M.

Symposium on
IS THE WORLD READY FOR DISARMAMENT?

Speakers
DR. JOHN H. LATHROP COL. M. SIMMONS
Y. T. CHANG IRMA KRAFT
THIS SUNDAY, (Feb. 21) at 4:30 p.m., Dr. S. BERLIN,
on The New Morality

DEBATE

SUNDAY FEB. 21, 8:30 RESOLVED: "That religion cannot contribute to the economic and social regeneration of the world."

B. C. VLADECK vs. RABBI ALEX. LYONS

SPECIAL EVENT

Sunday, February 28th, 8:30 p.m.

"Should American Workers Form a Political Party of Their Own?"

MORRIS HILLQUIT MATTHEW WOLL

Says—YES! Says—NO!

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC

44 Lafayette Avenue near Flatbush Avenue

Tickets: 25c, 50c, \$1.00—at Box Office and at Rand Book Store, 7 E. 15 St., N.Y.

Auspices:—BROOKLYN FORUM—SOCIALIST PARTY

UNITY HOUSE REUNION

Dance & Oriental Buffet Dinner

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 28th, 2 P. M. at
GRAND CENTRAL GARDENS, 46th St. and Lexington Ave.

Unity re-unites to perpetuate the memory of the good old summer time; to bring together the host of vacation friends. Hall Johnson and his group will be there. The Compinskys, too! Dora Boshoe, Lazar Freed and other favorites will recall a few of Unity's artistic events.

Tickets \$1.00 (includes Oriental Buffet Dinner, Program and Dance). Music by NORWOOD and His Radio Artists.

Obtainable at UNITY HOUSE, New York Office:
2 West 16th Street. Telephone CHelsea 3-2148.



BOOKS



HUNGER AND LOVE

A novel by Lionel Britton

Introduction by Bertrand Russell

BERNARD SHAW, BERTRAND RUSSELL, ARNOLD BENNETT, LAURENCE STALLINGS and UPTON SINCLAIR are a few of those who have lavished extravagant praise on this novel.

BERTRAND RUSSELL declares: "I have not for a long time read a book so filled with the right kind of rage . . . I think it is a great book."

This volume, originally published by Harper and Brothers at \$4.00, has been taken over by the Vanguard Press and is now reissued at \$3.00. Its present publishers are convinced that this novel will take its place beside such masterpieces as JEAN CHRISTOPHE, WAR AND PEACE and GROWTH OF THE SOIL.

623 Pages

\$3.00 at bookstores

THE VANGUARD PRESS 100 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



RESORTS



ENJOY WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY WEEKEND AT

SCHILDKRAUT'S ON THE HUDSON

Between Bear Mountain and West Point, Highland Falls, N. Y.

Tel. Highland Falls 340 or 930

Especially attractive rate, Feb. 19 to 22 (3 days), \$14.00. By the day, \$5 and \$6. All winter sports. Free auto trips to and from Bear Mountain Park, ice skating sunshine or rain. Special features: The famous Max Peters Orchestra for musical entertainment and dancing, and other high class talent.



TOURS



TOURS TO THE SOVIET UNION

Soviet Visa Free **'145** up All Expenses Included

Special Attractive Offer for the May 1
Celebration Groups

TRAVEL BARGAINS
TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

For particulars apply

GUSTAVE EISNER

1133 BROADWAY

NEW YORK CITY

Chelsea 3-5080

Drama

Cleopatra's Nose

IN "If Booth Had Missed" (Maxine Elliott Theater) Mr. Arthur Goodman undertakes to imagine what the course of American history would have been if Lincoln had escaped the bullet of his assassin. He begins at the logical beginning with a scene outside the Presidential box, and though he ends lamely enough with a very conventional tableau, the whole is a fairly well-written play which manages to hold a certain level of interest even if it nowhere rises to anything remotely suggesting greatness. As Lincoln, Daniel Poole is unusually satisfactory, and the general atmosphere is more convincing than the atmosphere of such plays usually is.

Perhaps, however, the explanation of its rather tepid quality lies simply in the fact that the story works itself out to a conclusion too nearly the same as the conclusion of actual history, and that one accordingly ends with the feeling that there has been rather more to do about a hypothetical case than events will justify. In Mr. Goodman's imagination, Thaddeus Stevens and General Butler play essentially the roles which history has actually assigned them. With the cooperation of Secretary Stanton and the passive acquiescence of General Grant, they pursue their policy of revenge until they finally succeed in bringing Lincoln—instead of Johnson—to an impeachment before the Senate, and then, when he is finally acquitted by a single vote, another assassin arises to succeed where Booth had failed. Two years have passed since the incident in Ford's Theater, but the situation has not really changed, and it is hard to imagine how this postponement of the assassination could have had any very significant effect upon the course of events. If Booth had missed, someone else would have hit. Johnson would still have become President, and it would still have been the Butlers and the Stevenses who would have managed the business of reconstruction. One may easily grant the reasonableness of the supposition, but it seems hardly worth while to change history at all if one is merely going to change it into something so much like its original self.

Like most historical dramas, Mr. Goodman's assumes the "great-man theory" of history. Such speculations as the one with which he begins are interesting only on the assumption that Lincoln's character was a determining factor, and that the drama which ended in his death was a drama played out between two unique personalities which happened to be significant to a nation. But to sustain that thesis it would be necessary to show how a changed fate for the individuals would have involved a changed fate for the nation, and it is just that which Mr. Goodman fails to do. The appearance of the second assassin implies that the first was the product of a force, and to say that is to incline toward a theory of history which makes obviously futile all questions like the one which this drama raises. If Mr. Goodman actually meant to contend that, in any event, someone would have shot Lincoln and someone would have been impeached because conditions made inevitable the actual history of the reconstruction, then his contention is a subject less suitable for a drama than for a treatise upon the determination of history. I suspect, however, that one need not go so far for an explanation of the essential weakness of the play. Mr. Goodman, having started with a bold idea, was finally faced with the fact that he could not really imagine a satisfactory original conclusion to the hypothetical statement which his title begins.

"The Marriage of Cana" (Provincetown Theater) is an occasionally amusing but amateurish comedy of Negro life acted by an all-Negro cast.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Liberty in the Irish Free State

By ROBERT REINHART

WHATEVER traces of civil liberty were left in the Irish Free State after the Public Safety Act of 1927 have now been destroyed by the constitutional amendment which was forced through the Dail last October in three days.* The Free State now stands before the world as a country with a weapon of tyranny unparalleled in any other country that has not an out-and-out dictatorship. Already twelve organizations have been declared illegal. Four newspapers have been suppressed. One man is alleged to have been severely beaten while in custody. At least fifty persons have been brought before a military tribunal which meets in secret and has the power of imposing the death penalty. Southern Ireland is again under martial law.

When the Free State constitution was adopted in 1922, it was hailed by students of government as a remarkable document, and by lovers of liberty for its very adequate bill of rights. By virtue of this new law, which is no ordinary act of parliament but a constitutional amendment, all the articles which guaranteed those civil liberties common in democratic states, and which were already abrogated in part by previous acts, were rendered for practical purposes null and void.

The title of this amendment is "An Act to Amend the Constitution by Inserting Therein an Article Making Better Provision for Safeguarding the Rights of the People and Containing Provisions for Meeting a Prevalence of Disorder." It establishes a tribunal of five members, all of whom shall be officers of the defense forces not below the rank of commandant. No more than three members are to sit at any trial and they are to have "full and absolute power to punish in such manner as they think proper all persons whom the tribunal finds guilty of contempt of the tribunal or any member thereof, whether such contempt is or is not committed in the presence of the tribunal."

Important extracts from this amendment, which has in all thirty-four clauses, follow:

No appeal shall lie from any order, conviction, sentence, or other act of the tribunal, and the tribunal shall not be restrained or interfered with . . . by any court. . . .

Whenever the tribunal finds any person guilty of an offense . . . the tribunal may, in lieu of the punishment provided by law for such offense, sentence such person to suffer any greater punishment (including the penalty of death) if in the opinion of the tribunal such greater punishment is necessary or expedient.

No coroner's inquest shall be held in relation to a death occasioned by the execution of a sentence of death pronounced by the tribunal [a sinister clause probably inserted to prevent evidence of torture].

Whenever any member of the Garda Siochana or of the defense forces . . . observes a person whom he suspects of having committed or being about to commit . . . an offense mentioned in the appendix to this article or having

knowledge of the commission or intended commission of any such offense, such member . . . may stop such person and search and interrogate him and may there and then apprehend such person without warrant, and may use . . . such force as may be necessary.

Should an arrested citizen be released and seek redress for his arrest, then a soldier or civic guard states on oath in any court of justice that he suspected the citizen of being implicated in offenses under the new act. And such statement "shall be conclusive evidence, incapable of being rebutted or questioned by cross-examination, rebutting evidence, or otherwise. . . ." These extracts could be duplicated by others equally severe, but will suffice to show the tone of this extraordinary document.

Specifically, the list of offenses to be dealt with by the tribunal includes violations of the Treasonable Offenses Act of 1925, the Juries Act of 1929, the Firearms Act of 1925, and seditious libel. Such offenses may be tried by the military committee whether committed before or after the passage of the act. Hence this law operates in a very real sense as would an *ex post facto* statute. Briefly put, it means that the rights and privileges originally written into the constitution, which deal with such fundamental principles as habeas corpus, inviolability of a man's dwelling, the right of assemblage, and the right to a trial by jury, have been abolished for Republican sympathizers.

The tribunal was set up immediately after the act was passed. The twelve organizations suppressed are the Irish Republican Army, officered by veterans of the 1916-23 phases of the armed struggle and composed of a younger generation of Republicans; Saor Eire (Free Ireland), an organization of workers and working farmers, based upon the common ownership of the means of production, industry and agriculture, distribution and exchange; Fianna Eireann (Republican Boy Scouts); Cumann na mBan, the Republican women's organization which supports the Republican army in its recruiting and publicity campaign; Friends of Soviet Russia; Irish Labor Defense League; Workers' Defense Corps; Women's Prisoners' Defense League; Irish Tribute League; Irish Working Farmers' Committee; Workers' Research Bureau; and the Workers' Revolutionary Party, the Communist Party of Ireland. No differentiation is made between political and non-political organizations. Hence no distinction is made between such an obviously constitutional body as the Women's Prisoners' Defense League, an organization which sends relief to political prisoners, and such avowed revolutionary groups as the Republican Army or the Workers' Revolutionary Party.

Three newspapers, the *Irish Worker*, the *Worker's Voice*, and *An Phoblacht* (the *Republic*), were suppressed at once as seditious—and sedition, according to Mr. Fitzgerald-Kenney, Minister of Justice, is "anything which disturbs public order." Another paper suppressed is the *Irish World*, a Republican newspaper published in New York City, also declared to be seditious. Following the suppression of these

* Ordinarily it takes several months to pass a constitutional amendment. Perhaps a month's discussion ensues on each reading. This bill was forced through under a closure—the bill being given the three required readings in three successive days.

papers, the *Republican File* made its appearance for three brief weeks in December. As the second week's issue was about to go to press, the Criminal Investigation Department raided the offices and forbade publication until proof sheets had been examined. Publication of this issue was delayed twenty-four hours. Several of the later issues were suppressed. Its editor, Frank Ryan, who had been the editor of *An Phoblacht*, was arrested and charged with sedition. He was jailed by the tribunal for "contempt" when he refused to recognize its authority. At the end of his three months' sentence, he will be tried for sedition, an offense which the tribunal has the power to punish by death.

The reason for these new acts of suppression, which in all probability will renew with increased severity the seven-hundred-year-old Irish question, is that Republican sympathizers never accepted the Free State compromise but continued to demand complete disassociation from England. From the nature of this bill it would appear that the movement is growing stronger, and that a resurgence of national feeling has occurred.

Republican propagandists have made great capital of the treatment accorded political prisoners, none of whom are recognized as such but are treated as ordinary criminals. According to statements issued by the Women's Prisoners' Defense League, "none of the prison reforms adopted in other countries have penetrated the Free State . . . which took over the English prisons at their worst. . . . In one year thirteen prisoners had to be transferred to an insane asylum."

Perhaps one reason for the new infusion of enthusiasm which has been injected into the Republican movement is that a large number of the younger men have come to feel that British imperialism is not the only enemy, but that Irish capitalism, its ally, must also be fought; which signifies that the Irish will now have two causes on their hands, the second being one which might easily split the purely Republican movement still further. How much of a class movement has developed cannot really be estimated, but it may be asserted that over 90 per cent of the I. R. A. members belong to Saor Eire. Should the Republican movement change from a mere movement for independence to a real left-wing movement, it would hardly find much sympathy in tory America.

Eamon de Valera continues as the leader of the conservative Republicans. He occupies a position analogous to that of Gandhi in India, his sole concern being independence, for which he agitates only within the limits which he considers legal. In the opinion of members of the left-wing groups in both Ireland and India, De Valera and Gandhi have bourgeois minds.

Although it has been charged that the Republican movement is affiliated with Moscow, this has been vehemently denied by the suppressed groups, excepting, of course, avowed Communists. Examination of the constitution of Saor Eire does, however, reveal a trend toward the left. Its objects are to "achieve an independent and revolutionary leadership for the working class and working farmers toward the overthrow in Ireland of British imperialism and its ally, Irish capitalism," and "to organize and consolidate the Republic of Ireland on the basis of the possession and administration by the workers and working farmers of the land and the instruments of production, distribution, and exchange." The tactics to be employed are described in language

reminiscent of that of Marx and Lenin. "The task before Saor Eire falls into two phases . . . a phase of intensive organizational and propagandist activity . . . [until such time as] power will pass from the imperialists into the hands of the masses of the Irish people. The second phase will be the consolidation of that power by the organization of the economy of the workers' and working farmers' republic."

The first man to be tried by the tribunal was John Mulgrew, an American citizen who was charged with being a member of Saor Eire. Although he had joined this organization before it was proscribed, he was sentenced to six months' hard labor and subsequent deportation. Reliable reports from Ireland state that he was brutally beaten by the police for refusing to reveal the names of his fellow-members. In reply to an inquiry made on his behalf by American citizens in this country, it was declared by the American Department of State that although Mulgrew was an American citizen he "was sentenced for being a member of a Communist organization." "Additional information" has been requested by the State Department from the American Minister in Dublin, but it is hardly to be expected that any action will be taken by a government which prosecutes Communists at home.

An estimate received from Ireland last month places the number of political prisoners arrested since the passage of the act at about forty, but information received from the same source declares that "the number of prisoners is increasing daily and the greatest secrecy is maintained" by the officers arresting them.

A recent statement made by an Irish refugee newly arrived in this country announces that prisoners, both tried and untried, receive "appalling treatment. No letters, parcels, papers, visits by relatives are allowed untried men. Arbour Hill, one of the jails where politicals have been confined, has no heating of any kind. Prisoners lie upon a plank bed with a mattress and the rule of 'absolute silence' has been imposed. Convict garb is forced upon the sentenced political prisoners, whose heads are shaved and who are compelled to work thirteen hours a day." Proof that prisoners are beaten before trial is alleged to have been provided by the death on Christmas day of James Vaugh, from whom the police tried to extract information while he was in custody. Since Vaugh had not been sentenced by the tribunal, an inquest was ordered but it has been postponed four times. The medical examiner's report declared that he had died of meningitis, following repeated beatings. This is the first death arising out of the enforcement of the Public Safety Act. Vaugh is said to have been a commandant in the illegal Republican Army. To what extent the authorities are carrying out these repressive measures is shown also by the fact that a Catholic priest was recently refused admission to Mountjoy Prison to administer to the spiritual needs of three women prisoners held under the act.

What such repression will lead to cannot be forecast. It is clear, however, that the Irish question, once thought settled by the establishment of the Free State, is still with us. Whether these new measures of oppression which seem to be a confession of weakness and fear on the part of the government will not strengthen the Republicans is a point which may be seriously considered. Ireland nearly won her freedom after the war. Measures such as these may help her to achieve complete independence.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1932

No. 3478

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	241
EDITORIALS:	
"Let Them Starve!" Says the Senate.....	244
No War with Japan	245
Short Selling Again	246
The Art of Acting.....	246
PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES: I. BORAH—NOW OR NEVER.	
By William C. Murphy, Jr.....	247
ECONOMIC INSECURITY IN JAPAN. By Joseph Barnes.....	249
DEMOCRACY AT WORK. By Paul Y. Anderson.....	251
POWER AND POLITICS IN SEATTLE. By Robert L. Hill.....	253
GERMANY SEEKS A PRESIDENT. By John Elliott.....	255
IS THERE HOPE FOR DISARMAMENT? By M. Farmer Murphy	257
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	258
CORRESPONDENCE.....	259
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	260
FINANCE: RESERVE BANKS' NEW POWERS. By S. Palmer	
Harman	260
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:	
Windherd. By Isidor Schneider.....	261
Clarence Darrow. By Benjamin Stolberg.....	261
The Kaleidoscope of Russia. By Joshua Kunitz.....	262
Grover Cleveland. By John Chamberlain.....	263
Ibsen. By A. E. Zucker.....	263
The Poetic Method of H. D. By Eda Lou Walton.....	264
A Revolutionist's Handbook. By William L. Nunn.....	264
Books in Brief.....	265
Drama: The Shepherd's Saw of Might. By Joseph Wood Krutch..	266
Films: A Chinese Episode. By Margaret Marshall.....	267

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

"I AM GLAD TO REPORT," Mr. Hoover told the newspapermen on February 16, "that since February 4, when I took action on hoarding, there has been an entire turn in the tide. Up to a few days previous to that time hoarding was greatly on the increase. Since that time it has not only stopped, but it is estimated that \$34,000,000 has been returned to circulation from hoarding." There is a discrepancy of some importance between this statement and that made by Mr. Hoover on February 3. In that earlier statement he did not say that hoarding was still greatly on the increase; on the contrary, he told how gratified he already was because of "the dissipation of fear and the restoration of public confidence, as indicated by the fact that recently we have had on balance no increasing in hoarding of currency in the country." When this earlier statement was made, *The Nation* pointed out that the Federal Reserve note figures at the time did not support it; they showed, in fact, an increase in the note issue of \$51,000,000 since the beginning of the year, compared with a decrease of \$187,000,000 and \$226,000,000, respectively, in the two preceding years. No support is found, either, for the President's latest statement that \$34,000,000 has been returned to circulation. The official figures, as of February 17, show total money in circulation to be only \$17,000,000 lower than the week before, and this reduction compares with declines of \$34,000,000, \$21,000,000, and \$53,000,000 in the corresponding

weeks of 1931, 1930, and 1929, respectively. When statements are made by Mr. Hoover that contradict both the official figures and each other, we have one possible clue to the lack of confidence in the country.

MANCHURIA HAS BEEN brought safely within the Japanese fold. The Three Eastern Provinces, to which the Mongolian province of Jehol has now been added, have constituted themselves an "independent" state. To give an appearance of reality to this action, the Japanese have announced that they will not recognize the new state, which has been named Ankuo, until "it shows all the attributes of an independent political entity." But this deceives no one. Manchuria is today as securely in Japanese hands as are Korea, Formosa, and the Pescadores. Ankuo's "declaration of independence" was made public at a dinner held in a Mukden hotel. "There were 108 persons at the dinner," says the Associated Press. "Of these, 25 were Chinese and the rest Japanese, including Count Uchida, president of the South Manchuria Railway, and a number of military and naval officials of Japan who are acting as advisers of the new federated government." Chang Ching-hui, governor of Harbin, later received the foreign correspondents to explain the declaration to them. But, says the *New York Times*, he was attended by a Japanese adviser, who "several times answered questions addressed to Chang Ching-hui without giving the Manchurian leader time for a translation or a reply." Tokio has many times publicly promised that it would respect the territorial integrity of China. The United States, Great Britain, and other parties to the Nine-Power Treaty are formally on record as holding Manchuria to be an integral part of China. But their own solemn pledges and the opinion of the Western Powers mean nothing to the Japanese.

THE FALL OF THE LAVAL GOVERNMENT and the return to the premiership of André Tardieu presages no outward or immediate change in French policy. Both Laval and Tardieu are of the right and hold essentially the same political views. Tardieu is likely to meet the same difficulties in his relations with the senate as those that upset Laval. However, the change is interesting as a maneuver preliminary to the national elections in April or May. The senate is under the control of the parties of the center and left; the chamber has a right majority. Laval was defeated in the senate not because he refused to allow a debate on the Government's policy, which was the immediate occasion for the vote of no confidence, and not because the left or center was anxious to come into the Government or to change Laval's policies, but solely because the left parties wished to use that opportunity to strengthen their position in preparation for the elections. That the left is fighting so determinedly, though it has no real hope or desire of bringing the right majority of the present Chamber of Deputies around to its way of thinking, indicates clearly its confidence that it will make important gains at the polls. This confidence is not without foundation. The increasing intensity of the economic depression and the growing belief that the Laval policies are tending to isolate France in world politics are having their effect upon the French electorate.

THAT ANOMALY, the lame-duck session of Congress, has at last been driven out by that august body itself and sent on its way to ratification, as a constitutional amendment, to the several States. Six times the eminent House of Representatives defeated Senator Norris's bill to end the Congressional short session. When at last the bill passed the House on February 16, there were still 56 noble dissidents to protest it, but 335 favorable votes assured its passage. When a few minor differences with the Senate have been smoothed out, the bill will be sent by the Secretary of State to the various State legislatures, a Presidential signature not being required on a proposed constitutional amendment. The measure must, within a period of seven years, be ratified by three-fourths of the State legislatures. When it is a law, Congress will begin its sessions on January 4 following the November elections, and the President and Vice-President will be inaugurated on January 15 after they are elected. Thus the old days of the stagecoach, of riding to Washington on horseback over almost impassable roads, will become in the national legislature the cherished memory they have long since been in every other walk of life. Senator Norris, who led the lame-duck bill in and out of Congress so often, must be heartily tired of it by now, but it will be a source of satisfaction to him to know that he need lead it no more.

WE AGREE WITH MR. HOOVER that it is necessary to bring about "more effective organization of the executive branch of the government." Many of our bureaus could be consolidated; a number of others could be eliminated. Thorough and intelligent reorganization would surely enhance the efficiency and, what is more important, reduce the costs of government. Mr. Hoover's coordination plan may or may not be the most sensible plan yet proposed. In any case we shall not quarrel over the details. But in one extremely important particular we feel that he is more than overreaching himself. Mr. Hoover has recommended that Congress provide for

... authority under proper safeguards to be lodged in the President to effect these transfers and consolidations and authority to redistribute executive groups in the ten executive departments of the government or in the independent establishments, as the President may determine, by executive order, such executive order to lie before the Congress for sixty days during sessions thereof before becoming effective at the end of such period unless the Congress shall request suspension of action.

This proposal is dangerous for more reasons than one. It certainly disregards the spirit, if not the letter, of the Constitution. It just as certainly increases the power of the Presidency. In recent years the authority of the Chief Executive has been growing tremendously, and in like proportion the power of Congress has been decreasing. That way lies executive dictatorship.

THE CHARGE of Georges Léger, son of J. N. Léger, former Haitian Minister to the United States, before the Senate Finance Committee that our State Department had forced the Republic of Haiti to float an unnecessary foreign loan of \$16,000,000 in order to perpetuate United States control of Haiti is, unfortunately for the good name of our country, wholly true. Following the treaty of 1915 imposed on the helpless Haitians "by military pressure," to

cite the exact words of Admiral Caperton, the United States officer in charge, a protocol was similarly imposed in 1919 to permit American concessionnaires—who had been largely instrumental in securing intervention—to "clean up" on their speculations. Against the unanimous protest of the Haitian people the loan was imposed, National City Bank officials in the United States "negotiating" with National City Bank officials in Haiti. When the signature necessary for the validation of the loan was refused by Sudre Dartiguenave, then President of Haiti, the United States financial adviser, Mr. John A. McIlhenny, withheld—quite illegally of course—the salaries of Haitian officials, to bring them to terms. This course, he testified before a Select Senate Committee, had the approval of his immediate superior in the State Department, Dr. Leo S. Rowe, then Chief of the Latin American Division and for many years the presiding genius of the Pan-American Union. Although the "pressure treaty," even with a dubious legal extension of ten years, was to expire in 1936, the loan extended United States financial control until 1952—the life of the loan.

SECRETARY OF STATE STIMSON has denied the charges made by Mr. Léger. This was, of course, to be expected. Nevertheless, Mr. Stimson's sweeping denial was just that and nothing more. His letter to Reed Smoot, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, contained no convincing or documentary proof of his contention that the charges were false. The letter challenged Léger's competence as a witness; asserted that the American High Commissioner, Brigadier General John H. Russell, could not have prevented the reelection of President Dartiguenave because Russell had nothing to do with the 1922 election; and declared that Russell did not use improper influence over President Borno. It may be true that Léger had no direct connection or direct knowledge of the loan negotiations in question, but this has no bearing whatever on the truth or falsity of the facts he presented. Again, in face of the overwhelming evidence to the contrary it is absurd to suppose that the officials of the American Occupation, of whom General Russell was one, did not use all the power at their command to keep friendly governments in office and unfriendly governments out of office. This has been the whole history of the American Occupation. Lastly, it is of no importance whether Russell did or did not hold a club over Borno's head. With no support from his own people, Borno, who wanted before all else to remain in office, was exceedingly anxious to keep in the good graces of the American officials. He was ever ready to do their bidding. Mr. Stimson has evaded the real issue.

WHEN GERMANY in the final months of last year was achieving a record export surplus, it was pointed out by commentators that this surplus was not the result of an increase in exports but of a drastic decline in imports, and hence not to be depended upon. The figures of German foreign trade in January are much more discouraging than these analyses implied. The export surplus has declined by more than 46 per cent compared with December and more than 70 per cent compared with October, and the decline is not caused by a rise of imports to more normal levels, but in spite of a further decline in imports to the lowest figure for any month in the present century. Even our own foreign-

trade figures in January show the lowest figure for exports since 1914 and the lowest for imports since 1915. Dr. Julius Klein himself thinks this "disquieting," and ascribes it to "currency depreciation abroad." If this were the sole influence, however, our imports would have increased to the same extent as our exports fell. But you will never catch Dr. Klein, as a member in good standing of the Administration, mentioning the relentless tariff war in which all the great nations are so unshakably engaged.

EAMON DE VALERA, thought by most observers to have definitely passed out of the picture ten years ago when the Irish republicans were outmaneuvered by the moderates and the Irish Free State was formed, has finally risen to power. The Government of William Cosgrave, which had endured for a decade, lost control by a narrow margin in the recent elections. In a way Cosgrave defeated himself. His ruthless attempt to suppress all opposition by means of the constitutional amendment that was jammed through the Dail last fall, which was discussed by Robert Reinhart in *The Nation* of February 24, cost him many moderate votes, for it is clear that the bitter-end republicans are far from being in a majority in the Free State. Even De Valera is no longer a bitter-ender. Although when the news of his victory became known, some apprehension was expressed in official circles in England, it is fairly certain that De Valera will not carry out his oft-repeated threat to denounce the 1922 treaty and proclaim a republic. But his group will undoubtedly move to restore the civil liberties that Cosgrave out of his fear of losing office had succeeded in suppressing, and De Valera may be expected to lift the state of martial law under which Southern Ireland has lived for several months. Ironically enough, just as the voters were going to the polls to put De Valera in power, one of the military tribunals set up by the Cosgrave regime was finding the editor and publisher of De Valera's newspaper, the *Irish Press*, guilty of seditious libel. This will give the new President all the more incentive for wiping out the tyrannical laws of the Cosgrave Government.

REVOLUTIONS OCCUR when government ceases to govern. It can hardly be argued that Chicago is on the verge of a revolution, or that, if there should be an outbreak of revolutionary violence in the near future, such an outbreak would greatly affect the rest of the country. Nevertheless, government in Chicago is ceasing to function. The municipality has been unable to collect taxes, largely through its own shortcomings, and thus has no income. Its school teachers and many other employees are unpaid and in need. The State legislature has refused to help. The political boss who rules the city as mayor has decided that many departments of the city must be closed down. If the situation remains unrelieved, it will not be long before the city government stops altogether. But that does not tell the whole story. Chicago has, in addition, more than a half-million unemployed. Relief funds are pitifully inadequate. Unrest is spreading. There have already been numerous demonstrations and disorders. So serious is the situation that the Illinois National Guard has been given emergency training orders, has been told to shoot to kill when called upon to suppress further riots. Chicago's case is by no means isolated or peculiar. The factors that have brought that

city to its present predicament are at work elsewhere. When governments go bankrupt and their people go hungry, there is certain to be trouble.

THE SPIRIT OF KENTUCKY is not to be shaken by publicity. When a group of New York writers, among them Waldo Frank, Edmund Wilson, and Mary Heaton Vorse, took food by the truckload to hungry miners, the Kentucky authorities replied by sending the food out of Pineville, by declaring the miners were not really hungry at all, and by marching the writers out of the State in double-quick time, one of them, indeed, with a bloody head. The Harlan (Kentucky) *Daily Enterprise* rises to the occasion even more gallantly. On its front page it declares:

If Congress wants to investigate anything and is clothed with such authority and powers, let it investigate these sweet-scented geraniums that parade about the country, especially into the industrial centers of States, fomenting trouble, creating discord among laboring people who want to work on behalf of their families, by making their incendiary speeches and thrusts upon God, and deport these canines back to where they belong—Russia—or some kindred place. The *Enterprise* wants to congratulate the citizens of Pineville in EXTERMINATING these so-called meddlers from their midst, just as it surely would have done had these marplots made Harlan County that intended visit, so much heralded by their sympathetic press.

This, as anyone can see, puts the situation in a nutshell. But unfortunately for the peace of mind of the *Enterprise*, these marplots and so-called meddlers seem to be bringing the noble State of Kentucky much unpleasant publicity.

FLORENCE KELLEY was a pioneer all her life. Daughter of a Philadelphia Irish Congressman, she grew up with a passion for the under-dog. She started a Social Science Club at Cornell in the late 1870's; her graduating thesis was, characteristically, upon "The Law and the Child"; she was one of the first women students in Switzerland, and there came in contact with every form of European radicalism. For a time she was an ardent Marxist; but she had a sturdy Yankee background that made her want to "do some good" in the here and now. She was with Jane Addams at Hull House in the 1890's, and became the first Chief Inspector of Factories in Illinois. She knew from experience that good laws, backed by public opinion, could be enforced; and she set herself to the threefold task of rousing public opinion, getting the laws on the statute books, and compelling their enforcement. The task required a legal training; she took time off to study law and join the bar. The child-labor, factory-inspection, hours-of-labor, and minimum-wage laws of most of the industrial States of the Union bear the marks of Florence Kelley's brave, fun-loving, persistent struggle. She had the Irish gift to win friends with a quick gesture or a witty word, and to fight to the bitter end when fighting was called for. She saw the reality of the class struggle and was an avowed Socialist for decades; she also believed in the power of bourgeois sentiment in present-day America, and thirty years of the National Consumers' League work was the fruit of her leadership. Much of the "socialism" for which she was attacked in pre-war days is now accepted doctrine, even by big manufacturers, but Florence Kelley went on fighting for new causes to the end.

"Let Them Starve!" Says the Senate

THE Senate has decided that the unemployed workers and their families must not look to the government in Washington for aid. These unfortunate Americans must get along as best they can, starve if need be, but they must not expect the federal government to feed them and clothe them. That would violate one of the principles upon which our state is founded, one of the principles closest to Mr. Hoover's heart. But do not Mr. Hoover and the Senate know that no government can long survive that deliberately allows millions of its people to go unclothed and unsheltered, hungry and uncared-for? Or is there some magic in the formula of "self-help" that will save the hides of these eminent gentlemen when empty bellies and shivering backs decide to carry to its logical conclusion this oft-repeated advice that Americans should learn to help themselves? Apart from any consideration of their personal or political safety, are these men so hard of heart that they can look with equanimity upon the privation to be seen in every corner of the country?

That there is great and widespread suffering in the United States today cannot possibly be denied. It is in evidence wherever one may look. This evidence, all too briefly, and yet in overwhelming measure, is spread over the pages of the *Congressional Record* itself, where the President and every Senator may read it. Dozens of expert witnesses, social workers, public officials, industrialists, have testified at length before a Senate committee as to the existence of misery and great need throughout the country. The chairman of that committee, Senator La Follette, has presented to the Senate hundreds of statements from municipal authorities saying clearly and frankly that the local communities cannot meet the tremendous need. Yet Senator Fess, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, has the temerity to reply to those Senators who do favor direct relief that the government must not "support the people" because it "is the duty of the people, instead, to support the government."

It was not to be expected of the tory Republicans that they would favor the Costigan-La Follette bill, which would have provided "for cooperation by the federal government with the several States in relieving the hardship and suffering caused by unemployment." Like the Bourbons of old, these reactionary Republicans learn nothing and forget nothing. In every case in history in which the people out of their misery have turned upon the authorities, there has always been a small group of petty conservatives who until the very last have clung desperately to their empty principles. But while the tory Republicans were remaining true to their natural avarice and selfishness, the Democrats were covering themselves with shame. It is not enough to say that many of the Democrats, who only a year ago were bawling lustily for similar government relief for the farmers of the drought-stricken but Democratic South, voted against the Costigan-La Follette bill because they knew that a large portion of the projected \$350,000,000 relief fund would go to the industrial workers of the Republican North. It is not enough to charge the Democrats merely with political

favoritism, for every politician plays that game. The Democrats want to win the next Presidential election. It appears that they are prepared to go to almost any length to achieve that end. They are constantly currying favor with big business and entrenched wealth. They will do nothing to offend Wall Street. And now, because they know that it is what the financial and industrial bosses of the country want, they have turned against direct relief for the jobless. In the words of the Washington correspondent of the *Federated Press*, the Democrats are "buying the next election with the lives of the children of the unemployed."

Mr. Hoover's formula of "self-help" is not only inhumane, and not only downright dangerous to our present political institutions. It is a libel upon our theory of government. Either the organized state has certain duties and responsibilities or it has not. If we agree that it has, then government is not only within its rights, but is morally and legally obligated to extend protection and relief to those of the individual members of the state who are suffering or in distress because of the faulty functioning or the unavoidable misfortunes of society as a whole. A laboring man loses his job; he is willing to work; but because of economic circumstances beyond his control there is no work for him to do. Must he choose, then, between starvation and the occasional and illogical charity of private persons? Does the state, to whose rules and limitations he has submitted by keeping the peace, by paying taxes, and by yielding his body in time of war, owe him nothing whatever when he falls upon evil times? If we contend, as does Senator Fess, that the government has no duties and responsibilities to the people, that the government exists only for its own sake, then we are in effect saying that government is nothing but the private racket of the politicians, of the owners and managers of the dominant political parties. That is precisely what the Senate has said to the unemployed. But let these men take heed of Senator Costigan's warning that if this attitude is adhered to, "the future, never doubt, will pay the price."

"Let them starve!" the Senate has said, to the unuttered applause of the Fesses and the Jim Watsons and the Joe Robinsons. If the unemployed cannot persuade their communities or their State governments to assist them, they need not look to Washington for help. Human decency is less important to the Republicans than their devotion to their "principles." Ordinary human sympathy has far less attraction for the Democrats than has the potential glory—and the profits—of a Presidential victory. One thing Washington should remember is that the depression, at least so far as the unemployed are concerned, is by no means over. The hardships they are undergoing, and the consequences thereof, have a cumulative effect. Again and again will the demand for government relief be pressed, and this demand will increase in volume. A situation that might possibly have been saved by the expenditure of \$350,000,000 at this time, a year from now will conceivably require billions, or may, indeed, be beyond saving. Probably the Democrats will act when and if they come into power in March, 1933. But then it may be too late.

No War with Japan

IT seems necessary to remind Washington once more that the American people do not want war with Japan. The college professors, amateur diplomats, and munitions-makers who are advocating an economic boycott, or are spreading rumors of secret war preparations, do not speak for the majority of the people. Thus far, to be sure, the government has proceeded with tact and caution in dealing with the Shanghai crisis, and there is every reason to believe that the Administration is sincerely anxious to avoid complications in the Far East that might involve us in armed conflict. But there is no guaranty that this discreet and careful attitude can or will be maintained, and many forces are at work that might quickly compel the United States into a position where war would be unavoidable. One of these factors, and perhaps the most dangerous, is the growing demand for a boycott of Japan, a hostile measure in itself and one likely to lead to war. An unknown factor, but one laden with dynamite, has to do with Japanese aims in China.

We cannot be certain as to the real Japanese objectives on the Asiatic mainland. Japan has for years been bent on keeping China divided and weak, knowing that a united and strong China would probably threaten its national existence. The Chinese revolutionists of two decades ago were aided and comforted by the Japanese militarists, their leaders even finding refuge at various times in the home of Tsuyoshi Inukai, head of the conservative Seiyukai Party, and now Prime Minister of Japan. The infamous Twenty-one Demands and the seizure of Shantung in 1915 were clearly intended to divide China and reduce it to a state of perpetual vassalage. Throughout the civil war from 1922 to 1928 the Japanese were active behind the scenes—though occasionally they came boldly out into the open—in endeavoring to check any tendency toward Chinese unity. More than once they sent troops into Shantung, Manchuria, and other sections to embarrass the victorious Nationalist armies whenever the latter appeared about to bring the whole of China under Nationalist rule.

There is other evidence at hand to suggest that the Japanese are interested in something more in China than the mineral resources of Manchuria. For example, what was the real meaning of the proposal to "internationalize" the five principal commercial cities of China which the Foreign Office in Tokio advanced some weeks ago? This was surely no hopeless shot in the dark, no mere trial balloon. The Japanese mind does not work that way. The Japanese knew that the proposal was certain to be rejected by Washington and London. What, then, was its purpose? Opinion is growing that it was intended to provide an excuse in advance to cover Japanese aggression elsewhere in China. When, let us say, the Japanese are "provoked" into intervening in other sections, they can readily say that they foresaw the necessity for such intervention and had, indeed, warned the Powers to join with them in preventing incidents that would make intervention unavoidable. And we already know how easily provocative acts can occur. We have seen more than enough of this in the last few months at Mukden,

Tientsin, Shanghai, Nanking, Swatow, and in other cities. That the Japanese are prepared for hostile action extending far beyond the Shanghai area is all too evident. Every important Chinese port has more than its normal complement of Japanese war vessels. In Shanghai harbor are concentrated forty of these men-of-war, and in the fight against the Chinese army near Shanghai are three entire divisions of Japanese troops, with more on the way. In other sections of China Japanese military units are gathered awaiting action, the largest concentration, numbering more than 11,000 soldiers, being in the Tientsin area, which from a strategic standpoint controls the province of Shantung and most of North China.

Their pride stung to the quick by the unexpected resistance of the Chinese in the Shanghai sector, the Japanese are now planning to send a large army into China. How far they intend to go in "punishing" the Chinese for their determined defense of the homeland is open to question. Nevertheless, there is already talk of a "national" government being set up in Tokio for the "period of the emergency." This can only mean that the Japanese are planning war on a grand scale, for a national government, which would amount to an open dictatorship, could have no other purpose. Again there is little doubt that the militarists are interpreting the results of the February 20 elections—in which they and their ultra-conservative colleagues won a sweeping victory—as giving them fullest authority to go ahead with whatever plans they may have. A war involving the whole of China is bound to affect the interests of other Powers. Modern wars have a way of dragging supposedly neutral and disinterested nations into conflict. If the Japanese really mean to take over and "neutralize" the important commercial centers of China, they will thereby clash with the American principle of the "Open Door." It is hardly to be supposed that Washington would sit idly by while the Japanese were thus treading upon this sacred principle.

But perhaps greater danger lies closer to home. There are, for example, the many rumors to the effect that the government arsenals, navy yards, and munitions depots are secretly but feverishly preparing our war machine for any eventuality. There are the diplomatic and military "experts," who, having convinced themselves that war with Japan is inevitable, are now urging that we jump into the present conflict and have it over with. Finally, the demand for an economic boycott is spreading. From that quarter comes the most serious threat of all. The boycott is a hostile weapon; it constitutes the use of force against a presumably friendly Power. Such an application of force would be a measure of war. To be effective it would have to be supported by a war psychology, and this can only be whipped up by means of an officially conducted propaganda campaign. The boycott is too explosive a device to be trifled with. Even a private boycott, one not supported by the government, might readily stir up dangerous, uncontrollable hatred of the Japanese. Then it would be too late to remember that it was intended only to force Japan to make peace with China.

Short Selling Again

ACTING under the spur of outside criticism, the New York Stock Exchange has been taking successive steps to limit both the effects and the extent of short selling. It has made public the day-to-day record of short sales. It has adopted the ingenuous ruling which prevents any short sale from being made at a price lower than the preceding sale—a ruling that acts to prevent short selling from exercising any direct depressing effect on the course of prices. But as Congress and public sentiment have apparently been satisfied by neither of these measures, the exchange has now adopted a new ruling that after April 1 no broker may lend stock held for the account of any customer without having obtained that customer's express consent in writing to do so. Up to the present a broker has been permitted to lend stock held on margin without obtaining the separate consent of the customer holding the stock, because that consent has been included in the general agreement signed by the customer when he opens his account. As to the effect of the new ruling, much depends, of course, upon the attitude of the holders of long stock. But the decrease in the volume of lendable stock will at least make the process of short selling more expensive and more hazardous, if not impossible.

For several reasons *The Nation* has little sympathy with the present demand for the abolition of short selling. There is no reason to suppose, to begin with, that the present level of security prices would be any higher than it now is if the institution of short selling did not exist. Short selling apparently accounts for only 5 per cent of the total Stock Exchange transactions. Moreover, every short sale, it cannot be repeated too often, must eventually be completed by a repurchase, and that repurchase acts as much to raise prices as the previous sale did to lower them. If the practice is occasionally harmful, it is also occasionally beneficial. However ineffective it may have proved in 1929, it remains a potential restraining force in boom markets.

The real evil is not short selling, but the overdevelopment of margin speculation itself. In a profit economy, stock speculation within certain limits performs a useful service. A broad and liquid market for securities makes it easier for corporations or bankers to float securities, and hence easier for industry to secure new investment capital. It helps the security-holder himself by providing the means by which he may turn his holdings into cash, often within a few minutes; and the liquidity of his investment enables him to borrow a large percentage of its value if he presents it as collateral. But it is evident that these advantages are being bought at too heavy a social price. It often happens, for example, that the entire capitalization of large companies is turned over scores of times in the course of a year. Cases are on record in which the commissions alone on the turnover of a single security have amounted in the course of one or two years to the total market value of the stock. One of the most effective means of restricting such speculation, as well as helping a needy Treasury, would be a stock-transfer tax on both purchases and sales, designed, like the internal-revenue taxes on tobacco and formerly on liquor, to produce the maximum possible revenue. Such a tax might be determined experimentally by a gradually ascending rate over a series of years.

The Art of Acting

WHEN Mrs. Fiske died on February 15 she was described by her contemporaries as one of the first actresses of her time. It is true that some years ago she played with great success Nora, Tess, and Becky Sharpe, and these three parts rendered convincingly provide a sufficient variety for their creator to claim the highest laurels. But it is equally true that for the last dozen years or so, Mrs. Fiske was merely triumphantly Mrs. Fiske. Many persons were amply satisfied thereby. They greeted the familiar toss of the head and lift of the arm, the crisp turn of speech and biting rush of words with unflagging delight. Here was a personality, sharp and clear, and on the stage as everywhere else in life personality is rare enough to make its ineradicable mark. But whether it is acting is an entirely different question.

Indeed, in the highest sense of the term, we have almost no actors on the American stage today. We have a number of amusing, charming, and intelligent men, and a number, probably greater, of beautiful, delightful, amusing, and even highly affecting women. And in each successive part we see them in they are merely engagingly themselves. The self they act has rarely the edge that Mrs. Fiske's self had, and in that sense she was far superior; but although they appear on the stage with great naturalness, they never present the personality of any character but their own.

We have rather grown to expect this naturalness, and to forget what first-rate acting really is like. Thus when we see an actor who, as the Englishman Charles Laughton this season has done, presents in turn two characters entirely different from each other—the one a broken-down English clerk with a crime on his conscience, the other a volatile French detective, accent and all—our erudite dramatic critics rise almost to a man and salute him as a splendid "character actor." In other words, a limitation, a derogation in contrast to Mr. Soandso, who as Hamlet or Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford is always unmistakably Mr. Soandso, or rather, who could not play Hamlet at all because he is of the Wallingford type and hence is never cast in any other way. To this extent the fault lies with our producers. They see Miss Pauline Lord play with great convincingness the part of a possessed woman, one who is not quite of the earth earthy, and they never think of her except when such a part appears. Miss Lord herself, meanwhile, longs to play comedy parts, without result.

We had an example in the Moscow Art Theater of acting in its highest sense. The company played its repertory, and their clown today was the tragic hero of tomorrow night; or the comedy heroine was in the next play her own grandmother. While this sort of thing was received with considerable popular acclaim, partly because it was the fashion, it is doubtful if the American public would like to see its favorites carry on in that way. When it goes to see Miss Katharine Cornell, it wants to see her with only enough make-up on to make her own features clearly distinguishable; Elizabeth Barrett was frankly an ugly woman; Miss Cornell is far from that. But in the play, Elizabeth must look like Katharine. Never vice versa, if the actress wishes to retain her tremendous popular following.

Presidential Possibilities

I. Borah—Now or Never*

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

THE career of William Edgar Borah has been one long series of brilliant heavy-artillery barrages almost entirely unsupported by infantry. Time after time he has reduced the enemy trenches to a shambles which a few platoons of sturdy foot soldiers could have occupied and held with ease. But somehow the infantry never arrived.

Borah, if he so desires, can force the Republican Party this year to choose between nominating him for the Presidency and inevitable and disastrous defeat next November. Whether or not Borah really elected Hoover in 1928, as many believe, it is quite certain that Borah can defeat Hoover in 1932.

As this is written, it is doubtful if Borah himself knows what he will do. Certainly his most intimate friends do not. Many times in the past it has seemed that he was about to cast aside permanently the shackles of his regular Republicanism, but always heretofore he has contented himself with a three-year parole between elections and a docile return to the party in Presidential years. Why he has done so is one of the many unexplained quirks in his exceedingly interesting and complex character.

The Borah penchant for wetting the soles of his feet in the political Rubicon and then drawing back was first dramatized in 1912. At the Republican convention in Chicago Borah was Roosevelt's right-hand man. Up to the very moment when Roosevelt bolted, Borah was with the Colonel. They were together when a group of Progressives came to escort Roosevelt to the rump convention that made the breach irrevocable.

"We have come to the parting of the ways, Colonel," Borah is reputed to have said. "This far I have gone with you. I can go no farther."

So they parted. What may have been the reason for his decision on that occasion only the Senator himself can say. His friends incline to the belief that he thought the Republican Party should be purged from within rather than shattered by disaffection and attack from without. His critics recall that he was a candidate for reelection to the Senate during the following winter and that the Idaho legislature was Republican—this was before the popular election of Senators.

The suggestion of political cowardice implied in the latter explanation may have served his critics in 1912 but it has never satisfied those who have known Borah intimately in later years. Moreover, assuming that there may have been some element of self-interest in his 1912 decision, that is no explanation of his refusal to support his fellow-Progressive, the late Senator La Follette, when the latter headed the independent Progressive ticket in 1924. In the twelve-year interim Borah had grown to such stature in Idaho that he could have been elected as a candidate of the I. W. W.—or even of Tammany Hall.

But most amazing of all was the heroic crusade Borah staged for Hoover in 1928. In 1912 and 1924 he was passively regular; in 1928 he was militant. Moreover, his militancy took the form of support for a candidate with whom, both before and since, he has disagreed more violently and frequently than he ever did with Taft or Coolidge.

The Borah record of campaign-year regularity and interim insurgency is important in any honest effort to analyze his character and motives. It points to an underlying conservatism all too frequently obscured by the thick incrustation of liberalism which he shows to the general public. Those who fear—or hope—that the election of Borah to the Presidency would mean pulling down the pillars of the Constitution should go back and read the speech he made in the Senate many years ago when other liberals were advocating the recall of the federal judiciary. It was such a speech as John Marshall might have made had the great Federalist Chief Justice possessed Borah's powers of oratory. Also in point is his more recent refusal to support the McNary-Haugen farm-relief bill—backed unanimously by the other Progressives—because he questioned the constitutionality of its equalization-fee provision.

Something of that same reverence which he displays for the Constitution characterizes his attitude toward his own party. He often differs with the Republican organization leaders, largely because he feels the party has fallen into evil hands and he resents what he considers a besmirching of its traditions. Sometimes this reverence leads him into positions that are close to the ridiculous. There was his effort to raise a "conscience fund" to repay Harry F. Sinclair for the Continental Trading Company bonds which the saintly Elder Hays "borrowed" to make up the 1920 Republican deficit.

It is this Republican fundamentalist streak in Borah which leads some of his acquaintances to believe that he did not give active support to Taft in 1912 because he realized it was useless; that he did not bestir himself for Coolidge in 1924 because he realized a Republican victory was assured; and that he campaigned mightily for Hoover in 1928 under the impression that the outcome was in grave doubt. That may not be a very satisfactory explanation but it has the merit that, in retrospect, it squares with the facts.

At all events there must be some explanation for the support he gave Hoover—some explanation considerably more convincing than those then publicly assigned by the Senator. It will be recalled that in October, 1928, Borah swept over the country pleading for the election of Hoover, the Senator's great oratory blinding his audiences to the fact that he was urging them to vote for a man with whom he himself disagreed radically on many fundamental issues—water power, the World Court, farm relief, tariff, to mention a few. Then Borah returned to Washington. There a group of newspapermen who had known him intimately for years had been watching his gyrations with growing amazement. They

* The first of a series of articles on the leading Presidential candidates. The second will appear in next week's issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

were interested in such pronunciamientos as he made at Dallas on October 23, 1928, in answer to Smith's barbed observation that Borah was supporting a man he had previously denounced.

"That simply shows," Borah told his Dallas audience, "that Mr. Hoover improves with acquaintance and the longer you know him the more deeply you respect and trust him. That perhaps accounts for the fact that he has been the most thoroughly trusted man by those who know him best, in many respects, of this generation."

In Washington the reporters put Borah on the grill. Paul Y. Anderson of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* was armed with a copy of a speech Borah made in the Senate in January, 1919, when Hoover, who had been war-time Food Administrator, was seeking \$100,000,000 for European relief. Anderson pointed to Borah's accusation that Hoover had permitted packing interests to dictate governmental policy to such an extent that they were practically dealing with themselves. Borah admitted he had made the accusation and added he had no apologies to make. The interview went on as follows:

ANDERSON: Further on in the speech, charging that Hoover had selected his subordinates from among packing-company officials and they had used their official powers to ruin independent packing companies, you said: "No man who has such perverted views of decency ought to be intrusted with unlimited power to deal with \$100,000,000." The context is not entirely clear, and Governor Smith, in his speech at Chicago, asked you to whom you referred when you made that statement?

BORAH: I suppose I referred to Hoover—he was the man who was asking for the power to handle the money.

ANDERSON: Do you think this viewpoint has changed sufficiently since 1919 to warrant you in intrusting the office of President to him?

BORAH: Well, let's be frank. How many men can stand to have the test of absolute consistency applied to their words over a period of nine years? Men and newspapers who were praising Hoover in 1919 are attacking him now, and many of those who were attacking him in 1919 are supporting him now—including myself. Men's opinions change. Few of us can stand to have a rigid test of consistency applied to our words over so long a period.

So much for Borah's own explanation of the Borah of 1928. What is more important is the Borah of 1932, after three years of openly confessed disillusionment. For three years the Senator has disagreed with Mr. Hoover on every one of the issues of the 1928 campaign, including prohibition enforcement. There have been even more vigorous divergences on some of the issues which arose later—such as relief for the millions of unemployed who have supplanted those happy denizens of a dream world where poorhouses were abolished, where there were two cars in every garage, a chicken in every pot, and an overwhelming abundance of sanitary plumbing.

The question now to be considered is this: Realizing that he can prevent the reelection of Mr. Hoover, is Senator Borah willing to exercise his veto power, knowing as he does that to do so may carry him into an open break with his party? Stated baldly, that is the problem with which the Senator from Idaho is wrestling. He knows, as does nearly everyone else, that his power rests on the implied threat that he will bolt if he does not have his way. But he has come

close to bolting so frequently in the past, and then refrained, that he must realize the Old Guard leaders may believe he is bluffing this time. Once he can convince them he is not bluffing, he is in command of the situation. But first he must convince himself.

Borah realizes, of course, that a permanent realignment of parties, both parties, is long overdue. He has a theory, however, that new parties partake of the nature of the celebrated Topsy, that they are not born or formed but just grow. As Borah expresses it, they must grow "from the grass roots." So far he has shown no great interest in the suggestion that perhaps the sentiment out of which a new party could be formed is already in existence and only awaiting some real leader to transform it into action.

This year, in all human probability, offers Borah his last chance for the Presidency. He will be sixty-seven years old in June. In 1936 he will be seventy-one, and with the tradition of picking candidates with a reasonable expectancy of eight vigorous years in the White House if elected, no major party would consider a man who would be eighty years old at the end of that period. In addition, 1932 is the ideal time for Borah to break loose if he ever intends to do so. He need not risk sacrificing his seat in the Senate, for his present term runs until March 4, 1937. The signs of political revolt against the long-dominant conservative wing of the Republican Party are more manifest than they have been since 1912—fundamentally the revolt is more acute today because it does not depend so much upon the personality of one man. In the Republican Progressive group Borah has the nucleus of an excellent campaign organization. His fellow-Progressives are willing to back him with their voices and influence, and there is reason to believe that sufficient financial support is in sight if he chooses to run.

It would be a gay and diverting campaign should Borah throw his hat into the ring. By all odds he is the champion page-one Senator of his times. No other man in public life approaches him in ability to capture newspaper headlines. He proved that recently during the famous Hoover-Laval conferences when he "stole the show" from the President of the United States and the French Premier. Borah, by request, received the visiting French correspondents and told them that he favored cancelation of all reparations and inter-governmental war debts, that there must be a revision of the Versailles treaty "either by peace or by force," and that he was opposed to the cherished French dream of a security or consultative treaty in return for reduction of armaments. Laval, piqued by this unscheduled interruption, made a sneering remark to the effect that Borah represented no one but himself, and within a few hours the Borah interview had become an international incident. Next morning Laval sent diplomatic emissaries to smooth things over with Borah, and that night the Premier and the Senator hobnobbed over coffee cups at Secretary Stimson's home and the incident blew over. The point is that Borah crowded both Hoover and Laval into subordinate positions on the front pages.

Incidentally, the Borah view that the United States should "pull out of Europe" until Europe sets its own house in order by cleaning up the war-time debris of continuing injustices and impediments is one that has considerable popular appeal just now. Paradoxically, in view of his liberal reputation, Borah may be the beneficiary of the current wave of ultra-nationalism, one of the important by-

products of the economic depression. For all his advocacy of such things as recognition of Soviet Russia and cancellation of debts and reparations, Borah is an intense nationalist. That is the basis of his irreconcilable stand against the League of Nations and the World Court. In recent years he has shown a more liberal attitude toward world economic problems, but he draws a sharp distinction between economic and political internationalism. The one he regards as more or less inevitable under modern conditions; the other, he is convinced, can and must be avoided.

Perhaps the most glaring incongruity in Borah's public performance has been his attitude toward prohibition. In 1928 his principal assigned reason for supporting Hoover was that enforcement was the paramount issue of the campaign. The Senator said repeatedly he had assurances there would be drastic improvement in enforcement if Hoover were elected. Borah took the position that the campaign was a kind of holy war to preserve the sanctity of the dry law. To those who know him well, however, Borah as a prohibition crusader is as bizarre as Bishop Cannon would be proclaiming papal infallibility. The role simply does not fit him, abstemious though he may be in his personal habits. The concept of prohibition does not harmonize with the political philosophy which he exemplifies in so many other

fields. Nor has he the excuse which serves so many of his colleagues who assert they must mirror the sentiment of their constituents. Assuming that Idaho is really dry, which is doubtful, it is certainly not dry enough to defeat Borah if he should take an anti-prohibition stand. He is not under the domination of the Anti-Saloon League and kindred groups; he regards them as clerical racketeers and has no hesitancy about saying so.

It is perhaps significant that in all his discussions of prohibition he emphasizes the importance of enforcing a constitutional provision rather than any alleged merits of the law itself. Always he gives the impression that he would be far more comfortable, mentally, if he were advocating repeal or—if that were chronologically possible—opposing adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Whatever happens politically during the next few months, Borah should not and will not be ignored. This year, as quadrennially for the past two decades, he appears again as a great black cloud from the West, causing timid Old Guard Republicans to think of cyclone cellars, while their more hardened colleagues console themselves with the recollection that the cloud has threatened frequently before and has never burst yet. But there is a first time in all human events.

Economic Insecurity in Japan

By JOSEPH BARNES

"RUSSIA," declared Plehve at the end of 1903 when his country was in the throes of depression and reaction, "is on the verge of revolution. The one way to avert it is a small, victorious war." Four months later, Russian soldiers were fighting in Manchuria.

Japanese statesmen have not the blunt frankness of the leaders of imperial Russia, and Japan in the summer of 1931 was far from the verge of revolution. The situation of the country was, however, extremely bad. Agriculture, in which more than half the Japanese people are still engaged, was practically bankrupt, supported only by direct government subsidy. Industry was depressed, and trade was crippled by the fall in world prices, high tariff walls, and the Chinese boycott. The gold standard, perilously achieved in the beginning of 1930, was wavering before a flight from the yen which had already started. A small group of army officers was indignant at heavy cuts in military appropriations which seemed inevitable if the budget was to be saved, and substantial business interests in Japan were openly interested in their plans. On the night of September 18, an alleged explosion on the South Manchuria Railroad line shook loose the wheels of war, and for five months the Japanese public has had something besides the depression to read about in the newspapers.

In Japan the world crisis found an economy in which things were far from serene. A population which has doubled in a little more than sixty years and which grows at present by 900,000 persons a year, settled in a small, rocky land with iron, coal, and arable-land reserves far smaller than those of the world's great industrial nations, presents problems to which only Malthus had an easy

answer. Since 1868, when the Meiji statesmen started the search for some other answer than plague and war, Japan has tried industrialization. That no final answer has yet been found is witnessed by Japan's economic history since the war, and by the intensity of the crisis in which the country now finds itself.

Whether an adverse trade balance is the inevitable result of Japan's poverty in industrial raw materials, or whether it is simply a phase in her young development, is a point on which neither Japanese nor Western economists have been able to agree. From the turn of the century, however, it has been a pressing problem, and its implications dominate the present situation. Huge credit balances, at one time amounting to \$2,000,000,000, were piled up in the war, when Japan found the great markets of Asia defaulted to her and a feverish demand for manufactured goods from countries more directly involved in actual fighting. Except for the war years, however, Japan has had to face a deficit in international payments in all but exceptional years, and the war-time credits were soon exhausted. Through stimulation of shipping and other items of her invisible export, she has covered the trade deficit, but with every year her dependence on the markets of North America and Asia to cover her import of deficit industrial materials has become more and more apparent.

The process of recovery from war-time inflation was delayed in Japan, in part by the earthquake of 1923. Reconstruction after the disaster was financed in large part by government credits, which have never since been wholly liquidated, and which have frozen banking assets within the country to a dangerous degree. In 1927 the situation became

impossible. A moratorium was imperative and thirty-seven banks were forced to default completely. It was not until the end of 1929 that the Minseito Government was in a position to propose removal of the gold embargo, and when in January of 1930 Japan once more resumed the gold standard, the stock-exchange crash in New York and the beginning of the world economic depression had intervened to complicate the task of stabilizing the national economy.

Finance Minister Inouye, who removed the gold embargo, had been subjected to bitter criticism in Japan before his recent assassination because of his "no-loan" policy, the drastic fall in prices, and the general recession in business activity which were the inevitable results of deflation. The coincidence of the general world depression brought further hardships to the Japanese people. Raw-silk exports to the United States, which are the principal item in the 42 per cent of Japanese exports which this country takes, declined in 1930 by 18 per cent in quantity and 47 per cent in value. The price of silk fell to the lowest level in the history of the Yokohama Silk Exchange, and the attempt of the government to peg the price by making special loans against silk in warehouses produced a further catastrophic fall. Trade with China, which ordinarily is second only to trade with the United States, fell in 1930 by more than a quarter, owing to the fall in silver, the political unrest in China, and the gradually strengthening momentum of the boycott.

The manufacturing industries were peculiarly exposed. They involve the purchase of raw materials from abroad—cotton, wool, sugar, iron and steel—the production of finished goods, and their sale again to foreign countries. This process of exchange is open to the widest fluctuations in price, particularly in a time of falling price levels. Largely as a result of this, Japanese industry has been established on a relatively large base of brokerage, which serves to stabilize price movements in normal times. The credit which lubricates this is coordinated neither by a strong central bank nor by an established national tradition, and as a consequence, in times of crisis, any profound disturbance of trade strikes directly at the financial system. Wholesale prices in Tokio showed a steady decline from the beginning of 1930, the Bank of Japan index reaching 120.7 in August, 1931, as compared with 160.1 in January, 1930, and 212.2 in 1925. Banks which had discounted commodity notes could only add them to the real-estate paper which had been frozen by the earthquake.

Heavy industry, which at best in Japan is a relatively uneconomic venture encouraged for national and strategic reasons and supported by large direct subsidies and a high tariff wall, reacted perhaps less quickly to the depression, but no less definitely. No branch of national economy was immune from it. Preliminary figures indicate that the government railways face a deficit for 1931 of over ten million yen. Nature conspired with the New York Stock Exchange in producing in 1930 the largest rice crop in history. Rice was selling for 17 yen a koku (about 5 bushels) while the government was issuing bulletins estimating the minimum production costs on the best land at 21.50 yen a koku. Practically all agricultural products were selling throughout 1931 at less than production costs, and the farmers, over two-thirds of whom in Japan are tenants, were staring bankruptcy in the face. Government finance was equally affected, and the budget, 26.8 per cent of which—or more

than in France, Great Britain, or the United States—was ticketed to military and naval expenditures, faced a certain deficit.

It is small wonder, then, that the military leaders of Japan, whether they provoked the incident of September 18 or not, greeted it with enthusiasm, as a diversion of public interest from the trying situation at home and as the spark of ignition to set the wheels of industry going again. On the long view, and based on the same curious economic principles, they saw and described in public the continental hinterland of Manchuria as the salvation of Japan. The blunt truths that Manchuria can never provide a population outlet for Japan, that her iron reserves are inadequate for her own needs and can be explored only at prices far above the world market, that as a source of other raw materials her future is most uncertain, and that whatever value Manchuria may have for Japan could be secured far more cheaply than through military occupation have found no preacher and no audience in Japan in the last six months. The course of events since September 18, however, has only emphasized their reality.

Two days after General Honjo's forces had filtered into their strategic positions in Manchuria, Great Britain imposed an embargo on gold. Japan's position in the markets of the East as low-cost producer of manufactured goods was lost overnight. The purchasing power of India and Australia was adversely affected through the fall in sterling, and large contracts for Japanese goods and shipping were canceled. Even more serious was the immediate need for gold shipments to cover dollar purchases. The bulk of Japan's foreign credit balances was carried in London, and to avoid taking serious losses on sterling sales, the Yokohama Specie Bank was forced to ship gold, drawing down the domestic reserve, accentuating the tendency toward higher money rates at home, and adding impetus to the flight from the yen which had already begun.

On December 13 President Inukai of the Seiyukai Party formed a new Cabinet, and within twenty-four hours suspended the free movement of gold. This step had been preceded by a regulation of the government-controlled Yokohama Specie Bank, limiting foreign-exchange transactions to those absolutely necessary for commercial purposes, but considerable sums of capital had leaked through such a partial embargo. Japanese newspapers have directly charged leading business interests with speculation on the yen through capital export just before the embargo. The former Finance Minister, before his death, openly accused members of the Seiyukai Party of such speculations.

From a financial point of view, the results of the gold embargo and of the Manchurian expedition which preceded it have been anything but happy. The total gold shipments for 1931 amounted to 421,000,000 yen, more than twice the sum anticipated even after the British embargo. In November the commercial discount rate of the Bank of Japan was raised to 6.57 per cent and the cost of money to Japanese business is well in excess of this figure. At the close of the year it was reported that 193 banks must be merged or discontinue business because of capital requirements before the close of 1932. Finally, the spur to exports which was expected to follow the suspension of the gold standard has failed to materialize. The New York quotation on silk, instead of rising with the fall of the yen, as had been pre-

dicted by the Seiyukai, quietly dropped another 40 cents per pound. The world depression and high tariffs were factors which the inflationists had not considered.

The direct cost of the military operations has been shrouded in secrecy. It has been estimated that the government must borrow 500,000,000 yen in order to weather the current year. With foreign money markets at least temporarily closed, domestic sources will have to be tapped, and if the present situation continues, this will mean the sale of bonds to the Bank of Japan and further inflation. Heavy government borrowings, necessarily at high interest rates, divert capital from industry and business or compel these to pay still higher interest for their working capital. The indirect cost of the Manchurian and Shanghai expeditions cannot be exactly measured and is mounting every day. Its dimensions already indicate the economic sagacity of the military party in Japan.

Japanese trade was hard hit by the fall in sterling, but the Chinese boycott has caused something more resembling paralysis. Whether it is spontaneous or inspired, it has undoubtedly been by far the most effective of the boycotts which China has learned to use against her neighbor. What had been a gradual drop in exports through the first part of 1931 became an almost complete cessation after September 18. In November Japanese official sources reported sales to China of 10,000,000 yen compared to 32,000,000 yen in November, 1930. Of this 10,000,000 yen, over half was to Hongkong and Kwantung, where the boycott is not so operative.

The full effect of the boycott is not confined to export figures. On December 1, 1931, 414,000 tons, or 10 per cent of Japan's total mercantile marine, was reported to have been laid up for three months, and this strikes the Achilles' heel of Japan's invisible exports. The smokestacks of Osaka, home of Japan's textile industry, are still belching smoke, but the warehouses of Kobe, from which cotton shirts are shipped to China and India, are reported to be over-

flowing. The sugar and flour industries in Japan, which depend directly on the China market, are practically at a standstill. In agriculture, the price of rice went up by 20 per cent as a result of the embargo, it is true, but the farmers had already sold their crops, and fertilizer for the coming year, because of falling exchange and a rise in silver, has increased in price by more than 40 per cent.

Japan is a nation where protest is doubly inarticulate. A severe regime of police repression, if it has not uprooted communism, has effectively driven it underground, and the unemployed intelligentsia, among whom radicalism is said to flourish, are at present ineffective social agents. On the other hand, a closely knit tradition unites the country, especially in times of foreign crisis, in seeming unanimity. The labor-union movement, which boasted less than 350,000 members in 1929, has been helpless so far against the powerful financial aggregations which dominate Japanese economy. The feudal relationship between employer and employee and the strong family system which absorbs workers back on to the land in times of depression have combined to keep unemployment figures low. So far, the domestic protest against the military party in Japan has been negligible.

The country faces, however, problems which admit of no such easy solution as that proposed by the Japanese General Staff. National prosperity in Japan depends more directly perhaps than in any other country on international factors, and no student of Japan has failed to see the exploitation of Asiatic markets and raw materials as the basis of a stable economy. To attempt such exploitation by military means is an international characteristic of the military mind. For a certain time, and while the Japanese public remains quiescent, the experiment may not be fatal. Another Russian remark might be pondered to advantage by Japan's leaders. When Plehve had started his "short, victorious war" to avert the threatened revolution, a Russian liberal wrote: "The Japanese will not enter the Kremlin, but the Russians will."

Democracy at Work

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, February 20

FOR the finest and most popular act of his Administration, President Hoover can thank William Edgar Borah. It was Borah who virtually dragooned him into naming Justice Cardozo to the Supreme Court. Borah persuaded him that in the presence of such a rare opportunity, geographical and religious considerations should be ignored. Borah allayed all his fantastic apprehensions. Borah made him realize that he was not filling an ordinary vacancy, but one created by the retirement of the immortal Holmes. Borah put the fear of God in his heart by intimating what might happen in the Senate if he attempted to drop another Parker into Holmes's shoes. Hoover deserves gratitude for the appointment, although it is weakened by knowledge of the circumstances. It seems incredible, but I am reliably informed that the first three names on Hoover's original list were a man named James, of California, a man named Phillips, of New Mexico, and Associate Justice D. Lawrence

Groner of the District of Columbia Court of Appeals. I cannot supply the given names of James and Phillips, never having heard of them before; Justice Groner, of course, lives here, and his name and title occasionally appear in the local newspapers. Among others seriously considered were Senator Walsh of Montana, whose character and ability are above question but who is two years over the age of retirement; and genial Joe Robinson, the Arkansas pugilist and thinker, who lately has been helpful to Hoover in divers ways. Incidentally, the facts behind Cardozo's appointment might provoke reflection among those who while liking and admiring Borah, continually complain of the diluted character of his insurgency. They always know where Norris and La Follette will be found; they can never be certain about Borah. But Republican Presidents suffer even more because of that uncertainty; it was the very factor which enabled Borah to add a profound intellect and a great heart to the bench where they are so vitally needed.

IF Arkansas Joe's Southern blood boiled at being passed over in favor of a Jew, and a New York Jew at that, he gave no sign during the successful stand which the Hapsburg Republicans and the Bourbon Democrats made in the Senate against the La Follette-Costigan proposal to aid the jobless and destitute. Shoulder to shoulder with Reed Smoot, Dave Reed, and Fussy Fess, he battled gallantly to save starving Americans from the humiliation of being fed by their government—and to protect the payers of large income taxes from annoying increases in rates. **Black of Alabama**, one of the more promising younger men in the Senate, who has struck some resounding blows for good causes, became hysterical over the prospect of a federal relief plan which might feed Negroes as well as whites, and gave an exhibition which brought a blush to the face of Tom Heflin, lurking in the rear of the chamber. The game of the Democratic leaders is perfectly transparent. They aim at an outcome which will enable them during the coming campaign to tell hungry voters that "we did our best for you, but the Republicans had the votes," while in simultaneous whispers they remind the big campaign contributors that it was Democratic action which blocked further surtax increases. Men of the Baruch and Raskob class have convinced them they can win next November if they demonstrate during this session that they are just as safe for big business as the Republicans are. It is such a shabby game, and so deserving of frustration, that in moments of despair I can see myself beating a drum with Bob Lucas in the Hoover parade.

* * * * *

THAT prospect has elements of nightmare which are not relieved by Bob's latest stunt—his original and stimulating plan to sell Hoover to the public as "a second Lincoln." This ingenious idea, attributed jointly to Lucas and Simeon Fess, was put in practice on the evening of Lincoln's birthday, when a score of orators employing curiously similar phrases likened the problems and characteristics of the "most-maligned President since Lincoln" to those of Lincoln himself. The Quivering Chameleon contributed his own bit by broadcasting over a nation-wide network from the Lincoln study in the White House an address teeming with modest allusions to the striking resemblance between his situation and Lincoln's. By an interesting coincidence this touching performance was staged immediately after the publication in *Collier's Weekly* of an exhaustive article portraying Mr. Hoover as a "maligned" President. You may be edified to learn that proofs of this article were mailed in advance to all Washington newspaper correspondents, and that former employees of Hoover's American Relief Association received letters inquiring how many copies they would require for distribution. The author, Mr. Arthur Train, in addition to being a writer of charm and distinction is also a former prosecuting attorney, but his article seemed somewhat injudicious in spots. Although there was no mention of White House cooperation in its preparation, it disclosed an intimate acquaintance with Hoover's private history, and was profusely illustrated with photographs, including one autographed by King Albert of Belgium, which hangs in the White House. As one reporter to another I salute Mr. Train. In years gone by I have had some tough picture assignments, but I never got one off the wall of the President's den.

IT will be a marvel if the career of the new Reconstruction Finance Corporation does not end with an explosion of scandal. Certainly every precaution has been taken to insure such a conclusion. At the insistence of President Hoover and the new Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mills, the corporation is not required to disclose, *even to Congress*, the identity of the persons and corporations to which it extends loans, or the amounts loaned. With no example before us, it still should be easy to perceive the danger of empowering a federal board to dispose secretly of \$2,000,000,000 in public funds, especially when the board is headed by a man whose willingness to aid his personal friends with other people's money is so well established as was that of General Dawes in the Lorimer case. But we have an example in the Farm Board—and we have seen the consequences. The pretext given for failing to require reports to Congress aptly illustrates the reasoning of Republicans and Democratic leaders in Washington. Disclosure that a bank or corporation had borrowed from the Finance Corporation might result, they feared, in provoking injurious suspicions concerning the solvency of the borrower. What could cause the corporation to lend public funds to an institution about whose solvency there could be any doubt has not been explained. I should have thought that willingness of the corporation to finance an institution would tend to allay any possible suspicion of its stability. At any rate, the reasoning and the result epitomize the Washington attitude toward handling the public's money—everything to safeguard the private beneficiary and nothing to protect the public. General, who is getting this money?

* * * * *

IT was reasonable to suppose that the executive officers of the government had exhausted their ingenuity in contriving means for bamboozling the public through the newspapers, but Secretary Stimson has added some new wrinkles. Under his administration of the State Department the news derived from regular press conferences has degenerated more and more into "background stuff"—meaning that it could be printed anonymously, but not as coming from the department. Moreover, the Secretary conceived the neat idea of inviting selected correspondents to his Woodley mansion at various intervals, where, under the inhibitions which honor imposes on guests, they were imbued with further "background"—meaning stuff which the Secretary desired to have published but for which he was unwilling to stand responsible. He has now gone to the extraordinary extreme of proposing that the selective process be applied also to the correspondents who attend the formal press conferences. In other words, he would like to transfer the cozy personal atmosphere of Woodley to the public offices of the State Department, thus making certain that he was surrounded only by men whom he considered friendly to him. I fear the plan is too naive to succeed. "Wrong Horse Harry" has been told that his conferences will be open to any accredited correspondent of a newspaper, or they will cease to exist. If there remains any further doubt about the level of official sanity prevailing here, it should be settled by the knowledge that the War Department is seriously proposing to withdraw army units from the Mexican border posts and to station them nearer Chicago in anticipation of the expected "red uprising"!

Power and Politics in Seattle

By ROBERT L. HILL

TO the casual eye all appears quiet on the Western front between the Seattle municipal power system and its private competitor, the Puget Sound Power and Light Company. The recall election, which marked the latest outbreak of hostilities, is off the front page and public interest has veered to other matters. But it is merely a between-rounds lull. The municipal organization has given its competitor a solid left hook and is eager to follow up with a knockout, while the Stone and Webster concern is definitely on the defensive and retrenching.

The success of Seattle's City Light Company has caused bad dreams among gentlemen of the power racket for a number of years. They fear, with cause, that defection may spread to the ranks of other major cities and put an end to their lucrative traffic. Tacoma has already established a municipal power monopoly next door to Seattle, and farther down the coast the Los Angeles municipal power company threatens to drive out private competition. These three cities have the lowest power rates in the United States today.

The Seattle system furnishes a concrete example of a highly successful municipal enterprise which has faced bitter competition and constant political intrigue for about twenty-five years. The success of the organization has been due largely to J. D. Ross, who has been its superintendent almost from the beginning. On March 10 last, on the eve of the regular spring election, Ross was suddenly dismissed from the lighting department by Mayor Frank Edwards on vague charges of extravagance and professional incompetence. For nearly two months after the dismissal the City Council refused to confirm a successor to Ross, rejecting one appointee after another and urging the Mayor to retract. When Edwards remained adamant, recall charges were brought by Marion Zioncheck, liberal young attorney, and signatures obtained to force a recall election. Edwards had been twice elected mayor by the largest majorities ever recorded in Seattle for that office. When heads were counted at the recall in July, however, he was returned to the oblivion whence he came by a majority of 13,603 votes.

"It is City Light's victory," commented Superintendent Ross. "The success of the recall serves notice on friends and foes of public ownership that Seattle is definitely committed to protection and progress for its city-owned utility."

The first official act of Robert Harlin, president of the City Council and acting mayor upon Edwards's recall, was to reinstate Ross as head of City Light. The second official act of the new mayor was to request the resignation of every other city department head who had served under Edwards.

Although Ross modestly referred to the recall as a "City Light victory," it is also a great tribute to the man affectionately known as the "father of City Light." Governor Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot, Senator Norris, and other men interested in the gyrations of the power octopus followed the local affair closely and showered Ross with congratulations upon his reinstatement to office. Ross was made superintendent of the light department in 1911, and previously had been engineer in charge of design and con-

struction of the Cedar Falls plant, completed in 1904 as the first municipal hydroelectric plant in America. During his recent brief vacation at the behest of Mayor Edwards he served as consulting engineer for the State of New York on the great St. Lawrence hydroelectric development.

Before the city plant was started in 1902, consumers paid 20 cents per kilowatt hour for current. When it became certain that a municipal plant was to be built, the private companies reduced rates to 12 cents per kilowatt hour. In 1905 the city began taking contracts for residence service at rates varying from a maximum of 8½ cents for the first 20 kilowatt hours to a minimum of 4½ cents for all over 60 kilowatt hours. Some weeks later the private corporations came down to 10 cents for the first 20 kilowatt hours and a minimum of 5 cents for all over 60 kilowatt hours, with a 10 per cent discount for prompt payment.

Rates have been reduced upon many occasions since that time, but every reduction has been made first by the municipal system and then by its competitor. Dump power for commercial use now runs to as low as 3.42 mills per kilowatt hour. Effective since June, 1923, residence rates have been: 5½ cents for the first 40 kilowatt hours; 2 cents for the next 200 kilowatt hours; 1 cent for all over 240 kilowatt hours.

The annual statistical number of the *Electrical World*, January 4, 1930, shows the average rate for lighting current in the United States as 5.96 cents per kilowatt hour in 1929. The average lighting rate for the Seattle municipal plant for the same year was 2.52 cents per kilowatt hour, or 41.4 per cent of the nation's average. In 1929 the average Seattle home used 1,027 kilowatt hours of electricity, about twice the national average, and the city was equipped with 21,389 electric ranges, believed to be the largest number in any city. The total revenue from current in 1929, for both municipal and private plants, was \$8,900,000. The same current sold at the average price throughout the nation would have cost over \$21,000,000, or \$12,100,000 more. This is more than a million dollars above the total city budget, and makes the \$75,000 taxes paid by the private concern in the city seem insignificant. Moreover, not one cent of money from taxation has ever gone into financing of City Light. It has financed its own way from earnings since the beginning. In 1930 it added plant extensions to the value of \$4,787,929.11, redeemed bonds to the amount of \$1,346,000, and had cash and securities for further bond redemption amounting to \$1,241,735.49.

Conflict between the municipal company and private concerns has occurred in many forms. Much money was spent by the private company at the time of Ross's dismissal to defeat Charter Amendment Number 2, giving City Light control of its own engineering and taking it out of the hands of the city engineering office. The city engineer had spent City Light funds on its projects but was not responsible to the light superintendent. Mayor Edwards actively opposed the measure, while Ross championed it, claiming that much waste and inefficiency were permitted under this system

where the buck could be passed around. Ross pointed out as an example that the engineering office had spent years of time and millions of dollars in building the 389-foot Diablo dam on the Skagit, and at its completion no power house was likely for two more years. Voters passed the amendment the day following Ross's dismissal, and elected three councilmen pledged to support municipal utilities.

A few days later A. W. Leonard, president of Puget Sound Power and Light Company for many years, was removed from his position and became chairman of the board of directors. About a month later Mr. Leonard resigned his chairmanship and the position was abolished. Some suspect it never existed.

Another interesting phase of rivalry was in the form of a Voters' Information League, active chiefly in 1925, 1926, and 1927 in spreading "information" which was distinctly hostile to City Light. One of the directors of this organization was Major W. Chester Morse, whom Mayor Edwards appointed as Ross's successor at the head of City Light. It later came to light that the Puget Sound Power and Light Company, moved by a spirit of altruism no doubt, had been a generous supporter of the Information League. This was revealed by Mrs. Edgar Blair of Seattle when she examined the testimony of Norwood Brockett, public-relations man for Puget Sound Power and Light Company, before the Federal Trade Commission. Mrs. Blair filed her evidence with the State Supreme Court, and Mr. Brockett subsequently was let out from the company.

The municipal lighting department early saw that the logical source of energy was in water power, since millions of horse-power were running to waste annually within transmission distance of Seattle, and one of the most critical struggles came when City Light wrested the tremendous resources of the Skagit River from the Stone and Webster company. Records over a period of twenty-five years show that demands for power in Seattle have doubled in an average time of five years. City engineers investigated every water-power site within 150 miles of Seattle and in 1917 began to negotiate for bids on hydroelectric plants at three favorable sites to meet the increasing demand for power. A few days before time to open bids the light department was informed that the private company had purchased the Hebb site on the White River, the Sunset Falls site on the Skykomish River, and someone was tying up the Lake Cushman site in litigation.

The Skagit River in the Mt. Baker National Forest had long been recognized as the most favorable large development in the Northwest, but had not been considered by City Light because it was held by the private competitor under a temporary permit from the federal government. At the time the city was blocked in attempts to secure other sites, the period allowed the private company to begin construction on the Skagit had elapsed. Superintendent Ross then personally filed on the Skagit in the name of the city of Seattle and sent supporting data to show the city's need of the power to the federal government.

The annual report of City Light for 1929 tells of some of the maneuvering:

Superintendent Ross then laid the facts concerning the Skagit before Mayor Hiram C. Gill. Mayor Gill realized the merits of the great project and its potential value to the city of Seattle and he gave it his unwavering

support. He knew the strong opposition the city would meet and the pressure that would be brought to bear on him. Attempts were made to induce him to resign and he was offered other employment that would have made him a rich man. Feeling that these attempts were intended to keep the city from getting the Skagit site, Mayor Gill refused to resign and helped to carry the fight through its greatest crisis.

Mr. Ross went directly to Washington and presented the city's claim to David F. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture, who had jurisdiction over forest reserves. At the hearing Stone and Webster representatives protested against the transfer of the Skagit site, claiming the company had spent a great deal of time and money in development work. Mr. Ross showed that by the purchase of other power sites in the attempt to block the city of Seattle, Stone and Webster had indicated their intention to develop power elsewhere, and since no actual construction work had been done on the Skagit and the company was behind in its payments to the federal government under the Water Power Act, the Skagit was officially taken from Stone and Webster and turned over to the city. Announcement of the decision was received Christmas day, 1918—a Christmas present to the city of Seattle.

When developed to capacity the Skagit River will deliver to Seattle 1,120,000 horse-power, which is equal to the amount New York State will receive as its share from the St. Lawrence project and is considerably more than will be developed at Boulder Dam on the Colorado. Power development will be confined to the upper third of the short river, water being used three times over as it drops 1,200 feet in the first few miles of its course.

The ultimate development of 1,120,000 horse-power is estimated to cost \$74,500,000, with transmission lines, or \$66.65 per horse-power delivered in Seattle. This will be the cheapest unit cost of any large hydroelectric development in America and is one very good reason why a private concern should fear municipal competition. The city already has approximately \$50,000,000 invested in distribution system, steam plant, and hydroelectric development. In 1929 there were \$198.30 in bonds outstanding against the system per horse-power capacity, while the private concern had \$379.32 outstanding in stocks and bonds per horse-power capacity. Seattle's connection with the municipal power monopoly of the city of Tacoma makes this the largest publicly owned super-power system in the United States today.

J. D. Ross has urged condemnation of the holdings of the private power company for a number of years. He points out that not only would this remove a source of constant political intrigue, but that it would materially lower power costs. It costs as much to distribute power as to generate it. At the present time consumers are paying for two distribution systems where one would suffice. The private company covers practically the same ground in reaching its 30,000 city customers as the municipal concern covers in reaching its 95,000 customers.

Mr. Ross now holds the upper hand in Seattle politics. He is securely entrenched and it seems probable that the near future will see Seattle follow the example of Tacoma in establishing a municipal power monopoly—and the lowest power rates in the United States.

Germany Seeks a President

By JOHN ELLIOTT

Berlin, January 31

THE failure of Chancellor Brüning's effort to obtain the parliamentary prolongation of President Hindenburg's term of office by agreement with the "National Opposition" was certainly not without its humorous aspects. It was astonishing to see Hitler and Hugenberg posing as shocked defenders of an outraged republican constitution and insisting with the fervor of true democrats on the election of the President by direct vote of the people. It was no less amazing to behold Socialists and Catholics showing more zeal for the retention at the head of the state of a Protestant military hero than the Nationalists who had put him in office seven years ago. And, lastly, Brüning's appeal to Adolf Hitler was itself a rather bewildering gesture to the general public. Only a short time previously the Chancellor had excommunicated the National Socialist leader—bell, book, and candle—in a powerful speech in which the head of the government cast strong doubts on the legality of the Nazi movement. Yet here was Brüning now inviting Hitler to come around and discuss how Hindenburg might best be retained in the service of their common country over a social cup of tea.

But the man who was at the bottom of the somewhat mysterious affair was not Brüning but General Wilhelm Groener. This gentleman, who combines the Ministry of Defense with that of the Interior, is sometimes mentioned as the possible chancellor in a future cabinet in which both Hitler and Hugenberg will be represented, but I think there can be no doubt of his loyalty to the republic. Groener represents the highest type of German army officer of the old regime, with all his virtues and failings. He would doubtless serve faithfully in Hitler's Third Reich, if it ever came into being by legal methods, just as he was a dutiful soldier under Kaiser Wilhelm, but it is almost impossible to conceive of a man of his caliber lending himself in any way to subterranean plots or conspiracies to overthrow the existing regime.

Groener views life from the simple standpoint of a soldier. During the war he acquired for a time the opprobrious title of the "Cur General," for when the first serious industrial strike broke out in Germany after the commencement of the struggle, he called the strikers "curs." He was equally stern against Hugo Stinnes and other war profiteers. As head of the department for coordinating all able-bodied Germans behind the front into one big army of workers in the interests of the soldiers in the trenches, he drew up a memorandum for the Chancellor, providing for strict limitations on the earnings of the industrialists. Before two weeks had elapsed, Groener had been dismissed from the War Office for this offense and sent to the front.

Groener's conceptions of the duties of a soldier reveal themselves in his precepts to the Kaiser at the German Army Headquarters in the crisis of November, 1918. While Wilhelm was debating what he ought to do, Groener proposed that His Majesty should go into the trenches and die sword in hand. When the Kaiser, however, proposed lead-

ing the army back home to put down the Socialist rebels by force, Groener stoutly resisted and told the Emperor that the army would go home quietly under its commander, but would no longer follow the Kaiser, "because it has lost confidence in Your Majesty!" Groener's words are said to have convinced the Kaiser of the necessity of fleeing to Holland. German monarchists have never forgiven the general this speech, holding him primarily responsible for the downfall of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

But there is nothing in the previous record of this offspring of a simple Württemberg bourgeois family who had made his way to the top of his profession solely by his abilities as an organizer to show that he entertained republican notions. However, when the republic became inevitable, Groener accepted it just as Hindenburg did. And Groener shared with the Field Marshal the arduous task of leading the defeated German army back home and seeing that it was peacefully demobilized. In the days that followed the Armistice, Groener was extremely helpful to Friedrich Ebert and the Provisional Republican Government as chief military adviser. It was Groener's common-sense counsel that persuaded the German civilian rulers at Weimar in June, 1919, of the uselessness of further resistance and the necessity of submitting to the peace treaty.

Groener's appointment as Reichswehr Minister in February, 1928, was hailed with joy by the Republican press, which saw in him a democrat who could be counted upon to make the small army a reliable instrument in the service of the republic. In this respect the Republicans have had no cause for complaint.

Groener's policy has been to "keep the Reichswehr out of politics." One of the first things that the new Minister did was to forbid German army officers membership in the notoriously royalist Kiel Yacht Club. The trial of the three young lieutenants at Leipzig in the autumn of 1930, in the course of which Hitler delivered his famous "head-rolling" speech, showed that the civilian head of the army was determined to tolerate no Nazi cells within the Reichswehr. Last November Groener delivered a radio speech in which he expressed the wish that he could pour his "unshakable faith in Germany's future" into the souls of all Germans. "The firm ground on which this optimism rests," continued the Minister, "must be the German Republic." This is a rather notable confession of faith to make at a time when most German politicians are avoiding using the word "republic" with the instinctive aversion of an American aspirant for public office to discussing prohibition.

Groener is the foremost protagonist of Germany's demand for equality in armaments with other Powers. He is always vociferous in Parliament, on the platform, in newspaper articles and interviews, and through the microphone in his denunciation of French militarism. But nobody is so insistent as he is on the necessity of Germany's arming up to the very limit permitted her by the Treaty of Versailles. He is the author of the "pocket-battleship" program, and his skill in piloting it through the Reichstag in the teeth of po-

litical opposition and financial difficulties might make even Tirpitz envious.

An amazing example of his pertinacity was given in 1928. The Social Democrats had just won a notable parliamentary success in the Reichstag elections in May that year on the issue of "food for children instead of armored cruisers." They had increased their parliamentary representation from 131 deputies to 153, which was considered a very respectable gain until the elections of 1930 upset all previous standards of value. A new Cabinet was formed, headed by the Socialist Müller and containing three other members of the victorious party. The general belief was that the pocket-battleship issue was as dead as Free Silver after the Bryan defeat of 1896. To the general astonishment, however, one of the first things that this supposedly Socialist-dominated Cabinet did was to indorse an initial appropriation for the first pocket battleship.

A secret memorandum circulated by the Reichswehr Minister among his colleagues, which was later published in the English *Review of Reviews*, partly explained how he turned the trick. Groener raised the familiar bogey of Poland falling upon East Prussia and Upper Silesia and grabbing them as she had seized Vilna. This menace was apparently enough to change the view of the Socialist ministers, although to a layman it was not clear why the existing German navy was not sufficient to protect German coasts in view of the fact that the Poles had only a few gunboats in the Baltic, or how even a pocket battleship could insure the safety of landgirt Silesia. Perhaps the threat of Groener to resign if his appropriation was not carried, coupled with the prospect of unpleasant repercussions from a source "higher up," carried more weight in converting the former advocates of "food for children."

Last year the Reichswehr Minister pushed through the Reichstag the initial estimates for the second pocket battleship. Moreover, he has maintained the appropriations for his department practically intact at a level of approximately 700,000,000 marks at a time when the budget has been pared to the bone in an effort to make it balance, when the public is being taxed to the breaking-point, and when funds for the unemployed and for social relief have been reduced to a bare minimum. Last summer when German statesmen and bankers, with their country bankrupt, were scurrying from capital to capital in search of a loan to stave off a complete financial breakdown, they haughtily rejected all suggestions for the postponement of construction on the Deutschland. The summer of 1931 witnessed some curious scenes, but surely no spectacle more amazing than that of German statesmen expecting the French Government to finance the construction of their new warship.

Not only is the pocket battleship sacrosanct, but all criticism of the Reichswehr budget appears to be taboo. Even the keen analytical mind of Parker Gilbert was perplexed when confronted with the labyrinthine obscurities of the German military estimates. Nothing can be more stupid than the course of the German Government, by repressing criticism at home, in giving color to the accusations of French politicians and generals that the Reichswehr is secretly arming far above treaty limits. Yet when the sentencing of Carl von Ossietzky, the brilliant editor of *Die Weltbühne*, to eighteen months in prison for so-called "betrayal of military secrets" unleashed a storm of protest throughout the

world, General Groener replied by threatening to decree still more stringent laws against his critics.

No Cabinet Minister enjoys the confidence of President Hindenburg to quite the same extent that Groener does. The attention of the German Field Marshal was first attracted to the Württemberger by the brilliant way in which the latter handled the transport movements of the German mobilization in 1914. Consequently, when Ludendorff threw up the sponge in the autumn of 1918, it was to Groener that Hindenburg turned to fill the vacant post of Quartermaster General. Again, ten years later, it was Hindenburg who inspired Groener's appointment as Reichswehr Minister when Otto Gessler retired after seven years in this office.

Scorning politicians and their ways, it was but natural that Groener should take the lead in the movement for Hindenburg's reelection by non-partisan methods. Negotiations to this end were apparently inaugurated last autumn when Hitler was received first at the Ministry of Defense and later was granted an audience with President Hindenburg. When the way seemed clear, Hitler was summoned from Munich by telegraph by the Reichswehr Minister to meet him and the Chancellor in Berlin. But Groener had forgotten one man and the oversight ruined his plans. That man was Alfred Hugenberg, owner of the largest chain of newspapers in the country and boss of the Nationalist Party.

Hitler seems to have been greatly flattered by the Chancellor's invitation. The man who engineered the famous Ludendorff putsch in Munich in 1923 now craves for recognition of his "legality" with the ardor with which a demi-monde married into "good society" seeks respectability. Brüning's call gave Hitler for the first time public recognition that he was a power in the state to be reckoned with. Softened by feelings of gratitude, Hitler momentarily was inclined to comply with the Chancellor's wishes for a parliamentary extension of Hindenburg's term of office.

But if Hitler was exalted, Hugenberg was insulted by Brüning's action. Long before, Hugenberg had cherished for Brüning a virulent hatred. Hugenberg has never forgiven Brüning for his attempt to destroy the Nationalist Party in 1930. Brüning in those now almost forgotten days tried to form a conservative government by driving a wedge between the milder members of the Nationalist Party and the diehards under Hugenberg. Brüning brought moderates like Gottfried Treviranus and Martin Schiele, the agricultural leader, into his Cabinet and actually did succeed in splitting the Nationalist parliamentary party into two factions—one led by Count Westarp, an old-fashioned conservative, and the other by the Hugenberg machine. Brüning plunged into the Reichstag elections of September, 1930, to complete the process.

What happened, of course, is familiar history. Brüning administered a crushing blow to the once proud Nationalist Party; the beneficiary was not the Chancellor but Hitler. While the National Socialist Party rose from the contemptible status of a tiny group of a dozen Reichstag deputies to the position of the second largest party with 107 members, the Nationalists, heirs of the historic Conservative Party, dwindled into a parliamentary group of minor importance. Once it boasted 110 Reichstag deputies, but now it can claim but 44. A vindictive man like Hugenberg could not be expected to forgive the Chancellor that stroke.

The bitterness of the "German Northcliffe" toward

Brüning was accentuated by the fact that the Chancellor addressed his invitation exclusively to Hitler, and only subsequently was the Nationalist leader called into the discussions. Hugenberg from the outset was firm in his refusal to consider the proposal and forced Hitler to join in the rejection. For in the race for extremism the Nazis cannot afford to be outstripped by the Nationalists. Hitler's lieutenants in all parts of the Reich telegraphed to their leader warning him of the grave consequences that yielding to the Chancellor's blandishments would entail on the party fortunes. The episode throws instructive light on Hitler's pretensions to be a dictator in the Mussolini style.

"Get rid of Brüning"—that is now the slogan of the Harzburg coalition. Brüning, in the eyes of this reactionary alliance, is the last defender of the republic and the parliamentary democracy—that "system" against which Hitler and Hugenberg deliver their daily philippics. So long as Hindenburg continues to be associated in the public mind with

Brüning and hence to stand as a symbol of the existing order, the Nationalists threaten that they will oppose his reelection.

Perhaps, however, for once even the Nazis have gone too far in their demagogy. Whether it be with the simplicity of a child or with Jesuitical cunning, as his opponents charge, Brüning has maneuvered his political foes into an awkward situation. He has put them in the position of placing party considerations before country. Even from the viewpoint of party politics, the position of the parties of the right is anything but a happy one. To oppose Hindenburg's reelection means affronting thousands of Nationalist voters to whom the old Field Marshal is still a demi-god. The demand of the Steel Helmet, itself a constituent part of the Harzburg front, for Hindenburg's reelection shows this only too clearly. But by their public attitude on the issue, Hitler and Hugenberg have made a further stay of Hindenburg in the Wilhelmstrasse the equivalent of a vote of confidence for their arch-foe Brüning.

Is There Hope for Disarmament?

By M. FARMER MURPHY

Geneva, February 11

OPENING as it did in the shadow of the shameful failure of the League of Nations Council in the case of Japan's war against China, the pretensions of the Conference for the Limitation and Reduction of Armaments were calculated to make the cynical sneer. To be setting out to frame another treaty designed to check the savage instincts of man in company with the representatives of a nation which within a few months had deliberately violated three most solemn international agreements recently signed seemed to be an absurdity which approached the ludicrous. As Emile Vandervelde, president of the Labor and Socialist International, said in his prepared speech, which he was asked not to repeat in the conference hall, how could much be expected from an assembly in which sat "governments whose will to power refused to make substantial concessions" and others who were responsible for the raging of violence "in flagrant violation of treaties" and who were enforcing "the right of the strongest by fire and sword"?

It was, indeed, not an auspicious augury and the conference at first did nothing to encourage belief in its sincerity. Not only was M. Vandervelde asked to omit his reference to the events in the Orient out of consideration for Japan, but in the vote for fourteen vice-presidents forty-seven out of fifty-four nations gave their ballots to the country which was carrying on a war of aggression. But subsequent developments showed that the incongruous situation might work out for good. Many of the delegates were made very uneasy by it, and speech after speech referred to the war in the East as something which rendered decisive action by the conference all the more imperative. There is already discernible among a majority of the delegates a feeling of their momentous responsibility, and this might not have been so quickly or so fully produced had it not been for Japan's lawlessness coming on top of the world economic crisis.

The creeping paralysis which came over the League of Nations Council in its dealings with the Manchurian and

Shanghai situation also served another useful purpose. It knocked the carefully prepared and adroitly presented French plan clear off its polished pedestal. The fragments which remained were then pulverized by Litvinov so that now nothing is left of it but dust to throw in the eyes of the French voters. It can only be guessed, of course, whether the French plan was intended to be a monkey-wrench to hurl into the machinery of the conference or an instrument for use in domestic politics, but if it was aimed at the conference it has missed. The whole structure of the French scheme was built up around the League, and with public confidence in the League destroyed by its conspicuous failure in the current emergency, the French plan falls with it. If the League cannot even rise to the point of showing moral courage or exercising economic pressure, who is going to trust it with the direction of a military force? If it cannot even array itself in words on the side of right, who will depend upon it to use military pressure, as Signor Grandi said, "in the service of justice"? These are questions which would riddle the French plan if it should ever be seriously pushed.

In view of the everlasting boast about "French logic," it is strange that French policy is so shortsighted. France is always exalting the League, invoking its various powers, and urging it as the proper instrument in international settlements. Yet most of the failures of the League, most of its disappointments, have been the result of secret French intrigue. If France sincerely believes in the League, the only way to strengthen it is to have it deserve public confidence. It will never have that so long as French machinations continually seek to twist its operations (and too often succeed in it) into the promotion of particular national interests, into the service of greedy enterprises, and into the vindictive perpetuation of injustices. French politicians are forever shouting about "security," but if they were as intelligent as they profess to be they would know that fairness, magnanimity, and neighborliness are a better protection than the greatest army that could be raised. In the World War

France had the sympathy and support of the impartial world and it saved her from becoming a vassal to imperialist Germany. But by her course since the close of the war, which has been a negation of the qualities of fairness, magnanimity, and neighborliness and an assumption of Hohenzollern militarism, she has lost that sympathy and now stands friendless between her huge army and her mountain of gold. What the world needs is not security for France but security from France, from her insolent militarism, from her blackmailing diplomacy, from her provincialism, from her malicious meddling in international relations. If the scotching of the first dramatic move made by France at this conference means that her influence will not predominate, it gives the best possible promise for creditable results to come.

It is a deplorable commentary on the present state of democratic nations that the best presentations of the case for disarmament have been made by the representatives of countries governed by dictators. Signor Grandi, for Italy, swept away the whole mass of formulas and petty technicalities which were cluttering up the scene and put the proposition on the broad basis of justice and fair-dealing. In substance and form and in the moving quality of oratory his speech was superb. It contrasted vividly with the hard metallic whine of Tardieu. Litvinov, for the Soviet dictatorship, was no less effective in a different style. With unexpected moderation of tone and language he dissected the various plans of playing at disarmament and calmly but pitilessly exposed the hypocrisies of the different governments.

In discussing the French plan he adopted the most effective method possible by making it appear ridiculous. He showed that the proposed League of Nation's military force would not be able even to assure victory to the side to whose support it went. And how to determine who the aggressor was? And if the aggressor could not be definitely labeled, would the League of Nation's force stand in the middle and fire at both sides? How could Russia be expected to contribute to an international force to aid or work with nations which were so hostile they would not even recognize her? It was devastating. He could not help but recall that the Soviet delegation to the preparatory conference had proposed total disarmament as the only real remedy, and that if it had been adopted the war in China (not yet "certified as war by any notary public") would have been impossible. But still the Soviet delegation was not going to take the attitude of all or nothing and was willing to work with others for the largest measure of disarmament obtainable.

One cannot help wondering if the preeminence of these two governments at this conference has some deep significance. Do the sonorous, desiccated, elocutionary platitudes of Sir John Simon, the routine recommendations of the United States, and the medieval proposals of France mean that democracy is far along in the process of decay? Or that they are only in the act of sloughing off the old dead skin and will appear in a new and brighter coat with the coming generations? The latter may be the case, but the circumstance that the most vital contributions made so far to this conference have been from countries operating under a changed order suggests that it is no coincidence but the writing on the wall.

The sense of great responsibility evinced by most of the delegates is an encouraging omen. There have been other heartening things, like the deposit of petitions containing

8,000,000 names collected by fifteen international women's organizations representing fifty-six countries, the demand of students that they shall not be slaughtered on the threshold of active life, and the promise of the Socialist labor organizations that when next called to war, if they do not actually throw away their arms, they will at least not use them against one another.

The threat to substantial success, given the delegates' sense of their grave duty and the tremendous public support accorded them, lies in the fear that with the best intentions in the world the delegates will not be able to rise above the level of the befuddled statesmen in most of the governments of the world. They are trying to run a modern world according to the rules of forgotten centuries. Can the delegates to the disarmament conference be expected to perform more intelligently than their sponsors?

In the Driftway

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago the steamship Bremen made her first Atlantic crossing in twelve days and ten hours; her namesake, owned by the same company, the North German Lloyd, now grandly traverses the broad ocean in hardly more than a third of that time. The little Bremen was 334 feet long and 42 feet broad; the modern greyhound is three times as long and more than twice as wide. Between the measurements of the two lies much of the history of steamship travel. When the first Bremen was launched, steamship travel was slow, costly, and irregular. The darling of the seas was the proud, wilful, and handsome clipper ship which made the United States of America maritimately famous. The Drifter confesses to an incurable weakness for the clipper; report has it that she shipped a lot of water and was uncomfortable to sail in, but she was fast and when the canvas was fully spread she was in beauty second to no other invention of man.

* * * * *

STEAM, however, was stealing up on the clipper. Through the eighties thirties and forties various steam-driven vessels crossed the Western ocean in fifteen to twenty-five days, all equipped with sails, which whenever possible they made use of. Even the Bremen of 1858 had her sails—three masts of them—with which she saved coal. Coal was the great stumbling-block of the earliest steamships. The new and clumsy engines burned enormous quantities of fuel; the Royal William, one of whose owners was Samuel Cunard of shipowning fame, which crossed the ocean in 1833, burned 330 tons for the trip. Not until five years later did a ship make the passage with a condenser for her boilers; salt water had been used until that time, and the change marked an important milestone in steam navigation. Another milestone was passed in 1840 when Samuel Cunard started the first regular transatlantic service, with four ships—built of wood, incidentally, instead of iron. The North German Lloyd Company, therefore, came along in good enough time, eighteen years later, when most ocean voyages were still being made under sail, but when the new machine, the mechanical sail, was slowly but surely drawing ahead of its ancient and honored rival.

WITH the passing of the sail something touching and lovely has gone from the sea. Yet the Drifter is not able to see one of the great modern liners without a twinge of the heart. It is so confident, so stately, so strong. It divides the waters with such a sure and steady stroke, its black smoke streams away so firmly, its clean decks are so easy to walk upon, its brass is so bright, its beds are so fresh. In crossing the Atlantic Ocean, often unfriendly enough, there is much to be said for a firm planking and a dry blanket, for food not too salty, for a shore not too many days away. The Drifter can be as romantic as anyone at the sight of a four-masted schooner lying idly at anchor in New York harbor, or even passing discreetly along the coast with all sails set and spray flying. But when he thinks of the month-long crossings, the sea-wet clothing, the dank, ill-smelling holds, the ship's biscuit and the leathery beef, the slippery decks washed by hostile waves, he is somewhat unconvinced. He remembers the voyage of Abigail Adams and her children, bravely crossing to France to join the Ambassador; Abigail was gallant to the last, but she hated her little bunk divided by a curtain from the main—and only—cabin; she hated being kept from above decks on every day but the mildest; she hated the inescapable smell. Thirty days of it she had to try her. Recalling that voyage and many like it, the Drifter is perfectly content to walk up a modern gangplank and board a liner that will carry him, with very small chance of failure, across as many waters as he wants to go. He knows he will sleep at night, eat at mealtimes, and walk the decks confidently by day, which at his advanced age is very consoling.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Sixty-seven Years of *The Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I be permitted to relate a very small bit of personal history and to offer what I think is an important suggestion? I have experienced in my life the extraordinary good fortune of having been a subscriber to *The Nation* most of the time from its beginning until now, and a reader of it all the time. I read its very first issue, and was so delighted with its fine spirit, its splendid forward look, its scholarship, its daring, and the brilliant pen of Mr. Godkin, its editor, that I subscribed at once. Of course that was a small matter, but it led to something else.

I was then a student at the University of Chicago, and I conceived the idea of organizing a *Nation* club. The idea met with favor, and soon we had such a club formed, consisting of upper classmen and members of the faculty. We met every Thursday evening in one of the larger rooms of the university. The purpose of the club was to discuss the last number of *The Nation*, all the members being pledged to read it before coming to the meeting.

Well, we soon became enthusiastic. We had not dreamed that such awakening, mind-provoking, illuminating discussions were possible. Each issue of *The Nation* brought, in condensed and fine form, information concerning the most significant new books. Also each issue brought striking and challenging articles on these and other themes from the ablest pens. To spend an evening each week, with a company of alert and eager minds, thinking about, digging into, criticizing, weighing, trying to form intelligent judgments on such living, vital matters was a new

and amazingly stimulating kind of education. In my long life I have belonged to many clubs; but I have never found one of equal value as a mental stimulus and as a means of keeping posted on the most important events of the world.

Mr. Editor, I venture to write this letter in order to inquire of your readers whether there ought not to be just such clubs all over this land, in every college and university and in every town and city. Ten thousand such clubs would in ten years revolutionize (or, better, evolutionize) the country's public thinking and give us a new America.

Ann Arbor, Mich., February 11

J. T. SUNDERLAND

Public and Private Ownership

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When I read in *The Nation* of January 6 Carl F. Kirchner's letter criticizing your circular letter of October 23, I was reminded of another letter written to the *New York Tribune* in 1865 by its correspondent Albert D. Richardson, when he was touring the far West with Schuyler Colfax and others. He wrote, in part:

When the operations of the Wells Fargo [Express] Company were confined to the Pacific Coast and the steamers between San Francisco and New York, it transported 12,300,000 letters annually. Two and a quarter millions of writers paid nine and a half cents extra *not* to have their letters pass through the circumlocution office. What stronger proof of the folly of government's conveying letters? It might with as much propriety sell groceries, convey heavy freights, or deliver washing. Abolish the Post Office Department! Leave this, like other carrying trade, open to private competition, and the mail service of the United States would be performed 50 per cent cheaper and 100 per cent better than it is today.

How strangely like the sixth paragraph of Mr. Kirchner's letter this sounds! Verily, there are always those who rail against anything and everything that sounds like progress.

A few weeks after writing the above-mentioned letter to the *Tribune*, Mr. Richardson wrote the following:

The Union Pacific Railroad, working from Omaha, Nebraska, westward, receives in government bonds \$16,000, \$32,000 or \$48,000 for every mile of road finished—\$16,000 where the route is level and grading light, \$32,000 among the foothills, and \$48,000 in the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas. The company also acquires absolutely 13,000 acres of land per mile along its line. In addition it has a donation of nearly a half-million dollars in bonds from San Francisco and thirty acres of valuable land in the city limits from Sacramento.

Private ownership is successful when publicly financed!
Birmingham, Ala., January 8

ARLIE BARBER

Not Roman but Romanic

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the letter of Romain Rolland's on Mahatma Gandhi (February 10) you make Rolland say that the Roman bourgeoisie quivered with rage when he, Gandhi, left. This is, of course, misleading. Rolland meant the Romanic, or French-Swiss, bourgeoisie (*la bourgeoisie romande*). He judges the Swiss bourgeoisie at its true value, for not only French but also German Switzerland has abandoned its old liberal and progressive policies and is pursuing a reactionary and capitalistic course.

Washington, D. C., February 7

DR. A.

Contributors to This Issue

WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR., is on the Washington staff of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

JOSEPH BARNES has just returned from a trip to Russia and the Far East.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

ROBERT L. HILL founded and edited the *Free Lance* while at the University of Washington.

JOHN ELLIOTT is the Berlin correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

M. FARMER MURPHY is foreign correspondent for the Baltimore *Sun*.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER is the author of "The Temptation of Anthony."

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is a writer on educational and other subjects for current periodicals.

JOSHUA KUNITZ is lecturer on Soviet literature at the New School for Social Research.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN is on the staff of the New York *Times Book Review*.

A. E. ZUCKER is professor of modern languages and comparative literature at the University of Maryland, and author of "Ibsen, the Master Builder."

EDA LOU WALTON is associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University, and author of "Jane Matthew and Other Poems."

WILLIAM L. NUNN was formerly instructor in economics at the University of Pittsburgh.

Finance

Reserve Banks' New Powers

TO the extent that the Glass-Steagall banking bill throws restrictions around the enlarged lending powers of the Federal Reserve banks, to that extent it nullifies the possibility of inflation by fiat upon which many people seem to be reckoning as a cure for depression. The pending legislation does not fling open the doors of the Federal Reserve to any and all banks, but only to those which have exhausted their borrowing powers, or which are willing to band together in groups of at least five for the purpose of applying jointly for loans. In such cases the approval of at least six members of the Federal Reserve Board is required before a loan is granted, and a penalty rate at least one per cent above the current discount rate is to be charged.

It is hard to conceive of a new flood of credit being put into circulation under such conditions, and it should not have been necessary for the Washington authorities to explain so earnestly that no inflation—at least, not much inflation—is contemplated. Yet many in Washington, and elsewhere, still cling to the idea that inflation is a matter of the will, a thing which we can take or leave, according as it suits our purpose. None of the exploiters of the current financial measures has explained how currency is to be issued if people do not demand it from the banks, nor how bank loans are to be expanded if good borrowers do not wish to borrow, nor how commodity prices are to be raised if people will not buy. There is, to be sure, one way to accomplish these ends, which is for the government itself to do the borrowing and spending.

If the government will spend only so much as it takes from the taxpayers' pockets, or announce firm plans for doing so, the rather silly talk about inflating, anti-deflating, "reflating," and the like will be stilled, a substantial basis for public confidence could be established, and a wholesome expansion of bank loans could take place, along with a normal recovery in commodity prices, without a suggestion of inflation. In that case the new bank law would stand revealed in its proper setting as an emergency measure designed, like the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, to buttress the weak spots in the present credit structure.

As to whether the Federal Reserve banks should have, as a matter of course, authority to make loans on long-term securities and other investment collateral, strong differences of opinion exist. Such powers are possessed by the European banks of issue, and if used with discretion are undoubtedly helpful. Good management should be hampered as little as possible by rigid rules and legislative dicta. Before concluding that our banks should follow the European pattern, however, it would be well to inquire carefully whether the pattern is applicable here. Ever since the flood of the world's gold set toward us, as a result of war, we have had a surplus of liquid resources above what could normally be employed in business, with the result that it was employed abnormally in the security markets. Some kink in the distributive process prevented these resources from being fully used in permanent, long-term investments, so that they largely took the form of short-term bank credits. Consequently, our banking machine has been geared to the stock market in a way which is practically unheard of abroad. The doctrine that stock speculation is a national vocation, as much entitled to bank credit as manufacturing and trade, is one that should be reckoned with before discretionary powers are granted to the Federal Reserve banks to lend on securities.

S. PALMER HARMAN

TOURS TO SOVIET RUSSIA for STUDENTS — TOURISTS SCIENTISTS

Weekly departures from New York
by Fast Steamers

Special Excursion for the
MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS

Sailing on the
S.S. NEW YORK . . . APRIL 14

Moderate Rates in All Classes
Visas and other details quickly arranged

Consult your Travel Agent or
HAMBURG-AMERICAN
39 Broadway LINE New York

Books, Drama, Films

Windherd

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Rides the wind heavily, forth himself shouting,
on his own flanks shoot his whips.
We hear him the moonedge scraping by its rasp,
or the cloud stonier, clinking hail.
Herdsman of sounds, he follows surf
thunderously grazing.

Now

he effervesces in the trees; he seethes the grass.
Our windows cough his phlegm. Quick we endear
Quiet, our house pet, on a sound's tooth dying.
His horn mouth he on the chimney strikes;
reaches his quick hand down, and grips
the flame, by its hunting fingers;
whereat the coals, in black cat huddle,
scream from their fire mouths.

Afar we hear

the mob waves panic, crowding and gnashing spume;
and the sky, metal and cold, splitting with icy rust.

Clarence Darrow

The Story of My Life. By Clarence Darrow. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

MR. DARROW is not a great man. He is a great personality. The distinction is moot. But the difference is vital. He is not a great jurist or philosopher or social statesman. He is shrewd, he is often wise, he is colorful, he is very human, and he has an unerring gift for the middle of the stage. He has lived in the congenital limelight of a dramatic egocentricity; and he has illumined many things around him. And, of course, each melodramatic chapter in his career has a grand story behind it. But unlike Emma Goldman and Lincoln Steffens, who in their vividness and unconscious attraction toward the spotlight resemble him, he refuses to divulge his tales out of school; which is too bad. A great man, a Carlylean hero, can afford to write a bland autobiography if he so chooses. For history will speak for him. But an interesting character, about whom the main thing is not his views or his deeds but his life, does himself an injustice when he writes an official autobiography. And Mr. Darrow has done himself precisely such a disservice. He is a vastly more experienced man than his memoirs indicate. His book reads as though it had been carelessly dictated to a stenographer.

Professionally Mr. Darrow is a lawyer, with a tendency to rescue the under-dog from the predicament of dramatic injustice. Avocationally he has always been interested in atheism and scientific determinism, with especial regard to biology. And both his professional and avocational views he has had the rare good fortune to argue in court.

As a lawyer Mr. Darrow has contributed little to disciplined jurisprudence, to the philosophical clarification of the law, even in labor disputes or in criminal treatment, which were his main interests. Mr. Darrow is a great trial lawyer in criminal cases, a really uncanny bewitcher of juries. And it was as a trial lawyer, rather than as a jurist, that he won and lost in his great labor cases: the Debs case in 1893, the Haywood-Moyer-Pettibone case in 1905-06, and the McNamara case in 1911.

Yet in none of these trials does Mr. Darrow take the reader behind the scenes. And he fails to point out their social significance. After all, the Socialist Party, as we now know it, received its indigenous impetus when Debs embraced it in jail. The I. W. W., and its profound syndicalist influence on our more proletarian sects, had much, almost everything, to do with Haywood's experience in Idaho. And the McNamara shock to American labor literally changed its entire direction, as Louis Adamic has so brilliantly pointed out in "Dynamite." But Mr. Darrow is satisfied with a mere epitome of these celebrated affairs. It is also unfortunate that he fails to bring out the deeply tortured controversies of the McNamara tragedy—controversies which Jim McNamara and Schmidt explained to the present writer, with all the objectivity of men whose hurts have deadened all hope, during two unforgettable hours at San Quentin.

Mr. Darrow's open atheism is extremely attractive. There are, of course, no agnostics. They are merely scared atheists who rationalize their fear. Still, Mr. Darrow constantly harps on an Ingersoll atheism, which is socially antiquated in its irrelevance to the contemporary problem of religion. During the Scopes case he brought out all the village-atheist objections to Holy Writ on the ground of its bad geology, its magic obstetrics, the incredible biochemistry of Lot's wife. He laughed at the sacred cosmogony and the homiletic biology of Mr. Bryan. But what really endangers the civilization of civilized men is not that the poetry of the Bible does not work in the laboratory, but that in our twentieth century, organized religion of any kind, as a social force, is the deadly enemy of the scientific outlook, the humane rationalism, and the Socialist direction without which modern society simply cannot go on. And because Mr. Darrow failed to think through the religious predicament of the modern world, he permitted the Scopes case to point the triumph, not of "science" and evolution, but of *modernism* in religion—whose influence is obviously more harmful to the life of the mind than the dying rattles in the fundamentalist throat. Toward the end of his book Mr. Darrow apparently realizes this, for he records his discouragement when Messrs. Eddington and Jeans appointed the Lord to a fellowship in pure mathematics at Cambridge.

Mr. Darrow has been a voracious lay reader in biology all his life. But there, again, he is still fighting the battles of Huxley, albeit he naturally dispenses with Huxley's tactical reverence for evolution. On the contrary, he constantly dwells on the vanity which is behind natural selection, and on many occasions he contemplates his own birth as an infinitesimal accident which he deems very absurd and uncalled for. When man is once born, however, Mr. Darrow thinks of him, with Huxley, as a "manikin," wound up and determined, a sort of etiological puppet. In this view we are all psycho-physical parallelograms, in the utter grip of its forces. This leads Mr. Darrow to his favorite theory that no man can help being and doing just as he is and behaves. John Doe was a *fait accompli* from the beginning of time. And it is on this old-fashioned biological determinism that Mr. Darrow rears his very wise and very humane criminology; which again is a pity. For one should be able to subscribe to a decent and enlightened penology without having it rest on a Victorian mechanism.

It is in the Leopold and Loeb case, which is the most famous of the hundreds of criminal cases in which Mr. Darrow did brilliant and just defense, that he especially illustrates his homely materialism. Leopold and Loeb murdered a child for reasons, Mr. Darrow insists, which no man in his finite ignorance could possibly fathom. It seems that in the infinite past a concatenation of circumstances nebularly began which eventuated in a hammer held in the hand of Loeb and landing on the

head of the Frank boy. That is all very well. Yet it would have been extremely illuminating if Mr. Darrow had added that the case was a sex crime. It is far wiser penology not to hang but to treat sex criminals, if possible, than it is to refrain from hanging mere puppets of biochemical "determinism."

So much for the review of Mr. Darrow's autobiography. But I cannot stop here. Mr. Darrow deserves so much better than he receives from his own pen. And to do him justice I must trot out the hoary but abiding line that "nothing human is ever alien" to Clarence Darrow. He really suffers prostitutes quite as gladly as philosophers; indeed, vice versa. He really is no more impressed by the high and mighty and good than he is by the low and lowly and bad; indeed, quite the contrary. All men but the righteous have his sympathy. And if they can't have that, for some practical reason, they at least have his insight. And the reason he understands all manner of men and their sisters is because, like all real human beings, he wishes to conceal quite as much as he is willing to say. Possibly this is why he did not tell the whole story.

And then, the mellowness of his wisdom, at its best, is a joy. Some eight years ago I was asked to invite Mr. Darrow to address a lunch club of journalists in New York City. Mindful of an appreciative article I had written of him in the old *Sunday World*, he kindly accepted and came on from Chicago. He told us what scoundrels we were and how he loved us. I shall never forget the real understanding he showed of the miserable cowardices and the deep decencies, of the trials and triumphs, of all the soft-pedaling and four-flushing and yet all the real courage and honorableness which the Fourth Estate so perversely displays. And it is a great tribute to the man that, when he finished, some of us softly referred to him in an affectionate vulgarism, at once deeply respectful and quite unprintable.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

The Kaleidoscope of Russia

The Price of Life. By Vladimir Lidin. Translated by Helen C. Matheson. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

IN this novel Lidin, "one of the well-known Russian writers," gives us an extraordinary picture of university life in Soviet Russia. It is the story of Kiril Bessonov, a peasant poet who betrays his ideals for a short cut to wealth. Kiril's tragedy is played against a blaring and chaotic background—Bohemian nights in underground rooms, singing gipsies, bowls of vodka—where greed and lust vie with the ascetic bleakness of bolshevism. It is a vivid story, which is strangely speeded up to keep pace with the creation of a new social order. Involved in robbery and murder, Kiril escapes the police only to decide that life is not worth while if the price to be paid is perpetual flight and fear of betrayal.

This synopsis, taken bodily from the flap of the jacket, gives a fairly correct idea of the plot, except for one very significant, crucial detail. According to the novel, Kiril does not decide that life is not worth while. On the contrary, he surrenders himself to the police because life seems to him distinctly worth while. Indeed, toward the end of the book we read: "Kiril was suffused with a feeling of serene joy at the thought that he was returning to his own world. There he would learn the values of life, of human blood, of toil, and of love, and it would be through his awful ordeal that he would acquire his knowledge. In spite of his sorrow and remorse, his elation still persisted as he looked at the loveliness of the earth with the sea caressing its coast."

One wonders—is this simply an error made by an irresponsible writer of blurbs, or is this deliberate falsification? The sensational jacket, with the girl kneeling in anguish, the

manacled youth staring defiantly into space, and the conspicuously printed legend, "Youth Pitted Against Soviet Tyranny," seems to support the latter hypothesis. It is distressing to think of the terrible shock Lidin will get when he learns of the lurid, misleading, and downright indecent way in which his book has been brought before American readers. It is even more distressing to see an old and reputable publishing firm stoop to the ethics of a calumny monger.

The truth is that the novel has nothing to do with Soviet tyranny or with anybody pitted against that tyranny. It simply depicts a proletarian youth who in the period of the NEP falls under the influence of the then revived unscrupulous, rapacious Soviet bourgeoisie. Torn away from his class, from the lofty and difficult business of creating a new and better society, the youth is lost in the morass of bourgeois individualism. This idea is not new; it is a Soviet cliché. Scores of novels have been written in the Soviet Union with this as the major theme. Indeed, rather than showing youth pitted against Soviet tyranny, the author shows the clash between the good and evil forces in NEP Russia. The whole point of the novel is that the proletariat stands for life, for health, for progress; while the bourgeoisie stands for disease, death, and decay.

Altogether, the reader seeking a correct and intimate picture of Soviet life must be warned against the numerous Russian novels that have of late been flooding the American market. I have in mind such books as Leonov's "Thief," Voinova's "Semi-Precious Stones," Pilnyak's "The Volga Falls to the Caspian Sea," and Kataiev's "Embezzlers." One must constantly bear in mind the rapid and kaleidoscopic changes in Soviet conditions. What was true of Soviet life yesterday is utterly untrue today. The rate of progress is terrific. This has been one of the greatest difficulties the Soviet writers have had to cope with. By the time a novel is completed it is obsolete. Imagine how long it takes for a novel to be written and published in Russia, be transported to America, make the rounds of the American publishers, be translated and be published, and you have some notion of the validity of the picture you get by the time the book reaches you. No wonder most of the Soviet novels published in this country deal with the NEP period, a period that has passed into oblivion, and been superseded by the great period of Socialist construction, by the noble period of the Piatiletka. When you read of "Bohemian nights," "singing gipsies," "bowls of vodka," you read a one-sided depiction of a forgotten era. Lidin's exposé of the dangers of bourgeois influence in a proletarian society is almost devoid of reality in present-day Soviet Russia.

Is Lidin a Bolshevik writer? Of course not. He is what is known as a fellow-traveler, a *right* fellow-traveler. Genuine proletarian and Bolshevik writers were never so dismayed by the danger of bourgeois influence, even during the heyday of the NEP. They had too much confidence in their class, in the vitality of the revolution. With the bourgeois writers the dismay was somewhat insincere, somewhat of a pose. Pretending to lament such influence, they really loved to dwell on it. Their thieves, their saboteurs, their gamblers, embezzlers, and murderers were invariably more colorful and romantic than the virtuous, "bleakly ascetic" Communists. With the introduction of the New Economic Policy it was the bourgeois writers who wept most vociferously over the failure of the beautiful ideals of the revolution, over the triumph of evil, selfish, mean human nature. They enjoyed weeping, and they would not be consoled. In this novel Lidin did not go so far; he was willing to be consoled; he was even willing to console the reader by bringing Kiril back to his proletarian world where "he would learn the values of life, of human blood, of toil, and of love." Whatever his real feeling, one thing is certain—he did not anywhere in the novel pit Soviet youth against Soviet tyranny.

JOSHUA KUNITZ

Grover Cleveland

Grover Cleveland, a Man Foursquare. By Denis Tilden Lynch. Horace Liveright. \$3.50.

THESE is no interpretation, no philosophic domination of material, no sense of significant long-term currents in American destiny, in Denis Tilden Lynch's swirling, overflowing, chromatic, lively, and sometimes inaccurate biography of His Obstinacy, Grover Cleveland. There is simply a fervent testimonial, touching in these days, to an intransigent honesty—the honesty that is implied in the subtitle, "A Man Foursquare." The reason for the lack of interpretation is probably inherent in Cleveland's own personality. For Cleveland stood between two eras, that of the combination of an industrial revolution with the conquest of a frontier which followed the Civil War, and that of a rampant progressivism which attempted too late to stay the course of revolution as it knocked over the barriers of Sherman and Clayton Anti-Trust acts in its drive toward "America, Incorporated." To both industrial leaders and progressives Cleveland's answer was the same: "Honesty is the best policy." He was, successively, a veto mayor, a veto governor, a veto President, and a vetoer of Bryanism. As William Allen White has shrewdly noted in the best character study of Cleveland to date (see "Masks in a Pageant"), the man "brought no new doctrine to the people." He had no theory of government; he left no legislation behind him that is indissolubly associated with his name. It is true that he denounced the "communism of pelf," but it was his Administration that saw the teeth extracted from the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, and Cleveland, with a panic sounding about his ears, could hardly afford to wax angry. He formulated no doctrine of the "new freedom," he left behind him no La Follette speech of '97. What he stood for was a simple, old-fashioned ideal of doing a day's work along the lines set for him by the Constitution and circumstance, without looking very far ahead or very far behind. He embodied the aspiration for a decent capitalism, along laissez faire lines. And that was all he needed to succeed, to become our greatest President between the time of Lincoln and the days of Wilson. For what the ranks of Democracy, and the more Mugwumpy of the Republican following, wanted in the eighties was simply honesty personified. The country had been too long in the hands of the Blaines, soft-voiced and devious; the Oakes Ames, who could put stock "where it would do the most good"; and the "Pig Iron" Kelleys, with their everlasting prolongation of Civil War tariffs that made so profitable the politics of acquisition and enjoyment.

Cleveland became mayor of Buffalo because no business man had the guts to run for the office in a city that had its miniature Tweed Ring. He became governor with the aid of "Honest" John Kelly, Croker's predecessor as ruler of Tammany, but it didn't take him long to break with his ally. In this matter he was the practical politician, after the manner of his egregious fictional echo, "The Honorable Peter Stirling." He found himself President, in 1885, after a campaign that dripped with muck, beating Blaine by a nose after the Reverend Mr. Burchard's speech about "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" had driven the Irish from the Republican ranks and thus effectively canceled the stigma of Cleveland's illegitimate son. Once President, he vetoed fraudulent pension bills by the score, denounced swollen tariffs, and went out of office in 1889 with the consolation that he had been too forthright to be popular. In 1892, when the country turned to him again, he found himself with a soft-money panic on his hands. Paying no heed to the Bryan element of his party, he called in the bankers, when Congress failed him, to check the flow of gold from the Treas-

ury. He halted—for a moment—the spread of Manifest Destiny to the Hawaiian Islands; and—the one real blot on his record—he acquiesced in Attorney General Olney's "government by injunction" in smashing the Pullman strike of 1894. At his second inaugural he drained off a portion of fortifying whiskey in full sight of the multitude, which doubtless included a number of prohibitionists.

In short, he knew his own mind, and Mr. Lynch is very much alive to this characteristic. The biography is successful on two counts: it gives us a full account of the mudslinging campaign of 1884 (which Robert McElroy virtually skipped in his official life of Cleveland); and it reproduces the frenzy of party political maneuvering quite rampageously. It also takes a sensible attitude in condemning the government's course in the suppression of Debs. But the virtues of the book—the full and effective treatment of campaigning—lead to a lopsidedness in its proportions. One can gain a far better view of the second Cleveland Administration by reading James A. Barnes's recent biography of Carlisle, Cleveland's Kentucky Secretary of the Treasury. The numerous minor errors of the first edition of Mr. Lynch's book have been corrected for the second edition. The worst of these was the naming of George W. Curtis, the Civil Service reformer, as an assistant to Carlisle, when William E. Curtis was the man in question. A permanent error in the book, it seems to me, is Mr. Lynch's treatment of the Spanish-American War. Walter Millis's "The Martial Spirit" should be read to offset this.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Ibsen

The Life of Ibsen. By Halvdan Koht. W. W. Norton and Company. Two volumes. \$7.50.

TEACH me to will more than I can" is Ibsen's ideal as he expressed it in "Brand," while Björnson in "Beyond Our Power" tries to show that the will, if it is to be salutary and helpful, must be kept within the bounds of human ability. Nothing could show more clearly the difference between the genius of Ibsen and the talent of his lifelong rival than this comparison pointedly made by Professor Koht in his Ibsen biography, originally published for the Ibsen centenary (1928) and now translated into English. Of all people in the world Halvdan Koht is best equipped for the work: he is a native of Ibsen's birthplace, Skien; he knew Ibsen personally; Fru Ibsen and Sigurd turned over to him, for editing, the poet's literary remains; he collected and edited Ibsen's letters; as professor of history at Oslo University he knows the Norse background as well as his own pocket; and for four decades he has observed in many cities the greatest actors essay the roles created by Ibsen. In a plain and factual style, without lurid color or flashy quotations, he has written the authoritative biography of the great dramatist, adding heavily to the debt which all students of Ibsen already owe him.

In a recent letter to the present reviewer Professor Koht expressed the regret that he had not been able to revise the text for this translation to include some of the interesting material that the celebration of the centennial had brought to light. One of these items would probably be an article (published in *Edda*, vol. 17, no. 1) which serves to explain at least in part what Professor Koht calls hard to understand—namely, Ibsen's refusal to visit Skien or to write to his parents after 1850. We now know that he did visit there in 1860, shortly after he had married and become a father, to ask his wealthy relatives for aid during some of his very bitterest Christiania years. But the manner in which these good bourgeois refused his request and advised him to leave the theater was such a humiliation to Ibsen that in letters many years later he ignores this visit when

he speaks of Skien, stating that he had not been there since 1850.

It is to be regretted, also, that Professor Koht did not feel that he could write on the life of Ibsen—of all subjects!—without reticences even at this late date. A large part of the book is taken up with a discussion of the personages who served as models for the dramatis personae, yet our author is silent, for example, on such an important one as Susannah Ibsen; he omits very striking analogies in Snoilsky's life while discussing him as the model for Rosmer, and he does not mention the name of the prototype of Jörgen Tesman. At times the text reads like what Professor Koht calls the drama of the decades before Ibsen, "small-town idealization."

The translators, Ruth Lima McMahon and Hanna Ostrup Larson, take various liberties with the text; for example, they omit numerous footnotes, and insert for the American reader a none-too-happy comparison of Peer Gynt with George F. Babbitt. They speak of plays "falling through" instead of failing on the stage, and of Sigurd Ibsen's efforts to procure a "teaching chair" at the university. There is room for improvement also in a number of translations of the Ibsen poems. But it is a fine thing that this standard work has been made accessible to American readers, and the American-Scandinavian Foundation is to be commended for making this edition possible.

A. E. ZUCKER

The Poetic Method of H. D.

Red Roses for Bronze. Poems by H. D. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

THAT H. D. is an imagist is, it seems, largely a coincidence. This poet had tried a little free verse without having heard of *vers libre*; she had written a few poems objectifying her emotion in a single image, when along came Ezra Pound in search of disciples for his new school, and named her "*imagiste*." She had, in other words, actually begun to work out her own personal technique in verse at exactly the time that the imagist school was formed. Today the imagist movement is dead; the better poets were glad to let it die, and the poorer poets died with it. H. D., a poet of some individuality, went on writing in her own manner. She was a lover and a student of Greek poetry; she chose therefore to express her own feeling through Greek images, Greek myths. She adapted Greek rhythms to English verse; she wrote balanced quantitative lines based on Greek rhythms. But despite all this, H. D. was not and is not Greek in spirit. She has no classic repose; she is actually a romantic poet. She is not hard and precise; she is emotional, even at times sentimental. What she has actually done is to use an alien ethics, philosophy, aesthetics, world, to express her own very modern inner conflict. This approach might be right for fine poetry were it not for the fact that H. D. cannot identify herself completely with the Greek world from which her images (usually rather obvious ones) are drawn; her psychological reactions are essentially un-Greek. The images which might best express her psychological outlook, those of the modern scene, she rejects. She cannot meet that world and is emotionally a recluse from it. The result is that she must try to use an imagery expressive of repose to interpret a modern psychological confusion. Even this could probably be accomplished if her imagery were subjective and used to interpret the subjective, or if, on the other hand, her imagery, being objective and Greek, were applied to an objective and contrasting modern world to interpret the ironic, subjectively felt difference. But H. D. uses an objective imagery to express subjective chaos, and the two things do not fuse.

In the seventeen or eighteen years of her writing, H. D.

has developed little. Her poetry has changed, but only by elaboration; it has grown more diffuse, more insistently personal. "*Red Roses for Bronze*," her latest book, is a collection of lyrics in this later manner. We still have the Greek world and it is still contrasted extravagantly with the personal subjective chaos. The poems incline to be vague; the emotions are overstressed; the imagery lacks variety. A poet who began by being precise, clear, and limited is now diffuse, dim, and still limited in outlook.

EDA LOU WALTON

A Revolutionist's Handbook

Labor Fact Book. Prepared by the Labor Research Association. International Publishers. \$2.50.

TO "Labor and Automobiles," by Robert Dunn, "Labor and Coal," by Anna Rochester, "Labor and Lumber," by Charlotte Todes, "Labor and Silk," by Grace Hutchins, the Labor Research Association now adds the "Labor Fact Book." This book was prepared "to meet the need for facts felt by workers, as well as students, writers, speakers, and others eager to know the prevailing conditions." More specifically the book is intended for "the working-class vanguard" of militant organizations engaged in "fighting . . . the increasingly reactionary measures of the capitalist class."

The chapters deal with Imperialism, Finance, Capitalism, Industrial Workers, Farmers, Workers' Organizations and Struggles, the Employers' Offensive, the Soviet Union, Government and Political Parties, and Reformist and Revolutionary Internationals. A mass of well-arranged factual material is included but not to the exclusion of necessary interpretation and description. The statistical material is drawn from governmental and unimpeachable private sources. It is not a pretty picture that it presents. "During the first half of 1930 in New York City alone 72,298 warrants for eviction were issued in the city courts . . ." "In South Carolina . . . the total expenditure per pupil enrolled in 1928 was \$60.25 in the white schools and \$7.65 in the Negro schools." "Street laborers still work sixty hours a week in 351 cities of the United States." Forced sales "numbered 20.8 per 1,000 farms during the year ending March 1, 1930."

Members of the Democratic, Republican, and Socialist parties will take exception to the facts and generalizations presented by the compilers for absorption by American workers. "The Republican Party . . . is the party of American imperialism at its highest point of development," state the authors. This statement is followed by a description of policies of Republican governors and Presidents in connection with the Spanish-American War, Cripple Creek, Mooney and Billings, the 1919 steel strike, the 1921 march in Logan County, West Virginia, Teapot Dome, Sacco and Vanzetti, the Parker appointment, Muscle Shoals, the Fish committee, and the business connections of the present President and his Cabinet. The Democratic Party is described in terms of Jim Crowism, Tammany Hall, Ludlow, Lawrence textile workers, Homestead Steel strikes, the Pullman strike, the A. Mitchell Palmer raids, and the seizure of Haiti in 1915. The Socialist Party is disposed of by the authors in a scant two pages as being "the third party of capitalism," which is "fundamentally bourgeois and imperialist." The party is explained in terms of the marked decrease in membership since the death of Debs, the support given its Presidential candidate by capitalistic newspapers, attitudes on the Negro question as expressed by its candidates for office, and the plea made by Morris Hillquit in 1928 that the Socialists "dissociate [themselves] from the Soviet Government," which "has been the greatest disaster and calamity that has occurred to the Socialist movement."

The book is primarily intended to give to revolutionary leaders verbal ammunition to win support for the doctrines which they profess. But it may also be recommended as a peppy and easily usable compilation to those who like to see themselves in somebody else's mirror and to those who are responsible for the continuance of the conditions out of which the "Labor Fact Book" grew.

WILLIAM L. NUNN

Books in Brief

Small Town. By Bradda Field. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.

Adne (Ariadne) Dwight is a pretty young girl in a small town in Ontario. Since apparently there are no boys of her age, she falls in love with Dr. Corbeil, the young French-Catholic physician who has bought her late father's practice. She tries to become a Catholic and prays to the Virgin in order to win him. But he does not want her, and so she goes off with Holman Sugden, a rich and vulgar American, on a holiday to Niagara Falls. Sugden spends a great deal of money in his attempt to seduce her, and finally succeeds. The book's implication is that Adne loses her virtue because life in the "small town" is so dull. Certainly few small towns have been regarded so unsympathetically as Miss Field regards hers. There was beauty in Spoon River and Winesburg; there is none in Elysium. Indeed, there are undercurrents in "Small Town," though the story is told with the conventional novelist's objectivity throughout, which suggest nothing less than a hatred of all life. Whatever the author touches upon, whether provincial homeliness or Catholicism or love, takes on its ugliest aspect. This kind of sordidness has nothing to do with a healthy exposure of the truth; it is in no way related to the valuable naturalism of Masters or Anderson; it is simply an adroit and vulgar commercialization of a theme which they made known years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Pennington. By Francis Brett Young. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Francis Brett Young's latest novel is about a young English couple who meet at a popular seaside resort, fall in love and marry, take a bungalow in a modern low-price suburb, pass through a number of typical experiences as young married lovers until through folly and weakness they stand face to face with tragedy, and finally emerge from their ordeal with renewed and strengthened love. The story is very long-drawn-out. But it is told objectively and compassionately by a good craftsman. The humor of character and the dramatic conflicts are real, if somewhat mild. The principal characters, particularly the young wife, are true to life, even if some of the interlocking complications do seem a bit far-fetched. It is a novel on which one can spend some hours in relaxation without strain or undue excitement.

The Saginaw Paul Bunyan. By James Stevens. Woodcuts by Richard Bennett. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Mr. Stevens's first volume of Paul Bunyan yarns came out of the Northwest country, where axmen were called "loggers." This second volume comes out of the Saginaw Valley of Michigan, another great timber country in its day, where axmen were called "lumberjacks." The leading characters are the same: Paul Bunyan himself, the "bearded and mackinawed Hercules"; Babe the Blue Ox, who rests his chin on the top of a cliff; Hels Helson, the Big Swede who hates to take a bath; and Johnny Inkslinger, "the tremendous timekeeper." These yarns are similar to those in the first volume, though naturally they are conditioned by the different locale. One of them, for example, is entitled Why the Great Lakes Have No Whales. One year,

LAURENCE
STALLINGS

says:

"This novel is worth all the books on labor conditions recently turned out."

CALL HOME THE HEART

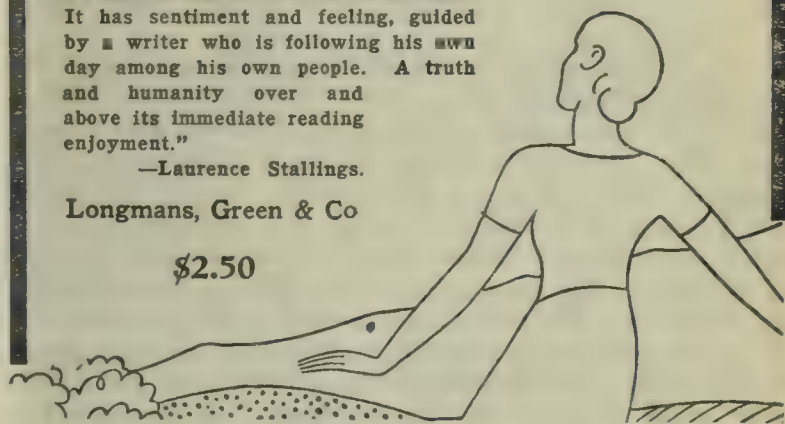
By FIELDING BURKE

"Call Home The Heart has everything we like to find in a novel of our time. It has sentiment and feeling, guided by a writer who is following his own day among his own people. A truth and humanity over and above its immediate reading enjoyment."

—Laurence Stallings.

Longmans, Green & Co

\$2.50



SUPERMAN

The Life of Frederick the Great

by NATHAN AUSUBEL

Takes its place on the *required* list for discriminating readers for it is not only a most dramatic story but a permanent contribution to biographical and historical literature.

"This is biography at its best"—Will Durant. "Shows wide and thorough research"—Gamaliel Bradford. "A brilliant and impressive job"—John W. Vandercook.

At Your Bookseller's

Illustrated. \$4.00

IVES WASHBURN • NEW YORK

HUNGER AND LOVE

A novel by Lionel Britton
Introduction by Bertrand Russell

This novel tells the story of Arthur Phelps, whom the author thus introduces to us on the first page:

"I should think by the look of him, now, he would be somewhere about sixteen. Yes, my lord, he is a dirty little swine, there's no doubt about it. That bit of rag in his pocket, about the color of a motor tire, is what he wipes his nose on. Many working-class boys would call it snitch, but Arthur calls it nose; many would call it snot-rag, but Arthur calls it handkerchief, so that you will infer he is to some extent superior; still, it would not be at all a bad thing to send his trousers to the wash."

This overwhelming novel presents the most terrible indictment of present-day society and bourgeois morality ever written.

623 Pages

\$3.00 at bookstores

THE VANGUARD PRESS

100 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

it seems, the "Big Feller" had trouble with the logging on the "wild young rivers." Herds of whales had been in the habit of swimming up from the ocean and jumping Niagara, in order to use that part of the world as a calving and nursing ground. Paul Bunyan put blinders, bridles, bits, and saddles on them, and used them to get his logs downstream. But the whales resented such treatment; so that is why there are no whales in the Great Lakes today. Mr. Stevens says that the one heresy in telling Paul Bunyan stories is to repeat them exactly as you heard them; every narrator is obliged by the timber-country code to "cast new light" on them. One criticism might be made of the new light that Mr. Stevens has cast on Paul Bunyan: he tends to be too prosy and "correct" in his manner of writing; the stories, one feels, would have much more life if refreshed with more of the vernacular, which now is almost exclusively reserved for the dialogue. But this in no way discredits the important service that Mr. Stevens has performed to American letters in collecting these wonderful legends.

An American Epoch. By Howard W. Odum. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.50.

Dr. Odum, editor of "Social Forces," is well known for his creative work at the University of North Carolina. During the last ten years nearly a dozen volumes, in whole or in part, have come from his pen, some of them distinguished. "An American Epoch" is a sort of sociological history (almost an encyclopedia) of the political, social, and geographical forces which have shaped the South since 1850, with a short forecast of the future. The story is told mainly by vivid, impressionistic word pictures. The book is also a novel in reverse technique; the characters occupy a subordinate place, while the background, painted with a rare blending of the scientific with the artistic spirit, is far and away the principal theme. At the outset Dr. Odum introduces two typically Southern characters, Uncle John and the Old Major, private and officer in the Civil War, whose lives, together with those of their children and grandchildren, span the "epoch" under consideration. Uncle John and the Old Major, while sketched merely in behavioristic outline, are realistically done. They give continuity to the story, and they afford the author an opportunity to let us see the changing South through the eyes and philosophies of Southern men in the midst of life. The story abounds in contrasts and paradoxes, because the South itself abounds in those qualities. "An American Epoch" is the result of long and profound research, and no one who pretends to discuss the South with any authority can afford to leave it unread.

The New Conceptions of Matter. By C. G. Darwin. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

This is the best non-technical exposition of the new quantum mechanics that has yet appeared. Professor Darwin has taken upon himself the task of expounding all the details of the theory while avoiding mathematical concepts and equations, and he has well succeeded. The book does not make as light reading as Eddington or Jeans, but it is more complete in its scientific subject matter and does not go off on philosophical tangents. It has also the advantage of having been written after the new conceptions have become stabilized and after the initial philosophical excitement has worn off. Professor Darwin, it should be added, follows throughout the wave conception of matter, which is far easier to visualize (although mathematically equivalent) than the conception of matter as made up of ultimate particles with paradoxical mechanical behavior. On the wave theory the paradox enters more quietly, so to speak, when we have to regard the elementary waves as coagulating for some unknown reason into groups with corpuscular properties. But once this fact is granted, the whole theoretical structure of the new mechanics takes on a marked clarity and harmony.

Drama

The Shepherd's Saw of Might

INTO the post-holiday season, hitherto dismal enough, a delightful play has come at last. The author is that same John Van Druten whose "After All" recently bored its audience to extinction, and the new comedy is as quiet, as well-bred, and as innocuous as that unfortunate effort. But "There's Always Juliet" (Empire Theater) neatly turns the trick which was fumbled before, and demonstrates conclusively that something *can* be made out of materials as tenuous as those which its author is apparently determined to choose.

Like so many other English playwrights of his particular generation, Mr. Van Druten carefully avoids anything inherently dramatic or clearly "significant." Obviously embarrassed by raucous modernity, as well as by old-fashioned histrionics, he likes to write about nice people whose sophistication is mildly gracious and whose lives are too well ordered to be superficially exciting. But for once at least he has escaped from the dull stuffiness likely to surround people of the sort that he admires, and he has achieved a little romance which unfolds itself upon the stage with a genuine simplicity touched here and there with unexpected beauty.

Two young people—an English girl and an American architect—meet casually, fall in love, and decide to marry. That is literally all, for there are no misunderstandings, no complications, and no real difficulties. But so charmingly is their story told, so gently and so simply are they characterized, that it is quite enough. One follows with a kind of delighted surprise the eager, incredulous unfolding of a mutual passion, and one almost forgets to admire the extraordinary if tenuous talent of the author who can thus communicate to a cynical audience the charm of a phenomenon so common that we can seldom be really aware of it. There is an amazing, unobtrusive, almost unconscious dexterity in the handling of the incidents through which the two leading characters discover each other, but it is not the dexterity which really counts. Mr. Van Druten has a freshness of feeling, an imaginative participation in the incident, which none of the brilliant technicians of the stage from Molnar on down could imitate any more than they could imitate the poetry of Shakespeare. By implication he can exclaim, "Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?" and make that phrase seem, not the dull proverb that it usually is, but the thrilling, triumphant discovery which Marlowe announced to a responsive world.

Superficially, there is nothing unusual about the hero and heroine concerned. They are prosperous, cultivated, and decorously modern young people who know as well as their equals what the world is made of. But their problem is to say what they have to say and do what they have to do in a language and a world no longer keyed to passion of just that sort. They can no more break out into the rapturous poetry of Romeo and Juliet than they can hasten off to a hermit to get themselves joined. But neither can they talk or behave like two young desperadoes out of Aldous Huxley, and so they must play their adventures out on a plane lower than the plane of Shakespeare and yet too high not to be faintly embarrassing for sophisticated youngsters little accustomed to any phrases except those of the smart drawing-room. They must find the language as well as the behavior suited to their own experience, and the play is the record of their effort to do so. Mr. Van Druten is not asking us to believe them more than they actually are; he does not lift them above their own age and generation; but he does convincingly show how something of the miraculous may still

cling to the phenomenon he is describing. The shepherd's saw is still a "saw of might." There are only four persons in the well-nigh perfect cast headed by Edna Best and Herbert Marshall.

"Blessed Event" (Longacre Theater) belongs to that rather extensive class of entertainments which are "good shows" without being "interesting plays." The present one happens to deal with the career of a big backstairs and keyhole man who regales the town with a daily column of gossip in a tabloid newspaper, and it is written with that breathless speed and colloquial, wisecracking cleverness characteristic of the "hard-boiled" melodramas of the moment. Apparently it started out to be a cynical exposé of a current racket, but somewhere about the middle it decided to be simply an exciting story instead, so that by the time it is over the villain has become a hero, and the moral (if any) seems to be that blackmail is one of the most useful of justice's tools. When the Peeping Tom in question wantonly ruins the life of a young girl by spreading a scandal, the audience seems justified in believing him a thoroughgoing scoundrel; but when he sets out to crash the gate of a night club to which he has been forbidden, and when gangsters set an ambush to shoot him, then the interest naturally changes sides, and there is obviously nothing to do except write a last scene in which he is breathlessly dictating into the telephone a story which will save a girl from the gallows. The play is exciting enough and is probably destined to success, but the authors' contribution to the discussion of the ethics of journalism would have been a little bit clearer if they had made up their own minds whether their central character was a crusader or a cad.

"Monkey" (Mansfield Theater) is a conventional detective melodrama whose novelty consists largely in the fact that this time the detective is a garrulous old man. It is not unentertaining, and something a little more may be said of "The Fatal Alibi" (Booth Theater), another detective play made unusual by the presence of that extraordinary actor Charles Laughton. Mr. Laughton is one of those very rare performers who can change, not only his lines, but his whole personality as well. Those who saw him as the defeated wretch of "Payment Deferred" will be amazed to discover him transformed into a jolly and very amusing Frenchman in "The Fatal Alibi."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

A Chinese Episode

THE direction and the photography, both sound and silent, of "Shanghai Express" (Rialto Theater) are of such excellence that only a first-rate story could match them. Unfortunately, the plot is hackneyed and intricate; what is more serious, it seems to be a superimposed mechanism rather than an organic part of the production. The action takes place aboard an express as it proceeds to Shanghai or in stations along the way. But from the opening scene in the railway station at Peiping to the end of the run in Shanghai, the train is the real protagonist of the piece, and its journey provides the most thrilling action. Railway trains and stations, the clang of bells, and the nostalgic whistle of locomotives are intrinsically exciting. The device of numberless swift kaleidoscopic shots is, of course, not new. But the vibrancy and freshness of treatment must be credited to the direction of Josef von Sternberg. It is he who makes the illusion of a train traveling through strange, war-ridden China as convincingly real as the Paramount news release from Manchuria which precedes the pic-

PLAYS □ FILMS □ DEBATES

The Theatre Guild Presents
EUGENE O'NEILL'S TRILOGY

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

Composed of 3 plays

Homecoming, The Hunted, The Haunted

All 3 plays will be presented on one day, commencing at 5:30 sharp. Dinner intermission at one hour at 7 o'clock. No matinee performance.
GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of Broadway

THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS

REUNION IN VIENNA

a comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45 St. & 8 Ave. PEnn. 6-6100
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

ERLANGER'S Theatre, W. 44th St. Phone PEn. 6-7963
Eves. 8:30, Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30
CIVIC LIGHT OPERA CO. (Milton Aborn, Managing Director) in

FRANZ LEHAR'S GLORIOUS OPERETTA

The MERRY WIDOW

With DONALD BRIAN BEPPIE de VRIES
as The Dashing Prince as THE MERRY WIDOW
The Greatest Singing Organization of the Century
Thrill Prices: Eves., 50c to \$2.50. Holiday & Sat. Mats., 50c to \$2

GILBERT MILLER Presents
EDNA HERBERT

BEST MARSHALL in THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET

A Comedy by John Van Druten
"Utterly delightful."—John Mason Brown, Post.
EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway and 40th St. Eves. 8:40
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30

HELEN HAYES

in MOLNAR'S New Comedy

THE GOOD FAIRY

"One of the few triple-starred, immediately recommendable entertainments in town."—Gilbert Gabriel, N. Y. American.
HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd Street
Evenings 8:50 Mats. Thurs., Sat. 2:40

LESLIE HOWARD

in PHILIP BARRY'S New Comedy

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

Staged by GILBERT MILLER

"The season's most gratifying adventure."
—Percy Hammond, Herald-Tribune

BROADHURST THEATRE, 44th St., West of B'way. Eves. 8:40
Mats. Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30

FOURTH WEEK THE DELIGHTFUL VIENNESE
SCREEN OPERETTA

"DAS LIED IST AUS"

(The Song Is Over)

"Decidedly superior to 'Two Hearts'."—World-Telegram.

EUROPA 154 West 55th Street. Just E. of Seventh Avenue
35 Cents to 1 P. M. Continuous from Noon.

A Clearing House Of Opinion THE GROUP Meets in Auditorium
150 West 85th St.

Tuesday evening, March 1st, at 8:30 P. M.

OLGA KNOPF, M.D., will speak on:

"WOMEN AMONG MEN"

This Sunday Afternoon (Feb. 28,) at 4:30 P. M.

DR. C. P. OBERNDORF speaks on:
"PSYCHOANALYTICAL FACTORS IN MARRIAGE"

BELLE RECITAL DANCE **DIDJAH** SEATS NOW \$1.00 TO \$2.50

MARTIN BECK THEATRE, WEST 45th STREET
SUNDAY EVENING, MARCH 6th AT 8:45

"As absorbing as a book of fiction."—*Syracuse Post Standard*.

CROWELL'S DICTIONARY of ENGLISH GRAMMAR

and Handbook of American Usage

By MAURICE H. WESEEN

\$3.50

"Deserves a place at the elbow of every writer and reader who wants to understand his native tongue and use it with precision." —*N. Y. Times*.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR

from CROWELL'S
THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO.
393 Fourth Avenue, New York

Webster's Collegiate

guards you English from embarrassing errors

To correct your pronunciation, to build a comprehensive vocabulary, to gain a sure knowledge of the exact meanings of words, to be sure of spellings, to find at once just the synonym you need, to be right in the use of every word, let Webster's Collegiate be your guide.



The Best Abridged Dictionary

NEW FOURTH EDITION—Based upon Webster's New International—the "Supreme Authority." 106,000 entries, including hundreds of new words; dictionary of Biography; Gazetteer; 1930 Population Figures; etc., etc. 1268 pages. 1700 illustrations.

Get the Best Thin-Paper Edition: Cloth, \$5.00; Fabricated, \$6.00; Leather, \$7.50. Purchase of your bookseller; or write for free specimen pages. G. & C. MERIAM CO., 151 Broadway, Springfield, Mass.



The plight and struggle of the unemployed—war plots of the Wall Street bankers—attack and defense of the Soviet Republic—masterfully portrayed in

THE ROAD

A historical novel by George Marlen

623 pp. \$2.00

RED STAR PRESS
P.O.B. 67, Sta. D

WORKERS BOOK SHOP
New York 50 E. 13th Street



WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT



PLAYS TO SEE

Blessed Event—Longacre—48 St. W. of B'way.
Brief Moment—Cort—W. 48 St.
Civic Light Opera Co.—Erlanger's—W. 44 St.
Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
Cynara—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way.
Face The Music—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
Hay Fever—Avon—W. 45 St.
Jewell Robbery—Vanderbilt—W. 48 St.
Mourning Becomes Electra—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.
Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
Springtime for Henry—Bijou—45 St.
The Animal Kingdom—Broadhurst—44 St. W. of B'way.
The Bride The Sun Shines On—Geo. M. Cohen—B'way. & 43 St.
The Devil Passes—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
The Fatal Alibi—Booth—W. 45 St.
The Good Fairy—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.
The Left Bank—Little—44 St.
The Laugh Parade—Imperial—W. 45 St.
There's Always Juliet—Empire—B'way and 40 St.
When the Bough Breaks—48 St. E. of B'way.
Whistling in the Dark—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.

ture. The characterizations are real, too, especially the lesser ones, which belong rather to the setting than to the story. It is only in so far as these very real characters are forced to take part in an unlikely plot that the illusion fades. Marlene Dietrich, along with the other principals, is overpowered by the background against which she performs, but she is as decoratively beautiful as ever, and though she continues to pose rather than act, her posing has become more restrained and more appealing.

Salesmanship has been ridiculed a great many times on both stage and screen, but it is doubtful whether satire so completely cynical in its implications as "High Pressure" could have come out of Hollywood in the dear dead days before prosperity disappeared just around the corner. The story revolves about a promotion campaign in behalf of an invention which converts sewage into artificial rubber. It is an honest venture. That is, both Mr. Guinsberg, who has bought the rights, and Gar Evans who is promoting it, believe it to be both honest and fundamentally sound; and the Golden Gate Artificial Rubber Company (the promoter points out that there must be gold in the title) is strictly legal. From the magnificent offices—the \$25,000 "front" which the super-promoter insists upon and Mr. Guinsberg pays for—the word goes forth that another trough of profit has been opened for the dear public. The word goes forth in the "lines" of lesser salesmen whose spirits are fired by a pep talk that must make many a former salesman feel sheepish. It is hardly necessary to relate that in the midst of all the splendor the inventor turns up missing; and that only after fruitless scouring operations in New Jersey is he finally found in the person of a disreputable-looking creature who has been trying for days to see the president of the Golden Gate. The president, incidentally, is a professional chosen not for his connections but for his presence.

It is not the fault of Mr. Evans or Mr. Guinsberg, of course, that the inventor turns out to be slightly insane—a fact which dawns upon them when he asserts that he can also make hens lay Easter eggs that are already colored. Like many another business house, the Golden Gate Artificial Rubber Company finds that it has put too much confidence in its investment. The final touch of satire, apparently unconscious, is provided by the Hollywood device to bring about a happy ending. Obviously, the always innocent stockholders could not be allowed to lose their greedily invested pennies. To avoid this unhappy, not to say immoral, outcome, the Golden Gate Company is bought up by real rubber interests, the price being charged to a "nuisance fund" which we can only hope is not passed on to the ultimate consumer or a lot of other stockholders. "High Pressure" is directed by Mervyn Le Roy at a breathless pace which is just right. William Powell, as the dynamic promoter with unlimited enthusiasm and just a touch of superstition, is excellent, and he is supported by a very well-chosen cast that functions smoothly, both separately and together.

The latest vehicle of that highly competent actor, Mr. George Arliss, "The Man Who Played God" (Warner Theater), turns out to be an elementary and slightly smug exercise in the old problem "Is There a God?" The theological conclusions of Gouverneur Morris, from whose story the film was made, lend a quaint air, as of 1900, to a production otherwise mildly interesting.

"Das Lied Ist Aus" (Europa Theater) is one of the better examples of the German film operetta which became a vogue with "Zwei Herzen." The marionette show, which the completely arbitrary motivation of German operettas permits to be shown at great length, is especially well done and very amusing. "The Song Is Over" is pleasant, leisurely entertainment, particularly since it is reinforced by an exploit of Mickey Mouse on the one hand and an exciting interlude in the French Alps on the other.

MARGARET MARSHALL

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1932

No. 3479

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	269
EDITORIALS:	
Mr. Stimson's Warning to Japan.....	272
War by Boycott.....	273
Be Safe with Roosevelt.....	273
Gerhart Hauptmann.....	274
MASS MISERY IN PHILADELPHIA. By Mauritz A. Hallgren....	275
PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES: II. RITCHIE AND NO	
REGRETS. By Gerald W. Johnson.....	278
FREE AIR: A STRICTLY IMAGINARY EDUCATIONAL BROAD-	
CAST. By James Rorty.....	280
BIRTH CONTROL NOT ENOUGH FOR CHINA! By Agnes	
Smedley.....	282
EAST ST. LOUIS STUDIES AMERICANISM. By C. R. F. Smith	
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	283
CORRESPONDENCE	285
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	286
FINANCE: CLIPPING THE BEARS' CLAWS. By S. Palmer	
Harman.....	287
BOOKS, ARCHITECTURE, DRAMA:	
The Harbor. By Lynn Riggs.....	288
Liberalism and Economics. By Henry Hazlitt.....	288
Second Person Singular. By Robert Cantwell.....	289
In the Name of Science. By Benjamin Ginzburg.....	290
Lucretius, Jr. By Cuthbert Wright.....	291
Books in Brief.....	291
Architecture: "New Mayland." By Douglas Haskell.....	292
Drama: Treacle and Spice. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	294
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Danish Disarmament and Neutrals. By Peter Munch.....	296

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

AS WE GO TO PRESS comes news of the proposed Chino-Japanese truce, instigated by the League of Nations in agreement with the United States. The terms, as yet not fixed, will probably include mutual evacuation of Shanghai. If war is thus averted, a grateful world will await news of it.

CONGRESSIONAL JEALOUSIES appear at the moment to be imperiling that spirit of cooperation by means of which the two parties were to help rid us of the economic depression. It was understood at the beginning of the session that the Democrats would work in harness with the Republicans in putting through an economic-reconstruction program. The Democrats needed little prompting, for they wanted to show high finance and big business that they could be just as friendly as the Republicans. But recently officials of the Hoover Administration have been making numerous speeches in various sections of the country giving Mr. Hoover full credit for the work Congress has thus far accomplished. This has irked the Democratic leaders in no little measure. They know that no part of the Hoover program could have been put through Congress without the aid of the Democratic majority in the House. They point out that many of the "Hoover" ideas have orig-

inated with Democrats, having come, for example, from men like Senator Glass. They are complaining frankly and with some bitterness that the Republican spellbinders are seeking to capitalize for the purposes of the coming election the results achieved by Congress, which could not have been obtained without Democratic votes. And so the Democrats are now threatening to put an end to their cooperation.

SENATOR NORRIS'S anti-injunction bill, introduced at the same time by Representative La Guardia in the House, may very well have been passed by the time this issue of *The Nation* appears. Senator Hebert of Rhode Island has been leading the opposition, but the amendments he suggested have been overruled. The bill forbids the summary granting of ex parte injunctions, and provides that injunctions may be granted only after a hearing at which both sides are represented; it contains a bill of rights for labor which declares peaceful picketing legal and outlaws "yellow-dog contracts" by calling them "contrary to public policy"; it provides jury trial for cases of contempt of court and makes it possible for the accused to demand trial by a judge other than the one who issued the contempt order; and it makes provision to avoid the delay in labor trials which now operates to keep "agitators" in jail for the duration of a strike. It will be seen that the bill offers an excellent bulwark for labor against the unlawful breaking-up of a strike, and it establishes fundamental rights for labor in a powerful and compelling form. Senator Norris defended the declaration of "public policy" in the bill by saying that "Congress has the authority to define public policy in all matters concerning which it has the power to legislate." The bill, of course, may be challenged in some points by the Supreme Court, but its passage will be a long step forward for the right to organize and strike.

REFUSING TO FIGHT OPENLY, the Hoover Administration has adopted another means of combating the critics of the President's past life. The *Organized Farmer*, a Farmer-Labor weekly paper published in Red Wing, Minnesota, started publication last November of a series of articles purporting to deal with Mr. Hoover's career. The circulation of the newspaper trebled immediately. But the Post Office Department just as quickly informed the publishers that the *Organized Farmer* must hereafter pay one-cent postage on all copies sent to 206 of its present subscribers and to all new subscribers. This extra tax, the Post Office explained, was necessary because it had found upon investigation that 206 of the persons receiving the paper had never subscribed for it. Mildred Scherf, the publisher, denies that copies have ever been sent "to persons not ordering the publication." She says that the postal authorities have "refused for several months to furnish any names of any such subscriptions or any proof whatever to show that their statement is correct." The *Organized Farmer* was barred from the mails a few weeks before the second order was issued, but through the efforts of a number of prominent progressives, including several United States Congressmen, the exclusion order was not enforced.

SAMUEL SEABURY, speaking at the fifth Victory Dinner of the Charter Committee in Cincinnati, sharply criticized Governor Roosevelt for his delay in removing Sheriff Farley from office, but directed his criticisms generally and directly at the control of New York City by Tammany. He said:

The power of Tammany Hall is not only a menace to New York City—it is a menace to the nation as well. It drives public men whose instincts would lead them to speak out in protest against the corruption that has been revealed to a sullen silence. They know the conditions are evil, but they fear to antagonize the power of Tammany Hall; and politicians seeking its favors cater to it even where they feel they would be discredited if they openly lined up with it. Where they hold public office and are forced or given occasions to rule adversely to Tammany Hall, they soften their opposition, so that, while the public will not regard them as pro-Tammany, Tammany Hall will not regard them as opposed to it.

An attempt was made to belittle Mr. Seabury's speech by the charge that in making it he was furthering his own political ambitions. This may or may not be true, but the truth of his remarks as such is entirely incontrovertible. He might have added one point, of course. It is possible openly to oppose Tammany Hall and it has been done; but it takes courage, and a kind of political ambition that goes far beyond a mere desire to hold office. This sort of courage is seen in politics about once in a generation; when it appears it is instantly recognized and handsomely rewarded. At present we are not enjoying any conspicuous examples of it.

FOR SHEER CAPACITY for learning nothing from experience, no one can excel the Federal Reserve authorities, who have indicated their return to a cheap-money policy by cutting the New York rediscount rate from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 per cent, notwithstanding the complete futility of this policy in the past. The hope is now, as before, that artificially cheap money will encourage borrowing and a resumption of business activity. For five months last year the rate was kept at the astonishingly low figure of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, with no visible effects whatever in encouraging borrowing. The policy did, however, help to encourage the enormous gold withdrawals from this market by Europe, amounting to \$750,000,000, and, as a consequence of these, the rate was hastily raised in two successive weeks last October to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In January of this year, again, the bill-buying rate was cut under prevailing market levels, also to encourage business activity, and again the only result was an almost immediate further outward movement of gold. Now, apparently on the assumption that the Glass-Steagall bill will make it a matter of indifference whether or not more gold is withdrawn to Europe, the New York Federal Reserve Bank is cutting the rate again. Some further loss of gold would not be regrettable if the cheap-money policy were in fact a sound one. But not only is there no reason to suppose that it will encourage more borrowing and more active business under present conditions; it may well have precisely the opposite effect. One of the great hindrances to an expansion of credit is the desire of banks to keep themselves in an exceptionally liquid position; another is their lack of confidence in business. High interest rates might encourage a more liberal lending policy; low rates won't.

THE WIDESPREAD AGITATION against short selling is regrettable from three points of view: It reveals a tendency to attack the symptoms and barometers of our difficulties rather than the difficulties themselves; it shows an astonishing solicitude on the part of members of Congress for the holders of securities, which they do not seem to feel, judging by the vote on the La Follette-Costigan bill, for people who are merely starving; the prohibition of short selling seems unlikely to protect even the bullish stock speculators in whose supposed interest it is urged, and in the long run will probably prove harmful to them. Nevertheless, we suggest that the Stock Exchange itself, in its own interest as well as in the interests of experiment, put a complete stop to short selling for a period of, say, six months, exempting only the selling of odd-lot houses in the course of their business and the practice of "selling against the box." Such a prohibition would be unlikely to do any particular harm in a market like the present one that has already experienced the worst deflation on record in the twentieth century; it is in boom periods that the prohibition of short selling would do its greatest harm. The prohibition of short selling by the Exchange itself would give the country an opportunity to see what a market without short selling was like. And the Exchange's action might forestall foolish legislation on the part of Congress, which might not be repealed even if it proved to be extremely harmful. If the legislation were passed anyway, it would at least be passed after a certain amount of experience in the effects of prohibiting short selling had been gained.

THE NEW British 10 per cent general tariff is in effect. Federal government experts are reported to be concerned. They point out that this tariff will be required of 46 per cent of America's annual sales to England, which have amounted to nearly a fifth of our total exports. This is in addition to duties already existing, so that hereafter only about a quarter of the total sales of the United States to Great Britain will enter duty free. Perhaps the 10 per cent duty would not be so serious standing by itself, but it is pointed out that since sterling has depreciated, purchasers of American exports in England have been required to pay substantially more for them in terms of sterling than before, though they have not had to pay more for the goods of countries that followed Great Britain off the gold basis. This puts us at a great disadvantage in competition. In short, these "federal government experts" are reported as holding that the British tariff is just another one of the artificial barriers that have resulted in "strangulation of international trade and commerce." But isn't "strangulation" a seditious word? Who are these "federal government experts" that are talking such language? Don't they know that Mr. Hoover hailed with satisfaction the boosting of our tariff to a new high record, and that foreign-trade strangulation is the official Administration policy?

GERMANY IS TO HOLD its Presidential election on March 13. Should none of the candidates receive an absolute majority of the votes cast at that time, a second election will be held in April, at which the candidate with a plurality will be declared the winner. Germany is presumably a democratic republic, but not one of the aspirants for the office is either an avowed democrat or a thorough-

going republican. President Hindenburg, who has been put into the running by the moderates and who will have the support of the Social Democrats, is the only one of the four contenders whose support of the republic can be depended upon. The other three—Thälmann, the Communist; Düsterberg, candidate of the Stahlhelm and the reactionary Hugenberg group; and Hitler, the fascist candidate—are enemies of the present republic. It is likely that Germany will choose Hindenburg, though there is no definite assurance of it. It is impossible to estimate accurately what new strength the Communists and fascists have gathered since the Reichstag elections in September, 1930, although in subsequent state and commune elections both groups have shown notable gains. In the event that the candidate of one of these two parties is victorious, it is almost certain that the smoldering warfare between the two extremist groups will be brought out into the open. On the other hand, a Hindenburg victory would virtually assure maintenance of the status quo.

ALFONSO HAS ASKED his "beloved Spanish children" to restore him to power. His bid was made in a public manifesto charging the present republican regime in Spain with creating a state of anarchy which to the former king seems likely to lead to communism. In Spain he sees "religion persecuted, the unity of the fatherland destroyed, the family blasted, property seized individually and collectively, liberty of work and learning destroyed, not only ridiculously but degenerately, under the inspiration of communism, incendiarism, and Judaism." To him it would be "a crime of treachery" if he were to remain silent longer. He has therefore called upon "Catholics, Spaniards, monarchists," and militarists to help him regain his throne. Poor, abused Alfonso is dreaming. Whatever the conditions in Spain may be, and they are far from that state of anarchy which Alfonso pretends to see, they would be infinitely worse if the monarchists and militarists were to attempt a coup d'état such as their former monarch has asked them to try. There is little doubt that the republicans, and even many former supporters of Alfonso who now see the futility of any attempt at restoration, would go to extreme lengths in defending the existing order. Should the moderates and monarchists engage in a death struggle, the way would almost certainly be opened to a seizure of power by the Communists, thus bringing about the very situation Alfonso wants to prevent.

THOUGH NOT NEW to Northern Europe, fascism appears at last to have gained a secure foothold in the Scandinavian countries, notably Sweden, and in Finland. Indeed, in the latter country, once called the most democratic in Europe, the fascist movement now feels strong enough to come out openly in opposition to the present government. A march on Helsingfors is planned, and may have taken place before these lines appear. The Finnish fascists are for the most part peasants and war veterans. They are financed largely, or so it is reported, by timber interests and others who have been hurt by Russian competition in the world lumber market. It was the fascists—they call themselves Lapuans, from the district in which most of their leaders live—who were primarily responsible for the success of the referendum outlawing the Communist Party. But

now they contend that the government of President Svinhufvud is using the anti-Communist law to suppress the direct-action tactics of the Lapuans. Hence they have demanded the resignation of Minister of the Interior Born and of General Jalander, Governor of the Province of Nyland, who, they declare, have been over-zealous in carrying out the government's policy. That the Lapuans intend to erect a fascist state if they succeed in their projected march on Helsingfors is open to question. Their movement has grown in recent months, but it seems improbable that they will try to overthrow the present moderate regime.

IT IS NOT SURPRISING to be told that American universities are almost without exception facing a considerable deficit as a result of reduced or omitted dividends. To some extent they are blameless in this matter, for there was no reason why, despite their departments of business, they should have foreseen what almost nobody except apparently Professor Keynes and one or two other Cassandra foresaw; but there are aspects of their problem for which they are open to criticism. In the first place, they have for the past fifteen or twenty years overbuilt, investing an inordinate part of the huge funds which they have obtained in bricks and stones and mortar instead of brains. The buildings which now ornament the university campus have got to be heated and lighted and cleaned, and in the long run it is the professor who pays for these menial offices. It is idle to maintain that the efficiency of American institutions of learning has increased in anything like the proportion in which buildings have been constructed. There is another point. American universities have started department after department on financial shoestrings, trusting that they could make a demonstration which would attract the necessary funds. This is unsound policy. Before a university enters a new field, it should be in possession of the funds by which its new activities can be financed. Had our universities built more modestly and expanded more soundly, they would not find themselves in their present financial difficulties.

ROMANCE, FRIENDS AND BROTHERS, is not dead. We still live in the land of opportunity and Something May Turn Up tomorrow. Witness the story of Charles Kane. Mr. Kane, once a resident of Worcester, Massachusetts, had been out of a job for ten weeks; he was walking from New York to Poughkeepsie, looking for work on the way; just south of Hartsdale he stubbed his toe. Being impelled by this to look toewards, he saw a leather valise at his feet; the valise happened to contain \$13,000 worth of jewelry belonging to a rich lady of Greenwich, Connecticut, who subsequently rewarded Mr. Kane with \$1,000. This story, which appeared in the *New York Times*, will doubtless be copied by every newspaper in the country. It will set the revolution back several years; it will be a blow to the Communists and Socialists; and if Mr. Hoover were politically astute he would immediately seize upon it for campaign material. For every member of the near-unemployed who can still buy a newspaper and who will therefore read the story will say, "There, but for the merest turn of the wheel of chance, walked I. My chance may come tomorrow. I shall not yet despair, and while I am about it I may as well vote the Republican ticket."

Mr. Stimson's Warning to Japan

MR. STIMSON is to be congratulated for that part of his letter to Senator Borah which lays at Japan's door the responsibility for having violated the Nine-Power Treaty and the Kellogg Pact, though the letter does not mention Japan by name in this connection. The Secretary of State was careful to avoid charging either party in the Chinese war with being the aggressor. "It is not necessary," he said, "to inquire into the causes of the controversy or to attempt to apportion the blame between the two nations which are unhappily involved." But there is no doubt in anyone's mind that he was speaking directly to the Japanese. Indeed, the letter is simply a restatement of this country's historic Chinese policy, which holds that China must be safeguarded against the aggression of other Powers. This, said Mr. Stimson, is the main purpose of the Nine-Power Treaty. Thus he could have meant no one but the Japanese when he asserted "that a situation has developed which cannot, under any circumstances, be reconciled with the obligations of the covenants of these two treaties, and that if the treaties had been faithfully observed such a situation could not have arisen." In brief, Mr. Stimson has come vigorously and determinedly to the defense of the various peace treaties. Through the Secretary of State the United States stands out virtually alone today as the champion of the peace machinery that has been erected since the World War, for if Japan can with impunity smash the Nine-Power and Kellogg treaties, then none of the international agreements is safe.

We sincerely hope that the section of the Stimson letter dealing with the Nine-Power Treaty and the Kellogg Pact will have the desired effect. But Mr. Stimson has again acted belatedly. Had he in his equivocal note of January 7 taken the position he has now assumed, we might have been spared the bloodshed at Shanghai. Better yet, as we have repeatedly stated, had he taken as firm a stand immediately after the capture of Mukden last September, it is entirely likely that the Japanese militarists would have been checked. The Japanese today are too excited to listen to reason; war fever has got the better of their ordinarily calm judgment. This Mr. Stimson himself recognizes by addressing his statement of policy not to Tokio directly, but to Senator Borah. In this he undoubtedly was wise, for his ill-considered attempt to link the fortifications and armaments treaties with the peace agreements might have been interpreted by the Japanese, had they in their present agitated state of mind been called upon for an answer, as a threat of armed intervention by the United States. There is little doubt that the reply of the Japanese militarists would have been defiant perhaps to the point of provoking the United States into taking action that it might later have regretted. With respect to Mr. Stimson's appeal to the other Powers to join him in supporting the peace treaties, the letter seems destined to bear little fruit. Were the European Powers disposed to present a united front to Japan, which clearly they are not, they would have indorsed or otherwise supported the American note of January 7.

The one dangerous, and to our mind wholly gratuitous,

section of the Stimson statement is that which links the peace treaties with Washington's "surrender" of "its then commanding lead in battleships" and with its agreement "to leave its positions at Guam and in the Philippines without further fortification." These were "predicated upon, among other things, the self-denying covenants contained in the Nine-Power Treaty." The possibility of modifying or abrogating this treaty cannot be discussed, the letter continued, "without considering at the same time the other promises" upon which the treaty was "really dependent." In the next breath Mr. Stimson charges Japan with having already modified and at least temporarily abrogated the Nine-Power Treaty. Can Mr. Stimson mean that we intend to increase our naval armaments and fortify Guam and the Philippines, if Japan persists in its violation of this agreement? And would this not be a direct and undisguised display of hostility toward the Japanese? If he did not mean this, his reference to "the other promises" is pointless. If we have no intention of seeking to increase our navy or fortify our possessions in the western Pacific, why mention them at all? Clearly this question was brought into the letter solely to serve as a warning to Japan that we will keep the "Open Door" inviolate at all costs, even to the extent of resorting to the use of armed force should that be thought necessary.

This warning is all the more apparent because of the action taken by the Senate Naval Affairs Committee on the same day that the Stimson statement was published. The committee sent to the Senate with its approval a bill authorizing the expenditure of approximately a billion dollars on new naval construction. The significance of this action was certainly not lost upon the other Powers. It cannot be held that there was no connection between the two events. Mr. Stimson cannot say that he did not know the committee was planning to take such action, for that would be a confession of incompetence. It is the business of the State Department to inform itself as to all pending acts of the government that might possibly have any bearing on foreign relations. Moreover, the State Department surely knew what effect the Senate committee's action was likely to have. If it considered this contemplated move embarrassing to its restatement of Chinese policy, it could easily have prevailed upon the committee to postpone action for a few days. Hence the conclusion is inescapable that the two events were directly related.

This business of rattling the American saber, however carefully that rattling may be done, is foolhardy at any time, but especially so just now. It simply adds to the war sentiment in this country which we discussed last week. It appears at this writing that the Stimson warning has had some effect on the Far Eastern situation. The Japanese are cautiously suing for peace. On the strength of this development it might be contended, to use the reasoning of the advocates of an economic boycott, that any device, even saber-rattling, is excusable if it actually prevents war. But is it not just such dangerous threats to use force, whether the threats are those of boycotts or military displays, that usually lead to an uncontrollable international explosion?

War by Boycott

THE agitation here for an economic boycott of Japan has been temporarily scotched by Senator Borah's firm opposition and by the apparent attitude of the British and French governments, but there can be little doubt that it will make its appearance again as soon as the meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations is under way. It is only natural, of course, that those opposed to Japan's brazen and barbarous attack on China should wish to see the League and the Powers take every possible step to bring that attack to a halt; but before they approve such a weapon as the economic boycott they ought gravely to consider its probable consequences.

That a successful economic boycott would be close to ruinous for Japan there can be little doubt; few of the great Powers are so dependent as she is on foreign trade. But economic ruin means unemployment, famine, and starvation; it includes the civilian population, women and children, as well as the military, and it affects most precisely those who are already weakest. The economic boycott is not a peace weapon, but one of the deadliest of war weapons, and there is not the slightest doubt that the Japanese would consider it such. Moreover, like other weapons of warfare, it hurts the nations that use it as well as the nation against which it is used. And it does not hurt them equally, but merely in proportion to their previous trade with the boycotted nation.

In the present instance the lion's share of the burden of such a boycott would fall upon the United States. Our trade with Japan is incomparably larger than that of any other nation; it is three times as great as that of China, which ranks second. As there is no equality in the burden of a boycott as among nations, neither is there any as among industries. Raw silk, for example, comprises two-fifths of Japan's total exports; the United States takes practically all of it; of our imports from Japan four-fifths, in value, consist of raw silk. Our exports to Japan show the same lack of balance. Fully one-half of them are in our raw cotton, of which Japan takes 40 per cent; the remainder consists mainly of lumber, iron and steel, machinery, petroleum, and automobiles. The outside burden of an economic boycott against Japan, therefore, would not only fall chiefly on the United States, but within the United States itself it would fall chiefly on two industries—cotton growing and silk-fabric manufacture, gravely increasing the distress in the South and the unemployment in the North. Obviously no one with elementary notions of justice would hold that the moral conscience of the world should be satisfied chiefly at the expense of American cotton growers and American silk workers. Japan could only be expected to strike back, and she would strike back chiefly at the United States, because we should have become her chief economic enemy.

The reasons for opposing an economic boycott in the present instance are obviously reasons for opposing the economic boycott in principle. Not only would there be no equality of trade loss among the participating nations in the present instance; there would never be such an equality of trade loss. Always some of the nations employing the boycott would suffer more than others through the sheer moral

accident of having heavier trade with the nation against which the boycott was directed. It should be clear that if the economic boycott ever became established as a recognized weapon by League members and "neutrals" for disciplining nations, there could only follow an exacerbation of the present perilous tendency toward economic nationalism, isolationism, and "self-containment." Individual nations would prepare themselves against such a step by raising their tariff barriers still higher. A tariff is nothing more nor less than a partial economic boycott; like an outright boycott, it is essentially a weapon of war. It does not consist in a refusal to sell goods, but in a virtual refusal to buy them, which, by removing means of payment, soon makes it impossible to sell them either. The League and the Powers, including ourselves, should bend every effort to make peace in the Far East, but we must make peace with the methods of peace, and not with the methods of war.

Be Safe with Roosevelt

SURELY no aspirant for the highest office in the country has ever been plagued with knottier problems than is Governor Roosevelt. While the world is trembling under a burden of debt, unemployment, and the threat of war, the Governor has New York City upon his hands. He needs the ninety delegates of New York State in the coming convention; to get them he must remain friends with Tammany Hall. But to be too openly friendly with the Tiger might very well cost him votes in other parts of the country. The Seabury Committee has been barking at his heels for a year; the reformers, progressives, and other friends whom the Governor wishes to conciliate have been urging action. The Tiger has merely sat tight. On January 23 Mr. Roosevelt declared himself formally a candidate for the Presidency; on February 24 he removed Sheriff Farley from office. The month between must have been one of soul-searching and sleepless vigils. Not for the Sheriff. He, noble man, bears the Governor no ill-will, but announces that he will campaign for him just as heartily as if nothing had happened. But for the Governor, a bad four weeks.

During those first weeks of his candidacy, Mr. Roosevelt quite properly made a number of pronouncements on subjects of world import. He took several stands. For one thing he came out firmly and unequivocally against the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations. He has not yet declared his position on whether or not this country shall to a man join the Mormon church, but it can confidentially be asserted that he is against that, also. He opposed the cancelation of war debts, thus lining himself up with an overwhelming majority of both parties in Congress and of public opinion in the country. He discussed prohibition, and advocated the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, stressing, in a period of depression, the revenue to be gained thereby. In its place he would substitute State control, local option, but never, never the return of the saloon. He did not say how the saloon could be successfully prohibited, but presumably by those federal agencies which were at the same time preventing liquor from wet States from being carried over into dry ones. Finally he came to the great Democratic subject of the tariff. And for the

tariff Governor Roosevelt advocated a world conference to consider "reciprocal methods by which we can start the actual interchange of goods."

Having disposed of these weighty subjects, the Governor took up the Farley case. His manner when he respectfully questioned the Sheriff on the mysterious funds that he had somehow accumulated in his bank balances was kindness itself. His note covering Farley's dismissal was equally kind. He dismissed the charges that the Sheriff had been incompetent, that he had appropriated interest on public funds, that he had wilfully refused to testify in a private examination. The sole reason for dismissal was: "I am not satisfied with the explanation of the sources of a large portion of the sums of money involved, and I hold that Sheriff Farley has not complied with the spirit or the letter of the rule which should guide public officials."

The Sheriff, therefore, is removed from office, with no hard feeling, and Tammany is waiting for the Governor to appoint another Tammany district leader in his place, this time, doubtless, one with a better memory for cashed checks. Mr. Roosevelt has been able to avoid offense. He is safe. He is safe on the League of Nations, which almost nobody wants anyway, on the debts, which only a few cranks would like to cancel, on the tariff, which no really practical man, though it be in accordance with the traditional position of the Democratic Party, would wish to lower, on prohibition, which we may talk about changing if we do it by passing the buck of the necessity for firm control from one governmental agency—which has failed in the last ten years—to another which failed long ago. When Mr. Roosevelt announced for the nomination, his supporters enthusiastically declared that 678 of the necessary two-thirds' vote of 770 in the convention were already his. In spite of the booms for Speaker Garner and Alfalfa Bill Murray, which are merrily rolling on, in spite of the stern pronunciamiento from former Governor Smith that he will not "in advance of the convention either support or oppose the candidacy of any aspirant for the nomination," the Roosevelt enthusiasm is evidently well placed. If a candidate can successfully continue, through the duration of his candidacy, to give offense to no one, if he can be happily all things to all men, why should he not be rewarded with admittance to the sacred precincts of the temple, why should not the accolade, the guerdon, the last and farthest symbol of public trust be his? Why should he not, in short, be nominated in June and elected next November? There are, of course, a number of answers to these rhetorical questions. They can be left to another day.

Gerhart Hauptmann

THIRTY-EIGHT years after his first visit Gerhart Hauptmann has returned to America. Whereas a generation ago Hauptmann passed an unobtrusive short stay in this country, living in a small boarding-house while he was helping to produce his "Hannele's Way to Heaven," today he is met at the City Hall by an official reception committee consisting of Mayor Walker and Nicholas Murray Butler, a swarm of college professors, and eager newspapermen. He is presented with an honorary doctorate and hailed as the foremost spirit of German letters. His

coming to celebrate the Goethe centenary lends emphasis to the often-repeated claim of his admirers that he is the rightful heir to the mantle of the greatest poet Germany has produced. The banquets and speeches of the Goethe celebration will no doubt see the names of Hauptmann and the classical poet linked in expressions of fervid praise, but these will little indicate to Americans the real status of Hauptmann in contemporary German life and literature. Little is known of the wide gulf which stands between the once rebellious and secular, but now complacent and religious Hauptmann and the immediate needs and problems of his fatherland and the world.

Hauptmann has always been a consummate craftsman whatever his subject or his medium. He received the Nobel prize for his prolific output of plays, novels, stories, and poetic narratives, all as nearly perfect from the point of view of technique as one could wish. Perhaps too often this technical perfection, this richness of language and fidelity to dialect blinded us to the essential weakness and obscurity of his romantic philosophy. Hauptmann is doubtless the ideal subject for literary analysis by college professors; he belongs rather to the cloistered quiet than to the noise and heat of modern life.

His physical similarity to Goethe and his belief that he follows in the great man's footsteps have led to a curious idolatry of Hauptmann. Since the celebration of his sixtieth birthday Hauptmann has established himself as the unofficial Poet Laureate, and more and more is becoming the *perceptor Germaniae*. It is true that admirers regularly have suggested his nomination for President of the Reich, but few have taken seriously this noble gesture. He has been made the legendary hero of a cult at Hiddensee, and his castle at Agnetendorf is a place of pilgrimage. He has posed with dignity for a film on "Ways to Strength and Beauty," and his philosophic conversations have been put to paper by an unofficial Eckermann. Yet while Goethe achieved a cosmic outlook which found expression in an amazing mass of poems, plays, novels, and important scientific studies, of great value to mankind at large, Hauptmann has never stepped beyond the narrow confines of an individualist bourgeois attitude. His ideas never ran toward radicalism, and his essential romanticism and religious solution of life's problems have long shown themselves. His naturalistic style, his use of dialect, the themes of workaday life, of all of which "The Weavers" is the classic example, have only been an outer garment for a pious belief in individual salvation.

Goethe was fascinated by the power of the French Revolution, the mighty conquests of Napoleon; the second part of "Faust" is a great plea for man to immerse himself in the public life, to strive eternally for the communal good. Hauptmann, on the other hand, remained immobile, as a great war and several revolutions shook the world. In 1920 he was still dealing in the same way with the same problem to which he was so powerfully attracted at the beginning of his career—the problem of the sensitive man torn between two women. His recent "Buch der Leidenschaft," a diary in two volumes, reveals how completely he lives in an air-tight chamber apart from world events, and how his exalted personal experiences have come to preoccupy him. Today when we honor the seventy-year-old Hauptmann we really acclaim the young man whose ardor flared up for a span and then burned out into innocuous fantasy three decades ago.

Mass Misery in Philadelphia*

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Philadelphia, February 23

SOON after he took office last month Mayor J. Hampton Moore declared: "I toured the lower sections of South Philadelphia. I went into the small streets, and saw little of poverty. . . . I have counted automobiles and watched them pass a given point. Rich and poor, white and colored, alien and native-born, all riding by. . . . There is no starvation in Philadelphia."

To this Mac Parker, investigator for the *Philadelphia Record*, replied:

Mayor Moore need not have gone into the lower sections of South Philadelphia. He need not have traveled the wide boulevard which is the Parkway. From the porch of his own home at 318 Carpenter Lane, in well-to-do and comfortable Germantown, the Mayor could have flung stones upon the suffering and poverty in his immediate neighborhood. . . . Behind the lace curtains which the Mayor saw hanging in the windows of "the clean and comfortable homes" lies the picture he didn't see. Gaunt children, sunken eyes, ten-year-olds nineteen pounds under weight. Children in rags, without sufficient clothes to permit their attendance at school. Children without shoes. . . . Starvation in Philadelphia today is an accumulative starvation; starvation through undernourishment; slow starvation from insufficient food.

A day or two before I arrived in Philadelphia a Negro youth of patently deficient mental powers confessed that he had assaulted and murdered a white girl of seven. The crime took place in an abandoned tenement on North American Street. This narrow and shabby thoroughfare lies near the heart of Philadelphia's "Bandbox District." Here extreme poverty has existed since long before the bull-market crash in 1929. The Bandbox tenements are almost all narrow, three-story affairs, one room to a floor. They have no modern heating or plumbing, the majority of them having to depend on outdoor toilets. They are dirty, dingy, and dark, facing upon narrow lanes and courts, some of which are no more than five feet across. Approximately 140,000 people live in the district, in these unsanitary and depressing slum dwellings. In some of the tenements they live two, three, and even four families to a room. What effect such conditions have upon human conduct may be seen from a study recently made of fifteen families that had crowded themselves into nine of these tenements. Over a period of three years there had been reported in the fifteen families thirteen cases of illegitimacy and attacks on girls and women, eleven cases of desertion, three of imbecility, eighteen of communicable diseases, seven of absolute poverty, five of cruelty and incorrigibility, and five of chronic drunkenness. This offers but a brief picture of what must be happening to many of the other thousands of families in the district.

The Bandbox District was suddenly called to the attention of the social-minded residents of Philadelphia by the murder of Dorothy Lutz. There is now in full swing a cam-

paign to abolish these hideous slums. But, one may ask, what of the larger social problem that has fixed itself upon Philadelphia as a result of unemployment? What of the distress and mass misery to be found in every quarter of the city? Will it take, let us say, a few more murders or perhaps a hunger riot or two, to awaken the good people of the city to the true significance of this problem? There is a distinct connection between the Bandbox District and unemployment in Philadelphia, for under the pressure of unemployment whole sections of the city are sinking into conditions not unlike those obtaining in the slums.

Many of the more fortunate residents of the city, though they know there is unemployment, have really no conception of its extent or severity. I heard it said by more than one person that the mild winter was a blessing, for it meant that the jobless were not suffering! And there are any number of business men and other affluent citizens here who are only too anxious to believe with Mayor Moore that there is no poverty in Philadelphia. They quite obviously think that if this poverty is discovered, something may have to be done about it, and that something would certainly mean an increase in taxes. To the last man these Philadelphians are opposed to higher taxes. Their representatives in Washington say that the federal government must not help because the problem is one for the States and communities. Clinton A. Sowers, machine Republican and a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature representing a Philadelphia district, declared that "Governor Pinchot thinks that all this relief should be distributed from Harrisburg under his personal direction. We think that the neighborhoods of the State know more about the needs of the people than the Governor does." And in this neighborhood the principal public servant, Mayor Moore, declares that "there is no poverty." So the political merry-go-round runs on, while at least 300,000 Philadelphians are in dire need. The poverty and spreading destitution are not thrust under one's nose as one walks along the principal business streets. There are without question thousands of automobiles to be seen daily on the boulevards, and more raccoon coats along Chestnut Street than can be found on any college campus. But just beyond the business section, in the homes of the unemployed on the river front, in the Bandbox District, in South and West Philadelphia, one may quickly learn whether there is any actual suffering.

In Philadelphia, as in most other cities, the poor are taking care of the poor. Thousands of small, independent shopkeepers are going bankrupt trying to help their neighbors. The *Philadelphia Record* found any number of these corner grocers, butchers, and bakers, heavily in debt themselves, who had on their books unpaid accounts of customers running in some cases into the hundreds of dollars. John Nigro, a baker, was sued for debt a few days ago. His accounts receivable totaled \$5,000. He could collect none of them; he knew when he was letting these bills run up that he was dispensing charity, but he continued to provide relief for his neighbors until he himself went to the wall. In the same neighborhood another shopkeeper, pointing to a bill of

* The second of a series of articles by Mr. Hallgren on unemployment in various parts of the country.—EDITOR THE NATION.

\$200 that was owed him, said: "Eleven children in that house. They've got no shoes, no pants. In the house, no chairs. My God, you go in there, you cry, that's all. What can you do? Let them go hungry?"

So, too, with many of the landlords. There have been evictions seemingly without end, but inquiry reveals that in most of these cases the landlords own extensive properties. The bulk of the residential property is in the hands of small property-owners, people who own their own homes and perhaps one or two other houses. And untold numbers of these landlords are now destitute or nearly so. Yet they allow their tenants to live on for months without paying rent. In one small area covering a few city blocks I found more than two hundred families who were back in their rent anywhere from six to eighteen months. I visited the home of Mrs. Stout, a widow with a grown son who for months had been without work. She had been buying her home through a building-and-loan association. Some time ago she found it necessary to rent out the second and third floors as separate apartments. Her tenants like her son lost their jobs; they stayed on through the summer and fall, paying no rent. The day I was there all three families were destitute. The gas and electricity had been shut off; all three pantries were virtually empty; Mrs. Stout had not a nickel to meet the next building-and-loan payment which was due that evening. She was about to lose her home. Her case was by no means exceptional. There are hundreds of landlords who hang on to the bitter end, letting go only when the mortgage-holder or tax-collector steps in—and then they and their tenants have to double up with relatives or neighbors, or go out into the streets. No fewer than fifteen hundred dwellings are being sold at public auction in Philadelphia every month.

How heavy is the load that these shopkeepers and landlords are carrying can never be measured. But another tremendous load is being borne by the Unemployment Relief Committee, as to whose work statistics are available. The chairman of the organization is Horatio Gates Lloyd, partner in the local branch of Morgan and Company. A year ago Lloyd was typical of his class, a conservative banker, thinking little of the masses. Today he does not hesitate to advocate direct government relief for the unemployed, to support the Costigan-La Follette bill, to which those of his kind in Philadelphia are bitterly opposed. It may be that Lloyd has been sincerely moved by what he has seen of privation among the workers, or it may be that he is acting out of pure selfishness, knowing that a hungry people will imperil his property and his wealth. But whatever his motive, his committee is doing a remarkable job—with the all too slim resources at its disposal. I say this in all frankness, although I do not believe in the sort of private charity to which Philadelphia is having to submit. Lloyd himself has come to acknowledge the limitations of private charity, of the American system of "self-help" concerning which we hear so much from Washington. In a recent statement he pointed out that the average amount of relief expended by his committee per family is \$4.38 per week. "While it must be remembered," he said, "that in most instances this was supplemented from such other sources as relatives, churches, wages of minors, and the like, this amount was grossly inadequate. It can best be described as disaster relief, merely enough to maintain existence."

The Lloyd organization began operating last June as a special branch of the Department of Public Welfare. The municipal government borrowed \$3,000,000 to pay for the relief to be distributed. Lloyd insisted that the work of distribution be taken out of the hands of the politicians and placed completely in his charge. His organization also took over the relief work of all the private agencies. Thus with one agency dispensing relief, and that agency beholden to no political machine or privileged group, the task so far has been efficiently accomplished with a minimum of overhead expense. In fact, overhead charges, including service and administration supplies and the pay roll of the relief workers, have averaged only 6.8 per cent of the total outlay of the committee, all the rest of its funds going into food, milk, gas, shoes, and coal for the unemployed. This is probably a better record than can be shown by any similar organization anywhere in the country.

Toward the end of December the city's \$3,000,000 was exhausted, and the Lloyd committee had to resort to panhandling on a large scale. In a public subscription drive which began in November, the sum of \$10,404,446.71 was raised in cash and pledges. It is hoped that this new fund will last until May, but with the number of families being helped growing daily there is considerable doubt as to this. After that the city may get \$2,500,000 from the State—if the State Supreme Court upholds the Talbot Act, which provides for the distribution of \$10,000,000 in direct relief to the unemployed. And then? Philadelphia is not thinking, hardly dares think, beyond this point. The municipality is broke and cannot even pay its own employees. The men and women who conducted the United Campaign drive feel certain that very little additional money, if any, can be raised by public subscription. They say that private citizens have just about given their all, or at least those citizens have done so who intend to give anything toward helping the jobless.

And what if the need for relief should continue to grow, and the funds now in sight be exhausted before May? There is every likelihood that this will happen. In December, 1930, relief was being extended to 6,590 families by the original Unemployment Relief Committee. This figure grew until in April it reached 24,031; from this point it declined somewhat until August, when it again began to mount. In August there were 23,114 families on the dole; in September, 28,923; October, 31,584; November, 35,595; December, 47,779; and January, 55,643. Last week the total had swelled to 57,126. Where it will end, it is impossible to forecast. Every day brings new applicants to the relief stations. Of late these people have been of a distinctly better class, better, that is, in the sense that their standard of living had been much higher than that of the average worker; they had been well paid, had known many comforts and even luxuries, and had never before been in want. They were skilled artisans, professional people, men and women of the white-collar class. They had continued to depend upon the corner grocer, the church, and relatives for help until all these sources of aid had dried up and they had been forced to come to the Relief Committee, begging to be placed on the dole. Most of them had refused to come until every last scrap of bread had been eaten and every last chunk of coal burned. How many more families, too proud to ask for charity, do not come at all cannot even be guessed. Every day dozens of these

families are turned up by relief workers in the field, or by neighbors who are too poor themselves to help but who cannot bear to see the people next door go hungry.

What the applicants get in the way of relief is all too meager. Approximately 77 per cent of the money expended goes into grocery orders; another 12 per cent for food; the remainder, bare pittance, for coal, shoes, and gas. No electric bills are paid, and the Lloyd committee has decided it cannot possibly undertake to meet rent bills, for this, it has been estimated, would add 25 per cent to the cost of relief and cut down the food distributed in corresponding measure. It is more essential that the unemployed at least get something to eat. Neither food nor money is directly distributed. Applicants are given grocery orders, the money value of which is determined by the number of persons in each family. The average family every week gets a grocery order worth approximately \$4. These orders are honored by most of the stores of the city, who use them in meeting their obligations to the wholesale houses, and the wholesale dealers turn them into the Relief Committee for cash. Families with small children get in addition a weekly milk order. Obviously it takes a great deal of stretching to make \$4 cover a week's food for a family of five.

What are the effects of depression—and the dole—on Philadelphia's unemployed? It is perhaps too early to tell; the real consequences may not be known for years, when the children now being brought up on starvation rations reach working age. Nevertheless, close students of the local problem see the physical energy and the nervous resistance of the jobless workers being slowly ground down. Each individual requires more care, more medical attention than he did a year ago. Dr. Jacob Billikopf, who as head of the Jewish Charities has carefully watched the present situation as it developed, is authority for the statement that "the 250,000 persons affected by unemployment today are suffering much more than 300,000 would have suffered a year ago, or 500,000 two years ago."

I could not possibly have talked with all the miserable families in the city. However, in company with different workers attached to the Relief Committee I did visit about thirty homes. Most of the homes were those of normally well-paid mechanics and building workers. I found bewilderment and confusion rather than discouragement or desperation. Not one of the many persons I talked to had really given up hope, but every one of them was rapidly drifting in that direction. All were heavily in debt, had borrowed to the limit on their insurance policies; some had sold much of their furniture, and would have sold more if they could have found buyers. The younger men spent most of their waking hours looking for odd jobs, but the rest were inclined rather to remain in the seclusion of their homes, visibly ashamed of their misfortune or else convinced that it was futile to look for work when there was no work to do. Inquiry revealed that temporary jobs invariably go to the younger men; the middle-aged and older men are simply not given a chance. The most discouraging sign I noted was the total lack of interest in outside activities on the part of all the men I talked with. Although workers for the Relief Committee have repeatedly urged them to seek recreation in study, at the public gymnasiums and playgrounds, or in the free museums and art galleries—printed lists of the various recreation centers, settlement houses, public evening schools,

art schools, and museums, which can be attended without charge, have been distributed to the unemployed—these men will not take advantage of the opportunities offered. It seems to be the first instinct of the jobless man to want to withdraw from contact with normal society, in which he feels he no longer has a place. But this, while undoubtedly a result of the depression, cannot be put down as a consequence of the "soul-destroying" dole. I noted little evidence that the dispensation of charity was undermining the character of Philadelphia's unemployed. There was, of course, the man I found lying abed at two o'clock in the afternoon, who clearly felt that so long as other people were feeding him there really was no reason for him to look for work; and there were a number of families who appeared to have lost their sense of responsibility, and who probably would have shown more initiative in finding for themselves had they not known they would get their regular grocery orders at the end of the week.

Again, no positive sign of revolt was discernible, though admittedly it was difficult to get these men to speak frankly. They were afraid that whatever they had to say might prejudice their chances of obtaining continued relief. Nevertheless, an undercurrent of rebellion was noticeable. Strangely enough, most of the grumbling was directed not against the employers or the government, but against the churches. A skilled mechanic by the name of McCollan, a Roman Catholic, complained bitterly that the clergy did not appreciate the extreme plight of their parishioners. Five other families, all Protestants, had given up going to church because, Mrs. Brown, wife of a cabinetmaker put it, "the church no longer means anything to us." A man named Johnson said that at least half the members of the congregation of his church were continuing to attend only in the hope that the church would be able to help them eke out the slim relief they get from the Lloyd committee. Only one family was openly in revolt. I reached the home of Mrs. Duffy, whose husband is a gardener, about thirty minutes after the constable had been there to serve an eviction notice. Mrs. Duffy cried throughout the interview. Her greatest worry was that her husband and three sons really meant to go out that evening to steal bread for themselves at the point of pistols. They had procured weapons and laid careful plans for their foraging expedition.

But there is no assurance that more Duffys will not turn to robbery, or that other jobless men will not rebel in other ways. Last June, before the city's \$3,000,000 fund became available, all relief was suspended for three weeks. The stations were kept open and applications for relief continued to be taken, but toward the end of that period the relief workers in the stations had become seriously alarmed by the rising temper of the applicants. They spoke roughly, demanded food in no uncertain terms, and a few even threatened to take direct action. Should there be another suspension of relief, now that the misery has greatly increased, there is no telling what might happen. In anticipation of trouble the Philadelphia police force is undergoing special training in gas warfare and in the suppression of riots. According to the *Evening Bulletin*, 1,800 policemen have now had sufficient training "and could prove their skill at a moment's notice. The department is always ready for anything, particularly in hard times." So far it has been unnecessary to bring out the gas bombs and riot guns.

Presidential Possibilities

II. Ritchie and No Regrets*

By GERALD W. JOHNSON



ALBERT CABELL RITCHIE, Governor of Maryland since time immemorial, treats his brain as a tool, not as a toy. With it he can do beautifully finished and accurate work; but he does not like to play with it.

And this is, perhaps, the basic reason why he has not run away with the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. For he has all the other trap-

pings of a popular hero—an impressive bearing, a handsome face, a good voice, courage, ability, and honor. He has the face and figure of a Plumed Knight—but never a plume.

Present Ritchie in his official capacity with the stubbornest, knottiest sort of governmental problem, and he will think his way through it, smoothly, swiftly, accurately. But it never occurs to him to engage in a battle of wits for the sheer delight of intellectual exercise. There is in him none of the quality that inspired Theodore Roosevelt's resounding forays against objectives far outside the field of politics. A result is that Ritchie is not, like Roosevelt, adored by every mad fellow with a restless brain. Nor has he, like Wilson, made scholarship his business, so that he does not impress the populace with the extent of his learning. Highly intelligent as he is, his is a matter-of-fact intelligence.

Thus, while he takes the very highest rating as an administrator, he does not rank equally high as a popular leader. He can inspire confidence. He can, under the right circumstances, inspire enthusiasm, but not the shouting, camp-meeting brand of enthusiasm. No convention would ever be moved to sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers" as it nominated Ritchie. If the Democrats in Chicago next June get to the singing stage, Ritchie is sunk, for he is not the sort of candidate to appeal to a singing convention.

At that, he is no languid campaigner. Maryland, in Presidential elections a doubtful State, has elected him four times to the Governor's office, each time by a majority larger than the one he received before. The last time, in 1930, his majority broke all records for a candidate for Governor of Maryland. There is significance in the campaign slogan his managers chose for him on this occasion. It was "Ritchie or Regret." That is the way Maryland feels about it. Thousands of men who could have picked out a dozen candidates they liked better voted for Ritchie simply because they felt that no other man in public life would make as good a Governor. His appeal was to reason, not to emotion.

But it worked, and the fact that it worked is Maryland's excuse for offering him as Presidential timber. For Ritchie has done something more than simply administer

admirably the affairs of a small and relatively insignificant State. He has introduced a new technique into American political practice, and has demonstrated that it will work. He has held the Governorship continuously for twelve years, and in not one of the twelve has he failed to make enemies; yet at each successive election his majority has continued to grow, eliminating any doubt of his political craftsmanship.

This technique can be summed up in a word—candor. In none of his four successful campaigns has Albert C. Ritchie obtained any man's vote under false pretenses. The outcome is that he has lighted no fires of resentment to smolder in the breasts of honest men who voted for him believing him other than he proved to be. On the contrary, he has obtained a powerful grip on the loyalty of sincere men. Neither as a candidate nor as Governor has he straddled, or equivocated, or evaded; even his mistakes have been patently honest mistakes, and therefore retrievable.

For instance, about four years ago certain minor employees of the State Roads Commission were engaged in steady peculation. Ritchie had named a head of the commission a man in whom he had all confidence. As an engineer the man deserved confidence, for he was good; but as an executive he was, unfortunately, less competent. The thieves were getting away with thousands, but he suspected nothing. A man who had been a political enemy of Ritchie for years got some inkling of the facts and proceeded to broadcast charges. Ritchie summoned the head of the commission, who assured him that all was well, whereupon the Governor jumped to the conclusion that the charges were purely political and proceeded to castigate the broadcaster in blistering terms. Unfortunately, though, the charges were true, and Ritchie found himself out on a very long limb.

But he saw and immediately took the only way out. With grim resolution he set to work to prosecute the thieves, and never rested until the last of them was behind prison bars. This did not recover the \$400,000 they had stolen, to be sure, but it did satisfy the public sense of justice. Maryland, marking the long sentences inflicted, decided that there would not be much more stealing under this Governor, and voted for Ritchie more heavily than ever.

Once before he had denounced the wrong man. On the other occasion the victim was an official of the State University, who criticized the Governor and the legislature for what he considered their niggardliness toward the university. But on that occasion, also, Ritchie believed that the criticism had behind it another motive than sincere interest in the welfare of the institution. Probably his belief was wrong, but it was none the less profound, and his anger mounted accordingly. It is significant that the two most conspicuous errors in his career were both due to rage against what he believed to be the ancient political trick of employing a good cause to cover a selfish aim. Devious political trickery is one provocation under which the ordinarily cool, unemotional man is capable of blowing up with a deafening roar.

* The second of a series of articles on leading Presidential candidates. The third will appear next week.—EDITOR THE NATION.

Maryland likes this forthright attitude, and with the passage of each successive Ritchie administration the State has liked it better and better. Maryland believes firmly that the country would like it, if the country could once be induced to try it. Maryland feels that if Ritchie were once elected, by ever so small a margin, at the end of four years he would be reelected practically unanimously. For while Ritchie never sets the boys howling with his flaming oratory, there is exhilaration in following a man who makes his words good, who refuses to promise what he can't perform, but who invariably performs what he promises.

What the candidacy of Ritchie offers the electorate is easily defined, but not so easily described. It is conservatism limited only by rigid honesty—intellectual as well as financial honesty. He has been subjected to the severe test of twelve years' continuous incumbency of the highest office in his State without exhibiting any symptoms of megalomania. His attitude toward his Presidential candidacy is typical of the man. His Presidential boom was formally launched at a dinner given by a Baltimore political club in January, and he began his speech at the dinner with these words: "Of course I would like to be President; who would not?"

There is Ritchie—honest enough to be honest with himself, as well as with the rest of the world, simple-minded enough to believe that the best way to protect his own dignity is to tell the truth, honorable enough to give his competitors warning that he will employ all fair means to secure the nomination. It is by no means certain that this is the best political method in the present circumstances, but it is Ritchie's method, and by it he will stand or fall.

His platform, as he outlined it in that speech, is a return to the Jeffersonian theory that that country is best governed which is least governed. But Ritchie is both intelligent and honest. He is aware that the world has moved since the sage of Monticello breathed his last, and he knows that while the theory of Jeffersonianism may remain unaltered, its practice in 1932 is far indeed from what it was in 1801. His discussion of the dole illuminates his whole political philosophy. He dislikes and distrusts the dole system, not because it is expensive, and not from any hypocritical fear of "pauperizing" the poor, but because it means "a bureaucracy so great that it would outbureaucrat all our other bureaucracies put together."

Nevertheless, strongly as he opposes it, he envisages the possibility that it may be inevitable. For his philosophy embraces a greater thing than any theory of government, Jeffersonian or Hamiltonian, and that is justice: "Industry benefits from labor in times of prosperity, and economic justice demands that some adequate provision be made for labor when adversity comes. But if industry does not fulfil its part in this obligation, then I very much fear that the pressure on government may finally force it to step in."

On international affairs his viewpoint is flatly, finally, and completely American. The war debts, for example, cannot be canceled because "if the foreign nations do not pay the money, the American people must." How blood is to be squeezed out of the foreign turnip he did not explain; it is probably one of those questions on which he has no views, because his lack of intellectual curiosity has not led him to think through a problem which has not directly concerned him as yet. But by the same token he did not commit himself to the existing debt settlements. He would not cancel

a dollar in the interest of any foreign nation; but if anyone can show him convincing reasons for believing that softening the terms of settlement will subserve the interest of this country, he is free to move in that direction.

The thickest and longest and strongest plank in the Ritchie platform, however, is his insistence that the government be taken out of business. This is his old war-cry, but it is interesting to observe how it is slowly being modified with the passage of time. Even as lately as four years ago it was simply the doctrine of laissez faire with practically nothing else. But since then Ritchie has been edging over, until this year he has almost reached the point of view of those who hold that the only way to take the government out of business is first to eject business from the government.

To a large section of the population Ritchie is known solely as the wettest of all the men frequently mentioned as Democratic possibilities. The more fanatical drys are unable to believe that he is wet because he is a champion of local self-government, not the other way about. These people overlook the fact that although he is wet, he has signed more local prohibition laws than any other Governor of Maryland. Although he has consistently opposed the adoption of a State Volstead law, he has never objected to the enactment of local prohibitory statutes for the benefit of counties or municipalities in Maryland that desire them. Many such laws have been enacted during his incumbency of the Governor's office, and he has promptly signed them.

Doubtless what the country needs is a candidate with the tongue of Wilson and the integrity of Ritchie, a flame in the campaign and a rock in office, a man who can stir the voters to a delirium of enthusiasm, yet never defeat their hopes. But in the absence of such a marvel, Maryland ventures to offer Ritchie. He is not the flaming leader of a crusade. He can lead, but he cannot flame. He is the fire-proof candidate, the asbestos man. But he is an essentially conservative man who yet holds intelligence as more important than conservatism, a cautious man who nevertheless values honor above caution, a politician of high skill, yet one whose bag of tricks does not include either lying or dodging. A man of this type could make himself extremely useful in the White House.

As regards all the minor qualifications, Ritchie is amply equipped. Perhaps he doesn't look quite as much like a President as Harding did, but he is a fine-looking man, at that; and Harding, indeed, was a shade too perfect to be credible. Ritchie has the bearing of the old Southern aristocracy at its best; and whatever may be one's opinion of the social value of that aristocracy, it did carry itself with grace and dignity. There is a glint of humor in the Maryland Governor's make-up—not enough to convert him into a jokesmith, but too much to allow him ever to aspire to convert the Trinity into a quartet, no matter how great his success in earthly affairs may be. He is courteous to a fault in his personal relations and wholly devoid of affectation.

The Maryland Free State presents his name to the country not without dubiety. But the doubt is as to the country's readiness to appraise such a man at his true value, not at all as to that value. The Maryland delegation in the convention will vote for him to the bitter end with no mental reservations; for, no matter whether the country realizes it or not, Maryland is profoundly convinced that voting for Ritchie involves no regrets.

Free Air

A Strictly Imaginary Educational Broadcast

By JAMES RORTY

GOOD evening, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Great Radio Audience: I am speaking to you tonight through the courtesy of the Universal Food, Candy, Cigarette, and Gadget Company, makers of Cheeryoats, Wet Smack Bars, Old Mold Cigarettes, and Sweetie Washing Machines. My subject is education by radio. I shall try to explain to you why the National Committee on Education by Radio, representing nine educational associations, including the National Education Association, is sponsoring the Fess bill, which is now pending in Congress. The officials of the Planetary Broadcasting Company are opposed to the Fess bill. Its passage would, they think, affect adversely both their own commercial interests and the interests of other companies with which they are closely affiliated. They are, nevertheless, devoted to the principle of free speech, and loyal to their stewardship of the great national resource of the air. Accordingly they have offered the use of their facilities to me without charge, in order that I may place before you the issues which you, representing public opinion, the ultimate authority in a free democratic country like ours, must some day decide.

If you will have patience, I shall read the Fess bill in full. It is very brief.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled that . . . not less than 15 per cent, reckoned with due weight to all factors determining effective service, of the radio broadcasting facilities which are or may become subject to the control of and allocation by the Federal Radio Commission, shall be reserved for educational broadcasting exclusively and allocated, when and if applications are made therefor, to educational agencies of the federal or State governments and educational institutions chartered by the United States or by the respective States or Territories.

Who and what are these educational broadcasting stations that are claiming 15 per cent of the air? Most of you, probably, have never heard them or even heard of them, and I don't blame you. You see, ever since the passage of the Radio Act of 1927, and even before that, the educational broadcasting stations, operated chiefly by the State universities, have been running on flat tires. The air is free, all right, but try and get some of it. The records of the Federal Radio Commission show that in May, 1927, when the present radio law went into effect, there was a total of ninety-four educational institutions licensed to broadcast. On March 9, 1931, the number had been reduced to forty-nine. At present, out of a total of 440 units available to the United States, educational stations occupy only 23.16 units, or one-sixteenth of the available frequencies. During the same period, however, educational broadcasts, largely over commercial stations, have increased from almost nothing to almost a tenth of the total times used by all broadcasting stations now on the air. Harold A. LaFount, Federal Radio Commissioner, is authority for these figures. Commissioner

LaFount also points out that although the forty-nine educational institutions now licensed to broadcast have been assigned a total of 3,669.2 hours per week, they have actually used only 1,229.28 hours, or one-third of the time which has been made available to them, and that of this time only 283.85 hours per week have been devoted to education. He further declares that the reduction in the number of educational stations since 1927 has occurred by virtue of the voluntary assignment or surrender by educational stations of their licenses, because they were unable financially to maintain them, or because they did not have sufficient program material to continue operation.

Commissioner LaFount believes, with the majority of his colleagues on the Federal Radio Commission, that the status of education on the air is healthy, and that the educators ought to be happy. I am here to tell you that the status of education on the air is not healthy and that the educators—their militant wing, at least—are not happy. On the contrary, they are bitter, rebellious, and determined. Let us get back of Commissioner LaFount's figures and see what actually has been happening.

To begin with, the Radio Act of 1927 reserves our national quota of broadcasting channels as public property and licenses their use, subject to revocation practically at will by the Federal Radio Commission. This body has discretionary power, subject to court review, to interpret and apply the principle of "public interest, convenience, and necessity" which the law embodies. But as at present constituted, the members of the Federal Radio Commission are not educators. They are business men, and they regard the interests of business as paramount in our civilization. From this point of view the right and proper disposition of every genie, such as radio, that pops out of the laboratory bottle of modern science is to put him to work making money for whoever happens to hold the neck of the bottle. If he makes enough money for somebody, then, in some mysterious way, "progress" and "civilization" will be served. This, I say, is the point of view of the business man, and it is the application of this point of view, more or less sympathetically aided by the Federal Radio Commission, which is responsible for the present preposterous and imbecile condition of radio broadcasting in this country. Does this seem strong language? Forgive me, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Great Radio Audience. Admittedly, I am neither a business man nor an inventor. From where I sit, as a simple naive professor, the radio looks to me like the most revolutionary instrument of communication ever placed in human hands; it seems to me that its free and creative use, not to make money, but to further education and culture and to inform public opinion, is perhaps the most crucial problem with which our civilization is confronted. But, of course, I didn't invent the con-founded gadget, and I may be wrong. Let us listen to the man who did—Dr. Lee De Forest, who, more than any other single American, has been associated with the science of radio

from its beginning. A while back Dr. De Forest spent some time listening to what the business men have been doing to his child. Here is what he said:

Why should anyone want to buy a radio, or new tubes for an old set? Nine-tenths of what one can hear is the continual drivel of second-rate jazz, sickening crooning by degenerate sax players (original or transcribed), interrupted by blatant sales talk, meaningless but maddening station announcements, impudent commands to buy or try, actually superposed over a background of what might alone have been good music.

Get out into the sticks, away from your fine symphony-orchestra pick-ups, and listen for twenty-four hours to what 80 per cent of American listeners have to endure. Then you'll learn what is wrong with the radio industry. It isn't hard times. It is broadcasters' greed—which is worse, much worse—and like T. B. grows continually worse, until patient radio public dies. That's all the trouble. Simple, isn't it?

You know, it's strange, but Dr. De Forest talks almost like a professor. He reminds me of the late Professor Vernon L. Parrington, who, in the last volume of his "Main Currents in American Thought," remarked that science in this country had become "the drab and slut of industrialism." This again is harsh language. In justice to science, it may be granted that the lady is more sinned against than sinning. Yet it remains true that in competing for her favors, the educators, who are notoriously platonic in their enthusiasms anyway, have been at a marked disadvantage. Take, for example, this "voluntary" surrender of the air which Commissioner LaFount is so cheerful about. What has actually happened is that the educational stations have steadily been given less desirable frequencies; they have then been asked to divide their time with some commercial broadcaster; they have been obliged to meet some new regulation involving costly equipment—often, as the educators themselves admit, a regulation essentially right in itself, but applied with such suddenness as not to allow time for adjustment in the educational budget; finally, by the time they had got together the money for technical and program improvements, they would be obliged to spend it on lawyers' fees and on trips to Washington to defend their right to broadcast at all.

While, for these and other reasons, the voice of independent education on the air has been fading, the voice of education sponsored by such companies as my host tonight and by the commercial broadcasting companies themselves in sustaining programs has been rapidly swelling in volume. Many of our most eminent educators have, tentatively at least, accepted this substitution. Some of them serve on the Advisory Council of the National Broadcasting Company; others are on the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, which includes in its membership not only educators and publicists but also representatives of the two great broadcasting chains—National Broadcasting Company and Columbia Broadcasting Company. This organization is financed jointly by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the Carnegie Corporation. Its announced objectives are primarily fact-finding and fact-dissemination, and it has made and published valuable studies of both the technical and social problems of broadcasting. More recently it has sponsored educational broadcasts given over commercial stations, the first of the series being by Dr. Robert A. Millikan, who is president of this National Council. The commercial broadcasters greeted

the formation of the National Council with enthusiasm; they have, in fact, repeatedly declared their willingness to give the educators all the free time on the air they can use, when and if the educators come prepared with educational programs which "do not bore too great a proportion of *their* audiences too much."

What do they mean—"their audiences"? Our national quota of radio frequencies is public property under the law, and these broadcasters are licensed to use assigned frequencies, subject to revocation practically at will by the Federal Radio Commission. I assert that they are using this public property, not in the "public interest, convenience, and necessity," but in their own private commercial interest and that of the commercial advertisers whom they serve. For example, what public interest, convenience, or necessity is served by the disingenuous superlatives which are lavished night after night by my host, the Universal Food, Candy, Cigarette, and Gadget Corporation, on Cheeryoats, Wet Smack Bars, Old Mold Cigarettes, and Sweetie Washing Machines? If you really wanted to know the truth about these things you would demand that disinterested government experts from such departments as Public Health and the Bureau of Standards broadcast a genuine educational program which would, incidentally, debunk nine-tenths of the radio advertising now on the air. If, in addition, you want entertainment, including jazz, I suggest that you pay for it straight by means of a tax imposed on receiving sets, as is done in England and in Europe, and will shortly be done in Canada if the recommendations of the government radio commission are followed.

Do not imagine that you are not now paying for what you get and paying high. As taxpayers, you are paying directly the \$444,179.94 annual budget of the Federal Radio Commission, most of which is spent in futile attempts to "regulate" the existing commercial chaos. As cigarette smokers, gum chewers, gadget users, and antiseptic garglers, you are paying indirectly the total budget of all the broadcasting stations, which is estimated to be over \$75,000,000 a year. This total is more, far more, than is paid by the radio listeners in all the countries of Europe combined. All you really get free is the efforts of philanthropic organizations like the National Committee and the National Council to inject some sort of civilized decency into the absurd situation which has resulted from your failure to make representative government represent your true interests.

Do you realize, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Great Radio Audience, that your ears and minds are offered for sale to the highest bidder by profit-motivated corporations which have no title to what they sell and no title to the medium they use except squatters' rights which, if contested, they will defend in the courts? Do you imagine for a moment that education can permanently function as an appendage of toothpaste- and cigarette-sponsored jazz and vaudeville? Do you suppose that your views, your preferences, your rights, can make any headway at all against the economic determinism which obliges the commercial broadcaster to sell his most valuable time to advertisers, to permit the advertiser to cajole, bore, deceive, and insult the intelligence of his hearers to the limit? Do you imagine that even if educational institutions were able to *pay* for the facilities of commercial stations, instead of accepting their compromised and qualified gifts of free air, educational programs would thereby obtain

■ complete right of way? Even so conservative an expert as Mr. H. V. Kaltenborn, editor of the *Newspaper of the Air*, does not think so. As he points out, commercial stations would insist that the programs must interest most of their listeners, lest competing stations win them away; they would also refuse to offend important advertisers by denying them the right to purchase popular periods on particular days. Finally, although Mr. Kaltenborn does not make this point, they would ultimately be obliged to censor any educa-

tional broadcast which affected adversely the interests of their advertising clients.

Admittedly, Ladies and Gentlemen, the Fess bill, even if passed, would not represent a complete or permanently satisfactory solution of the problem of converting broadcasting to intelligent social uses. It would, however, drive a wide breach into the existing system of commercial exploitation, and prepare the ground for the recapture by the people of the free air which they have never legally surrendered.

Birth Control Not Enough for China!

By AGNES SMEDLEY

Shanghai, January 5

IF one wishes to develop a theory about the need for birth control and its possible effects upon society, China affords one of the most fertile fields imaginable. Many Chinese intellectuals have already developed this theory and, bolstered up with formidable figures, have advocated birth control as the cure for overpopulation, famine, poverty, ignorance. They tell us of the 500,000,000 Chinese, of the famines that carry off millions, of frightful infant mortality, of illiteracy as high as 98 per cent, of a destitution that has no parallel on earth except in other subjected Asiatic lands such as India and Indo-China.

But pure theory like this comes up against many practical facts and is no more sound than are the arguments of automobile firms who see no reason why each Chinese family should not have an automobile. Believing in and working for birth control as I do in China, still I oppose birth-control advocates such as these. There has come ■ time in China, as in all Asia, when birth control, unless preceded and linked with ■ social revolutionary program, is reactionary and counter-revolutionary. For many of these Chinese birth-control advocates today see in birth control ■ barricade against revolution—a mirage to deceive the masses or a new way of controlling them.

Let us take a few social facts, in the light of which we can and must consider the theory of birth control as a solution for China's problems, a consideration of which is absolutely essential. I personally have been much among the Chinese peasants, in the northern, central, and southern parts of the country—and the peasants constitute from 80 to 90 per cent of the Chinese population. Nothing on earth can describe their poverty. In the south it is doubtful if most of them have ever possessed ■ pair of simple Chinese shoes. Everywhere their huts are bare of everything except the most naked means of the most naked existence. If tenants, they must share 50 per cent of their crops with the landlord, and sometimes more. If owners of ■ tiny bit of land, they are periodically stripped of all excess worldly goods by government taxes and by the never-ending requisitions of the militarists. In some places as many as sixty different taxes are imposed upon them, and in still other places these taxes have been collected "in advance" up to 1939. What amounts to actual serfdom exists in many places in China, some of them within a few hours of Shanghai. When Chiang Kai-shek or

any other militarist needs beasts of burden to carry military supplies to the front or to dig trenches under a hail of machine-gun fire from a rival general, he captures peasants and workers in the villages and cities, binds them together by the arms or the neck with ropes, and marches them off, to receive a bowl of rice a day and to be left behind wherever they happen to fall. Except in the Soviet territories of China, where the peasants have guns in their hands and have their own red army, the Chinese peasants are utterly defenseless. In other places they are stripped so naked of every reserve in food and money that the slightest dislocation—a drought, a flood, a locust cloud, or a new civil war—results in wholesale deaths.

There is a certain broad historical social tendency in China which must form the background of all our considerations of any problem or any movement. All kinds of studies already made show that the tendency is for the landowning peasant to become a tenant via the route of usury. To meet his obligations or the needs of life he borrows from the landlord, who is landlord, money-lender, government official, and business man, all in one. Paying as high as 35 per cent interest on money, the peasant loses his land to the landlord-usurer and becomes a tenant; then the tendency is to further bankruptcy and dispossession. He becomes a land laborer; he goes himself or sends some of his sons into the army to earn their bowl of rice; or sends them drifting to the city to seek work in factories or as wharf or rikisha coolies. If he remains on the land, he has a number of courses open to him: serfdom, to be a victim of famine when famine strikes his land, or banditry—or, if he is class-conscious and militant and is in a district where these things count, he can join the Soviet forces and fight for a new social order. This is the social background. In the seats of government in China sit men who are landlords, business men, bankers, militarists, and foreign imperialists, all intensifying this social process, all considering the peasants as a dangerous element to be exterminated when they attempt to defend themselves.

Within the cities the conditions are no better. Because of China's subject position, Chinese industries do not develop quickly enough to absorb the bankrupt peasants that press upon the city. The factory workers are not yet entirely weaned from the land. The militant labor movement that developed down to 1927 has been almost crushed by the government during the past five years, and thousands of militant workers have been shot, beheaded, or strangled to death. Shanghai, the center of combined foreign and Chi-

■ Miss Smedley's article arrived too late for *The Nation's* birth control issue, for which it was intended. We print it now as ■ interesting commentary on the situation at Shanghai.—EDITOR THE NATION.

nese capitalism, with a gangster organization sharing control of the labor movement with the Kuomintang, has been one of the centers of this terror. Unemployment and the pressing body of bankrupt peasants looking for work, combined with the onslaughts of the ruling classes, have kept the conditions of life of the industrial worker at a very low level. Shanghai is a city of primitive, dangerous mat huts and of jammed, dangerous tenements in which workers crowd like flies, a whole family sharing a tiny room, and perhaps a whole family of father, mother, and three or four little children all working but earning hardly enough to keep life in their bodies. The cruel feudal mentality of the Chinese ruling class has been reinforced by the mentality and methods of American-educated men who admire American capitalist methods. Only counter-revolutionary organizations like the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. or superstitious religions like Christianity could openly work among the laborers.

It is just these organizations, just such individuals, who have advocated birth control as the solution for China's problems or who have drawn up paper factory laws which are not to be applied in any particular. Why? Because behind such programs, such methods, lies the attempt to deceive the masses and stave off the revolution. These people advocate everything on earth to keep the workers from seeking a fundamental solution for their desperate situation. Any old thing goes to keep the present system on its rotten legs. I have talked with all shades of birth-control advocates in China. One Christian woman spoke of birth control as an "approach" to the workers, to be followed by suitable Christian doctrine. Others, aping the Pope and certain American reactionaries, consider birth control a sin—that is, unless the "better classes" use it in secret. One Chinese woman physician told me that she would not give birth-control knowledge to a woman unless she had first investigated her home life to learn if she was married or unmarried, if she was moral or immoral, if she had children or too few children. Whatever the argument has seemed to be, it has always been basically the fear of the Chinese people felt by the ruling classes, and an attempt to keep them under control.

The experiences in actual birth-control work in China have been far from encouraging, although they are at least socially enlightening. From everything I have observed and learned among the peasants, birth control among them is absolutely impossible today. If you asked a peasant in China to spend five dollars for contraceptives, he would consider you utterly insane. And you *would* be insane indeed. For they do not even have enough food, and their very right to existence depends upon the will of the landlord, official, militarist, capitalist. Furthermore, they cannot read. But they can, without reading, see that the landlord, the official, the militarist live in fine houses, give banquets that cost more than they can earn in a lifetime, wear silk gowns, and send their children to expensive educational institutions at home and abroad.

As for the city workers: in one small Shanghai clinic in a factory district, where birth control has been tried, we have spent within six months the sum of two hundred American dollars, and received free contraceptive supplies from America that must have cost four or five hundred gold dollars. With this outlay we have supplied contraceptive information and supplies to about two dozen women only!

Yet there are 800,000 workers in Shanghai, of whom at least one-third are women. In other words, China's poverty is a very, very expensive thing—too expensive to be cured by such means as this.

There is, however, one field for birth-control work in China: that is, among the upper, middle, and lower-middle classes. The women of these classes suffer (as do all others) from what women abroad suffer—never-ending fear of pregnancy, physical exhaustion due to too frequent pregnancy or childbirth, abortions caused by the widespread use of old Chinese medicines, and husbands who seek other women outside the home. The women of these classes can read, and they have enough money to buy the necessary contraceptives. All they desire is the knowledge of the best methods. There is no law against giving birth-control information. With such women there is a big field for the spread of birth-control literature.

But while these classes are important, they constitute an infinitesimal fraction of the Chinese people. For the poverty-ridden workers and peasants of China, or 95 per cent of the people, birth control can solve nothing in the present stage of development. To say anything else would be to lie. The Chinese masses will have first to establish the right to existence before they can claim the right to knowledge. Birth control in China, apart from the revolution, is meaningless, reactionary, and nothing but a deceptive theory in the hands of the ruling classes. With a fundamental revolutionary society and government, birth control would be one of the great forces of advancement and of freedom for women.

East St. Louis Studies Americanism

By C. R. F. SMITH

DURING the past several weeks, East St. Louis, Illinois, has been having a little lesson in Americanism—considering the best rather than the worst connotation of that much-abused word. Scarcely two months ago, if a man of Communist leanings wished to get together with a few friends of like mind, he found it desirable to meet with them quietly in some out-of-the-way corner of the city, and even then he was taking at least his freedom in his hands. Today, when he wishes to engage in a little discussion of the same subject, he may gather openly with his friends in the respectable Trades Council Hall. Thanks to the activities of the St. Louis Civil Liberties Committee, an enlightened press, an aroused public, and a straight-talking circuit judge, the East St. Louis police are now following a more liberal interpretation of the constitutional right of their fellow-citizens peaceably to assemble.

When City Judge Borders, on January 22, dismissed the case against Ray Wycoff, twenty-seven-year-old resident of East St. Louis, who was arrested by police after they had broken up a street meeting last August, the judge cleaned the slate of a series of cases arising out of police interference with alleged Communist meetings in the community. Wycoff had been arrested on a charge of disturbing the peace, because he was reported to have said, as the police were re-

tiring from the scene of their little performance: "Go to hell, you flat-footed cop." Obviously, Wycoff's remark could hardly be classified as expedient just at the moment, but the police felt even more strongly about the matter. Louis Martin Wolf, representing the St. Louis Civil Liberties Committee, came to the rescue as defense counsel, and Wycoff was released on appeal bond. Judge Borders was not so sure that anyone's peace had been disturbed, unless it was the police officer's, and as there was no evidence as to the condition of the officer's feet—they might have been quite flat—the judge settled the matter quickly by taking it out of the hands of the jury, dismissing the case, and discharging the defendant.

But Wycoff's case was an anti-climax. The event which turned the spotlight on the status of constitutional liberty in East St. Louis had occurred on the evening of December 11, when a large force of East St. Louis police and detectives, led by Chief of Police Leahy without a warrant, raided a private residence, confiscated papers, and arrested sixteen persons—four Negro men, five Negro women, and seven white men—whom the police suspected of holding a Communist meeting. The raid was summarized briefly and evaluated succinctly in the following editorial, which appeared a few days later in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, after the facts had had a chance to crystallize:

NOTES ON A RAID

A raid by a squad of East St. Louis police last Friday evening on a residence where a meeting of alleged Communists was being held suggests the following points:

1. It shattered the First Amendment to the Constitution, guaranteeing citizens the right peaceably to assemble.
2. Conducted without a search warrant, it violated the Fourth Amendment, guaranteeing the right of citizens to be secure in their homes against unreasonable searches and seizures.

3. It was brutally conducted. The police rushed into the house firing off tear-gas shells as if they had come upon a nest of dangerous criminals.

4. It was terribly bungled. One police officer was struck in the face with a wad from a shotgun and, with two others, suffered from the gas. Another fell dead, presumably from heart disease.

5. Three of the raiding police figured in the famous police-blotter alibi of the Shelton brothers at their trial for the Kincaid bank robbery in 1926, which was denounced as a fake by the State's Attorney. Police who go to the bat for gangsters can hardly be depended upon to respect the constitutional rights of citizens.

Being unlawful, stupid, and tragic, the raid runs the entire gamut. It sets a record.

Let it not be thought, however, that the East St. Louis police were without defenders. The Cahokia Mound Chapter (Cahokia Mound, Illinois,) of the Daughters of the American Revolution rose nobly to the occasion and sent a letter of commendation to Chief of Police Leahy. "Your fearless raid on Communists with the successful arrest of leaders," the letter said, "was very gratifying to the Cahokia Mound Chapter, D. A. R. The full support of the Cahokia Mound Chapter in wiping out communism is thoroughly yours."

In the justice-court trial which followed the raid, the defendants were charged with vagrancy. D. J. Bental of Chicago, representing the International Labor Defense, the

chief defense lawyer, attempted to show that the raid was illegal, since the meeting was held in a private house and the raid was made without a warrant. Bental asked one of the policemen who participated in the raid if he had a warrant.

"I didn't need a warrant," the policeman replied.

"Why?" Bental asked.

The Assistant State's Attorney then objected to the questioning of the defense "on the ground that it is argumentative, silly, and asinine." The objection was sustained.

Justice of the Peace J. C. Brady sentenced N. P. Logue, one of the defendants, to sixty days in jail on a charge of vagrancy, in spite of Logue's testimony that he had been a resident of East St. Louis for thirty-four years, that he had worked as a steamfitter since 1920, that he was a union member, and that he was employed both at the time of the raid and the day before the trial. Three defendants accepted pleas of guilty and were sentenced to six months in jail, but their sentences were stayed on their promises to keep away from Communist meetings. The cases against the other defendants were continued and later dismissed.

During Logue's trial one Morris Charney was arrested on charges of inciting to riot. The officer who dragged him from the courtroom reported that he had overheard Charney make a derogatory comment on the proceeding. Bond was set at \$5,000, in default of which Charney was then held in jail.

Attorney Wolf, of the St. Louis Civil Liberties Committee, representing Logue and Charney, asked for writs of habeas corpus. As a result of this action, the climax came on January 8 in circuit court at Belleville, Illinois, when Circuit Judge Henry G. Miller granted the writs of habeas corpus and delivered a strong indictment of police methods in handling the whole affair.

The arrest of these men [declared the judge] comprises the most dastardly act ever perpetrated by the East St. Louis police department. I happened to be on the streets of East St. Louis at the time of the Logue trial. I noticed that the police department had every man they could summon in the middle of Main Street in front of the court where the trial was being held. They were armed with every type of weapon they had at their disposal, acting as if the world was about to be plunged into a riot.

With Justice Brandeis of the Supreme Court I say that we Americans have more to fear from lawless acts of law officers than from others who may be planning cursory acts with the purpose of executing them.

Such action on the part of the East St. Louis police department makes this a time for strong language. The arrest of these men was contradictory to the traditions of the American Constitution. I know of no occasion when police may invade a home to get they know not whom, guessing at the reason for which they will make the arrest. It is conceded that there were no warrants on which to make the raid.

Peace reigns again in East St. Louis as the mantle of constitutional liberty now rests gracefully on its shoulders. And across the bridge, on the Missouri side, residents of St. Louis who wish to discuss communism may attend a series of weekly open forums which are being held in one of the branch libraries under the auspices of the Communist League of America, announcement of which series appeared openly in the *St. Louis Star* on January 8, 1932.

In the Driftway

NOT for a long time has the Drifter felt like writing a diatribe. Indeed, looking up the word in the dictionary, he finds that it means "an acrimonious or invective harangue; a strain of abusive or railing language; a philippic," and it sounds very tiring. But lately, when he was dutifully occupied with thoughts of George Washington, he chanced to see a picture of Washington's face cut on Lookout Mountain, and the sight of it almost made him equal to a diatribe in all its various meanings. It seems an inoffensive enough mountain, and why the face of it should be scarred and pitted into the supposed likeness of a long-suffering great man, the Drifter cannot for the life of him see. Nor will the rocks be adorned only with the Father of His Country; General Lee will be there and his horse Traveler, and no doubt General Grant and Cal Coolidge and Herbert Hoover, and their various mounts, and perhaps the yacht Mayflower, and President Harding's little green house on K Street, and the Senate Office Building, and maybe even a couple of Senators themselves. Once the mania for monuments has seized the mind of man, there is no telling where it will stop. The Drifter would like hastily to say that he means no discourtesy to his friend Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor whose chisels are cutting the mountain's face. Poor Mr. Borglum is a worker like the Drifter or any of his readers, and since he cuts stone for a living, he must needs cut it where the orders lie. But if the monument makers would like to see a mountain carved cunningly in the likeness of the human physiognomy, let them look at Smugglers Notch in Vermont; and if they would like to see a good portrait of General Washington, let them consult the numerous Gilbert Stuarts in various parts of the country. And let it go at that.

• • • • •

WHILE he is diatribing, the Drifter may as well mention the matter of putting monuments in public parks. It is now planned to place the replica of Mount Vernon in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and the replica of some other famous Washington building—probably the one-hundred-and-ninetieth Washington's headquarters—in poor old Bryant Park, New York. It is not enough that Bryant Park should have been visited with a subway excavation for more months than one can remember. It must now suffer from a replica. And Prospect Park, a really lovely green oasis in a desert of brick and wood and stone, must include part of the desert itself, a small Mount Vernon for its grass seekers to trip over.

• • • • •

WHENEVER the Drifter thinks of city parks he thinks of London's green and pleasant squares, set unexpectedly and frequently all about the city. Plane trees grow in them but no replicas. They are not strange to grass—real grass, not the synthetic rubber product that we were lately threatened with, and not hard-packed earth with a spear or two of muddy brown now and then. The Drifter wishes that the habit of green squares could take American cities. Meanwhile, he has a suggestion for the monument makers. Let them carve General Washington on the real

Mount Vernon; or let them, now that Lookout Mountain is so completely given over to the monumentists, place all the replicas on the top of the rocky cliff and give them a gentle push. They will then slide disastrously down to the bottom, erasing, as they slide, the General, his horse, his aides de camp, and all the rest. The sculptor could be rewarded with a handsome pension; the monumentists could exile themselves to Berlin's Tiergarten; and everybody else would find himself greatly relieved and infinitely happier, particularly

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Buell Disagrees

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial No War with Japan in the issue of March 2 is an example of the flabby logic which at one time was the monopoly of the perverted nationalist. You do not seem to be disturbed by the fact that a war is already in existence which is bringing misery to thousands of people. To be true to its humanitarian principles and to enlightened self-interest, *The Nation* should support a program "to stop war" no matter where it is found.

Yet in the same editorial protesting against war you state: "It is hardly to be supposed that Washington would sit idly by while the Japanese" tread upon the "sacred principle" of the Open Door in China. Does not such a sentence invite Washington to mobilize its forces against Japan? The dangers of this policy of threats which *The Nation* thus paradoxically supports can be averted only if the United States fully co-operates with the League of Nations in carrying out Article 16 of the Covenant. It is inconceivable that Japan, which already has its hands full in China, would on account of an international boycott declare war upon the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy. Already the world-wide discussion stimulated by the Lowell-Baker boycott petition has profoundly affected Japanese leaders, who had remained indifferent to "moral suasion." If the nations of the world stand together in preventing the Japanese military machine from scrapping the Washington treaties, the anti-war pact, and the League Covenant, they will deal a vital blow to the institution of war and create an atmosphere which should immeasurably facilitate the solution of the reparation, disarmament, and other acute problems confronting the world. On the contrary, if these nations follow the advice of your editorial and cynically trade with the aggressor, the peace institutions built up with so much difficulty during the last twelve years will be destroyed, and all hope for disarmament and security must disappear.

New York, February 29

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

Registration of Aliens

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The proposed bills now before the Congress providing for the registration of aliens cannot be defended. They are a step in the direction of bureaucracy and arbitrary power. In the discussion of these bills there will be an attempt made to confuse the issue and to raise the question whether the saturation-point for immigrants has been reached. Obviously these bills have no relation to the problem of a future immigration policy. Arguments will be made by those who believe that our immigration policy in the past has been too lenient, and they will

contend that these registration bills are a means of curing what they consider to have been a mistaken policy in the past. It requires no argument to show that this position is both illogical and unfair. It does not require the services of a seer to predict that the aliens who have entered this country illegally are not going to register and subject themselves to immediate deportation. The proposed bills will not accomplish what they intend to accomplish, but they will be very effective in subjecting law-abiding, legally admitted aliens to constant espionage, intimidation, blackmail, and extortion, and will furnish bigoted employers and their hired gunmen an admirable weapon in times of labor disturbance. As a result of the war psychosis, which still continues, we have already had too much intolerance and too great an infringement of personal liberty. There is no compelling need for such legislation at the present time.

Lexington, Ky., February 10 FORREST REVERE BLACK

Our Trained Reserves

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* for February 3 there appears an interesting article on the present Geneva conference. Mr. Wainhouse mentions that the United States possesses the professional type of military personnel while France, Japan, and other countries have conscript armies. His articles, including the one appearing February 10, would lead one to believe that the systems of military preparedness in our country and France are so different that establishing limitations on trained reserves would only affect the latter nation. However, our National Guard and our Reserve Officers constitute a trained reserve in this country, and there should be some basis for regulating the whole system of trained reserves if adequate precautions against military competition are to be taken.

Whether a nation has a conscript army or depends on draft legislation and trained officers, the problem is practically the same. Until trained reserves of all the great Powers are adequately controlled by international agreement, military competition will continue. To ignore these matters and confine ourselves to limitations of regular standing armies, which probably will be the result of the Geneva conference, will mean an avoidance of national problems at the expense of international safety.

Austin, Tex., February 9

ROLLAND BRADLEY

From the Gayety Theater

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Being a constant reader of *The Nation* I was very much surprised to read in your issue of February 10 the article headed Minneapolis Morals. I am herewith inclosing a copy of the letter sent to Mr. Sime Silverman, editor of *Variety*, which is self-explanatory.

MY DEAR MR. SILVERMAN: You can well imagine my consternation and surprise when, six weeks after the dismissal of our men's chorus, I noticed and read on the front page of *Variety* the following: "As runway attractions the masculine group failed to lure sufficient feminine trade to warrant retention despite the free exposure of manly figures up and down the orchestra gangplank."

Now, Mr. Silverman, we have no runway or orchestra gangplank in this theater, nor has there been one here for five years. Then this article, written by your correspondent, whom we have not seen in this theater to witness a single performance in the eight years that I have known him, further states that the police had okayed stripping with the use of a dark spotlight. Now while this may not sound so bad in *Variety* when read by show people, it sounds very different when a magazine like

The Nation in its February 10 edition reprints in full the article from your magazine under the caption Minneapolis Morals, and is read by local residents of this city who do not know what kind of shows we are giving and also by city officials; it is bound to blot into oblivion all the care and watchfulness that we have bestowed on our shows, so as to meet with the requirements and approval of our city officials, and to cause them to lose the confidence they have displayed in us by allowing us to operate, as well as placing in jeopardy the means of earning a livelihood for the people we have working here, in the event that this article is taken for granted to be the true facts by the authorities.

I am writing this to you only to acquaint you with the injustice done us, and to your paper, by your correspondent, for reasons which I am at a loss to understand.

Minneapolis, February 9

HARRY HIRSH

Better Movies

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A small group is interested in forming a permanent society in New York City to show, once a month, the best American and foreign films. The aims of the society would be the revival of important films of the past, the presentation of new films which cannot be seen elsewhere, and the formation of a permanent film library. Will all persons interested communicate with the undersigned at 102 East Twenty-second Street, New York City.

New York, February 2

KENNETH WHITE

For Readers in Florida

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your Florida readers will be interested to know that a group is forming in Central Florida for the purpose of organizing a third political party to cooperate with the League for Independent Political Action. Communications may be addressed to 200 West Gore Avenue, Orlando.

Orlando, Fla., February 24

J. C. HOWELL

Contributors to This Issue

GERALD W. JOHNSON is on the editorial staff of the *Baltimore Evening Sun*.

JAMES RORTY is author of a book of poems, "Children of the Sun," and is preparing a book on advertising.

AGNES SMEDLEY, author of "Daughter of Earth," has lived in China for many years.

C. R. F. SMITH is connected with the Citizens' Committee on Relief and Employment in St. Louis.

LYNN RIGGS is the author of a volume of poems, "The Iron Dish."

YOUNGHILL KANG, a Korean student of the literature and philosophy of the Orient, and a member of the department of English of New York University, has written the story of his life in "The Grass Roof."

ROBERT CANTWELL is author of "Laugh and Lie Down."

BENJAMIN GINZBURG is author of "The Adventure of Science."

CUTHBERT WRIGHT is author of "The Story of the Catholic Church."

PETER MUNCH is Denmark's Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Finance

Clipping the Bears' Claws

IF selling stocks short has been a factor in depressing security values, we should soon be enjoying a lively boom on the Stock Exchange, which has taken steps to make this speculative operation more difficult and probably more hazardous and costly. Hitherto, brokerage-house customers have as a rule merely given a blanket permission to the broker, as part of the usual form of agreement on opening an account, to lend their stocks. Many customers have probably never read this agreement, or understood its real meaning. But in the future the broker must obtain his clients' signatures on a separate document, permitting stocks held in margin accounts to be lent to short sellers, and the Exchange hints that it may from time to time require its members to remind customers that they have the right to rescind the authorization previously given.

Bear traders, on the publication of this news, rushed pell-mell to cover their commitments, for if they cannot borrow stocks they cannot do business. In the scramble they almost sent average prices to new high records for the year, but the flurry was over in an hour and prices sank heavily toward lower levels. The bulls, apparently, were not convinced that the shackling of the bears had removed the last obstacle to a sweeping advance in prices. To the longer heads in Wall Street, at least, this doubt seems well founded. For the philosophy which assumes that short selling forces prices to unwarranted low levels is a curious one. It is based on the assumption that a number of astute, bold, and financially powerful men exist who are capable of driving prices below intrinsic values, but that there does not exist any group of astute, bold, and financially powerful men ready to pick up the bargains thus created.

Statistics notoriously can be made to prove anything, so it will not do to rely on them too heavily in examining the effect of short sales on prices. Yet the figures in the case are at least entitled to the weight of circumstantial evidence. Last May 25 the total short interest on the New York Stock Exchange was officially reported as 5,589,700 shares, and the average price index of the Standard Statistics Company stood at 106.4. By the end of the year the outstanding short account had practically been cut in half and amounted to 2,842,072 shares, but along with this reduction the price index had fallen to 64.5. It may legitimately be argued, from that record, that the buying in of shorts does not provide a cushion for falling prices, if outside conditions are such as to produce a decline; but it certainly cannot be argued that short selling provoked the decline, for short sales were curtailed on balance.

But during the period cited, outside conditions were obviously unfavorable, including the credit collapse of Central Europe and the fall of England from the gold standard. A shorter interval ought to furnish a better criterion. Does it? Between December 10 and December 31 there was a reduction of 925,164 shares in the outstanding short interest—in other words, a net covering of shorts; yet the price index declined 3.6 points. During January there was an increase of 758,193 shares in the short account, and the price index ended the month substantially where it began.

Justification for altering the established procedure, here as in other directions, is cited in the alleged abnormal and temporary condition in which we find ourselves. But to the extent that precedent is lacking, the changes made ought to be supported by a strong basis of probable benefit. Even well-meant errors must be eventually paid for.

S. PALMER HARMAN

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation



RUSSIAN TRAVEL MADE EASY

In visiting Russia, you want to travel as widely as you can, gain as many first hand impressions as you can, and know what your expenses will be. The Open Road has devoted five years to perfecting its organization in the U. S. S. R. Open Road representatives in Moscow and Leningrad know the travel facilities of the country, and the things worth seeing. They save you time and money. They help you to see what interests you most.

When inquiring for rates, please indicate whether you prefer to travel alone or in one of many specially constituted Open Road groups. Also, state what phase of Russian life interests you most. Round trip rates as low as \$238.

The OPEN ROAD

Salmon Tower, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City

Cooperating in U. S. S. R. with INTOURIST

The Greatest TRAVEL VALUE

30 DAYS
of delightful travel
\$202.00

Tour to RUSSIA

Includes; Ocean passage in Modern Third Class, TOURIST CLASS SECTION, fare to Russia via England or Germany and Finland, hotels and meals en route to Russia and during 7 DAYS IN LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW, with sightseeing, entertainment, conductor's and interpreter's services, visas, etc.

Witness the enormous
MAY DAY
CELEBRATIONS
in Moscow on May 1st

A variety of trips at surprisingly low rates offered in our booklet "N"

RETURN PASSAGE FROM
GERMAN OR FRENCH
PORT INCLUDED.

AMALGAMATED BANK

11-15 Union Square

New York City

FRENCH BYWAYS AUTOMOBILE TOUR—Sailing S. S. Champlain, June 30th, returning Lafayette, August 29th. Circular routing of 5 weeks, in unexplored French wonderlands—week in Brittany, visits to Loire and Dordogne Chateaux, hill towns of Burgundy and through the Pyrenees, Cevennes and Alps. Conducted under expert leadership of college professor. Cost \$915, or \$815 with tourist steamer accommodations. Write Frederick Lack Travel Service, Empire State Bldg., N. Y.

Books, Architecture, Drama

The Harbor

By LYNN RIGGS

To come upon such quiet in a town
With amber ropes and earthy nets to dry,
The sun ■ torrid bloom against the eye,
And mirrored boats with orange sails thrown down—
Is to be chastened by the miracle
Of earth and sun and man and moving seas
Caught in a crystal momentary peace
Still as ■ rock, eloquent as a bell.

Along a water that is ironed of motion,
Thus, disbelieving, we must stand and stare:
A glassy well forsaken of commotion
May cup and hold such latitudes of air
And sun and silence and a shining ocean
And men at work as if they knelt at prayer.

Liberalism and Economics

Essays in Persuasion. By John Maynard Keynes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

MR. KEYNES has collected here what he calls "the croakings of twelve years—the croakings of a Cassandra who could never influence the course of events in time." The volume includes what he believes to be at present most relevant and interesting in his writings on the peace treaty, on inflation and deflation, on the gold standard, on Russia, on liberalism, and on the future; it reveals both his detailed proposals for dealing with various post-war crises and circumstances and his general economic and political philosophy. The collection is surely an impressive one. Mr. Keynes has good reason to be proud of the astonishing accuracy of most of his predictions. This accuracy is not the result of good luck; it is the result of a brilliant understanding both of economic "principles" in the narrow sense and of political and mass-psychological forces. The analysis, for example, made in 1919, of Germany's ability to pay reparations, which seemed to most readers at the time to place that ability at an almost ridiculously low figure, reads in the light of events merely like a calm statement of the incontrovertible; it could still be read with great profit by anyone who still believes that Germany has been deliberately "welching." And Mr. Keynes's predictions before 1925 of what would probably happen if England returned to the gold standard at the old parity have likewise been very closely fulfilled.

But one must still quarrel with Mr. Keynes, and that quarrel must be based not on any minor issue, but on the one issue with which his name in recent years has been most closely associated—the abandonment of the gold standard for what he is pleased to call a "managed" currency. It is one thing to decide whether and under what circumstances and to what extent a currency ought to be devaluated in terms of gold; it is quite another to propose permanently cutting loose from the gold anchor altogether. It is not possible here to do more than indicate Mr. Keynes's principal fallacies and misconceptions on this point. He is an adherent of the quantity theory of money, apparently in its strictest form. He believes, that is, that the price level in any given country varies directly and

precisely with the *quantity* of money in circulation (including under "money" total bank deposits, and not forgetting "velocity of circulation"). Now if this view were correct, it would obviously make no real difference whether the money in question were redeemable in gold, or merely in an equal weight of silver, lead, or tinfoil, or whether it were not redeemable in anything at all. The only question of importance would be the regulation of its quantity. And Mr. Keynes writes, most of the time, as if this were true. He writes also as if it would be extremely simple for ■ central bank or board of control to regulate the quantity of money and credit, merely by raising or lowering the discount rate to the right amount and at the right time, or by some other minor adjustment. But experience shows that while it is always possible to discourage the expansion or bring about a contraction of the volume of credit by raising the discount rate high enough, it is impossible to know under any given circumstances by precisely *how much* a rise in the discount rate will affect the volume of credit. As for lowering the discount rate, such ■ move may not, at a time of depression, affect the volume of credit at all.

One need not press these considerations, because Mr. Keynes's own argument is far from consistent. Though he calls the gold standard "already ■ barbarous relic," though he was jubilant last September at the breaking of England's "gold fetters," though he has only sarcasm and derision for those who have anything good to say for the gold standard, yet, in the section of the present volume on Positive Suggestions for the Future Regulation of Money, which he tells us in his preface represents his own present scheme for dealing with the currency problem, he actually puts forward ■ plan closely resembling Irving Fisher's "compensated dollar" (less clear-cut than that, but quite as unworkable), and ends by keeping gold as "an ultimate safeguard and as a reserve for sudden requirements," on the ground that "no superior medium is yet available." All that this means, I think, is that Mr. Keynes wants to eat his cake and have it too. He wants to be both off the gold standard and on it. He wants the privilege of thumbing his nose at it most of the time, and running to it in emergencies. This is what he calls a "scientific" currency scheme. (To avoid misunderstanding, perhaps I ought to remark that I agree with Mr. Keynes that the gold standard works in some respects rather badly, and that I do not expect it to last for ever and ever. But it is so immensely superior to any "management" scheme so far suggested to take its place that it would seem to me disastrous to abandon it now.)

One does not like to end, however, with such a criticism when writing about an author who says so many admirable things and says them so admirably. I prefer to quote a few sentences from the political section of the present volume which ought to give pause to some of those liberals who are now hurling themselves so recklessly into the arms of the Communists. Mr. Keynes believes that the political problem of mankind is to combine three things: economic efficiency, social justice, and individual liberty. "The first needs criticism, precaution, and technical knowledge; the second, an unselfish and enthusiastic spirit which loves the ordinary man; the third, tolerance of variety and independence, which prefers, above everything, to give unhindered opportunity to the exceptional and to the aspiring." Communism helps to secure social justice, but at the sacrifice of economic efficiency and particularly of individual liberty. Only a new liberalism, free from the dogmas of nineteenth-century liberalism and adjusted to contemporary facts, seems likely to secure all three.

On the economic side I cannot perceive that Russian communism has made any contribution to our economic problems of intellectual interest or scientific value. I do

not think that it contains, or is likely to contain, any piece of useful economic technique which we could not apply, if we chose, with equal or greater success in a society which retained all the marks, I will not say of nineteenth-century individualistic capitalism, but of British bourgeois ideals. Theoretically at least, I do not believe that there is any economic improvement for which revolution is a necessary instrument. . . . How can I accept a doctrine which sets up as its bible, above and beyond criticism, an obsolete economic textbook which I know to be not only scientifically erroneous but without interest or application for the modern world?

HENRY HAZLITT

The Awakening East

The Challenge of the East. By Sherwood Eddy. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

Japan. By Inazo Nitobe. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.

Western Influences in Modern Japan. By Inazo Nitobe and Twenty Others. University of Chicago Press. \$4.

Far Eastern International Relations. By H. B. Morse and H. F. MacNair. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$6.

Rural Education for the Regeneration of Korea. By Helen Kim. New York: 150 Fifth Ave. \$1.50.

LOOK at the map of Asia. You will find the large country of China in the most chaotic and complicated unrest, one-fourth of the human race undergoing a revolution toward a new order and unity. This revolution has many folds, social, political, industrial, intellectual. You will find Japan, rapidly modernizing, becoming one of the six most powerful nations of the world, beginning to stand out as the most imperialistic. Her policies of conquest in the southwestern Pacific, including Formosa, the Dutch East Indies, the Philippines, and islands below the equator, are only partially completed, owing to Western possessions, but her other ambition, that of dominating the eastern part of the Asiatic mainland, with control over Korea, Manchuria, Mongolia, and the important parts of China, we see in process of accomplishment. On the map you will find Korea, where peaceful revolution against Japan has been going on since 1919, where the inhabitants say they will never give up until they reach once more the goal of liberty. You will find India, also in a non-violent revolution under the leadership of Gandhi—Gandhi, "sitting cross-legged upon the floor in the posture of Buddha, turning his spinning-wheel, a wheel of fate, of freedom for one-fifth of the human race." The Philippines are here, too, clamoring that they are ripe for their independence and claiming that they would have been better off if the Americans had never gone in. An era of rapid progress is inaugurated in Turkey, and in Palestine there is a movement for a rebirth of Jewish culture.

All this constitutes what Dr. Eddy calls "The Challenge of the East." He has traveled widely in these several countries and has interviewed their leaders. Thus he has gathered much first-hand information, although his views tend to satisfy neither the conquerors nor the conquered. But his ideas are fair and moderate, and would give the layman some conception of the outstanding events in these seething Eastern countries. Dr. Helen Kim's valuable formula for rural education in Korea might be used to supplement Dr. Eddy's chapter on the Korean renaissance through education.

In "Japan" Dr. Nitobe, well known to the West, gives the brief historical background of his subject, then devotes most of his pages to the modern Japan of the last sixty years. He analyzes Japanese government, politics, educational problems, labor, food, and population with comparative comments. Dr.

Nitobe is well versed in both Japanese and Western politics, having spent many years in Geneva, where he was a keen student of international affairs, yet he has always retained to the full his national personality. All that he says in this book is typically Japanese in outlook, even when he makes comparative remarks. For this very reason the book is important in helping the reader to understand the Japanese point of view, in which "knowledge is not to be sought for its own sake, but for a patriotic purpose." Now that Japan with her imperialistic program shares honors with Russia and her Communist experiment as one of the two most-talked-of nations of the world, it is important to understand the Japanese samurai, a "patriot to the core."

"Western Influences in Modern Japan" is a collection of articles in the form of a symposium. Like many another symposium the result is very unsuccessful. Yet here are a number of articles with excellent ideas—for instance, Politics in Japan and Two Exotic Currents. On the whole, however, this book is poor, particularly in arrangement and in style. As to the latter, all, perhaps, could be excused except the chapter on English Literature in Japan, which was written by a professor of English literature in Tokio University. This collection, assembled by Dr. Nitobe, however unsatisfactory, has at least the advantage of being written by the Japanese about their own country and from their own viewpoint.

"Far Eastern International Relations" gives a brief summary of conditions and incidents in the relationship of Western nations in the Far East, but more particularly of Eastern nations among themselves. While it is dull reading, it may give the student of international affairs an idea of the subject. Though none of these books touches the present conflict in Manchuria and Shanghai, any one of them prepares the reader for what is happening, so that he will view the facts with no surprise. Dr. Eddy treats of the great awakening of the Far East in the midst of angry and uncertain currents; Dr. Nitobe treats of Japan's progress and inevitable leadership; Mr. Morse and Mr. MacNair sum up the whole international situation in the Far East; and Miss Kim shows why the Koreans of recent years have moved in such large numbers into Manchuria.

YOUNGHILL KANG

Second Person Singular

Towards a Better Life. By Kenneth Burke. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

WE have had novels written in the first and third person singular often enough in the past—novels in which "I" performed certain actions and made various descriptive and analytical comments upon the actions, explaining them, apologizing for them, or merely describing them. The repetition of this process has had the effect of making literature a humble and shamefaced profession; the artist stands before his audience, explains what has happened and why it is important, draws character sketches of various people, and suggests the relationship between them, and the involved course of coincidences, resentments, and affections that led to the catastrophe. In "Towards a Better Life" Mr. Burke may be said to have written a novel in the second person singular—instead of "I did this" or "he did this" we have the accusing "you did this." Instead of pleading with his audience, Mr. Burke attacks it. Reading "Towards a Better Life" may be likened to overhearing a quarrel in the street. A character named John Neal is addressing someone we do not know, a man he calls Anthony, and we learn of what has happened in the same way that we build up an imaginative preface to a quarrel we overhear; stray clues may guide us, or a mention of some specific incident, but

the quarrel is the important matter, not its cause, and in the end each listener's interpretation of the cause will depend upon his own experiences and upon his memories of them.

It is John Neal's emotion that attracts us first, and his wit. He feels that Anthony has wronged him, and he attacks him with a savage sarcasm, making incidental remarks on the implications of some incident that are concise and unexpected. Neal is a brilliant speaker, but his emotion seems to prevent his developing his arguments logically. His moods change rapidly; he remembers various encounters, people they both knew, a suicide, a trip. We learn that Florence, whom he loved, has been Anthony's mistress, and presently we learn that he has found Florence, learned of her disgrace, and sent her away. Another woman, Genevieve, has entered his life, but he has sent her away as well, and quarreled with his friends. Unlike most apologists, Neal seems determined to present himself in as unfavorable a light as possible, and he succeeds. He lies continually; he is pompous and boastful; he paints himself in an attractive light only to confess that he has been lying. Yet when we grow impatient with him, and turn away from his confused troubles, he wins us again with a brilliant phrase, or a flash of pathetic recollection, or a purely lyric flight—for Anthony has disappeared, the "you" has become the reader, or society, or all mankind. And with Anthony's disappearance Neal grows increasingly eloquent; he no longer speaks in confidence, but addresses a multitude, calling upon the outcasts—"Oh, lepers of mankind, gutter rats, printers of the sewers"—and turns upon the prosperous—"the well-fed and well-intrenched, comfortably summoning the people to rebel." He tries to pray but he cannot believe, and in the end his eloquence has exhausted itself; he can only speak in disjointed whispers, telling himself that he is "humbled . . . that silence cannot be advocated silently."

There is no parallel for "Towards a Better Life." In form it resembles the sermon, but based on the authority of observation rather than Scripture. Ideally, the comments should treat of experiences common to everyone, rather than an involved and personal story. It is important in that it seeks to restore the original dignity of learning and art, advocating a militant literature of command rather than the persuasive plucking at the sleeve the novelist has been forced to resort to in his attempt to gain attention.

ROBERT CANTWELL

In the Name of Science

Man Comes of Age. By John Langdon-Davies. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

THE French have a way of characterizing certain discussions as fit only for a public meeting. On the same principle "Man Comes of Age" should be catalogued as a lecture-platform book. It has all the charm and appeal—and all the vices—of the popular lecturer dispensing culture before women's clubs and Chautauqua circuits. And if you like to be titillated with grand phrases—"Science says," "What science means to you"—if you do not want to be provoked to thought but to be encouraged in the prejudices you already have, if you are interested not in intellectual clarity and consistency but in imaginative fireworks and *tours de force*—then this is a book which you will surely like and enjoy. But if you are at all intelligent and have a genuine respect for the world of thought and the things of the spirit, you will probably be irritated to fury in reading it.

The purpose of the book, as Mr. Langdon-Davies explains in the preface, is to interpret the panorama of science in terms of the daily life and philosophy of the average man—to tell the average man what he may do, what he may believe, and how he may be happy in the light of the discoveries of modern

science. Now it may be granted, inasmuch as everything in this universe of ours is connected with everything else, that the findings of natural science have some bearing on the average man's daily beliefs and happiness. At the same time it is obvious that the degree of bearing, or lack of bearing, on personal human problems is not given on the face of the scientific discoveries. Einstein's well-deserved laurels have been bestowed on him because his theory of relativity solves certain physical and astronomical problems and not—as Mr. Langdon-Davies actually intimated in his last book—because it involves the relativity of morals. To be sure, a philosopher synthesizing all phases of human experience might discover the bearing of physical relativity or of any other scientific fact on human morals, but if he does so his discovery will be due fully as much to his own philosophic competence as to the establishment of certain facts by the laboratory scientists. On the other hand, if he has no special philosophic competence and is merely trying to combine his common-sense confusions with the facts of science, he will be perpetrating not merely bad philosophy but dishonest philosophy—passing off a bad article under the mantle and prestige of science.

This is what Mr. Langdon-Davies has done. In his previous book, "Man and His Universe," he directly represented the march of science as a quest for new conceptions of God. In this book he changes his tactics but he arrives at the same goal, which is to pass off his personal views on religion and happiness under the cachet of science. According to him, the error of past thought lay in believing that reality possessed a moral law and moral values. Modern science has proved that this is not true. Reality is without values, and science alone deals with reality. Values belong to "the world of make-believe." So far the doctrine would be equivalent to old-fashioned materialism, which also said that religion was a fairy-tale without bothering to map out the land of fairy tales. But Mr. Langdon-Davies has heard somewhere that science no longer deals with hard material atoms but with relations! With relations one can do wonders; one can even solve the problem of how God belongs to the world of make-believe and to reality at the same time. This sleight of hand must be given in the author's own words:

. . . Most of the confusion in our minds about religion and science can be traced to misunderstanding of that word "reality." We have seen that for science what a thing really is has no meaning. The brute facts out of which the scientist builds his description of the universe by the use of mathematical logic may be particles of electricity, or ideas in the mind of God; he does not care, for to him both are but names given to an altogether unknowable X. Now this is where religion comes in. In the world of make-believe it can make a great deal of difference as to whether we call the stuff of the universe electricity or an idea in God's mind, for names such as these color our emotions and order our point of view toward life itself. Religion has the choosing of what names shall be given to things in the important game of make-believe, and the choice must be conditioned by the question of what name brings with it the greatest prospects of happiness. But above all we must guard against the danger of taking the name as telling us anything about reality.

To get the full force of the maneuver, it needs to be recalled that the author has been insisting all along that science is not interested any more in what a thing is, but in what it does and how it behaves. This means that after science has charted the world according to its objective behavior and invented names accordingly—calling a spade according to its behavior a spade—we may then invite religion to call a spade an angel, since if we believed that it was an angel we would get quite a kick out of it. But we must never, never believe that calling

a spade an angel tells us anything about its real character or behavior.

The reader has probably been curious to ask whether this great world of make-believe, on which all future ethics is to depend, is a world common to all individuals or one which each one makes up for himself. Ethics would be a quite simple affair if each one could make up the world of make-believe for himself. On the other hand, if it were shared in common, it would cease to be make-believe and would become quite real and objective. Even Mr. Langdon-Davies's virtuosity is unequal to the difficulty, and both views are set down by him side by side. Page 205: "We shall supplement the world of reality not with one world of make-believe in which all alike must dwell, but with many such worlds, as many perhaps as there are people." Page 213: "As to good and bad, we have carte blanche to define them as we wish, not as individuals of course, but as social beings dependent on the needs and judgments of other human beings."

But if Mr. Langdon-Davies is not quite sure just what he believes, he does not hesitate to invoke the blessing of science for his beliefs. He closes his book with the statement: "Once religion and ethics have been freed by the new science from the tyranny of the old, the reasonable man will be able to begin the building of his new world of make-believe on some such principles as these."

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

Lucretius, Jr.

Impassioned Clay. By Llewelyn Powys. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

WE are too inclined, perhaps, to think of the Powys family, like the Sitwells, not as a family but as a firm. In the happy fields of contemporary English letters they have hunted in a pack, so that the name of Powys, like a trademark, causes the voracious reader to sniff appreciatively or reject instinctively every new product, depending on whether or not he likes the brand. This failure to discriminate is a little hard on John Cowper, the oldest of the brothers, who has written one of the most remarkable novels of the generation, "Wolf Solent." When it comes, however, to young Mr. Llewelyn Powys's digest of universal history in 120 pages, one feels a certain sympathy with the pious or the right-thinking who instinctively turn away and pass by on the other side.

Mr. Powys began his little study of this planet from the Jurassic era to the general strike, he tells us, on Sunday, June 1, 1930. He does not conclude that he is finishing it on Monday, June 2, of the same year, but that is the impression. It is a brash, insolent, exasperating little book, written with that awful affirmation, that dreadful, downright dogmatism of which only your militant atheist is capable. In the plangent horns and brasses of the insistent style there is no place for the harmonies and hesitations of a Renan, or an Anatole France. There is no plan in nature, reiterates Mr. Powys. There is no God, except perhaps Apollo, in his double role of celestial body and patron saint for writers with a too lyrical prose. As Freud has so well said, "Religions are the universal obsessional neurosis [*sic*] of humanity." The Greeks, perhaps, had an inkling of the true Gospel according to Llewelyn; at all events "they advanced with light steps over the mountain passes, free in body, free in mind." In fact, a great deal of the old rot about the Greeks is repeated in a style which we supposed had gone out of existence when J. A. Symonds died and Swinburne retired to Putney. Jesus—though Christian, I regret to say, to reverse Pecksniff's lament over the sirens—was "an original and passionate poet." St. Paul, one is again glad to hear as one is always glad to greet an old friend, however often, "invented a religion with

Jesus as its God. He was a crazy man in the throes of starting a crazy religion." So much for the most superb metaphysical brain of the first century.

"But let it go. What does it matter?" as Mr. Powys says in the next sentence. What does matter is that "boys and girls with senses uncorrupted, with senses fair and fresh," should—well, that they should behave, continuously, as boys and girls, so happily constituted, are expected to behave. "They must fill their hands with purple fruit, crush the sweet globes that the little foxes love," and more to the same purpose. In a word, "Let copulation thrive," and the words are Mr. Powys's own. Exactly. There is an unforgettable picture of the sort of society where copulation thrives, somewhat exclusively, in Mr. Aldous Huxley's last and quite terrifying novel, "Brave New World." But why write a book about the Neanderthal man, the Cro-Magnon, the Greeks, the Jews, Jesus, and Saint Paul, in order to establish an affirmation which is, to say the least, just a little questionable?

CUTHBERT WRIGHT

Books in Brief

Fair Winds and Foul. By Heinrich Hauser. Translated from the German by Bertha Szold Levin. Horace Liveright. \$2.50.

Here is an extraordinarily rich narrative of personal experience by one who, like the Australian A. J. Villiers, elected to voyage in one of the few remaining sailing vessels which haunt the seas—ghosts of a past which, though recent, was so different that it is hardly realizable. The author sailed in 1930 from Germany to Chile as a passenger, but as he had had previous experience as a sailor he soon found himself morally pressed into the ship's work. Without straining after effect, without attempt to concoct a thrilling story, he presents in the form of a diary written aboard an account that is moving in its verisimilitude and appreciation. Mr. Hauser does not sentimentalize the disappearance of wind ships in overseas commerce. "They have survived their own usefulness," he says sanely. The book contains some really illustrative photographs taken on the passage by the author.

Free Born. By Scott Nearing. New York: Urquhart Press.

This is a propaganda novel good enough of its kind to stand beside the novels of Upton Sinclair. It has power behind it, and truth—if not the whole truth. The radical preaching novelist is not called upon to accept in his art the generally accepted standards of values. But like every dramatist he must heighten his story to carry over his message. The novel is about Negroes and addressed to Negroes. It resolves itself into a plea to them, as exploited workers, to join with white workers in the class struggle on the Communist front. The story starts with a vivid and horribly realistic account of a lynching in Georgia, proceeds to South Carolina and the "nigger town" of a small mill city, moves on to Chicago, and winds up in the Pennsylvania coal mines where Negroes have been imported as strike-breakers. The protagonist is an appealing Negro youth of superior qualities, well portrayed in his weakness and strength. The book is privately published because "commercial publishers here and abroad rejected the manuscript" as "obviously impossible . . . to be handled by an ordinary publisher."

The End of Desire. By Robert Herrick. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

This is the story of the middle-aged love of two American scientists—Dr. Redfield, an alienist, and Dr. Massey, a modern woman psychologist. The quality of their respective loves is very different; and the man, feeling a deep and single devotion

HUNGER AND LOVE

A novel by Lionel Britton

Introduction by Bertrand Russell

BERTRAND RUSSELL, BERNARD SHAW, ARNOLD BENNETT, LAURENCE STALLINGS and UPTON SINCLAIR are a few of those who praise this novel enthusiastically.

LAURENCE STALLINGS proclaimed: "I submit that there is more fecundity of modern thought in this work than in any other single volume."

This remarkable study of Arthur Phelps' struggle to attain a mind is one of the most comprehensive and soul-stirring that has ever been put on paper.

This novel, originally published at \$4.00 by Harper and Brothers, is now reissued by the Vanguard Press at \$3.00.

623 Pages

\$3.00 at bookstores

THE VANGUARD PRESS 100 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

for the woman, is slow in realizing that to this masculine type of female, love is little more than the expression of physical necessity. The woman is one of the most disagreeable, hateful creations in recent fiction, very effectively portrayed. The story is complicated by the sexual problems or marriage difficulties of the man's grown son and the woman's grown sons and daughter. The meaning of the novel is clear. The highly developed and intricate mystery of romantic love among cultivated people is not only superior to the lust of savagery, irresponsible erotic desire, perversions, the puppy urges of youth, and practical matings, but is the one important, precious thing for the civilized man or woman—transcending in importance both material success and the passion for pure art or science. This is a novel that holds the interest; and it is written with a measure of distinction.

A History of Transportation in the Ohio Valley. By Charles Henry Ambler. Glendale, California: The Arthur H. Clark Company. \$7.50.

This is hardly a book for the general reader, but for those who are interested in steamboats or the development of commerce in the valley of the Ohio River it contains a quantity of valuable material, written with more distinction than one expects in such a volume. The author, who is professor of history in West Virginia University, reminds us that even before 1800—and in important numbers for some years after—ocean-going vessels were built in Ohio River shipyards and floated down the Mississippi to salt water. Marietta and the region around Pittsburg were notable for such activity.

? A Summer House?
A Place for the Children?
Sublet Your City Apartment?

State your wants in a small classified advertisement in *The Nation*. (Gets results.)

Minimum 30 words, \$3.08.

Additional lines of 6 words, 62 cents.

"I believe you would like to know that through a classified advertisement in *THE NATION* I rented my furnished apartment for the summer to most reliable people. It is a great satisfaction to use a medium which eliminates a large class of undesirables and focuses the attention of the *NATION*-reader type."

THE NATION

20 Vesey St., N. Y. C.

Architecture "New Mayland"

A HALF-DOZEN cities in Germany boast first-class housing projects, or *Siedlungen*, but Frankfort is the one for the foreigner to study and admire. Here the architectural methods used were the most comprehensive and direct. For five years one man of immense vigor, Ernst May, was virtually the dictator. In those five years "New Mayland" came to encompass some 15,000 houses, meant to represent the best that the twentieth century can do for the average man.

Now, the radical assumption at Frankfort was that the person who knows what sort of house is most practical for living in is not the speculator or the financier but the architect. The architect knows in Frankfort because he has subordinated his study of land, money, and materials—the only science most contemporary architecture knows—to the real problem, which concerns space, comfort, sanitation, sunlight, and gardens—in short, human habitation. And this problem he has set out to solve absolutely, for the sake of the best, and not haphazardly, with reference to what people for the moment might prefer.

This is what gives Frankfort its forthright and unequivocal character. Thus, for example, the visitor to the most recent developments, such as Westhausen or the Friedrich Ebert *Siedlung*, finds houses not in squares but in long straight continuous rows, facing not one another but all the same way, with wide garden spaces between, the rows at right angles instead of parallel to all but a very few streets. Inquiry reveals that the disposition is in relation to that most immutable geographic factor, the sun. Since the sun rises always in the east and sets in the west, there is presumably just one best position for houses to assume in relation to its path; and, unless other factors intervene, to assume always. This much established, there developed in Germany two schools of thought: one running its house-rows

The Only Voice of the Opposition

NEITHER Old Party Reaction
NOR Liberal Confusion

Follow The Campaign Of 1932 By Reading

THE NEW LEADER

America's Foremost Socialist and
Labor Weekly

Every Week—"TIMELY TOPICS"

By

NORMAN THOMAS

Other Contributors include

HEYWOOD BROWN
MORRIS HILLQUIT
ALGERNON LEE
McALISTER COLEMAN
DR. HARRY W. LAIDLER
MAYOR DANIEL HOAN

THE NEW LEADER

JAMES ONEAL, Editor

\$2 per year

\$1 for six months

(Send for Sample Copy)

7 EAST 15TH ST., NEW YORK CITY

(Annual dinner of THE NEW LEADER will take place at Beethoven Hall, March 7. Speakers: Morris Hillquit, John Dewey, Dudley Field Malone and Norman Thomas. Subject: "A Political Program and Policy For 1932." Chairman, Louis Waldman.

east-west, the other north-south. Frankfort belongs to the latter, having made her choice; and so the bedrooms generally open to the east to get sunned and aired in the morning, and living-rooms west for the afternoon and evening light, while no rooms whatever, in this scheme, get the direct hot rays of noon. Though this theory may prove faulty, it cannot possibly prove badly wrong; whereas in our own square city blocks or random suburban ones, if the lighting is correct for one house, it is *ipso facto* incorrect for another.

The rows are continuous because of the soil. Since the houses are joined, a lot of soil is saved from what would have been almost useless space between them, and added to the gardens. Building height, too, is in relation to the soil—the soil first of all, and only much later the “land.” Frankfort believes that a citizen is happier when he can step right out of his living-room into a garden and get his fingers in the dirt; and this is the reason why the ideal is a house of only two stories, joined to its neighbor by the party wall; flats or apartment houses are built only as stop-gaps for the most pressing need.

Inside, the rooms approach squareness, the shape which gives the most spaciousness with least wall; plans have been worked on until ingenuity could hardly produce more roominess with so little actual area, a feat more difficult when rooms are not squeezed into long narrow shapes. The bathroom and particularly the kitchen are special triumphs, the first for Germany, the second for anywhere: the Frankfort kitchen is standardized with compactness and convenience surpassing anything I have yet seen in comparable houses. It was designed by a woman, Frau Schuette-Lihotzky.

Now Frankfort, with her one architectural director, one purpose, and one set of conditions obtaining, runs naturally to a single type. So, at any rate, think a good many visiting Americans, who would like to transport its “modern style.” I beg to disagree. The type is not one but a hundred. Many congenial designers were called in, and, with the desiderata once established, given unusual freedom to experiment. Not the houses are the same, but the stamp is. And, in direct opposition to my fellows who are expounding the “style” so rigidly adhered to in Frankfort because it is “scientific,” I wish to proclaim the value it derives from being arbitrary.

The common pattern is the box with the flat roof and “cardboard” wall. The Frankfort house-row in all its variations is a handsome elongated shoe box. Among all the 15,000 houses there is not one pitched roof, not an arch, not one carved ornament or “detail.” The houses are hatless. Standing before their vast, level, horizontal expanse you draw in your breath before something entirely new. It is new, and, precisely like such acknowledged monuments of architecture as the Florentine palaces, it has something about it, at first sight, of the *tour de force*, something not only strange but monstrous. It makes you stop, wonder, think. And this, I believe, is precisely what Ernst May would want. Genius always wants it, having an idea to proclaim.

“Here is the new temper and the new act in the play of architecture,” so say the houses. “The side we present to the distant view is pure white, to make a strong and lyrical horizontal line against the sky and to distinguish us from other parts of the city; among ourselves and facing one another, however, we have walls of red and tan and blue for the sake of pleasant and novel variety. We stand a community in closed rows; we are cubical because we try economically to encompass the biggest space; in order to *seem* still more spacious we push our windows out flush, as if with twentieth-century efficiency this volume of ours were held in mere membranes of wall, cardboard thin. Our appearance is so sober, direct, unequivocal, and unexpectedly charming that you will prefer us to quaint but ill-suited high-gabled cottages, and you will never forget us among our greenery with our hatless heads.”

WORKING FOR THE SOVIETS

An American Engineer in Russia

By Walter Arnold Rukeyser

With an introduction by Oswald Garrison Villard

A First-hand Report by an Expert Really Qualified to Write About Russia's Gigantic Experiment, This Book is also an Invaluable Guide, Designed to Give the Maximum of Information to All Who Have Yet to Make Their First Trip to Russia.

Mr. Rukeyser, an American mining engineer, was twice retained by the Soviets as consultant to the Asbestos Trust, a state trust typical of the New Russia. He was there in 1929 at the start of the Five Year Plan, and again in 1931 when it was in full swing. Thus he has had an excellent opportunity to observe the changing conditions.

Entirely untechnical, and based only on personal experience, the book describes fully what is happening to industry and agriculture, as well as the intimate lives of the people under the Soviets.

Illustrated \$2.50

Covici-Friede, Publisher, 386 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

WHAT IS SOCIAL ADJUSTING?

In dealing with the socially maladjusted individual, his psychological, racial and cultural background are of the utmost importance.

Jewish social work is in need of men and women especially trained to apply this principle. The Training School for Jewish Social Work gives this training.

Scholarships and Fellowships ranging from \$150 to \$1,000 for each academic year are available for especially qualified students.

For full information address
M. J. KARPF, Director

The
Training
School



For
Jewish
Social Work

(A graduate school)

71 W. 47th St., New York City

Now I would certainly not proclaim this the ultimate "modern style" for America. As construction it is far from pure science; and even to speak of it in terms of "steel-glass-concrete," as was recently done in an American essay, is exceedingly careless. The material is generally good old brick covered with stucco modeled by very absence of modeling into a new expressive form. Its value is that it conserves and dramatizes the new science in planning and arrangement till the new science of building can come.

"Doubtless," declares May himself, "building policies such as ours must always be one-sided, for many-sidedness and deviation would end in weakness and loss of character. . . . Only gradually, with the conquest of the technical problem, will it be possible for a united cultural aim to be developed, a goal toward which we earnestly strive." An attitude such as that will eventually secure us some most beautiful modern homes.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Drama Treacle and Spice

THERE is a good deal to support the contention of those who maintain that the theater tends to lag behind the other arts. The age of Shaw and Ibsen was almost the only one during which new ideas were likely to find their first expression in dramatic form, and that age is already past. Today we have a few playwrights of remarkable gifts, but there is no doubt that the general tone of the international theater is intellectually as well as artistically inferior to that of either the novel or the essay. Even fashions in writing reach the stage long after they have manifested themselves in other forms, and, rightly or wrongly, theatrical managers are less complimentary than publishers when it comes to estimating either the intelligence or the sophistication of their audience. New York prides itself upon being at least more knowing than the "provinces," and yet it is much less rare to find a wholly adult book intended for the country at large than it is to find a play produced for New York alone which does not make important concessions to the naivete of its audience. The theatergoing public is generally assumed to be relatively ignorant, relatively stupid, and relatively "behind the times."

Consider, for example, the minor matter of satire, and consider it in connection with the very admirable revue "Of Thee I Sing." This piece happens to be remarkably thoroughgoing, but at least half of the amazement which it created was due simply to the fact that it exhibited upon the stage a bold irreverence toward politics which is quite familiar elsewhere. It hits no harder than magazines like the *New Yorker* or books like "Washington Merry-Go-Round" have been accustomed to hit; but one is startled to find the theater daring to assume that its audience is as little tenderminded as the audience of a magazine or a book. It was years after naturalism had triumphed in the novel before it really became accepted in the theater, and it may be as many years still before satire can speak there with the freedom which elsewhere it takes for granted.

Certainly there is nothing to indicate that either playwrights or managers have learned the lesson which the success of a revue like "Of Thee I Sing" or a play like "Once in a Lifetime" would seem to teach. This season, for example, there have been a number of plays of topical character which evidently aimed at satire; the opera, the movies, the "column," and the radio have all come in for attention. And yet, with the exception of the revue just mentioned, not one of the plays in question has really stuck to its business or failed to wander off into cheap

heroics or cheap sentimentality. Last week "Blessed Event" promised to expose the columnist and ended by sending him to the rescue of a wronged woman; this week "Wild Waves" (Times Square Theater) makes an even more hopeless mess of an excellent topic when it selects the humors of broadcasting as its subject and, after a promising start, descends to hokum quite as low as that which nightly poisons the ether. There are some excellent scenes of frank burlesque. The pompous president, the harassed manager of the studio, and the hard-boiled girl who guards her superiors from the infant prodigies and the irate clergymen are drawn with bold, amusing strokes. But who on earth wrote the main plot about the sweet boy who could not sing except when he was supposed to be someone else, and about the girl who battled with the cynical manager for this same boy's soul? Surely it must have been the continuity writer attached to the studio, who, in one varied day, composes a lyric for "Sealsweet Oysters," an instalment of the "Great Lovers of History" series, and then dictates the last lines of the bedtime story as he exits in the general direction of the five-fifteen. I am positive that I recognized his style.

Evidently several people had a hand in the concoction, and evidently it fails to be any one thing because its sponsors did not have the courage of their own intentions. They wanted or they thought they wanted to write a satiric burlesque, but they doubted, as those responsible for theatrical entertainments usually doubt, whether or not a theatrical audience would be sophisticated enough to take its burlesque straight. They thought they must put something in for that moronic element which is assumed to make up about half of any possible public for a play, and which is also assumed to demand its treacle sauce. But surely it is useless to try to combine wholly incompatible elements and successfully to make the same appeal that you are trying to satirize. No one who realizes the burlesque can possibly take the drama seriously, and no one who takes the drama seriously could fail to prefer to have the burlesque left out. If it is not too many cooks which spoils the chances of "Wild Waves," then it is at least too many cookbooks, and the heroic efforts of Osgood Perkins and Betty Starbuck cannot save it. It may be too sophisticated or it may be too naive for the theater of today, but it is certainly either one or the other.

"Face the Music" (New Amsterdam Theater) is the new Irving Berlin revue devoted to hard times, and it deserves some part of the extravagant praise which has been lavished upon it. There are a couple of good tunes, several well-conceived spectacular scenes, and a dash of satire. But if the truth must be told, it is not nearly so good as "Of Thee I Sing," which it so obviously imitates. The first scene outside the automat, and the opening chorus which explains

Times are not so sweet
But the blue-bloods have to eat
So the best of families meet
In the Automat

are highly diverting, but the show does not keep the pace it sets, and lapses repeatedly into the conventional style of the revue in a manner which not only breaks the continuity but lends color to the suspicion that it was rewritten after the success of the Kaufman-Gershwin extravaganza. One misses the latter's continuity and consistency. One gets something for everybody's taste, and that means that the whole cannot really be for anyone.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Civic Light Opera Company (Erlanger Theater) is reviving "The Merry Widow" with Donald Brian once again Prince Danilo who wins the widow in a waltz. The playing tends to caricature, so the glamor there was once is mostly gone. "Robin Hood" and "The Mikado," with William Danforth, were happier revivals.

D. B.

THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS
EUGENE O'NEILL'S TRILOGY
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

Composed of 3 plays
Homecoming, The Hunted, The Haunted

All 3 plays will be presented on one day, commencing at 5:30 sharp. Dinner
intermission at 7 o'clock. No matinee performances.
ALVIN THEATRE, 52d St., West of Broadway

REUNION IN VIENNA

a comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

MARTIN BECK THEAT., 45 St. & 8 Ave. Penn. 6-6100
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER

By DENIS JOHNSTON

GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of B'way
Eves. 8:40 Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:40

EDNA GILBERT MILLER Presents HERBERT
BEST MARSHALL
in **THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET**

A Comedy by John van Druten
"Utterly delightful."—John Mason Brown, Post.
EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway and 40th St. Eves. 8:40
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday 2:30

HELEN HAYES

in MOLNAR'S New Comedy

THE GOOD FAIRY

"One of the few triple-starred, immediately recommendable entertain-
ment in town."—Gilbert Gabriel, N. Y. American.
HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd Street
Evenings 8:50 Mats. Thurs., Sat. 2:40

LESLIE HOWARD

in PHILIP BARRY'S New Comedy

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

"The season's most gratifying adventure."

—Percy Hammond, Herald-Tribune.

Staged by GILBERT MILLER

BROADHURST THEA. 44th St., West of B'way. Eves. 8:40
Mats. Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30

MARTIN BECK THEATRE, WEST 45th STREET
SEATS NOW \$1 to \$2.50

BELLE DIDJAH SUNDAY
RECITAL EVE.
DANCE MAR. 6
at 8:45

A Clearing House Of Opinion **THE GROUP** Meets at Auditorium
150 West 85th St.
Tuesday Evening, March 8th, at 8:30 P. M.
DR. HANNAH STONE will speak on:
"A MEDICAL VIEW OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE"

Tuesday Evening, March 15th, at 8:30 P. M.
MUSICALE AND DANCE
Dancing until Past-Midnight

CHARLES CHAPLIN

in two early films

Other favorites of bygone days
NANOOK OF THE NORTH

F. P. A. in "The Little Lost Child"

a song with lantern slides

Benefit of the CITY and COUNTRY SCHOOL

At the Auditorium of the
New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12th St.

Tuesday, March 8th, at 8:30

Seats \$1.50

JAMES HARVEY ROGERS

STERLING PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY AT
YALE, AUTHOR OF "AMERICA WEIGHS HER GOLD,"
WILL GIVE A SERIES OF SIX LECTURES ON

The GOLD STANDARD And the PRESENT CRISIS

Hoarding Gold—America and France;
Abandoning Gold—England; Stability
of American Gold Standard; etc.

Wednesdays 5.20-6.50 P. M. beginning March 9
Fee for Series \$7.50 Single Lectures—\$1.50

THE NEW SCHOOL FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH

66 West 12th Street, New York ALgonquin 4-2567

JOHN DEWEY

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS March 7, 8:30

POLITICS AND CULTURE March 14, 8:30

HENDRIK VAN LOON March 9, 8:30

"ERASMUS" (one of six lectures on
"THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHERS")

ELIAS L. TARTAK March 9, 8:30

"WRITERS OF POST REVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA"

ADELE T. KATZ March 11, 8:30

"DEBUSSY: PELLEAS AND MELISANDE"

Admission 50c. Write or phone for circulars.

RAND SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE

7 E 15 St. AL 4-3094

L.I.L.D. DANCE

RUGGED INDIVIDUALS



Poster
by
Anita
Parkhurst

AND 'CRAB THE WORKS'

With all star cast skits by famous artists from on and off Broadway

HEYWOOD BROWN, Master of Ceremonies

VERNON ANDRADE'S ORCHESTRA

FRIDAY, MARCH 11th, 1932

WEBSTER HALL, 119 E. 11th St., N. Y. C.

Tickets \$1.50 in advance
Two Dollars at the door

Dancing 9:30 P.M.
Show 11 P.M.

Tickets for sale at: LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY,
112 East 19th St., N. Y. Tel. ALgonquin 4-5865; RAND BOOK
STORE, 7 East 15th St., N. Y., CIVIC CLUB, 18 E. 10th St., N. Y.

Danish Disarmament and Neutrals

By PETER MUNCH

CONJOINTLY with the submission of the Disarmament Bill to the Danish Parliament, a matter of international significance was widely discussed in Denmark—the question of the obligations imposed by the Hague Peace Conference treaties of 1907 in so far as the rights and duties of neutral nations are concerned on land and at sea in time of war. At the present time this question no longer seems so grave, to be sure, as it did before the League of Nations was founded. It is conceivable that the complexion of European affairs might be changed, or in the event of possible future wars that the Covenant of the League of Nations rather than the statutes of the Hague treaties would determine the legal attitudes of the subscribing nations. However, as long as the earlier pact continues to be maintained in its present form, there is the possibility that wars which are legally justifiable might arise, wherein the members of the League of Nations will desire to remain neutral and be under no obligation to participate in the conflict, either in a military or in an economic way. In such cases, the Hague treaties would have direct bearing.

The adherents to the idea of increased armament have sought to discover in the Hague treaties an obligation for each and every nation to maintain its military strength, and to that same degree, as well, as do the other nations, proportionate to their populations—all this with an eye to possible wars wherein the nation in question might have cause to apprehend some violations of the Hague treaties by the belligerents.

The proponents of a reduction of armament take the opposite view—that if there had been any intention at The Hague in 1907 to impose upon the subscribing nations an obligatory degree of military strength, this would have been specifically stated, and without doubt this point would have been considered the most important agreement of both the Hague conferences. The terms of these treaties as finally drawn up show that such was not the intention. The sole purpose thereof was to define a series of possible violations of the treaties, which consequently compelled the consideration of police measures calling for a certain military strength, but not of war measures. The use at the Conference on War at Sea of the phrase “whatever means the nation may have at its disposal” was intended to be a frank admission that serious situations might possibly arise wherein interested nations would have no chance of preventing violations of the Hague treaty obligations by the belligerents. No one at The Hague wished to compel a nation which desired to remain neutral to declare war upon a belligerent because the latter might have violated the rights of neutrals in one way or another. It was certainly never intended at a conference on neutrality to create an obligation to declare war.

The entire duty of neutrals, as formulated by both the Hague conferences, consists in the obligation to adopt such means of maintaining a surveillance duty, and to carry them on to such an extent as may be required by circumstances and warranted by the resources the nation in question has at its

disposal. The bill for scaling down the Danish army and navy has arisen from the conviction that this surveillance duty by land and by sea will suffice to fulfil all obligations arising from either of the Hague treaties. In drawing up this bill its framers have kept in view the Covenant of the League of Nations as well as the provisions of the Hague treaties with respect to the rights and duties of neutrals. It should be generally understood:

1. That the Disarmament Bill, as agreed to by the Danish lower chamber, does not aim at a complete disarmament, but rather at a transformation of the Danish army and navy into a police force for land and sea duty.

2. That the bill is still under consideration by the upper chamber, and should it be rejected by it, which might conceivably be expected, the same question will once more be laid before both chambers after the next election, whenever that may be.

3. That the Council of the League of Nations has no right to specify a minimum degree of armament for any individual nation.

4. That Paragraph 16 of the Covenant of the League of Nations leaves to the several nations themselves the decision as to whether they wish to participate in military sanctions, and that Denmark has declared from the very first that in the event of an actual war the participation in military sanctions, as far as the secondary nations are concerned, should not be reckoned with.

5. That the nations need a police force to be enabled to carry out their surveillance duty upon occasions of an obligatory, economic nature, and that the Danish bill has in view the provision of an organized military strength with regard to such obligatory duties.

6. That Denmark's geographical situation does not warrant ascribing to her an animus of any special sort underlying her moral obligations, despite the widespread conception that Denmark holds in her hands the key to the Baltic. The fact remains that this is an entirely false conception.

7. That the 1907 Hague treaties did not enjoin upon neutral nations the duty of declaring war upon belligerent nations which did not respect the rights of neutrals, but rather obligated these neutrals to maintain a surveillance duty over their borders and in their territorial waters.

8. That the provisions of the Danish Disarmament Bill are entirely sufficient for all obligations which might devolve upon Denmark pursuant to either the Hague treaties of 1907 or the Covenant of the League of Nations.

WANTED—Subscribers who are interested in obtaining new *Nation* subscriptions. Sales helps provided, and liberal commissions. Interest in *The Nation* is today more widespread than ever before. Take advantage of the opportunity to supplement your earnings, while helping *The Nation* to reach a greater public. Address N. E. B., c/o THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., New York City.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1932

No. 3480

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	297
EDITORIALS:	
Rumblings of ■ New World Crisis	300
The World Against the Lindberghs	301
No Violence	301
The Blush of Shame	302
THE CRAZY DEMOCRATS. By Paul Y. Anderson	303
OUR GROWING TAX BURDEN. By George T. Altman	304
TEN YEARS OF HITLER; ONE HUNDRED OF GOETHE. By William Harlan Hale	307
RESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES: III. DOES COOLIDGE CHOOSE TO RUN? By Frank R. Kent	309
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	311
CORRESPONDENCE	312
FINANCE: "RECONSTRUCTION" TO DATE. By S. Palmer Harman	313
BOOKS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FILMS:	
Unnatural Love. By Allen Tate	314
History and Revolution. By Joseph Freeman	314
Puritanism in Ireland. By Edward Dahlberg	315
Ways to End War. By C. Hartley Grattan	315
The Revival of Donne. By Horace Gregory	316
Notes on Fiction	317
Music: Technical Criticism. By Arthur Mendel	318
Drama: The Guild Goes Irish. By Joseph Wood Krutch	319
Films: "Elemental Hoke." By Margaret Marshall	320
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	321
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Rumanian Communists in Jail. By Amicus Most	322

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

Associate Editors

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

Dramatic Editor

Literary Editor

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH HENRY HAZLITT

Contributing Editors

KEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, Advertising Manager

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

CONGRESS HAS APPROVED the Norbeck resolution authorizing the distribution of 40,000,000 bushels of government-owned wheat through the Red Cross and certain relief agencies to help the unemployed. Thus for the first time the Hoover Administration has acted to give direct federal aid to the needy. The Associated Press reported that, although Mr. Hoover's opposition to direct relief is well known, "in view of the fact that a commodity rather than money is involved he felt he should do his part in making the wheat available for food." This brings us around once more to the question of whether a pound of bread given directly is less likely to undermine American character than the giving of a dime which would buy that pound of bread. To us there appears to be no difference whatever between cash doles and food doles; charity is involved in either case. Nevertheless, we are extremely grateful that Congress has at last recognized that there are millions of Americans who are in dire need and must be helped. It was, of course, inevitable that someone should object to distribution of free wheat. Chairman Stone of the Farm Board has called the transaction unfair because it would take wheat away from the board "without paying for it." Apparently Mr. Stone really meant that it was unfair to take away from the Farm Board and its subsidiary sales agencies—the supposedly inde-

pendent cooperatives—the opportunity to turn ■ profit on the sale of this wheat. If these agencies can make no profits, how are they to continue to pay the extravagant salaries which their officers are getting, while millions of workers and farmers are in want?

PROFESSOR BORCHARD of the Yale Law School made a statement published in the *New York Times* which admirably sums up what seems to the editors of *The Nation* the only possible stand for pacifists and liberals to take on the question of the economic boycott, specifically as applied to Japan. Professor Borchard makes several telling points: the boycott is not ■ peaceful measure; it would violate our treaty with Japan providing for the right of trade on equal terms with other nations; it would be harmful to the United States, vastly increasing the depression and adding considerably to the numbers of the unemployed; and the assumption that other Powers would join us is not to be taken too seriously. Summing up, Professor Borchard said:

It [the boycott] is harmful because it is provocative, stirs up passions for war, strengthens the hands of militarists both here and in Japan, and, though sustained by ■ conviction of self-righteousness and moral superiority, is not well considered. Its advocates believe themselves to be friends of peace; perhaps they are, but following their advice would soon lead this country into war.

Of these points the most important is that the boycott is in fact ■ war measure. Defining "war" with the help of Webster's Dictionary does not argue away this point. And in the United States, where anti-Japanese sentiment has existed for many years, it is tampering with dynamite to augment and agitate that sentiment by proposals to outlaw trade with Japan.

HOW IS THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS faring as a result of Japanese aggression in China? Most observers believe that the prestige and therefore the power of the League have been seriously, perhaps permanently, impaired by the war in the Far East. The Japanese have, of course, ignored the counsels of the Geneva organization. But a fair judgment will not throw all the blame for the League's weakness on the Japanese. It was all along presumed that at some time one Power or another would arise to challenge the League's authority and strength. The test has now come, and the League has been found wanting. Argue as they may, the delegates at Geneva cannot deny that ■ war has been begun and carried on in defiance of the League. The belligerents have even arranged a truce—such as it is—without regard to the activities of the Geneva peacemakers. Thus a dangerous precedent has been established which will very likely prove useful to other great Powers in the future, for precedents are still potent factors in international diplomacy. The smaller Powers at Geneva are now trying to save something from the wreckage; they are attempting by means of persuasive oratory and moral indignation to restore the League's prestige. But it is noteworthy that representatives of the larger Powers have taken little or no part

in this oratorical gesture. They have even delayed carrying out the Assembly's request that they keep that body informed of all military movements in the Shanghai area.

THE LESSER POWERS know only too well that if Japan is allowed to get away with its Manchurian grab, no small or weak country will be safe from aggression. On the other hand, the larger Powers are none too anxious to take drastic measures to curb Japan simply for the sake of saving the League. They place their imperialistic interests in China before their interest in the League. They want to see which way the cat is going to jump in the Asiatic war before they take any action that might involve their national interests. And meanwhile, perceiving the opportunity the division at Geneva has given them, the Japanese militarists are continuing their push up the Yangtze valley. They are going about this invasion, now that they finally have the upper hand, as methodically as they did in Manchuria. More than 70,000 troops are being poured into the Shanghai sector. Captured towns are being given Japanese names. Spokesmen openly refer to "the expansion of greater Japan in the Yangtze valley." They say that an entire division of Japanese troops will be kept permanently in Shanghai. It should be apparent to everyone by now that the Shanghai operation was not intended simply as a blind to cover the annexation of Manchuria. The Japanese certainly want, as *The Nation* suggested on March 2, "something more in China than the mineral resources of Manchuria." And they obviously mean to get it, whatever Geneva or Washington may say.

THE MILITARISTS are not only defying Mr. Stimson and the League of Nations. They seem bent on disregarding the moderates at home, who in the past fortnight have for the first time taken a determined stand against military aggression. The press, only a month or two ago unanimous in championing the military party, is now divided, some of the more influential newspapers only asserting that Japan cannot afford to let world opinion grow more hostile than it is. The bankers and industrialists have told the government in plain words that Japanese economy cannot support an extended campaign on the Asiatic mainland. Increasing radical agitation is likewise causing some alarm. Even the government has acted by cutting down the army budget. But the War Office insists that reinforcements must be sent to Shanghai, because "it is impossible to tell how the Chinese will behave." And the reinforcements are duly dispatched, which shows who wields the real power in Japan. The militarists are in control. This may also explain the laxity of the police in dealing with the situation created by recent assassinations of public men. The latest to fall by an assassin's bullet is Baron Takuma Dan, managing director of the extensive Mitsui industrial and commercial interests. Like Inouye and Hamaguchi, Dan was an influential member of the moderate Minseito Party, which is opposed to militaristic aggression in China. Although Premier Hamaguchi was murdered sixteen months ago, the young patriot who shot him has not yet been brought to trial. The suspicion is growing in certain Japanese circles that with the help of the police and the patriotic fanatics the militarists mean to continue their control of Japan and carry out their war plans whatever the cost may be.

THE HIGH-PRESSURE anti-hoarding campaign got under way again on March 6 when President Hoover, Secretary Mills, Senator Robinson, and General Dawes united over the radio in branding the hoarder as anti-social and calling upon him to put his idle dollars into the new "baby bonds." The campaign has several interesting aspects. It reveals even more clearly than hitherto that the Administration's policy is to continue to ignore all the fundamental causes of the depression and concentrate vehemently on the consequences and symptoms. Of the four speakers who deplored the failure of the hoarders to keep their money in "sound banks," and so forth, only Senator Robinson, we believe, mentioned the fact that there had been such a thing as bank failures. Every one of the speakers studiously neglected to mention that there is such an institution as the Postal Savings Bank. The reason for this is obvious: the Administration is concerned lest depositors withdraw their money from the ordinary savings banks to deposit them in the Postal Savings. Yet to the extent that the "baby-bond" campaign is effective, it is just as likely to pull money from the savings banks as to pull it out of hoarding. For a number of reasons—the low 2 per cent interest rate on the certificates, the fact that the holder, unless he sells them, cannot get cash for them in less than sixty days, and, unless he can afford a deposit box, may have no safe place to put them—it may be thought that depositors will not withdraw their funds from savings banks to acquire the bonds. But for at least the first two of these reasons the currency hoarder also is likely to be reluctant about buying them.

THE NATION, as it has several times asserted, has little sympathy with the current outcry against the practice of short selling. But this attitude, *The Nation* admits, is, in the absence of genuine proof, based mainly on general considerations—on what used to be called "deductive reasoning." Fortunately, however, it is possible for the New York Stock Exchange, if it is sincerely thinking of the general interest and not merely of its own, to make an experiment which would be as nearly "scientific" as a social experiment is likely to be. It could, as *The Nation* suggested in its issue of last week, prohibit short selling for a trial period of, let us say, six months. This in itself, of course, might prove nothing—for if the prices of stocks continued to fall, the opponents of short selling could still argue that they would have fallen even more if short selling had continued, and if stock prices began to rise, the defenders of short selling could just as plausibly contend that they were due to go up in any case. What is needed here is what scientists call a "control." By rare good luck, this potential control exists in the New York Curb Market. The Curb Market does not deal in the same securities as the Exchange does, but its fluctuations, not merely over long periods, but from day to day and even hour to hour, correspond almost exactly with those on the "big board." If the Stock Exchange were to prohibit short selling for a given period, while the practice was unrestricted on the Curb Market, some genuine statistical knowledge of the effects of short selling might be made available.

THE FIRST DECISIVE TEST of prohibition sentiment in Congress since the Volstead Act was adopted will be made on or soon after March 14, when the House

votes on the Beck-Linthicum resolution. This measure provides for adoption of a constitutional amendment returning the control of liquor manufacturing and sales to the States "under federal supervision." Further straddling of the prohibition question will be extremely difficult. So clearly does the resolution draw the lines between those who want prohibition on a national basis continued and those who would have the Eighteenth Amendment repealed that every Congressman will be definitely and permanently tagged by his vote on the measure. This, of course, leaves many Congressmen in a quandary, particularly those members who have heretofore ignored the wet sentiment in their constituencies. That sentiment has in many districts been growing, as the *Literary Digest* poll unmistakably shows. It seems certain that the wets will not win in this first test battle. However, they mean to carry their campaign to the polls next fall, seeking to defeat for reelection all those Congressmen who put themselves on record as dries by voting against the Beck-Linthicum resolution.

WHAT A FEW SENATORS call "independence" would be granted the Philippines within a period of nineteen years under a plan approved by the Senate Committee on Territories and Insular Affairs. The proposed arrangement would require the Filipinos as a preliminary condition to adopt a constitution acceptable to the President of the United States. This in itself is no mean obstacle as it would make freedom ultimately dependent on the personal whim of a single man, and we have already seen how successive Presidents have repeatedly promised independence without ever lifting a finger to redeem that promise. To make the question more complicated the Senate plan calls for a number of graduated economic and tariff reforms that appear designed more to confuse than to assist the movement toward independence. But the most obnoxious and harmful condition, one that would make independence a hypocritical sham, is that which would permit the United States to retain, in the words of Senator Bingham of Connecticut, "all fortifications, navy yards, and all of the other property and rights deemed necessary by the President." This, in the opinion of Senator Bingham, is necessary because then "no one would go to war with us over the Philippines." The gentleman from Connecticut should read Hector Bywater's "The Great Pacific War" to learn how ridiculously easy it would be for another Power to overwhelm our defenses in those islands. The retention of military forces in the Philippines would make a farce of independence just as military intervention has reduced other lands to the status of American protectorates.

JUDICIAL DIGNITY is very easily offended. The Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* some days ago published a story concerning the manner in which Judge Franklin Taylor of the Kings County Court delivered his charge to the jury in a murder case. The court took offense at the tone of the story and at some of the factual material it contained. M. Preston Goodfellow, publisher, Harris M. Crist, managing editor, and Richard Thomas, reporter, were promptly cited for contempt. We are not acquainted with the technical merits of the points at issue, and it is conceivable that the *Daily Eagle's* story in one way or another violated some law. But if that newspaper has broken a law, it should be

brought to justice in the normal, legal way. Clearly the courts must have some means of protecting their dignity, but the power to cite for contempt was never conferred upon them to put them beyond honest reproach or criticism. To abuse this power because of imagined wrongs or indignities is to resort to judicial tyranny.

EARLY IN JANUARY the Friends of the Soviet Union published a booklet called "Soviet Pictorial" that contained, along with some information about doings in Soviet Russia, a generous number of photographs showing Russian citizens in every sort of happy activity under the Communist state. One of the pictures was of the Red Square in Moscow; in the left background Lenin's tomb unmistakably reared its forbidding steps; in the foreground thousands of troops in parade formation filled the eye and the picture. The caption was "Parade of the Red Army on May 1." On February 24 the New York *Daily Mirror*, with admirable journalistic perspicacity, published a picture with the caption "More Jap Troops Rush to Woosung," and underneath the picture the description was even more explicit: "A few members of the contingent of Japanese reinforcements as they landed at Woosung Creek recently. More men were on their way yesterday to join in the defense against the new offensive expected to be launched shortly by the Chinese." Our readers will perhaps not need to be told that the two pictures were identical, Lenin's tomb and all. Woosung Creek and the Red Square, it is all one to the *Mirror*. This, as any teacher in journalism could explain to his pupils, is a very good trick and has been practiced before by some of our better-known journals. Do we need a picture? We already have a picture. Make the caption fit it. The result is called news.

THE DEATH OF ARISTIDE BRIAND removes from the European scene one of the few statesmen who have worked since the World War consistently and conscientiously for peace. It can be said of Briand that he really wanted to put an end to war. True, he was always quick to further French interests where he could. His plan for a United States of Europe was unmistakably designed to secure French hegemony on the Continent as well as to promote Briand's idea of a new internationalism. A politician who had taken any other position could not have survived for a moment in the ultra-nationalist France of the post-war period. Briand's value lies in the fact that he recognized the necessity of putting internationalism before nationalism; only political necessity compelled him to dress up his idealism so as to safeguard French national interests. The Briand idea will remain, and some day will triumph. Of that there can be little doubt. The man who was several times Premier and more often Foreign Minister of France did the world a great service also in fostering Franco-German rapprochement through his personal and intimate friendship with Gustav Stresemann. Both of these men, unhappily, are now dead, and there remains in neither country a strong or outspoken champion of rapprochement. To that extent Briand's passing is an immeasurable loss to the peace of Europe. At home the former Foreign Minister had of late been considerably weakened as a factor in French politics. His ideas, however, were gaining ground, as is shown by the growth of internationalist sentiment among French voters. Europe rather than France will be the chief sufferer from his death.

Rumblings of a New World Crisis

THERE are distinct rumblings in Europe of a new world economic crisis. It is starting again, as did the crisis of last summer, in the field of international politics. Ambitious nations—meaning France primarily—are moving cautiously to gain new political advantages and new political strength. Other and less favored nations—meaning Germany and Austria—are moving just as carefully to defend themselves against the maneuvering of their neighbors. A month ago Austria in its desperation cried out to the larger Powers for help. Premier Tardieu responded by proposing that Austria join with Czecho-Slovakia and the Balkan states in forming a Danubian tariff bloc. Tardieu thus sought to revive the French plan for a Danubian Confederation which Paris first put forward in 1925 in the hope of consolidating its political grip on the Balkans and Central Europe. In brief, this was to be another attempt to choke Germany into economic submission. Germany, however, has countered the latest move of France by offering Austria preferential treatment in the matter of tariffs in return for similar special privileges for its own exports to Austria. Observers in Vienna have read into the German offer, and correctly so, a close resemblance to the ill-fated Austro-German customs-union proposal of a year ago.

What followed the customs-union gesture has surely not been forgotten. To stop the Austro-German plan the French deliberately set about to wreck the Creditanstalt of Vienna, which was then in dire need of assistance. The repercussions of the Creditanstalt affair were felt throughout Europe and even in this country. A wave of bank and industrial failures swept Central Europe; the international-exchange machinery began to "freeze," and in some countries broke down entirely; Germany was heading rapidly toward bankruptcy when the Hoover moratorium saved the situation, at least temporarily, but even this move was sabotaged by the French, with the result that more German banks and industrial corporations closed their doors, throwing the financial world into panic; and finally the political maneuvering of France had the effect of forcing England off the gold standard. The last chapter of this story has not yet been written.

Now France is again at work, seeking as in former years to add an economic *cordon sanitaire* to its political wall around Germany. Quite naturally the Germans are fighting back. The projected Danubian tariff bloc would give France no new economic strength, but it would immeasurably enhance its political grip upon Central and Southeastern Europe, for the Danubian bloc, to which Austria and Hungary would be added, would be dominated by the allies of France. Here France is working against natural economic forces. Germany needs these countries as a market for its industrial products. Germany can also absorb a great deal of their surplus farm products, which they must dispose of in order to survive. Throughout the depression the agrarian states of the East have, despite French political influence, been drawing closer in an economic sense to Germany. International trade statistics show this all too clearly. France, on the other hand, is so well balanced economically that it cannot offer the East European countries the market they must have for their

agricultural products. France must use political pressure—and financial credits—to keep them in line.

But what will be the result of this renewal of political pressure? Into what sort of world has Tardieu thrown this latest proposal for the erection of an economic bloc directed against Germany? We gravely doubt that Europe is in any condition to withstand further political wrangling of this nature. The economic crisis of last summer is simply in a state of suspension; it has not yet been overcome. The world continues to drift fitfully toward no man knows what. Of course, on the surface there have been numerous attempts to correct the economic situation, but these attempts have all been of a patchwork kind, temporary palliatives, some of them destined in the long run to do more harm than good. For example, the British probably have helped themselves to a minor extent—though even that now appears questionable—by finally plunging into the tariff war. But it is certain that ultimately the British tariff will hurt Great Britain far more than it may now be helping that country. More certain is it that international trade has already been injured and that the British move has served to intensify the economic nationalism with which the world is cursed. Poland, Spain, and other countries followed England in raising their tariff barriers still higher; France replied by putting many of its imports on a quota or embargo basis; Germany took other measures to defend itself; and even Switzerland has taken action to guard itself against the dumping of other countries, particularly Germany.

Financially, although the British situation appears to have been somewhat relieved for the time being, there has been no fundamental change. The international credit of \$100,000,000 to the Reichsbank is being renewed monthly, with no assurance that the Bank of France or one of the other participants will not break it off without notice. The *Stillhaltung* agreement, under which short-term deposits in Germany are technically protected, has been renewed, but this, too, hangs like a sword of Damocles over the German credit structure. The reparations and war-debt problem has not been touched. The Lausanne conference which was to have been held in January was postponed partly because of French obstinacy, partly because of the apparent intransigence of the United States—there will obviously be no solution of this problem until American public opinion gives way—and partly because of the widespread uncertainty as to the immediate future in European politics, too many national elections being on the way to permit any of the governments involved to take determined or definitive positions. Another conference at Lausanne is now scheduled for June. But the Hoover moratorium expires at the end of that month, and it is certainly questionable whether in the short time left before the expiration of the moratorium the Powers will be able to reach any sort of workable or just agreement. And there is little question that no such agreement can be reached unless the United States changes its stand. It is essential for Mr. Hoover and Congress to remember that all the Reconstruction Corporations that they can erect will not avail so long as Europe remains sick.

The World Against the Lindberghs

IT is an unfortunate fact that once a child has been kidnapped from its parents, the interests of society and of those parents are almost directly at variance. Particularly is this true in the case of the Lindbergh baby, whose name is known to millions and whose father was lionized by the American public before the child was born. The parents in this and any kidnapping have only one thought—the safe return of their child; punishment for the kidnappers as a means of revenge is almost unthought of; punishment for the protection of society is thought of even less. To the parent, with his single idea, it would be far better if there were no penalty attached to the crime, and certainly no publicity. If he could deal quietly and directly with the kidnappers, pay his ransom, and receive his child back unharmed and in the shortest possible time he would be amply satisfied, and while, inevitably, thoughts of revenge for the hideous terrors suffered during the period of abduction would lurk somewhere in the back of his head, once the child was returned safe they would grow dimmer with every succeeding day of safety.

When it is observed how eagerly and insatiably news of the Lindbergh kidnapping is sought by newspaper readers, it is clearly apparent how this interest, this passionate sympathy, this generous desire, which springs on the whole from the deepest wells of the human heart, to be of some assistance to the suffering parents, stands in the way of their only desire, which is, as they have so frankly and admirably stated, to see their baby once more. Morbid curiosity plays its part to frustrate their wishes; thousands of motor cars have to be routed away from their front door; letters by the hundred are received every day from cranks, from persons seeking publicity, from many, many persons honestly desirous of being helpful; and the newspapers, responding to the eagerness of their readers for news, are exercising all the ingenuity of which they are capable to get pictures, stories, human-interest stuff, how the anxious parents are bearing up under the strain, how the house looks, what the baby's nurse can tell them, and so on and so on, to the extent of hundreds of columns of type and millions of words, snatched edition after edition by voracious readers. The Lindbergh mail is examined before it reaches them, the house is watched by troopers day and night, the police have turned the garage into headquarters for their work, mattresses for troopers to sleep on are strewn about the house, the telephone and telegraph are never still. In the midst of this veritable barrage of friendly industry, what likelihood is there of the kidnappers attempting to avail themselves of the immunity promised them by the Lindberghs? What likelihood, even, is there that the underworld will furnish a route through which the baby will come safely home and the ransom be safely paid? Indignant characters whose records and whose activities are of interest to the police are hot to deny that any honest crook would soil his hands with a crime so brutal; moreover, they intimate that if they could only get their hands on the kidnappers, they would take pleasure in making short work of them. Nor will the authorities promise immunity, if the

identity of the kidnappers can be established even after the safe return of the child.

Society, in other words, with the best intentions in the world, is standing directly in the way of the persons whose interests it has so deeply at heart. And society, of course, out of its very sympathy as well as to protect itself from similar crimes in the future, would not consent that the penalty for kidnapping be abolished. The folly of increasing the penalty at this, or any other time, ought nevertheless to be clear. Proposals in Congress to make kidnapping a capital offense, proposals in various States to increase the punishment to life imprisonment or to long terms in prison can only hurt any given parent with a child who might be stolen for ransom. There are no reliable statistics in existence today to show that severe punishment ever stopped any crime, however horrible. The almost incredible person who can plan and execute a kidnapping is just unbalanced enough, probably, to be deluded with notions of his own ability to evade the penalty of the offense. Afterwards, when the dogs are after him, he will doubtless shiver in his hiding-place and with a combination of sniveling cowardice and the basest sort of boldness will wish to provide for himself the only method that promises safety for his own mean hide—the elimination of the booty.

The Lindbergh baby may be happily at home before this issue of *The Nation* reaches its readers. If he is not, and if one could wish the most possible help for the Lindberghs—and who in the country does not?—one would wish that not a word of the case appear in any paper for the next week. Without even stopping the activities of the police, this would probably be the most effective means of repairing a pitiful and agonizing loss.

No Violence

IT has frequently been subject for comment that in a winter when starvation was facing a considerable proportion of the population, when nobody knew exactly how many persons were unemployed but everyone was aware that the number was large, so little violence should have occurred. In New York City each night there can be seen various bread lines containing many hundreds of men; men without a place to sleep are frankly begging on every corner; from thousands of homes every morning the breadwinner walks dejectedly out of the front door and walks back into it at night with the same story—no work, no job, no hope. It is strange that with want and misery the daily companions of so many persons, desperation should not have become vocal and active, with bloodshed as the inevitable result.

In a certain section of the Bronx occurs a typical scene. A score of tenants have protested to their landlords that they cannot pay the required rent; they demand a 15 per cent rent cut; the landlord refuses and invokes the law; the city marshals appear to put the furniture on the street, the police appear to suppress trouble. The tenants provide provocation in plenty. Women shriek, men shout, the air is full of epithets aimed at the policemen and the eviction officers. Before one apartment house in upper New York City a crowd of several thousand growled and milled about threateningly; a general free-for-all was the only result.

Four men and four women were arrested, but five of them were discharged in the magistrate's court where they were brought. Two of those detained were fined \$5 each and the third received a suspended sentence. In several cases where trouble between tenants and landlords arose, the tenants were persuaded to return to their apartments and continue at their former rent; some succeeded in gaining a small reduction, but not the rather considerable amount they demanded; others have actually been dispossessed and their belongings for many days have remained piled on the sidewalks.

This is in curious contrast to the temper of the police on those occasions, not so long ago, when Union Square, the scene of a number of Communist gatherings, was cleared with the aid of the nightstick and with machine-guns in plain sight, and when a number of broken heads testified to the power and purpose of the law. With the advancing depression, the police, like the dispossessed and the hungry, seem to have been practicing caution. While in Illinois the National Guard has received orders to proceed against a mob with about the same tactics that they would use against an enemy in war time, in other parts of the country a more moderate temper prevails. In Philadelphia a careful canvass of the persons dependent on public relief revealed no violent spirit of any kind and no attempt to arouse one. The people out of work and without resource save public charity were despondent, hopeless, and resigned. They were engaged in no intellectual activities whatever; far from becoming wild-eyed radicals crying for the revolution, they confessed to reading nothing and thinking nothing about their situation or the situation of persons like themselves, except in so far as it specifically concerned what they should eat and where they should sleep.

This state bordering on lethargy, this complete acceptance of things as they are, without more than a vague desire to change them, and that not expressed, will be a source of profound satisfaction to those in power in the United States and a source of the deepest despair to many others. If those most directly affected by the present unequal distribution of wealth cannot be aroused to do something about it, how shall we ever find a way out? Yet it is probably far more realistic to admit that the temper of the American people is on the whole a docile temper. If a majority of them ever experienced a desire for revolution, which one may doubt, that majority has long since gone to its reward, led by the patriots of the Boston Tea Party. As a people we are far more likely to defend to the death the status quo than to shed our blood in an attempt to change it. We are schooled to the orderly processes of the ballot box and the law. Most of us will not break into a store and steal, even if we are hungry and cold. So far it is evident that the present economic depression has not changed that attitude of mind by any appreciable degree. We have often been called a lawless people, and by outward indication of law infringements we seem to be. But inwardly we are convinced—the vast majority of us is convinced—that things will pretty soon be better, that this is the land of opportunity, that we live in a democracy, that the people rule, that prosperity is inevitably to come again. Even with ten million out of work we feel this way. We shall need another ten million and then another ten before our docility can be expected to harden into action.

The Blush of Shame

UNDER the same title as that which heads this column, Barrett H. Clark has just published in pamphlet form a delightful little essay on the use of "forbidden words" in the theater. The essay as a whole was rejected by nearly fifty magazines and newspapers before a portion of it was finally printed by *Contempo*, but we are impelled to comment less because of this striking fact than because of the merits of the piece itself. No one ever discussed the whole ticklish subject with greater urbanity, or more suavely stated the case for freedom of language.

Squeamish people commonly pretend, of course, that literature in general and the theater in particular are corrupting good manners. But as Mr. Clark points out, every man and every woman who has not led an abnormally sheltered life is perfectly familiar with the sound of several words which have not yet been used upon the stage, as well as with every single one that has. However, though the theater thus lags behind life, it does nevertheless move. It keeps just one stage behind manners, and it dares to do whatever manners have just ceased to find daring. Shaw's use of "bloody" is the conventional example, but out of his detailed knowledge of the contemporary theater Mr. Clark writes a fascinating little history of the emergence of one forbidden phrase after another into dramatic dialogue.

Thus, for example, Clyde Fitch startled theatergoers in 1909 by putting into the mouth of one of his characters the line "God damn you!" About the same time, as Mr. Clark points out, a college professor of English literature referred to Ford's play as "'Tis Pity She's a Wanton," and the producer of Edward Sheldon's "Salvation Nell" blue-penciled as a matter of course a reference to alleged canine ancestry. But about twelve years later the Lenox Hill Players ran advertisements in the New York papers announcing their performance of "'Tis Pity She's a Whore," and about the same time the three respectable judges of the Pulitzer committee decided that the play of the year best calculated "to reflect and maintain our national standards of good morals and manners" was a play which contained the following lines: "God is goin' to get me for sure! . . . He's sayin': 'Tony, you have been one goddam sonuvabitch for playin' goddam dirty trick on Amy.'"

Surely there could not possibly be any better proof of the fact that the impossible word of today is the possible one of tomorrow and surely there is much to be said for Mr. Clark's further argument that since we are shocked only by what is considered shocking, the most obscene tradition is that which has the largest number of taboos. "Damaged Goods" removed the ban from the discussion of venereal disease and closed the dramatic discussion of the subject, but sexual perversity is continually alluded to because there is a law against treating it openly. There are, he concludes, some dozen words which we all know but which have not yet been used upon the stage. He could say them under certain circumstances but he could not bring himself to print them. "That is why this otherwise clean little essay leaves you with a smirk on your face—I am a victim of the very code I am trying to demolish. I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself."

The Crazy Democrats

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, March 5

BY comparison with the Democrats Uncle Andrew Mellon begins to look like a very radical fellow indeed, and before Congress adjourns we may be recalling him as the Secretary of the Treasury who delighted to soak the rich. Never in his most plutocratic days did he propose a tax program so perfectly designed to shake down the poor as that which Democratic House leaders are now preparing to recommend. Its principal feature is a general sales tax, denounced by Professor Seligman and many other experts as "the most inequitable form of taxation ever devised." Actually it is an upside-down income tax, because the smaller the income the greater the proportion which goes for taxes. The program has not been formally announced as this is written, but apparently the Democrats purpose to spare none of the necessities of life except raw foods and a few sacred-cow items such as feed and fertilizer. Clothing, furniture, the elements which enter into the cost of rent and medical attention—all will be taxed if the tentative plan is carried out. The idea of the sales tax, of course, is to obtain revenue from everyone who buys something, instead of getting it out of large incomes and estates. Not even during the war, when surtaxes reached the top figure of 65 per cent, was a general sales tax seriously proposed. Smooty Smoot, the Mormon elder and beet-sugar papa, was virtually alone in suggesting it. Now the Democrats propose to stop the surtax rate at the very modest figure of 40 per cent, and to balance the budget by pilfering the pay envelopes of all those who still have jobs. One marvels that they do not also levy a tax on admissions to the bread lines. There has never been a general sales tax in this country; to introduce one is not merely to let the camel's head into the tent—it is to let the camel in.

* * * *

LET it be granted that the Democrats have inherited a nasty mess which they did not make. Let them have credit for wishing to balance the budget. Let it even be conceded that some form of luxury, excise, or selective sales tax may be necessary. Still it must be obvious that such drastic and extraordinary measures should not be resorted to until the possibilities of taxing wealth have been exhausted, unless we are ready to abandon the American doctrine that taxes should fall on those best able to pay them. A principle of equal importance is also at stake. Most thinking people agree that the concentration of wealth in comparatively few hands is largely responsible for present conditions, that a redistribution of the national income is imperative, and that the most natural way to accomplish that is through the taxing power. Opponents of higher income and inheritance taxes argue that they would not produce a proportionate increase in revenue. That is irrelevant. The real point is that now is the ideal time to adopt a permanent policy of restricting exorbitant incomes and shrinking swollen fortunes. It is the climax of irony that John N. Garner, who battled for "the common man"

against the original Mellon plan, should now emerge as the most powerful sponsor of a tax bill which makes the Mellon plan look like a capital levy. It has yet to pass the House and—more important—the Senate, but viewing the present state of Democratic morals, I am prepared for the worst.

* * * *

IT is strange that President Hoover can contemplate the antics of his adversaries without being profoundly cheered. A more discerning man would be laying a wreath on the tomb of Thomas Jefferson every morning. But the poor man remains inconsolable, and one of his efforts to retaliate against those whom he considers his persecutors promises to cause him plenty of trouble. It should be explained that Hapless Herbert has long mistaken the stock market for the base of prosperity, whereas it is merely a not too reliable barometer. Nearly all his so-called "reconstruction" measures were obviously designed to boost the market. When the establishment of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation failed to accomplish that end he was plainly disappointed—and suspicious. When a similar failure succeeded the enactment of the Glass-Steagall bill he was convinced that his suspicions were correct. Indeed, no less a spokesman than Senator Walcott announced upon leaving the White House that the Administration had obtained the names of the bear raiders who were thwarting the Hoover prosperity measures, and intended to deal sternly with them. Senator Walcott, like his Chief, is something of an amateur in politics. His proposal to investigate the wicked old bears was not only welcomed with enthusiasm by Progressives and some Democrats, but prompt steps were taken to include the bulls as well. Naturally this latter possibility had not occurred to the Administration, because a bull, being one which expects and desires the market to go up, is a patriotic animal. Alas, at this writing, it appears that no discrimination will be made by a hard-hearted Senate, and all Washington is wondering just how many of its idols will be destroyed in the exposure. What an irony it would be if some of them should be members of the Administration!

* * * *

PRACTICAL politics usually is a dull subject, but it is producing some singularly entertaining manifestations here. For one thing, Republican leaders are in a terrible sweat over prohibition. The outcome of the latest Congressional elections, the partial but impressive results of the *Literary Digest* poll, added to the multitude of symptoms which anyone can diagnose, have persuaded them that a dry platform would be fatal in the next campaign. But what to do? It is plain that the "noble-experiment" trick which in 1928 enabled Hoover to run dry in the West and South and wet in the East cannot be worked again. Something new must be devised—a plank on which Hoover can float and still be partly immersed. Such eminent hydraulic engineers as Postmaster General Brown, Ambassador Edge, and Secretary Mills are hard at work on the problem, but

success is not yet in sight. On the Democratic side the situation is even more confused. When William Randolph Hearst pulled Speaker Garner's name out of the bag as a prospective Democratic nominee, most observers attributed it to age and idiosyncrasy. But if Governor Roosevelt is "stopped"—and it begins to look as if he will be—it will be Garner's candidacy that "stops" him. Right now a bet on Garner and Ritchie as the Democratic ticket seems as good as any. Al Smith is playing a deep game. Down in

his heart doubtless he would like to have the nomination himself. Gratitude should dictate Governor Ritchie as his second choice, but actually I believe it to be the very eminent, the very persuasive, and, in his way, the very able Owen D. Young. As matters stand now the only candidate whom the Democrats are really supporting as a unit is Hoover. And it is possible that another four years of Hoover may be necessary to destroy both the old parties and give us an honest realignment in national politics.

Our Growing Tax Burden

By GEORGE T. ALTMAN

TAXATION is always an irritating subject. But since the war, particularly, it has been a subject of ever-present annoyance. Property taxes, income taxes, gasoline taxes, franchise taxes, inheritance taxes, and all the other forms of taxes have piled up in the United States to the present annual total of approximately \$12,500,000,000—over \$100 per capita—more than 18 per cent of the income of the people. Nor have they reached their limit. They are on a steady upward curve. How much farther they will rise it is idle to predict. But in the process of economic change which underlies this increase in the tax burden one can foresee not only still higher taxes, but fundamental changes in their very function.

It is, indeed, largely in terms of function that the increase in the tax burden must be explained. Such factors as the subject and distribution of the tax levies have their effect in determining the pressure of taxes. But it is to the functions or purposes of the levies that one must look for the causes of the rise in the aggregate of the tax burden.

Of the functions of government the common defense is the original and still the most costly. Not only during time of war, but during time of peace, the common defense still presents the largest single item of cost. Besides the current maintenance of the army and navy, there is the carry-over from war of pensions, interest, and reduction of the war debt. The carry-over, it is true, is a factor over which there is, at least after a war is over, but little control. Moreover, it is not an increasing factor in taxation at the present time. As to the current costs of maintaining the army and navy, there has been no extraordinary rise. In 1915 the military and naval cost represented 0.74 per cent of the national income; and in 1928 that cost was approximately 0.75 per cent of the national income. It is not, therefore, a very material factor in the rising cost of government. One must turn rather to the peace-time functions of government to discover the forces which underlie the steady rise in the tax burden.

Among the peace-time functions, that of enacting laws is the only one which costs less and less as the years go by. The cost of maintaining the Congress of the United States, the legislatures of all the States, and the legislating bodies of the local governments is a constantly diminishing percentage of the national income. Offsetting this, there has been a slight increase in the cost of interpreting the laws. Nevertheless, taking the total cost of general government, including the executive offices proper, the legislative bodies,

and the judiciaries, the cost has materially diminished, dropping from 0.93 per cent of the national income in 1915 to 0.61 per cent of the national income in 1928.

All of the other peace-time activities of government show decided increases. Police and fire protection, health, recreation, and sanitation, charities, hospitals, and penal institutions—these present approximately the same high rate of growth; during the last two decades the cost of each one of them increased more rapidly than did the national income. That concentration in cities is the cause, as far as the State and local governments are concerned, there is no doubt. The hazards which give rise to these functions of government increase as the size of a city increases. Crime, fire, and disease are much greater risks in the crowded city than in the small town. Increase of population increases risk.

The above group of governmental activities, comprising in general the internal protection of life, health, and property, is still largely maintained by the local governments, which spent in 1929 an average of \$16.23 per capita for that purpose. The State governments, however, take a very important hand in these activities, policing the highways, regulating and inspecting food, compiling vital statistics, aiding in the prevention and treatment of communicable diseases, and maintaining State prisons and reformatories and hospitals for the insane and feeble-minded. The total annual expenditure of the State governments for these purposes in 1929 was approximately \$2.69 per capita, and is increasing at very closely the same rate as the corresponding group of expenditures of the local governments.

Both the State and local governments have had a long history in this group of governmental functions. To the federal government these functions are largely new developments. Yet they have already become an important element of federal expenditure. Compared with the service of the federal government in these respects before the war, its service today is on an entirely different basis. Operation of mine rescue cars and stations, promotion of the hygiene of maternity and infancy, studies of rural sanitation, maintenance of hospitals on a large scale, meat inspection, food and drug control—these and related activities of the federal government are entirely products of the twentieth century, and are still growing apace. The total spent by the federal government in this department is still small, less than 20 per cent of the expenditures of the State governments for the same group of purposes. But the federal government is gaining on the States.

This tendency toward centralization of governmental expenditure is even more pronounced in a related group of activities—the internal regulation, promotion, and protection of trade and industry. This latter group is really only an extension of the internal protection of life, health, and property against the more indirect forces which play upon them. In this extension particularly, governmental expenditure is becoming more and more centralized. In the local governments it is hardly in evidence at all. In the State governments there is considerable expenditure in the regulation of banks, utilities, insurance companies, and other corporations; in the regulation of sales of feed, seed, fertilizer, oil, and gas; in the regulation of weights and measures; and in the regulation of labor. There is also a large amount expended by the States on agricultural extension service and experiment stations, forestry service, and fish and game protection. But even the total amount spent by the State governments on these services, \$0.87 per capita in 1929, is small now compared with the similar expenditures of the federal government.

The expenditures of the federal government on the internal regulation, promotion, and protection of trade and industry have, indeed, seen a phenomenal rise since the beginning of the twentieth century. As a matter of fact, these activities, as functions of the federal government, are essentially products of the twentieth century. The Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Reserve Board, the Federal Radio Commission, and the Federal Trade Commission are independent offices of the federal government for the regulation and control, respectively, of the railways, the banks, the radio stations, and general trade and industry.

In the field of promotion and protection of trade and industry there are a large number of federal bureaus, particularly in the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Commerce. Agricultural experiment stations and extension service; research in the livestock, dairy, and plant industries; forest service; research in soils and plant diseases; study and aid in agricultural marketing—these and numerous other promotional and protective services are rendered by the Department of Agriculture. Distinct from the Department of Agriculture, though properly a part of its organization, is the Federal Farm Board, which has been financing cooperative marketing and taking the psychological edge off price fluctuations at a probable cost of at least \$200,000,000.

In the Department of Commerce, also, numerous promotional activities are carried on. Its Bureau of Standards, for example, performs a great variety of scientific investigations, such as those in radioactive substances, X-rays, textiles, sound, and so forth. Then there is its Bureau of Mines, studying the economics of the mineral industries, maintaining mining experiment stations, and investigating and producing helium. There is also its Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, promoting commerce here and abroad, at a cost in 1930 of \$4,751,000 as against only \$172,000 in 1913. Altogether new is its Bureau of Aircraft in Commerce, for the control and promotion of air navigation. The expenditures of that bureau for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1930, included \$5,545,000 for air-navigation facilities.

In the aggregate these federal bureaus for the regulation, promotion, and protection of internal trade and indus-

try, grown up almost overnight, are already spending annually nearly \$2 per capita. This group of activities, we have seen, is but an extension against indirect forces of the internal protection of life, health, and property. In the case of the State and local governments the development of this entire group of internal protective functions was laid to the concentration in cities. The corresponding development in the federal government, and to some extent in the State governments, is due to a cause which is very much akin to the concentration in cities. When people concentrate in cities, they are brought close together. When facilities for communication and transportation improve, there is much the same effect, although actual distances are not changed. Interrelations increase in every department of life—in industry, in trade, in recreation, in amusement. Commerce becomes less intrastate and more interstate, less domestic and more international.

The construction and maintenance of highways in the United States was originally to a large extent a federal job. The Cumberland Road was a center of attention in the early road-construction history of this country. But as the nation grew, the task of building and maintaining highways was turned over to the States; and the States in turn left the larger share of the work to the local governments. The federal government had turned its attention to the railways, promoting their development by liberal grants of land. The waterways also received a fair amount of attention; and until the end of the nineteenth century the waterways and railroads were the chief means of long-distance transportation.

But at the end of the nineteenth century the automobile appeared, and road construction took on a new aspect. The State governments were compelled to assume an ever-increasing share of the work. For a long time the federal government remained aloof, rendering aid only by way of advice and counsel. It was not until after the war that the federal government was compelled to take a hand. But that hand has already amounted to an annual expenditure of more than \$100,000,000. The centralization of road expenditure is a natural result of the speed and consequent cruising radius of the automobile. There is no reason why the inhabitants of one community should build and maintain roads for the rest of the country to travel over. Nor are the inhabitants of sparsely settled communities able to do so.

Coincident with the return of centralization in road expenditure is the advance in the total expenditure for this purpose. Since the advent of the automobile, road construction has achieved a new importance in governmental activity, advancing several times as fast as the national income. The total annual expenditure for maintenance alone now approaches \$5 per capita. Besides, there is a floating debt on account of road construction now totaling very close to \$3,000,000,000, or \$25 per capita, on which interest and retirement charges must be met. Combining all factors, the roadways now consume more than 10 per cent of all federal, State, and local taxation.

Heavy though the cost of highway development and maintenance has become, a still younger function of government, education, presents even more stupendous figures. Education now consumes 20 per cent of all local, State, and federal taxation. The local governments in the United States spend now very close to \$2,000,000,000 annually for primary and secondary education, while the States spend

more than \$150,000,000 in addition for universities and special schools. Nor does this include the outlays for school structures, which have resulted in a floating debt today of over \$2,000,000,000, nor the consequent charges for interest and retirement. Altogether the annual educational cost sustained by taxation in the United States today is very nearly \$2,500,000,000, or \$20 per capita.

Looking back over the last two decades we see a striking rise in educational cost. From 1910 to 1928 the cost of primary and secondary education per capita increased 237 per cent, while the income of the people per capita increased only 120 per cent—this taking the dollar as it is and was, without adjusting it for the changes in its purchasing power. Over the last two decades the cost of primary and secondary education has grown almost twice as fast as the income of the people.

Taking that fact by itself one might fear that the cost of education would eventually bankrupt the nation. But it must be remembered that education as a function of government is comparatively a modern development, and that the last two decades have seen the larger share of it. The early colonial history of this country shows education the task of church and charity, and its chief purpose and theme religion. It took two centuries of democratic philosophy to wean the primary schools away from the church, and as long a time before government was able to compete with charity in secondary and higher education. It was between 1825 and 1850 that the chief struggle took place for the support of schools by taxation, and not until 1875 was there a general acceptance of the principle of free, non-sectarian, tax-supported education.

After public education did take a foothold, its curriculum remained for a considerable time rudimentary. Even in Massachusetts, which was the first to adopt the principle of tax support for education, the curriculum contained nothing but reading and writing until the middle of the nineteenth century. It was then that the real development of public education began. With the expansion of the curriculum the cost grew rapidly. By 1870 the annual cost in the United States had reached the impressive total of \$63,000,000, which was \$1.64 per capita, or 0.94 per cent of the national income.

From 1870 on, extension and specialization of curricula spread rapidly. Prolongation of the school period was a necessary result. While the population of the country increased only 63 per cent from 1870 to 1890, the average daily school attendance increased 96 per cent. With an increase during that period of only 13 per cent in the cost per pupil in average attendance, the total cost of public education had more than doubled, rising to a total of \$140,000,000 by 1890. This meant \$2.22 instead of \$1.64 per capita, and 1.16 per cent instead of 0.94 per cent of the national income.

Yet as we look back at it today, education in 1890 was hardly an attempt. The next twenty years, from 1890 to 1910, saw a further growth. While the country's population increased 46 per cent, the average school attendance increased 58 per cent. Moreover, while the cost of living rose very slightly, the cost per pupil in average attendance nearly doubled, indicating better teachers, improved school structures, and advanced equipment. Thus by 1910 a fairly respectable school system had developed. Although the na-

tional income had grown rapidly, the per capita purchasing power almost doubling every twenty years, the total cost of public education had grown still more rapidly. By 1910 it had risen to \$4.62 per capita, consuming 1.40 per cent of the total national income.

Yet 1910 seemed only a beginning; for the eighteen years from 1910 to 1928 saw a larger growth than the entire history of public education up to that time. The State governments began to interest themselves in a very material way, furnishing not only their commands and their counsel, but also their money. In 1928 State aid to the local governments for educational purposes reached the annual total of \$314,582,000. In this respect New York was far ahead of the other States. Consolidation of rural schools and transportation of pupils, development of the junior high school, specialization of vocational education, prolongation of the required school period—these factors and others resulted in a geometric rise in the cost of education far in excess of the growth in the national income. Between 1910 and 1928 the national income was trebled, but the aggregate cost of public education was multiplied five times. In per capita terms, it rose from \$4.62 to \$17.30—this without taking into consideration the money spent by the States directly on universities and special schools. During the same period the national income grew only from \$332 to \$749 per capita (without adjusting the figures for the changes in the cost of living), so that the cost of public education, primary and secondary alone, jumped from 1.40 per cent to 2.31 per cent of the national income.

Now the federal government has also begun to assume a material share of the work of education, particularly in the field of vocational education. The aid of the federal government has been directed particularly to the vocational rehabilitation of persons disabled in industry, and vocational education in home economics and agriculture. Although the annual amount expended for this purpose is still less than \$10,000,000, it is rapidly increasing. The creation of a department of education of Cabinet rank is not far distant.

The new economic structure of our national life is one of extreme concentration of population, specialization of activities, and world-wide interchange of the activities specialized; and this concentration, specialization, and interchange have made the life of the individual precarious to a point his pioneer forbears never knew. There was a time when the individual was comparatively self-sufficient. One or two simple tools and a few acres of ground, and that was all he required. Today even the farmer might starve if he could not secure certain supplies involving the organized effort, not only of this country, but of the entire world. Every individual is dependent for his very life upon millions of other individuals distributed all over the globe. We speak of individualism, but it is only an idle boast. The individual has become a single screw in a world-wide machine. His life is entirely dependent upon the functioning of that machine. The individual himself is inarticulate, except through the voice of government. It is therefore a necessary conclusion that as the mechanization of life increases, the activities of government will increase. Government is no longer merely the common defense. It is rapidly assuming the other aspects of life. Soon it will become the medium through which all the activities of the people will have to function.

Ten Years of Hitler; One Hundred of Goethe

By WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

Berlin, February 15

NO one dares remotely prophesy what may happen in Germany in the next months—or even by the time this article comes off the press. Everything hovers in a state of suspension; one minute it looks as though a Nazi Government and an ensuing revolution were inevitable; in the next it looks as though the radicals were being discredited in the face of a soberer majority. Nobody can tell today how the political powers are matched. Everywhere is subterranean secrecy or unbelievable propaganda. And there is not one newspaper in the entire country that makes a sincere attempt to cover dispassionately the news or help reveal the truth.

A decade of Hitler's storm troops, street-fighting, and fanaticism concludes in this 1932. And the same year marks the hundredth anniversary of Goethe's death—the conclusion of a century of his influence. Germany is celebrating both facts, both men. And that is, indeed, the central meaning of the Germany of 1932. After ten years of yearning for a Messiah, whole sections of the country are surging as never before to Hitler's banners.

And the hundredth anniversary of Goethe is no mere literary memorial; it is not just another case of publishers' boosting in order to clear out the stocks of Complete Works (in seventeen volumes). The year is a sort of milestone for the German thinking mind: it stops to make self-inquiry. First it asks: Is the meaning of Goethe dead for today? In other words, has that historic idealism, the studied spirituality and philosophic temperament, of the Germans now become obsolete? Has Goethe been displaced by modern artistic movements such as expressionism, and has the old type of intelligent German who lived so much in the realm of removed ideas, Schubert's songs, and long-stemmed pipes been entirely thrust aside by the new type of German who lives in the realm of nudist-athletic clubs, Kurfürstendamm jazz, and cigarettes?

This year Germany is taking stock of itself: What is the validity of the political radicalism which Hitler typifies; and what is the validity of the spiritual conservatism which Goethe has traditionally typified?

Both heroes have their cults, and it is difficult to say which goes to the more lamentable excesses. The process of making every German acutely Goethe-conscious has been carried on in a completely American manner. The poor old poet who could barely sell 500 copies of each new work he published is now being stuck on every placard wall, in proud portraiture, as an advertisement to lure you to Come to Germany, Come to Frankfurt, Come to Weimar, and be sure and spend lots of money. Everywhere there are Goethe calendars and almanacs; there are memorial plaques, portraits, busts, silhouettes, reliefs, and other beautifully graven images to suit every pocket-book. There are collections of his sayings, in which some casual remark to Eckermann is

multiplied into millions of pamphlets, brochures, souvenirs, and gift-books. There are luscious tales of Goethe the lover—of women, or of birds; there are whole books containing nothing but consecutive pictures of Goethe. The scholarly world has done its share in adding to the literature—here are some recent titles: "Goethe and His Relations with the Swiss Cotton Industry" (almost none); "Goethe's Visit to the Deaf-and-Dumb Institute in Leipzig" (only one); "Goethe's Toothache" (very bad).

He is being used in anthropology, to show the rise of man: at one end of a series of pictures is the ape, at the other end is—Goethe. He is being used in hygiene, to aid the sale of health pills: on one side is a photograph of a charming young girl, on the other side is—Goethe.

Austria is observing the anniversary moment of his death by a minute of silent reverence; performances of his early (and very inferior) plays, recitals of his less-known songs, and reprintings of his most-forgotten prose stuff up Central Europe. Suspender buttons and toothbrushes rest their appeal on some Goethean epigram; every scholar of any standing has discovered some new and very crucial fact about him, and is revealing it over the radio; and as for the Weimar festival—everyone will be there. It has been remarked that the only stocks worth buying in this depression year are those of the Weimar hotel industry.

One of the few happy moments in this vast humorless struggle toward Making Goethe Pay was a burlesque performance given by Munich students during the historic annual *Fasching* carnival. Its title was taken from the most famous footnote ever made by an editor to the poet's works—namely, Professor Düntzer's correction at the bottom of a page of Goethe's autobiography: "Hier irrt Goethe"—Here Goethe is mistaken.

The Hitler cult may be more serious; certainly it is more humorless. Hitler himself is the traditional type of fanatic—a speaker of unquestionable hypnotic power, a leader of undoubted force and ability, a man utterly lacking in any sort of intelligence. The persons he has around him are a strange collection of heavy doctrinaires and helpless neurotics; their newspapers rage, roar, and rant day after day until they become practically unreadable. The yelping anti-Semitism of the *Völkischer Beobachter* and the *Angriff* is only another confession of that lurking sense of inferiority to the Jews and that continuing obsession of being persecuted which animate the whole movement.

The world pretty well realizes by now that Hitlerism has become the haven of all the malcontents of Germany—all, that is, except the Communists. To say that the party is "radical" is of course a dubious assertion; actually it harbors thousands and tens of thousands of men whose ultimate aim is only to get their old officers' pensions back, or to see the monarchy restored. Hohenzollern, Wittelsbach, and

Hapsburg are more powerful Nazi slogans than is often believed. Then there are the university students, the majority of whom are "radical" only in their methods: untold numbers of them want nothing better than the old Prussian system, and armies, and a great clanking of steel. The truer radicals of the movement are the men with a definite economic program; but every minor leader seems to have worked out his own private system—each as complete as a Kantian cosmos—which he sees as the country's only salvation.

Hitlerism is the rush of exploding political emotions; it naturally appeals to the citizens of a country that is treading along the brink of collapse. Its strength lies in its hold on youth; and that same fact will be its weakness. The Hitler cult proper is centered in the howling agitations in the universities and the nocturnal exhibitions of the storm troops. It is a game of war; it is a trial at battle. Its adherents are a mass of high-strung, nervous, and tragic young men, whose very education condemns them to unemployment, who feel they will never gain anything from the present republicanism. They are in despair, they want to get out and march in the street, sing songs and shoot guns, and hail some new Messiah. Through some hundreds of years Germany was the land of the best troops and the most ever-present princes; suddenly the whole structure disappeared. It is not so easy to strip a country's youth of its central heritage.

So the nation may be said to live between two poles—the balanced, studious, and essentially conservative Goethean point of view, which tries to make the best out of present possibilities; and the reckless, fanatical, political points of view symbolized by Hitler but ranging through the entire catalogue of opposition from Prussian ex-cavalry colonels to Schwarzwald stable boys.

Certainly "balance" has been the essence of the policies carried on by Stresemann and Brüning: both men have seen the impossibility of isolating Germany from the rest of Europe, of turning it into a self-sufficient and unfriendly island. They worked always toward a rapprochement, toward some show of internationalism. With masterly leadership Stresemann struggled to appease the insatiable maw of France; Brüning struggled until at last the strain became too great. But still the state of mind which the present Chancellor represents is for cooperation, a belief in the communal settlement of disputes. In this hour, confronted by an implacable France, an uncertain England, a blind and witless Washington, by a growing disharmony between all nations, his difficulties seem almost insuperable. And besides these outer enemies he has the inner enemies to fight—all the natural German desires for revenge against oppressors, for freedom from restraints. To Tardieu's far-repeated cry for *sécurité d'abord*, the German nationalists answer with the trumpet-call of *Deutschland, Erwache!* And that is far more appealing music to the country than a new emergency decree from the pen of its monastic Chancellor.

It is difficult for anyone not directly in Germany to recognize how stern and profound this tension at the moment is. On the hundredth anniversary of its presiding genius's death, the nation is made to remember once more Goethe's antagonism toward the violent and revolutionary, his constructive fusion of imagination with reason, his great ideal of communal effort as it reveals itself in the last acts of "Faust, II." And these are not the isolated notions of a

dead philosopher, they are life-blood in the German mind.

But at the same time all possible forces are conspiring to overthrow this clarity of view and sanity of judgment. The very same tendency to look back to the Germany of a century ago aids in this antagonism; thousands think today of the tragic ruined German lands in 1806-13, groveling at the feet of Napoleon. They think of the men who tried to conciliate the French—like the weak and vacillating Frederick William III—and of the men who rose up in mighty revolt—Gneisenau, Scharnhorst, Stein, Yorck, Blücher, the creators of a new army, an independence, a great people. Two splendid motion pictures dealing with the Prussia of those years that are so similar to these state the same case against the French oppressor; they revel in the call to arms; they burst out in Schiller's grand patriotic odes; and when in Henny Porten's "Queen Louise" the tattered battle flags of old Frederick's unbeaten regiments march by in parade, the whole audience begins to cheer—the foreigners, too.

This great confidence in their ability to do everything for themselves, which the Germans have had throughout a century, is the deepest foundation of their radical movements today. Now this traditional force among the Germans seems to have become separated from the government, where once it animated it; has sold out to the Hitlers and the Hugenburgs, and left the lawful leaders in a lonely and friendless position. What was formerly a positive life-giving essence has now become the essence of negation and revolt.

In the course of this crisis period which state of mind is going to win the upper hand—that making for conservative reconstruction and internationalism, or that making for reckless isolation and warring factions? To clinch the question, which—the strength of Goethe-Brüning, or the passion of Hitleritis? The immediate future of Europe seems to rest on this decision. And it is impossible to make any intelligent forecast. This only is certain: day by day there becomes more patent the inability of the Hitler men to form any intelligent constructive program, to see beyond mere party politics and destructive fanaticism. Every day the suffering of the German people becomes more intolerable; but there appears a growth of seriousness and responsibility, a new stress on that famous German industry and devotion which the latter years have tried so hard to extinguish.

Six million unemployed now walk the streets; dozens of large trades and industries are practically at a standstill; the basic Reichsbahn shows a staggering deficit; everywhere state theaters are closing, construction is being stopped, shops are giving up. But will the events of these fearful years alter or dissolve the stamina of the entire people? Somehow one is inclined to trust the intelligence and the courage of this race; one is willing to gamble that it may be able to resist the lure of shrieking soothsayers and clanking militarists. When one sees this precise and friendly nation going about its crippled businesses, one still has the hope that its vision may be clear. The nation that spoke through Goethe and the great thinkers of a century ago seems destined to survive beyond the nation that rose up in the agitators and revolutionaries of a decade ago. The country that is still the most orderly, the most efficient, the least touched by corruption in high place seems to be guided by too strong a conscience to let itself run into an overturn—an overturn that could mean little less than ruin.

Presidential Possibilities

III. Does Coolidge Choose to Run?*

By FRANK R. KENT

FACTS, apparently, mean very little to the American people, and between politics and propaganda they become so obscured and distorted by the time they reach the people that it is not really surprising. Emotion and prejudice sway us, not facts. The facts rarely penetrate very far. Not many people care about them and for one reason or another many who know them are more interested in concealment than in clarification. Take the case of Calvin Coolidge. He was one of our most popular Presidents. He is today our most popular citizen. There is a vast number of persons who would be delighted to see him President again. There is a strong sentiment in his party for "drafting" him. It is easy to understand this from the politicians, who value him only as a vote-getter and consider him otherwise a "poor fish," but back of the political sentiment is a genuine popular sentiment that thinks of him in terms ridiculously foreign to the reality. If popularity is the test, then Coolidge should be President—because not only do the masses think well of him, but a considerable number of intelligent men really believe he made a great President and is a big man. They have not, of course, a concrete fact upon which to base this belief. They have no argument that will stand any test. They have a cloudy and confused view of the man and his record. Nevertheless, the favorable conviction is unshakable. It is curiously impervious to the facts.

There is here no purpose to review those six years, unprecedented in our history for Presidential inertia, or to dwell upon the extraordinary combination of little things and unusual conditions that contributed to paint a picture so absurdly far from the truth. It is a work of art and will remain forever one of the marvels of political luck and propaganda, the classic example of the limitless gullibility of the people. The elevation of this dull, drab, smug little man into a totem pole at which a nation worshiped is the most striking illustration we have of the power of a people to delude itself and the willingness of a partly deluded press to aid in the delusion. No more complete job was ever done. An impenetrable armor incased Coolidge; it still does. Failures and mistakes that would have wrecked a bigger man left him untouched. A public in love is far blinder than an individual in love; and that the public conceived an affection for this precinct politician who was pitchforked into the Presidency—as destitute of endearing qualities as an armadillo and with the same courageous character—is too plain to argue about. (Disclose a discreditable fact about him and they laugh it off. Reveal his incapacity as an executive, the hollow pretense of his economy talk, or his inexcusable domination by the Wall Street banks, and they quote some feebly funny remark he was reported—and most of the time incorrectly reported—to have made to the adoring and obtuse Stearns.)

And how they hung—and still hang—to that legend of his silence, of his economy in speech and his innate dis-

like to utter unnecessary words—this, the most garrulous of all our Presidents, whose public output of words exceeded all the rest and whose private capacity to dwell on details excelled that of any other public man—if only you could get the details small enough. His sour and crabbed little nature, shown in his dealings with Secret Service men, servants, and others much closer, never got real publicity, but if it had it would have made no difference. His worshipers would have laughed and told some fatuous story that had not happened, showing the "quaint New England humor" of the man. It is, when you look back on it, a most amazing and almost incredible performance—this building up of the nearest thing to nothing we ever had as President into a great, glamorous figure, whose syndicated platitudes after he leaves office are worth \$2 a word, and have netted him a fortune. To me not the least interesting incident of that Coolidge White House period was the attitude of the newspaper correspondents who, after having been repeatedly left holding the bag by Mr. Coolidge, joined in a greasy eulogy when he left the White House and presented him with a "token of their esteem."

And now they talk about "drafting" him for 1932—"drafting" for President, during what promises to be as critical a period as we have ever had in this country, the man who for nearly six years kept us at a complete political standstill, stalled the national engine, pushed every problem we had aside, and not only let us rush recklessly on to the rocks ahead without ever reefing a sail, but actually—and this is the one concrete thing about the Coolidge Administration that should be remembered—used the White House megaphone to encourage the people in their wild orgy of speculation by proclaiming the soundness of "investments"! If any President ever did a greater disservice to the nation than that, it cannot now be recalled. To which indictment the answer of the typical Coolidge admirers undoubtedly would be: "But did you ever hear about the time he told Mrs. Coolidge that the preacher's sermon was on sin? 'And what did he say about it, Calvin?' asked Mrs. Coolidge. 'He was against it,' said Cal—haw, haw, haw, haw."

I trust that no reader of *The Nation* will think that I am in any way prejudiced against this great popular hero. On the contrary, I am trying to write of him in a restrained and detached way, anxious only to present the facts. In pursuance of that laudable purpose I should like now to present a few—and they are uncontroversial, too—about the 1928 "drafting" movement and that cryptic "I do not choose to run" statement, which took the country by storm and is still tastily rolled upon the tongues of hordes of faithful Coolidgeans. It seems to me they have some bearing upon the present "Draft Coolidge" talk, which persists in Republican circles despite Mr. Coolidge's highly compensated *Saturday Evening Post* article in which he declared his belief in the wisdom of renominating Presidents, whoever they may be, and pushed from him the thought of a political

* The third of a series of seven articles.—EDITOR THE NATION.

future. Actually, though he used 4,000 not very well-selected words in that statement, he said no more than he did in the single Black Hills sentence. To shed light upon why and how he came to make that historic utterance, it is necessary to say a few words about Mr. Coolidge's political background. Though he ran for office in Massachusetts a great many times—and in the country as a whole twice—in all his life Mr. Coolidge never ran except when the odds were overwhelmingly in his favor. He belonged to the dominant party in a heavily Republican State. He always had united organization backing. He never had a real fight in his life. He was always better than an even bet when he got on the ticket. So were his Republican running mates. In the spring of 1927, before Mr. Coolidge left Washington for his summer vacation, there were few persons who did not believe he wanted to stay in the White House another four years. With his knowledge and approval the machinery to keep him there was already in motion. Between the time Congress adjourned and the time he made his statement three incidents occurred which changed the complexion of things for Mr. Coolidge and which, curiously enough, were not treated as connected by political writers and did not get general attention. One of these was the stand of the *Springfield Republican*. This is Mr. Coolidge's paper. He has read it all his life. He still does. It means a lot to him. It had been his staunch and steady supporter. The *Springfield Republican* came out with three smashing editorials on three successive days, strongly urging Mr. Coolidge not to permit himself to be renominated. Speaking as his friend this stalwart Republican paper pointed out to him that he could, of course, secure the nomination because he had control of the National Committee, the party organization, and the federal machinery. Nevertheless, the *Republican* said, to use these agencies to nominate himself would be bad for him, bad for the party, and bad for the country. It spoke bluntly and strongly. Coming from this source, the advice must have strongly impressed Mr. Coolidge.

That was one thing—the second was brought about by William Randolph Hearst. The whole chain of the Hearst newspapers and magazines had been consistently back of Mr. Coolidge almost from the start. The Hearst press was a large factor in his journalistic support, and it contributed vastly to implanting in the public mind the Coolidge picture. The brilliant Mr. Brisbane was his most enthusiastic individual journalistic booster for the 1928 nomination. He it was who coined the cunning phrase of "his second elective term" to spike the third-term issue and pave the way for four more years of Coolidge. There had been months of this. And then suddenly one day, out of a clear sky, Mr. Hearst, from New Orleans, wrote a signed editorial which appeared in every one of his sixteen newspapers and which was directly along the same lines as that which had appeared in the *Springfield Republican*. He took the view that for Mr. Coolidge again to accept the nomination would be contrary to a vital American political principle, and would establish a very dangerous precedent. Also speaking as his friend, Mr. Hearst counseled him to put aside the temptation, pointed out the path of wisdom, urged that he might be nominated but that the American people so strongly believed in the principle of the eight-year limit for Presidents that he could not be elected—and so on. It was a strong statement. Everything Mr. Hearst writes is

strongly written. Also, it was politically important, and I never have understood why the Associated Press did not send it out. If they did I missed it and my belief is that its publication was confined to the Hearst papers. But no well-posted person will need argument as to the political effect of this upon a congenitally timid man like Mr. Coolidge, hovering upon the brink of a great decision. From that moment the words "second elective term" ceased to appear in the Brisbane column and the whole Hearst support of Coolidge's reelection vanished overnight.

There was another thing, a third discouraging development that helped Mr. Coolidge—pushed I think is the better word—toward his South Dakota "renunciation." No one in politics is more completely an organization man than Mr. Coolidge. He believes in the organization as firmly as does Jim Watson. An early follower of the late Murray Crane, he never knew anything but organization politics. Bucking the organization, running for office without the support of the machine are thoughts that have never occurred to him. The public statement issued late in the spring and after Congress had adjourned by Senator George H. Moses of New Hampshire could not fail to disturb such a man. In the same circumstances it would have made a far more robust President stop and think before going forward in the direction Mr. Coolidge was then traveling—to wit, straight toward a renomination. Mr. Moses was no insurgent or Progressive Republican. Mr. Moses did not speak as an independent. Mr. Moses was an organization party wheel horse, an important cog in Mr. Coolidge's own wing of his own party, a member of the Old Guard, a high party official, a regular of regulars. What Mr. Moses, in effect, said, with the customary Mosaic forcefulness, was that Mr. Coolidge could of course be renominated if he chose to exercise the power in his hands, but that his party would "sullenly acquiesce" in his renomination, which, in the Senator's judgment, would be a serious mistake.

Add the total of these three pre-Black Hills developments—*Springfield Republican*, representing party sentiment in his own State; Hearst press, representing sixteen newspapers scattered from coast to coast; George Moses, representing feeling within the organization, which means more to Cal than can be told—add those all up if you want the reason why Mr. Coolidge did not "choose to run." Add them all up and they spell exactly one thing—he was scared off. It may be possible for the uninformed worshiper not to believe that, but how anyone with a knowledge of the Coolidge political history and the Coolidge personality can doubt it beats me.

What followed? As soon as this silly statement was made, which, had it come from any other President in his position, would have been generally denounced as silly, there was country-wide confusion about what he meant, a confusion which exists to this day. No one ever has discovered. The eager and anxious Hoover, bursting with White House hopes and pretending to play in the Bohemian Grove out in California, rushed East and started to work. Though he repeatedly saw Coolidge he was unable to get a word from him—and was in no pleasant frame of mind about it either. He went ahead anyhow and, long before the convention, had built up a formidable organization. Also, a formidable opposition had sprung up. The New York bankers did not want Hoover. The then august and glamorous Mellon did

not want him. A thundering lot of Old Guard politicians did not want him. A lot of business men did not want him, and the "Draft Coolidge" talk started. That Mr. Coolidge was not only willing but expected to be drafted was known by those whose business it was to know the facts, when the Kansas City convention met. Curiously enough, he made this plain in the first piece he wrote for Mr. Hearst's *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, which was printed after he left the White House but which he wrote while he was still in office.

What happened was that he got over his fright. From the first of the year until June a succession of politicians, business men, and bankers trooped to the White House to insist upon his running. It became perfectly clear that such was his place in the so-called popular mind that he could easily be elected—third term or no third term. If, after having "renounced" the desire to succeed himself, the Republican convention, deadlocked between Hoover and the anti-Hoover allies, should "draft" him, it would be all over but the shouting. He had got himself in perfect position for exactly that. And that he was willing, ready, anxious for the "drafting," disappointed that it failed to materialize, was the belief at the time of most persons in a position to have a real judgment on the matter. Certainly it was the conviction of the men in personal touch with him, who saw most of him. His bosom friend, William M. Butler, chairman of the National Committee, and closer to him than anyone else, went to Kansas City hoping to nominate Coolidge, and convinced members of the committee that Coolidge was holding himself in readiness. There was no secret about the Butler desire. He made none. (A partner of the Morgan firm, fresh from a White House talk with the President, arrived in his private car and with all the emphasis he could command declared, "I know he'll take it. I've just left him." He worked and Butler worked and various others close to Coolidge worked there to promote the Coolidge nomination. And they ceased to work only when it became clear that Hoover had the thing "in the bag." And when that happened they were the most disappointed and depressed set of men ever seen at a national convention. Gloom enveloped them. They had failed.

Those are the facts, and I cite them now because they make it easy to understand the real feeling of Mr. Coolidge about returning to the White House, and the reason, despite his richly remunerated *Saturday Evening Post* article, that the talk of "drafting" him still persists—and will continue until the convention. Those who know he would have eagerly responded to a "call" in 1928 are naturally convinced he would do so in 1932; and there are a good many who did know it then. But this time it is different and the more clear-headed fellows among them do not delude themselves with such nonsense. They concede that the Hoover renomination is inevitable. Already the Administration, working through the astute Walter Brown, has bagged the Southern delegations, strung them together on the old patronage string. No one knows what this means better than Mr. Coolidge. Bascom Slemp did it for him in 1924 and he was all prepared to do it again in 1927, when the Springfield *Republican* and Messrs. Hearst and Moses warned him off. This time Mr. Coolidge knows perfectly well, regardless of the "sullen acquiescence"—and it is sullen—with which party people are accepting Hoover, that there is nothing to do but accept

him and that drafting is out of the question. Mr. Coolidge knows he can't get it this time, but he likes to hear it talked about, nevertheless. To be fair to him, this is natural and human and any other man in his position probably would feel the same way. It is, however, the reason that in no matter what statement he makes he never quite shuts the door, as would a more robust man with the same natural feelings but a franker nature. Coolidge always leaves a crack open. Despite knowledge of its obvious impossibility, there still is a faint hope in that cold little heart that the impossible may come to pass and, the recognized political obstacles vanishing, a smooth way be found for him back to the White House—just in time for the return of prosperity. No such political miracle ever has occurred, but it is always conceivable that one may.

In the Driftway

WHAT is best and what is worst in the human race comes out at a kidnapping. The worst qualities of unimaginative brutality—when it is not simple insanity—are displayed by the men or women who can abstract a child from the security of his home and subject him to the terrors of existence among total strangers and his parents to terrors of apprehension worse than anything that could actually befall their stolen baby. But once the kidnappers have done their work, the generous industry that instantly springs into being warms the heart. That the latest unfortunate kidnapped child was already world famous makes only a little difference. The police, the press, the telegraph, the wireless—every possible agency of detection—at once are pressed into action; every man in the street could fancy himself an amateur detective and would experience a consuming satisfaction in being the one to discover the lost child and restore him safely to his parents' protection. The newspapers are yielding to sound journalistic instinct when they print pages of matter and of pictures telling the Lindbergh story. The Lindberghs, reportedly to their own chagrin, are always good copy. Yet not their own established fame but the quick human sympathies of millions of newspaper readers make the story worth the spread heads that are being devoted to it.

* * * * *

A FEW weeks ago a mother and father, leaving a friend's house with their baby ill of bronchitis, picked up a bottle of poison instead of the cough medicine they meant to take. They were obscure people. Yet when, an hour or so after they had left in their small sedan, the loss was discovered, just as many agencies of communication were put to work to find them and tell them of the mistake before it was too late as are in operation now for the Lindberghs. Every sedan of that particular make on every possible road they might have taken was stopped by a police officer and examined for mother, father, and baby. Ten or fifteen minutes before it was time for the next dose of cough medicine the trio was found—and possible disaster averted. Moreover, the story was front-page news and there is no doubt that many a reader's heart was warmed by its fortunate ending.

WHEN the Drifter rails over the alarming increase of communication in the world, when he suspects that we are betrayed rather than helped by the mechanical wonders of radio, gasoline engine, and the swiftly spread printed word, he cheerfully makes exceptions of events like these. There are times when we need to save time and space; and in those times it is fairly often in order to help persons in distress. The rising flood, the burning house, desperate disease, abduction, murder, fatal accident—all are matters that must be known about quickly so that the deep instinct for generous assistance to the unfortunate which is so powerful in the human race can have an opportunity of expressing itself. We are a world of hundreds of millions, many thousands of miles apart, separated by languages as well as oceans, yet at certain times we seem very close together.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Four-Year Plan

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the first article, on Unemployment, of the interesting and challenging Four-Year Presidential Plan which you publish (issue of February 17) with a somewhat qualified blessing, occurs the statement: "State, county, and city appropriations for providing work and relieving distress have proved inadequate since *the federal government alone has the power to levy adequate income and inheritance taxes* which are not passed on to the consumer" (italics mine). May a citizen of Massachusetts remark that far from this being true, Massachusetts at any rate not only has the power to levy, but actually does levy an income tax which, at least for the moderately well-to-do, is vastly heavier than the federal? A single man or woman without dependents, enjoying an income of \$5,000 a year, pays from *ten to twenty times* as much to his State as he does to the United States Treasury.

It is true that, as Senator David Walsh has recently pointed out, "only fifteen States have a personal income tax that corresponds to the federal income tax," and that many of the strongest and richest, such as Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois, have no such law. But the moral of that is, as the Duchess would say, that such States ought to be spurred and shamed into taxing themselves rather than supported in their ineptitude by citizens who are already doing their full duty.

Whether or not you agree with this conclusion, you must admit that in view of the facts, our friends of the League for Independent Political Action need a well-informed proofreader.

LESLIE W. HOPKINSON

Cambridge, Mass., February 22

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Four-Year Presidential Plan and the numerous other contributions in the liberal magazines toward a reform of our present system are concerned with what the several writers think it would be desirable to have done. None offers a realistic or convincing plan of *how* such reforms could be initiated or what specific assistance the plain citizen might give. They are aids to talk rather than to action.

The League for Independent Political Action seems committed to the principle of a national third party, although no recent third-party attempt in the United States has succeeded.

Too many people believe that they would be throwing their votes away if they supported an independent movement. Despite assertions to the contrary, where liberalism has progressed it has been within the dominant parties, as is attested by the Senate insurgents. The methods by which these men gained control of their local organizations and were elected did work, and might be copied to give a controlling social-minded bloc in the next Congress.

Concerning the league's plan, the one idea which recurs throughout centers about constitutional reform. Much of the remaining program is embodied satisfactorily in specific bills which have been submitted to Congress in recent years, such as the Wagner bill on employment exchanges, the Norris bill on Muscle Shoals. The advocacy of these and similar measures at the time they are most prominently before the public would identify the league with concrete legislation and enable it to secure greater publicity in the daily papers. This should be more effective than the full broadside of the complete plan, while the league's backing would encourage the continued revision and resubmission of important legislation until it could be passed.

Two mistakes weaken the program measurably. The first is its complete straddle on prohibition, which includes as one approved possibility the continuance of present Volsteadism. The other is its insistence on complete military disarmament instead of the more persuasive reduction to the minimum required to prevent the landing of armed forces on our shores, as proposed by Chase, Beard, and others.

Los Angeles County, Cal., February 19

BIOLOGIST

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with interest and appreciation the excellent compilation of a possible program for reorientation of American political ideas in the League for Independent Political Action's Four-Year Presidential Plan. In this plan I find one serious, and in my view fairly obvious, omission. There is no reference in the section VI-A, People's Rights, to the right of consumers to information which the government has in its archives, based upon tests and expert examinations, all done at taxpayers' expense, of tens of thousands of kinds and brands of consumers' goods. I should not like to say that the following is a correct and complete statement of the clause which should be introduced to cover this item under the head People's Rights, but it will at least put it in form for discussion, particularly among those who may wish to bring the matter as forcefully as possible to the attention of members of Congress from their district.

Release of Information Useful to Consumers. Immediate and continuous publication and distribution through the Government Printing Office, at its nominal charges, of all technical findings of fact and expert opinion on goods and commodities which are studied and tested by technicians and scientists in the government employ, and complete cessation of the present policy of suppression and filing of such information in a form accessible and available only to "official," industrial, and commercial interests. Immediate cessation of the present practice of government departments' and bureaus' accepting grants and subsidies, and assignments of "research associates," to work on industries' problems in taxpayer-owned laboratories with the technical and administrative support and collaboration of taxpayer-supported personnel. In addition, a definite shift in the policy of federal and scientific technical bureaus away from subjects predominantly directed to the needs of commercial enterprises, toward research, testing, and open publication of findings in fields directly of interest and financially and economically useful to ultimate consumers.

New York, February 20

F. J. SCHLINK

The Missing Plank

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with keen interest the 104 planks of the platform of your new Soviet-Socialist Party, prepared by one hundred experts(?). I have only one criticism. You have omitted one plank of vital importance. The plank might be expressed thus:

Plank 105. We stand for a law compelling every householder who sets out his garbage upon the sidewalk to be gathered up by the Street-Cleaning Department to inclose the same in a covered metal container painted a robin's-egg blue with bright pink ribbons attached to the handles.

The enormous importance of this idea, and its general resemblance to the other 104 planks, will be at once apparent. It would render the garbage ensemble sweet and pretty, and so bring a touch of pleasure into the dreary lives of the proletariat. It would also greatly stimulate the pink-ribbon industry, which is now much depressed. This would result in the employment of additional men to produce the pink ribbon, who in turn would have money to spend for necessities and luxuries, which in turn would result in the employment of additional men to meet this increased demand, who in turn, and so forth and so forth and so on *ad infinitum*, until the millennium is here.

Jersey City, February 15

GEORGE L. RECORD

Not Really Pacifistic

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our local newspapers report the fact that the students of the University of Southern California held a mass-meeting and adopted a resolution calling upon the students of all other universities to unite with them in a movement to bring about universal peace and good-will. The news report states: "At the meeting President Rufus von Kleinsmid told the students that their resolution should not be considered a pacifistic measure but an attempt to ease the present warlike condition of the world."

This seems to me a truly statesman-like saying. For thirty years I have been urging the American people to adopt socialism, and have met with no great success. From now on I shall explain that my measures are not to be considered socialistic but an attempt to ease the present capitalistic condition of the world.

Pasadena, Cal., February 14

UPTON SINCLAIR

Hooked Rugs for Sale

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some of the unemployed in Marion, North Carolina—unemployed since the 1929 strike—are making old-time hooked rugs to sell. This is the only means we have now to support our families. Many hungry school children and families are being fed from the sale of these rugs. We should be glad to send them to any group or person who might want one.

Any shape, size, or color will be made on order: 18 by 30 inches, \$3; 22 by 36 inches, \$5; 26 by 40 inches, \$7; 26 inches by 4 feet, \$10; 3 by 5 feet, \$15. We shall be glad to send further particulars to any who inquire.

Box 634, Marion, N. C., February 11

GRACE ELLIOT

Finance

"Reconstruction" to Date

NOW that the major items in the national reconstruction and revival program have been placed on the statute books or otherwise made operative, it seems appropriate to take stock of the business situation in a general way and inquire what effects have been produced. Such an inquiry, if it appraises the facts accurately, ought to provide some enlightenment as to the nature of our past troubles and the probable method of our recovery from them.

Those who have supported the remedial measures, in Congress, in the Administration, and throughout the country, have actually been divided into two camps. Carefully considered, these two camps have been opposed to each other at every point. One group could see nothing but "inflation" as a result of the Glass-Steagall law, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and the other agencies and devices for loosening the bands of credit. More money, soft money, almost any kind of money, was what they looked forward to and professed to want. This money was to express itself in practical form through a rise in commodity prices. If the gold standard blocked the way toward this end, it might as well go overboard; which was merely another way of advocating that the government pay its bills, plus a large amount of bonuses, with irredeemable paper money.

Though the adherents of this program may not fully realize it, they have been completely routed—as the battle stands to date—and the country has thus far escaped one of the gravest financial dangers which have confronted it since the nineties. For while nobody proposed printing-press money, it seems highly probable that a deliberate inflationary program, once inaugurated, would not have produced the desired results short of a grave compromising of our currency standards.

The other group expected these measures to aid in the restoration of "confidence." Money was to be enticed out of hoarding, banks were to be encouraged to lend more liberally, business men and consumers were to be shown that it would be safe to buy, corporations were to be saved from receivership. It is true that we find the same individuals in some cases talking about both inflation and confidence, apparently not conscious of the deep contradiction in the terms. Nevertheless, the two things could not exist side by side, and as far as the signs can be read today, "confidence" appears to have won the ascendancy.

Indications of this result, it must be admitted, are faint and tentative; but as far as they go they are unmistakable. Without benefit of Reserve Bank purchasing, government bonds have risen four to more than seven points since the beginning of the year. The average income yield of a large group of stocks has fallen from more than 9 per cent in December to 7½ per cent—not as a result of rising prices, but because prices have remained steady in the face of drastic cuts in dividends. While specific commodities, including copper, rubber, sugar, and coffee, have gone to new low levels, the commodity indexes on the whole have shown a tendency to stabilize. The New York Federal Reserve Bank, confident of its power in the world gold market—and probably confident for better reasons than a change in the technicalities of the note-issue law—has reduced its rate from 3½ to 3 per cent, without untoward results. Of tangible business revival, the statistical record offers hardly a trace. He is a hardy prophet who will say when it will come or how far it will proceed. But as the matter stands, the country has vetoed the idea of a quick and spurious revival through inflation.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books, Music, Drama, Films

Unnatural Love

By ALLEN TATE

Lander, not that I doubt your word
That you had strove with none
At seventy-five but had deferred
To Nature and Art alone,
But rather that at thirty-two
From us I see them part,
After they sweetly serviced you—
Yet Nature has no heart:
Brother and sister are estranged
By his ambitious lies,
For he his sister Helen much deranged—
Outraged her, and put coppers on her eyes.

History and Revolution

The History of the Russian Revolution. Volume I: The Overthrow of Tzarism. By Leon Trotsky. Translated by Max Eastman. Simon and Schuster. \$4.

TO write history is always to some extent a political act. We cannot chronicle the decline and fall of a state without selecting and arranging events into a pattern based on preconceptions, interests, and purposes. If this is true of events in which time enables us to achieve some detachment, it is all the more true of events which occurred but yesterday, whose impact continues today, and particularly true if we have ourselves actively participated in them.

This commonplace is repeated here not for the purpose of implying that historical objectivity is impossible, but to indicate the prerequisites of this objectivity and its limitations. Even the most exact sciences make allowances for a coefficient of error inherent in the observer, his instruments, and the nature of the phenomena under observation. An approach to objective truth is possible only if due regard is given to such error-coefficients. In reading history prime consideration must be given to the fact that society, as it has hitherto existed, has been a class society, and therefore all history is written from a class viewpoint. As the economics and social bases of society change, one class replaces another in the dominant position of power. In this process it is to the interests of the defenders of the status quo to conceal from the subject classes the origins and development of the state which oppresses them. On the other hand, it is to the interests of a rising revolutionary class to ascertain and reveal the historic truth. For this reason the scientists and philosophers of the revolutionary middle class in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries in their struggle against the existing feudal order discovered many objective truths about the world which have been incorporated in the general body of knowledge. In the latter half of the nineteenth century, however, when the middle class was defending itself against the rising proletariat, its historians and social scientists became apologists unwilling to state the facts, and the function of discovering and revealing historic truth passed to the ultimate revolutionary class—the proletariat.

In part it is this class bias which Trotsky has in mind when he says of his history of the February Revolution that "the serious and critical reader will not want a treacherous impartiality, which offers him a cup of conciliation with a well-settled poison of reactionary hate at the bottom." The history of

a revolution, he points out, is above all "a history of the forcible entrance of the masses into the realm of rulership over their own destiny," and its political mechanism "consists in the transfer of power from one class to another." The chronicling of that history and the analysis of the political mechanism involved are not easy, particularly when the historian sets himself the task not only of telling what happened and how, but "why it happened thus and not otherwise"—to discover the laws of history. In this case the author often mistakes a brilliant aphorism for a historic law, literary satire for scientific explanation, and ironic caricature for psychologic analysis; but he often illuminates with dramatic force the confused march of events.

The February Revolution was the first to arise out of the World War and was due to a complicated combination of circumstances. Behind it were the "rehearsals" of the revolution of 1905-7 and the counter-revolution of 1907-14. During these periods the participants of the revolutions of 1917 learned to know each other and their roles in the drama. The monarchy was already tottering in 1914; only a catalyst was needed to precipitate a revolution. That catalyst was the World War. The monarchy fell almost without a struggle. The final blow against czarism was delivered by two forces: the entire bourgeois and landowning class of Russia in alliance with the Anglo-French capitalists, and the Soviet of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies. But in the first week of the first revolution a second one was already on the horizon. The fall of czarism left three political camps contending for power. The dispossessed landowning class, the old bureaucracy, and the higher military commanders formed the first. The second included the big bourgeoisie and landowners, with the petit-bourgeoisie in their wake; and the third the Soviets of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies.

The first phase of the struggle for power from February to July, 1917, is described by Trotsky in a colorful style. But in a history such as this, style is of minor importance, and must not obscure fundamental issues. It is necessary to distinguish between the brilliant rhetoric of the book and its ideas, and the ideas themselves must be divided into two groups—those which express class presuppositions and those which reflect the author's political bias. Only if proper weight is given to the last factor is it possible to understand how one can write a "Marxian" history in which personal satire takes precedence over economic factors, and in which all leading revolutionary figures appear as short-sighted, stupid, and timid with the exception of Trotsky, the nameless heroes of the revolution, and—of necessity—Lenin. In so far as Trotsky seeks to treasure the historic role of the proletariat in the February Revolution his history throws light on the mechanism of transferring power from one class to another; but in so far as he treasures his own historic role, his political bias betrays him into savage caricatures of the Bolshevik leaders who have led the Russian masses through a victorious revolution and the achievements of the Five-Year Plan.

Like every caricaturist, Trotsky selects a few features out of their context for the purpose of belittling his subject. In this way—assuming the best interpretation—history may be falsified even if the historian tells nothing but the truth, if he fails to tell the whole truth. Hence some of the unresolved contradictions of Trotsky's history, which states, for instance, that the Bolsheviks led the February Revolution, but that Bolshevik leadership was "amazing in its helplessness and lack of initiative." Trotsky explains this paradox by attributing the leadership of the insurrection to the "nameless, austere statesmen of the factory and street"—the worker-Bolsheviks, but he admits that they were "educated for the most part by the party of Lenin," all of whose leaders, with the exception of Lenin himself, he ridicules.

Here the essential problem is: How did Bolshevik leadership educate the rank and file of the party and how did the party educate the mass of workers? Trotzky indicates that it was by theoretical and political struggles against menshevism, economism, and other tendencies which sought to mislead the workers; and in the case of Lenin by a struggle against specific errors on the part of individual Bolsheviks. But he fails to mention that for twelve years Lenin and the Bolshevik Party educated the workers by an unrelenting struggle against Trotzky's political views. A history which lays so much stress on alleged errors made by individual revolutionary leaders in the past must be suspected when it ignores the errors of the author. In describing the evolution of political tendencies between 1905 and 1917, Trotzky ignores the fact that bolshevism, which led the February insurrection, developed its program and tactics in political and ideological combat with Trotzkyism and other anti-Bolshevik tendencies. This omission constitutes a serious distortion of past and present history, since Trotzky's political differences with the Communists date back to the inception of the Bolshevik Party in 1903. After fourteen years of opposition to Bolshevik policies Trotzky joined the party of Lenin in July, 1917. "I came to Lenin fighting," he said. The history of this political struggle is more important to the understanding of the history of the Russian Revolution up to date than Trotzky's caricatures of individual figures.

JOSEPH FREEMAN

Puritanism in Ireland

The Puritan. By Liam O'Flaherty. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

THE middle-class citizens of the Irish Free State having won the revolution, and the peasants for and by whom it was fought having lost it, the former set about to turn the attention of the latter away from their own misery by waging a new war against bawdy plays, pornographic literature, and prostitution. This is something of the background of Liam O'Flaherty's "The Puritan." The situation is not alien to American methods. However, the recrudescence of ferreting puritanism and nosey evangelism in Ireland today beggars the picturesque history of Mr. Sumner. Compared with the Dubliners' zeal for whitewashing the printed matter for home consumption, Mr. Sumner's efforts to void our literature of prurience appear Continental and belletristic.

The story itself, a kind of thriller on a higher level, is not so absorbing as the politically putrid milieu from which it springs. Francis Ferriter, a member of the vigilance society in Dublin, is a journalist of sorts, an unhappily inspired writer for Catholic periodicals and chauvinistic magazines. As his name suggests, he is the typical Puritan. Living in diggings, his consuming urge to edify others turns to a comely prostitute who occupies the room below him. Unable to salvage or to disinfect her religiously, he murders her for what he believes at the time are disinterested reasons. Then, bruised with misgivings and fearful of detection by the police, he seeks ecclesiastical as well as human reassurance from the officers of the uplift organizations in which he has held membership. Now seeing them as opportunistic and flaccid editors, he leaves them with a curse. The need for confession becomes increasingly imperative. Poignantly aware that he has killed the prostitute because he loved her (stale repercussions of Somerset Maugham and Thais), he enters a booth and expounds his emotional thesis to the father, who only becomes attentive when it looks as if the confession has strong possibilities of turning into a racy sex story. Ferriter, perceiving that his exposition is beyond the depth of the old man, who is a shopkeeper in a clerical stole,

spits through the grille into his face and goes off. As an ex-piatory gesture, Ferriter decides to give up his "innocence," his pudicity, to another streetwalker.

"The Puritan" would have been more adequate as a forthright thesis. As it is, it is simply another post-Huxley novel, competent, intelligent, but without the undeniable talent or vitality that has given Liam O'Flaherty a definite place in Irish and British letters. However, as a social symptom it is significant. The book is drenched with bitterness and the failure of the revolution in Ireland, the failure that has marked everything that Sean O'Casey or Liam O'Flaherty has ever written.

EDWARD DAHLBERG

Ways to End War

War. By Scott Nearing. The Vanguard Press. \$3.

They That Take the Sword. By Esme Wingfield-Stratford. William Morrow and Company. \$4.

THE agitation for the suppression of war becomes more urgent every day. Pacifism always thrives in the piping times of peace, and while the times just now are not exactly piping, the pacifists are making hay while the world groans under the heaviest burden of war debts and charges ever piled on the backs of the people. There is still a good deal of unreality about most of the pacifist propaganda, but with the incursion of more and better brains into the field, this glaring defect will, we hope, be speedily remedied. If any mere arguments could sway society, there is no doubt that the pacifist case would triumph immediately, hands down. Unfortunately arguments are as nothing in the face of implacable world social forces, traditions, and the fact that cultural lag is characteristic of the mentalities of those who assume to rule us.

The old argument that war is a survival from the days of savagery and, as such, not a necessary part of civilization seems to be thoroughly discredited. Primitive man has, in certain highly specialized situations, shown himself capable of getting along without bilking his neighbors periodically. But more often he has taken huge delight in such sanguinary exercises, frequently with much the same spirit that animates a football game. His wars were, in a sense, governed by rigid and respected rules. Even when the victims got little consideration the raider was acting in response to some communal practice of his group. He was, for example, seeking to prove his manhood. But the bickerings of primitive peoples now strike us as essentially unimportant as wars, for they did not result in anything more terrible than the plundering of a small group of people by another group equally small, with a few incidental and inevitable deaths. Nothing happened that could be properly described as a social disaster, and certainly the culture of the period was as much assisted by diffusion through contact and conquest as damaged by destruction. It was only when civilization got on its feet that war became describable in Mr. Nearing's terms—"organized destruction and mass murder." The distinguishing feature of war among civilized peoples is that it is organized. And as a necessary result of this, it has become more destructive in proportion as science has progressed and society has become more intricately organized. Mr. Nearing advances the thesis that war is a constituent part of civilization (which he identifies with capitalism) and that to eliminate it we shall have to transform society. We shall have to adopt communism.

He argues that, under capitalism, once the home market reaches the point of saturation, the only thing to do is to expand outside the national boundaries. Such a movement inevitably brings about collisions with other expanding Powers. The collisions of the past took the form of colonial wars, directed against the people it was proposed to subject for purposes of

trade on the one hand, and against any rival for the potential market on the other. We certainly know that this was true in the past. And we also know that Mr. Nearing's next generalization is also true: that as the world became more or less divided up among the great Powers and competition became excessively keen, the result was a series of attempts by the stronger Powers to put down the weaker and take away their markets. These facts being admitted, it seems to Mr. Nearing that war is an inescapable corollary of capitalism. He fails to see how we can hope to eliminate it from the repertory of social necessities under such a system. By way of illustrating his position he is at pains to define the place of military men in civilization, showing how closely they are bound up with the governmental structure and how they have reduced war to a science. Now what he chiefly overlooks, it seems to me, is that until the world becomes entirely communistic, the Communist states will believe themselves forced to maintain war organizations comparable in complexity and potential utility with those of their capitalistic neighbors. That is exactly what has happened in Soviet Russia. It is highly unlikely that the world will be communistic in its entirety inside of a hundred years, which, while a short period according to a cosmic time scheme, is a sufficiently long time for the military spirit to establish itself among the Communists. By social contagion, then, if in no other way, Communist society will probably become tainted with the war disease.

This brings us around to Mr. Stratford's hefty volume. Mr. Nearing is bald and direct in his writing and falls easily into one-two-three summaries. But Mr. Stratford is rhetorical and even poetic, diffuse and occasionally aimless. It is possible to examine but a few of the vast accumulation of notions he dumps down for our inspection. He, with Mr. Nearing, agrees that war is a part of civilization. But whereas Mr. Nearing leaves the impression that he thinks the military men pretty clever in their own way, Mr. Stratford lets us know that he thinks them stupid asses. He holds them up to extended ridicule and scores many amusing points off their prostrate bodies. In essence his indictment is that they are Bourbonistic: they forget nothing and learn nothing. Even the great commanders like Napoleon are exhibited as genial half-wits who won victories more because Lady Luck smiled on them than from skill. He is also very eloquent in his invocation of love as the saving principle in society and the true enemy of war. His book, indeed, is replete with moving appeals for the triumph of love, with rhetorical descriptions of the horrors of war, past, present, and future, and with every other variety of argument and emotional appeal from the pacifist arsenal (*sic!*). I cannot recall a single song and dance he does not execute, sometimes with exceeding skill. His treatise seems to me to be in the weak and irritating traditional pacifist manner. It has only its comprehensiveness to recommend it.

Mr. Nearing is a radical economist. Mr. Stratford is a learned emotional religionist. Both identify civilization with capitalism, but Mr. Nearing does it knowingly while Mr. Stratford seems half-unconscious of what he has done. Consequently, while the former looks to communism as the road to peace, the latter is constantly harping on communism as the enemy of civilization. Yet in spite of the fact that Mr. Nearing's book is, in its upshot, a piece of propaganda for communism, it seems to me to be a sounder analysis of the causes of war and the possibilities of its elimination than Mr. Stratford's. For Mr. Nearing makes it painfully plain that all emotional appeals, whether to an abstract ideal like saving "civilization," love, or something similar, are beside the point. The problem of eliminating war is an economic problem. Any attempt to deflect attention from this point is pernicious. Any attempt to make the problem a pseudo-religious one, any sort of approach except that which seeks, by one way or another, to root out the

economic causes of war, is just so much wasted energy. There is more probability that Mr. Nearing's hard-headed economic approach will teach us how to end war than that Mr. Stratford's suggestions will hoist us into paradise on the wings of the dove of peace.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

The Revival of Donne

A Garland for John Donne. Edited by Theodore Spencer. Harvard University Press. \$2.50.

AS T. S. Eliot remarks in the introductory essay of this volume: "The progress of the reputation of Donne in the last twenty years or so is a curious chapter in the history of reputations." Nor does Mr. Eliot exaggerate his case when he says that his discovery of Donne was not unique and that Donne's influence upon our contemporaries is as deep and perhaps more far-reaching than the influence exerted by the French symbolists. I would agree that the phenomenon is curious and of growing importance, but by no means inexplicable.

It might be well to carry Mr. Eliot's speculations one step farther and contend that Donne's influence was not at all accidental. Although T. S. Eliot has done much toward fixing Donne's name in the minds of contemporary critics, we must assume that a number of poets were ready to assimilate what ever Donne had to offer them. An appreciation of John Donne requires a particular sympathy for the character of his mind and without that sympathy both Eliot and Donne would remain literary curiosities, excellent artists of their kind, but well divorced from the public that has already welcomed them.

If we examine the poetry of the past ten years, we must also account for an enthusiastic reception of Emily Dickinson and Gerard Manley Hopkins. And again, as in the case of John Donne, we have an appreciation of poetry that is religious in its connotations, and is loosely defined as "metaphysical." Today the term "metaphysical" would carry a different set of associations from those current when it was applied to Donne by Ben Jonson. It would include the poetry of Blake, Albert Einstein's investigations in the field of abstract mathematics, and William James's extraordinary researches into the variety of human religious experience. It would imply, on the part of the poet, a self-analysis that transcends personal emotion, and a fusion of apparently irreconcilable vocabularies and images that are bound together for the purpose of expressing his precise reaction to his spiritual and realistic environment. It is to be noted that John Donne's poetry contains, along with other characteristics, the following elements: a rapid transition from personal experience into religious emotion; a vocabulary and images that are non-literary and chosen for speed, force, and dramatic effect. The manner is conversational, and depends upon its own system of metrics rather than the formal laws of poetry which preceded it. These particular characteristics mark the poetry of Emily Dickinson, Hart Crane, Gerard Manley Hopkins, and the prose of Herman Melville. "Batter my heart, three-personed God" is a terse example of Donne's method, and though his vitality is unique, one may find traces of his manner running through much of the devotional poetry that we read today.

There are indications that the so-called metaphysical poetry of the present decade have occasioned a sharp break away from the poetry that distinguished the preceding ten years. Such critics as H. L. Mencken and Max Eastman are bewildered by the change, yet neither of the two achieves a genuine diagnosis of the causes of the disease. They seem to be quite unconscious that the maladjustment of the contemporary metaphysical poetry has its own significance, and that a poet such as T. S. Eliot

has the problem of reconciling the culture and beliefs of the past with the melodramatic impact of contemporary civilization. If the modern poet is to escape or protect himself from the symbol of "The Waste Land," it is more than likely that he will be forced to search out new religious experiences or return to the old. And it is only natural that he should attempt to express himself in a new technique, comparable in its precise use of words to the highly specialized equipment of a scientific laboratory.

Specialized examination of each word or line in a poem is a current practice in contemporary criticism and the writing of poetry. Again we find a reason for an actual appreciation of such artists as Donne, whose work, carelessly read, disintegrates into a spectrum of brilliant paradoxes. The system that he organized in his poetry combined the elements of two conflicting philosophies which dominated his age—scholasticism and the new spirit in science which followed the Renaissance. Although it may be dangerous to push the analogy which joins Donne's type of thinking to our mind into an exact parallel, there is enough similarity between his mind and the character of our own search for religious conviction to effect sympathetic communication. Even the materialism of the Soviet state in Russia is sustained by a dialectic based upon a paradox of religious faith. The means by which a contemporary Marxian arrives at his conclusions are not at all unlike those of the expert theologians who built the delicate, flesh-embodied structures of Anglican and Roman Catholicism.

Of the eight essays which comprise this volume, written to commemorate Donne's excellence, four may be read with interest by the general reader. These are T. S. Eliot's discussion of Donne in *Our Day*; Evelyn Simpson's analysis of Martial's influence on Donne's Paradoxes and Problems; Donne and the Poetry of Today, by George Williamson; and, finally, Theodore Spencer's brief summary of Donne and His Age. The remaining four essays are contributed by Mario Praz, John Hayward, John Sparrow, and Mary Paton Ramsay. Although these latter essays serve to clarify academic discussion of Donne's value, they are written with an eye toward questions of technical dispute and carry with them the atmosphere of theses written for a Ph.D. These further speculations, however, should be welcomed rather than rejected, and the entire volume deserves to be read by anyone with a special interest in the more recent developments in contemporary poetry.

HORACE GREGORY

Notes on Fiction

Thirteen Men in the Mine. By Pierre Hubermont. Translated by L. H. Titterton. Illustrated by Ben Knotts. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Thirteen Belgian miners are trapped in a mine slide. Industrial necessity demands that they be walled up beyond rescue. The problem before the young engineer who must make the decision forms the slender thread on which the novel is strung. The staccato method, which is hampered by an uneven translation, defeats the purpose of the novel. The force of the conception of the class struggle passes beyond the story proper and leaves the novel's emotional quality untouched. What might have been a significant labor novel is only an ordinary one.

Recaptured. By Colette. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

"Recaptured" continues the story of Renée the vagabond, who is now retired from the stage, at loose ends, bored, unhappy, and empty. Half the novel is concerned with this in-

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS
HAVE THE HONOR
TO ANNOUNCE
THE PUBLICATION OF
"EXPRESSION IN AMERICA"
BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN
AN APPRAISAL
OF THE AMERICAN SPIRIT
AS SEEN
THROUGH THE LIVES
AND WORKS OF
OUR CREATIVE WRITERS

"To read it is to share the adventures of one discriminating soul among our native masterpieces."—Joseph Wood Krutch. Royal 8vo, 624 pages, indexed. \$4.00

Coming, as it does, from the new liberated Russia, this volume is nothing short of sensational—and a real bombshell in the camp of feminism.

The Biological Tragedy of Woman

By ANTON NEMILOV, M. D.

Translated from the Russian by Stephanie Ofental

We have come to accept woman's independence, and her fitness for jobs that once were men's, as a matter of course. Yet, now an eminent scientist says that while she may be on man's plane intellectually, woman can never successfully compete for man's place, because of the terrible biological handicap with which nature has saddled her. Many people will disagree with Dr. Nemilov's thesis—but every intelligent person will want to read it, and discuss it.

The Translation has been made from the 5th (revised) Russian Edition

\$2.50

COVICI & FRIEDE • Publishers
386 Fourth Avenue • New York

between period; the second part relates the complications attending the third and final love of her life. Structurally the novel is far more interesting than its predecessor, for it is not so simple or so obvious. As usual in Colette, those passages which deal directly with the sexual relations of the characters are unsurpassable. The novel seems to have, in retrospect, more force than it does at the time of reading. The wordiness of the first section assumes a validity for the mood it has established, and each lifeless episode takes on point. In many ways it is the best of Colette's novels.

The Virtuous Knight. By Robert Emmet Sherwood. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

Written in a very ordinary style and exploiting somewhat the same method of putting modern man in an ancient setting which made "The Road to Rome" at once so cheap and so popular a satire, this novel tells the story of a young man who goes on a crusade, learns that worldly criteria are not all, loses his religion but not his virginity, gains an agnosticism very much like that of any of the youths whose experiences formed the subject of many novels in the last decade, and finally returns, after singular adventures, to his own land, unable to overcome the reader's (presumable) prejudice against polygamy for Anglo-Saxons. It is not so bad as might be expected; it is merely mediocre.

Four Frightened People. By E. Arnot Robertson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

A woman past thirty, a near-sighted married man, a British columnist, and a cheerful female busybody desert a ship stricken with bubonic plague and plunge through a Malay forest. Their adventures, as told by the woman, have an air of reality about them; the emotional complexities, the delays, the contacts with natives, the subtle but not drastic changes in character, the abandonment of the busybody in the middle of the forest, make a story which would have been more effective if it had not been told in the first person.

Music

Technical Criticism

PERHAPS the only professional musicians who take concert criticism seriously are the critics themselves. Except by amateurs and general readers, it is usually looked on as mildly useless if not actually pernicious. Useless because no critic, even with the equipment which, it is felt, reviewers too often lack, could day after day give accurate judgments on works and performances for which he has had no time to prepare, or upon which to reflect. Pernicious, perhaps, because his ill-considered and unequipped judgments, set forth with an air of authority, are invested by the uninformed reader with an unmerited importance.

The practical obstacles to music criticism in the newspapers are real and perhaps insuperable. The newspaper demands, above all, readability—an inviting column for the general reader. Now the general reader is not interested in music criticism, and never will be. There is no more reason for anyone without some genuine interest in and knowledge of the subject to read the concert reviews than the financial columns. The sports writer does not hesitate to write a jargon so technical as to be almost unintelligible to any but a regular reader. But while you will find, if you read concert reviews regularly, literary curiosities and flights of lyrical description by the dozen, any reference to specific musical questions in specific terms is almost

entirely absent. I daresay that between "dominant seventh" and "illecebrous" most of the readers of concert reviews would choose the former as the less esoteric term. But while the enlargement of descriptive vocabularies in strange directions goes on constantly, the avoidance of the simplest and commonest technical terms is almost complete and universal.

Now, while in the criticism of musical works the critic may perhaps be permitted to send his soul adventuring among masterpieces, and to record its experiences in appropriately perfumed prose, the newspaper is hardly the place, or the hours between the close of the concert and the newspaper's deadline the occasion, for glowing interpretations of the sort. If the hurried record of fleeting impressions is of importance in any respect, it concerns performance. And while critical applause almost has to be recorded in general terms and figures of speech, since the direct description of musical emotions in words is impossible, there is no reason why critical dissent should not be pointed by specific references in technical terms. The chief weaknesses of concert criticism are, I think, journalistic, the result largely of the fact that most of the critics began as newspapermen. Music criticism is to them a branch of journalism, and the readability of their columns means even more to them than their critical accuracy.

But even freed from journalistic exigencies, real or imagined, the path of the concert critic is not a clear one. Many important aspects of performance defy the application of anything like objective standards. Tone quality, for example, conditions the effectiveness of almost all other aspects of performance; but "good" and "bad" are hardly more than terms of personal preference when applied to it. "Fast" and "slow," too, as Riemann pointed out, are conceptions that vary greatly from person to person, according to physical and nervous constitution; to tempi in performance it is hard to apply any standards but those of one's own taste and tendency.

But there are questions of proportion, based on melodic, harmonic, or rhythmic structure, which can hardly be called matters of mere personal preference. Twice in his recent performance of the "Unfinished Symphony" Mr. Bruno Walter definitely broke the rhythmic continuity of transitional passages—the one leading to the second theme of the first movement, where the retard came four measures too early; and the one leading to the return of the first theme of the second movement, broken two measures before its real end, I think. The whole significance of these transitional passages seems to me to depend on the inevitability with which they lead to salient points in the musical structure. The composer is assured that in performance the melodic and harmonic aspects of that inevitability will be clear because notation is tolerably definite in those respects. But for the true communication of that feeling of inevitable progression his music must depend on a similarly unarrested dynamic and rhythmic flow, which, since notation is still not adequate to express it clearly, must be inferred by the performer from the melodic and harmonic circumstances. This, I think, Mr. Walter failed to do, and if I am right he thereby distorted the shape of the work so that details of his performance, however beautifully executed, lost their place and much of their significance.

On the same program with the "Unfinished Symphony" Mr. Walter played the Fifth Symphony of Mahler. The reviewers the next day were concerned almost entirely with the Mahler work, which New York critics can hardly know thoroughly, nearly to the exclusion of the Schubert symphony, on which, if on anything, their standards of performance should be well established. On so complicated a mixture as the Mahler a critical opinion based on less than thorough knowledge of the work must be of doubtful value at best; nor is reference to or description of the beauties of the "Unfinished," to which discussion of that part of the program was largely confined,

quite news. My particular objections to Mr. Walter's performance may be unfounded, and my understanding of the structure of the "Unfinished" quite wrong. But criticism based on a true understanding of such questions and devoting more of its attention to them would, I think, have a value for musicians and students and merit an authority among laymen which the generally impressionistic journalism of our music columns too often lacks.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

The Guild Goes Irish

DENIS JOHNSTON'S "The Moon in the Yellow River" (Guild Theater) opens with a soliloquy by a comic servant and soon thereafter gets down to the serious business of the evening, which consists in a plot to blow up the power-house. It contains, in other words, pretty nearly everything which one has come to expect in a modern Irish play, and it produces upon an alien audience the same general conviction produced by others of its kind—namely, that Ireland is a country where there are almost as many political factions as there are individuals and where the only characteristic common to all is a desire to fight it out.

Beyond that it is rather difficult for an outsider to go. He can vaguely recognize the satiric speeches which were intended to start riots in various sections of the audience, and he can also recognize those others which were no doubt signals for bursts of united patriotic enthusiasm. But it all seems pretty far away and it is difficult not to feel that it is a private fight after all. It is too bad that the "boy" who has joined the constabulary of the Free State should consider it his unpleasant duty to shoot down his irreconcilable pal. It is also too bad that he should be compelled to take it for granted that he in his turn will be shot in the back by another and equally high-minded patriot. But since all concerned seem to think the process necessary, it is hardly worth while for a neutral to protest. As Anatole France has so wisely remarked, "Chacun fait son salut comme il peut," and as an earlier sage had previously proclaimed, "De gustibus—" et cetera. All peoples have a penchant for metaphysical discussion but only the Irish, it would appear, insist upon concluding every syllogism with a club or a gun.


The play at present in question seems to have been written with considerable seriousness and considerable skill. It has certainly been produced very expertly by the Guild and acted by a highly competent cast. For these reasons, if for no others, I should very much like to be able to report just what the conclusions reached by the author are and to differentiate between his attitude and that, let us say, of Mr. O'Casey. But I am sorrowfully compelled to admit that I am utterly unable to do anything of the sort and that I must rest content with a very summary account of the proceedings. The general subject of discussion is "progress," and the question at issue is the question of whether or not it is desirable that Ireland should be industrialized. A German engineer thinks that it is desirable and a gallant if somewhat too hard-drinking patriot thinks that it is not. Naturally, therefore, the patriot plans to blow up the power-house which the German has built; and to make things clearer, a running comment on the whole affair is supplied by an insane gentleman who has retired to a hermitage on his native soil. The power-house is destroyed but the patriot is assassinated, and so, I presume, everybody is supposed to be satisfied.

Since the German gets rather the worst of the arguments,

1832-1932

Goethe

Centennial in Germany



THE world of arts and letters gathers at the shrines of Goethe in Germany this year. To mark the 100th anniversary of his passing, the poet's native land pays tribute to the greatest mind of two centuries by the celebration, from March to September, of richly dowered festivals throughout the country. Here, in beautiful Germany, you will be welcomed as an honored guest at these festivals . . . Booklet No. 18 on the Goethe Centennial will gladly be sent.

German Tourist Information Office
605 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Whether You're Going to RUSSIA



for
BUSINESS
or **PLEASURE**

NOW YOU CAN LEARN
RUSSIAN
IN 60 DAYS

The Only Home Study Course
in Russian Available
TODAY!

THINK of it! First you LISTEN—then SPEAK Russian, as it is spoken today in the Soviet Union. And it's all so easy! You see a familiar scene enacted. You hear it described. In two months OR LESS you're actually TALKING, READING AND WRITING Russian or German or French or any one of 15 different languages now taught the amazing Linguaphone way. You learn right in your own home—your instructors are the leading professors of language in the world's greatest universities. What an advantage this ability to speak the language will prove when you visit Russia or any other foreign country—how important a part your new linguistic ability will play in business, in social contacts and cultural achievements! And all at a cost of but a few dollars. The coupon below brings you full details about the tested and PROVED Linguaphone method. Mail it TODAY!

The LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
OF AMERICA

LIBRARY 703-AD

10 EAST 43RD ST., N. Y.

SEND COUPON FOR FULL DETAILS

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
Library 703-AD, 10 East 43rd St., N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, particulars about Linguaphone and your 7-day FREE TRIAL OFFER. I am interested in the language.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

Americans visiting England think they will see its real country life. But they won't—unless they read **THE**

COUNTRYMAN

256 Pages (illustrated), and produced wholly in the country, it 'makes one feel in the country'—Thomas Hardy's message to the Editor. The Poet Laureate, John Masefield, has just mentioned that he has been a reader, 'with delight,' for five years. 'I prefer it,' he says, 'to any other periodical'.

But judge for yourself. We shall be delighted to send you, free, a Specimen Copy from Idbury Manor, Kingham, Oxfordshire, for we know that you are very likely to join the now numerous body of our American readers. The New York *Tribune*, speaking of **THE COUNTRYMAN**, might well ask, 'Why not in America?'

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

Blessed Event—Longacre—48 St. W. of B'way.
 Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
 Cynara—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way.
 Face The Music—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
 Hay Fever—Avon—W. 45 St.
 Mourning Becomes Electra—Alvin—52 St. W. of B'way.
 Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.
 Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 1 Ave.
 Riddle Me This—John Golden—W. 58 St.
 Springtime for Henry—Bijou—45 St.
 The Animal Kingdom—Broadhurst—44 St. W. of B'way.
 The Devil Passes—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
 The Good Fairy—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.
 The Laugh Parade—Imperial—W. 45 St.
 The Left Bank—Little—44 St.
 The Moon in the Yellow River—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
 There's Always Juliet—Empire—B'way and 40 St.
 Trick for Trick—Sam H. Harris—42 St. W. of B'way.
 Whistling in the Dark—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.

DANCE

League for Industrial Democracy, dance and "Crab The Works,"
 Friday, March 11, Webster Hall, 119 E. 11th St.

FIRST NIGHTS

March 7, Alice Sit-by-the-Fire—Playhouse—48 St. E. of B'way.
 March 7, Money in the Air—Ritz—48 St. W. of B'way.
 March 9, Night Over Taos—48 St.—48 St. E. of B'way.

I deduce that the author of the play has his doubts about "progress." Since the blowing up is finally accomplished, not in accordance with the plans of the patriot but as the result of pure accident, I deduce still further that some satire on Irish inefficiency is also intended. But I should not be surprised to be told that I had missed the point entirely. Indeed, I repeatedly had the sense that the author was trying to say something very subtle which was passing just over my head, and up to the last scene of all, I was prepared to admit that in Dublin, where the allusions were clear and the symbols understandable, "The Moon in the Yellow River" might be a very significant play. But doubts were reborn during that last scene, in the course of which the madman addresses to his young daughter some general remarks on unhappiness as the necessary condition of human greatness and concludes that God and the devil are probably only two aspects of the same person. What I did understand was, in other words, so excessively commonplace that I lost faith in what I did not, and I am therefore ready to risk a dogmatic judgment: "The Moon in the Yellow River" is a puzzling and not exactly boresome play but it is not a particularly good one.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Riddle Me This!" (John Golden Theater), containing as it does Frank Craven, Thomas Mitchell, and a murder mystery that consists in an innocent man being—almost—railroaded to the electric chair although the audience saw the guilty man commit the murder, provides plenty of cheerful entertainment for an evening. The victim, Georgette Spelvin, who has to lie on the floor playing dead for forty-five minutes, without e'er a sneeze, is getting less credit as an actress than she deserves.

D. V. D.

Films

"Elemental Hoke"

THE movies do improve, and consciously, but the demonstrated necessity for covering their tracks as they approach an intellectual level above twelve years is so great that the real question is why adult movies exist at all. Even in the metropolitan picture houses the advent of the Lunts in "The Guardsman" was announced in frightened advertisements built upon the theme: "Don't let the title mislead you. It's a laugh riot." Likewise, though with less reason, the salesmen for Constance Bennett's latest picture attempted to coat it with whatever it is the millions find most palatable. It was given the sensational title of "Lady with a Past" and the announcements promised that Miss Bennett would wear eighteen new gowns.

But apparently the eighteen gowns and the title are not enough, for *Variety* predicts only a fair future for the picture in the following succinct terms:

For all its excellent direction, civilized dialogue, and admirably sustained sophisticated mood, this Constance Bennett picture will not gross as much as its predecessors. Its story is casual, it lacks necessary elemental hoke. . . . It takes solid American beliefs too lightly to align the matrons and hinterland ladies in smashing box-office numbers.

There is little to be added to this appraisal, except to say that it is just. "Lady with a Past" (Mayfair) is authentic American comedy, directed with gaiety by E. H. Griffith. The dialogue is bright and believable, rather than sensational. The acting is convincing throughout. The tempo is a little slow at first but picks up rapidly, particularly after the appearance

of Ben Lyon as the "sort of gigolo" who pilots the wallflower Miss Bennett through the experiences in Paris that every young girl should have. Finally, its boy-and-girl situation is so thoroughly natural in its presentation that it produces a sense of reality out of proportion to its scope or importance.

"Arsène Lupin" (Capitol), in which the two Barrymores, Lionel and John, are starred, is a lumbering, unsubtle production completely lacking in conviction. There are long scenes in which the two main characters cease being the police chief and the clever crook to become two Barrymores attitudinizing at each other. Assuredly, John is the lesser actor of the two. Moreover, he seems unable to discard the characteristics of his customary melodramatic roles, especially the piercing glances he employed so freely in "The Mad Genius." But both the Barrymores are in danger of being dated by an elaborate, old-fashioned brand of acting which is emphasized when they play together.

In "Lovers Courageous" the movies yield to another of their less admirable weaknesses. Having heard that Frederick Lonsdale was a successful playwright, Hollywood hired him to write a picture. The result is not surprising. "Lovers Courageous" is an extended, formless outpouring of pleasant dialogue agreeably recited by Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans (two excellent performers who deserve a much better play) in a long series of scenes monotonous in situation and directed toward no climax, accompanied by a plot extremely banal and long-drawn-out.

If the movies are sometimes annoying in their insistence on "elemental hoke," they are at least much more adroit at handling it than the scientists who sponsored "The Blonde Captive." This record of an expedition to the hot, desolate north shores of Australia is interesting as long as it deals with giant turtles, the duck-billed platipus, and frightful-looking natives who are obviously not far removed from Neanderthal. When it introduces an episode, "based on facts," of a white woman living among these natives, it appears that the scientists were either too cautious or too inexperienced to select a woman with sex appeal. As a result the episode produces neither scientific nor romantic satisfaction.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

GEORGE T. ALTMAN has made extensive researches in the field of taxation and contributed articles on the subject to various magazines.

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE will publish in the spring a book entitled "Challenge to Defeat: Modern Man in Goethe's World and Spengler's Century."

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore *Sun*, is author of "The History of the Democratic Party."

ALLEN TATE is the author of "Mr. Pope, and Other Poems."

JOSEPH FREEMAN is coauthor of "Dollar Diplomacy" and "Voices of October."

EDWARD DAHLBERG is the author of "Bottom Dogs."

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is the author of "Why We Fought."

HORACE GREGORY has recently published a translation of Catullus.

AMICUS MOST, who was campaign manager for Norman Thomas in the last city elections, returned last summer from two years spent in Rumania as an engineer.

PLAYS □ RECITALS □ LECTURES

THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS EUGENE O'NEILL'S TRILOGY MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

Composed of 3 plays
Homecoming, The Hunted, The Haunted

All 3 plays will be presented on one day, commencing at 5:30 sharp. Dinner intermission of one hour at 7 o'clock. No matinee performances.
ALVIN THEATRE, 52d St., West of Broadway

REUNION IN VIENNA

a comedy by ROBERT B. SHERWOOD

MARTIN BECK THEA., 45 St. & 8 Ave. PEnn. 6-6100
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER

By DENIS JOHNSTON

GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of B'way
Eves. 8:40 Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:40

EDNA GILBERT MILLER Presents HERBERT BEST MARSHALL in THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET

A Comedy by John van Druten
"Utterly delightful."—John Mason Brown, Post.
EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway and 40th St. Eves. 8:40
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday 2:30

HELEN HAYES

in MOLNAR'S New Comedy

THE GOOD FAIRY

"One of the few triple-starred, immediately recommendable entertainments in town."—Gilbert Gabriel, N. Y. American.
HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd Street
Evenings 8:50 Mats. Thurs., Sat. 2:40

LESLIE HOWARD

in PHILIP BARRY'S New Comedy

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

"The season's most gratifying adventure."
—Percy Hammond, Herald-Tribune.
Staged by GILBERT MILLER

BROADHURST THEA. 44th St., West of B'way. Eves. 8:40
Mats. Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30

TOWN HALL—THURSDAY NIGHT, MARCH 17 at 8:30

Hall Johnson NEGRO CHOIR

Auspices Alpha Chi Alpha, Hunter College

TICKETS: \$1 to \$2.50

Now at Box Office

THE WORLD OUTLOOK In Economics & Politics

SCOTT NEARING In America
In Europe NORMAN THOMAS

Monday Evening, March 28th, 8:00 P.M.

Star Casino, 105 East 107th Street, N. Y. C.

Auspices: Manumit Parent-Teachers Association

Tickets 50c

Write Rand School
7 East 15th St.

or Manumit School
Pawling, New York

Rumanian Communists in Jail

By AMICUS MOST

MY friend was in jail. He had been sentenced for four years for the high crime of an "attempt to change the form of the government," and the basis of his conviction had been a written but unpublished article which had been instigated by an *agent provocateur*. He, his wife who was carrying the article to the printer, and the printer who was going to print it had all been sentenced. My friend's brother and myself were going to visit him.

The old train rumbled out of Bucharest through the flat plateau, then through the oil-refinery district of Ploesti, and finally through wonderful valleys where we gazed up at the beautiful snow-capped crests of the Carpathians. The scenery made us forget the hardness of the wooden seats and the discomfort and dirt of a third-class Rumanian railway car. Peasants in their native costumes that looked so picturesque from the vantage-point of the train window lost some of their charm when seated next to us, eating their mamaliga and brinza. We finally arrived at the delightful little town of S——. The prison was located on the mountain top, overlooking the valley and town, and approachable only by a tortuous and unpaved road, typical of most roads in this country, and absolutely impassable for any sort of vehicle. Even the prison supplies had to be painfully carried up on men's backs.

Arriving at the clearing in front of the gray stone walls that formed the penitentiary at S—— we were stopped by a blue-uniformed prison guard armed with a bayoneted rifle. After we had explained our business, the guard took our papers inside to have them examined. After a long time he came out and wanted to know if I were a foreign newspaperman, but I carefully showed him the word "engineer" on my passport, and explained that I was in Rumania building roads for an American concern. After another interminable wait we were finally admitted into the building and ushered into a severe room furnished only with a large bare table.

My friend D—— was brought in. He was emaciated, pale, and dressed in the shabbiest sort of clothes, his feet wrapped in rags instead of shoes. I had remembered him as a husky, healthy-looking person of the football-player type. I was so overcome by his appearance that I could hardly greet him. However, there was a fire in his eyes that I had never seen before—the fire of martyrdom. One is wont to criticize martyrs. I shall never do so again. All that is left to them is the strength of their ideals. His brother had brought along some newspapers, a great chunk of raw meat, a dozen large loaves of black bread, a sack of cornmeal (the ingredient for the Rumanian mamaliga), and a bundle of boards. The guard examined everything, prodded the meat with his dirty hands, cut open the bread, ran his bayonet through the sack of meal, and looked over the papers to see if they were admissible.

D—— started to talk to me in French, it being the only language we had in common. The guard, unable to understand our conversation, protested. Then there started the

sort of comedy that could only happen in the Balkans. D—— yelled at the guard, the guard yelled back at him, and finally my friend, grabbing me by the arm, rushed into the warden's office. After another long wrangle we were permitted to remain in the warden's office and continue talking in French.

D—— told me his story—a tale of pain, privation, hunger, disease, torture, cold, dirt, homosexuality due to sex starvation, and, worst of all, the terrible fear of insanity from lack of mental or physical activities. It is too long to repeat in detail. I will only attempt to summarize. I must say at this point that through it all ran a note of tragic comedy, owing to the prodigious inefficiency and bad management of all Rumanian organizations.

The government budgets ten lei (six cents) per day per prisoner, and by the time all the graft has been subtracted, it amounts to three lei. The prisoners have to rely upon the generosity of their friends and relatives on the outside for their food, clothes, medicines, and so on. Those who have been in so long as to be forgotten by everyone, rely upon the kindness of the other prisoners, or upon the few lei they are able to earn or steal from the wealthier ones. The eighty-odd political prisoners were lucky in having outside organizations to help them, but being sincere Communists, they shared their mites with the rest, and even with the guards, who were themselves often unpaid and always underfed, so that their lot was not much better than that of the prisoners. The prisoners were given the privilege of working, but they had to arrange for the purchase of tools and raw materials through friends and out of their own funds, and market the products in the same manner. If they could succeed in doing all this, they then had to turn over to the prison authorities 65 per cent of the selling price, which meant that they would lose on the deal, so most of them did nothing. The boards which my friend's brother had brought were materials to work with. It gets terrifically cold in those mountains, but no fuel was supplied until late in January, although the country all about abounds in forests. Of course bathing was impossible in the extreme cold. Tuberculosis and other diseases were rife, but medicine, bandages, or even care were only available to those who could pay for them. The prison physician had a cruel sense of humor and would often prescribe "freedom" as the cure for all prisoners, and laugh heartily at his little joke.

The "politicals" were in a class by themselves. Known as trouble-makers and radicals, they were especially persecuted. They had painfully won some privileges through the weapon of the hunger strike, which they often used with success, because the authorities were afraid to let them die on account of the unwelcome publicity that would ensue. They were "bad" for the others, putting strange ideas into their heads, and fighting injustices, and the other prisoners were entirely too friendly and grateful to the "politicals" to suit the authorities. The warden wanted very much to separate them, but could not do so because the extreme cold

RESORTS



EASTER VACATION

Young folks having a week of liberty and bent on celebrating the occasion, may co-mingle with kindred spirits in the charming surroundings afforded by the Lodge. Than which, we know no better recipe for a thoroughly enjoyable and extraordinarily thrifty holiday.

By railway: N. Y. Central to Harmon Station.

BLUE MOUNTAIN LODGE

FURNACE DOCK RD. PEEKSKILL, N. Y.
PHONE PEEKSKILL 1403

ZINDOREST PARK

Monroe, N. Y.

Phone 800

A country resort of 150 acres in real country environment.

Ideal for HEALTH, REST or RECREATION.

All outdoor and indoor sports including indoor HAND BALL COURT.

1½ hours on Erie R. R., Bus or route 17.

OPEN ALL YEAR

The LAKEVIEW

Offers every comfort of the large Winter Resorts with the homeliness of a not-too-big hotel. Splendid cuisine.

Moderate Rates
59 MADISON AVE.
Tel. Lakewood 287-963
LAKEWOOD, N. J.
SILVER AND EPSTEIN

Re ST CUPERATION CREATION

at THE CRYSTAL LAKE
Woodcliff Lake, N. J.

23 miles from N. Y. Fare 90c. Combines country pleasure with city conveniences. Ideal for convalescents. Cater to diets. Bracing walks, wholesome Jewish-American table. Refinement. Congeniality. Rates considerably reduced. Phone, Park Ridge 404.

FOR delightful vacations — or week-ends.
TOPSTONE FARM, in the Connecticut hills, restful, secluded. We keep our own saddle horses, and provide instruction. Address: R. F. D. 4, Ridgefield, Conn. Phone Ridgefield 648.

WESTERN VIEW FARM

Opens for the Spring season March 15th. \$8 daily; \$49 weekly. Address Edward G. Ohmer, New Milford, Connecticut. Phone: New Milford 440.

MR. & MRS. Arthur Hyatt Morse offer English hospitality to limited number discriminating guests. 100 lovely acres. Winter sports. 3 baths. New York 49 miles. Daily rate \$4. Public Holidays \$5. P. O. Box 547, Monroe, N. Y.

POSITIONS WANTED

TUTOR—Geometry, Latin, English, History, Regents preparatory and backward students a specialty. Reasonable. Box 616, c/o The Nation.

UNIVERSITY MAN, B.A., 26, secretary-stenographer; business, literary, MSS. experience; free to travel or reside anywhere. Box 592, c/o The Nation.

WANTED—Country life—Woman writer, ex-University instructor, wants part time job with country family. Could coach for College Board exams., etc., etc. Box 326, Berkeley, Calif.

SECRETARY, several years literary, commercial experience handling manuscripts of internationally known authors, now attending university and desires additional work. Books, plays, scientific papers typed quickly and accurately, home or outside. Adirondack 4-2315. Box 618, c/o The Nation.

BUNGALOWS FOR RENT

stonybrook—a children's and parents' ideal retreat. this summer—we plan interesting-stimulating activities—counsellors—a social director will make stonybrook a delightful haven during vacation. studio bungalows artistically furnished—open fireplaces—tennis courts—handball courts—swimming pools—children's playground—social hall. golf course—salt water bathing nearby.

stonybrook, 171 madison avenue, mm 1612
lexington 2-7224

WESTPORT (Conn.) Artist's bungalow or writer's cottage. \$250. to October. No agents. Phone Westport 5979 or write, Stoke Cottage, Route Eleven.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SEVERAL farms, with many possibilities, for sale in Bucks County, Pa., including old style houses, streams, wood land and scenery. Prices very reasonable. We may have what you desire. JOHN MARTIN, Upper Black Eddy, Pennsylvania.

FOR RENT—APARTMENT

JUNE to to OCTOBER 1—Six pleasant rooms, bath, large tiled kitchen. Overlooking gardens. All conveniences. Charming furnished. Close to subway and L. Airy and quiet. Very reasonable. Call Miss Marshall, Cortland 7-3330.

APARTMENT TO SHARE

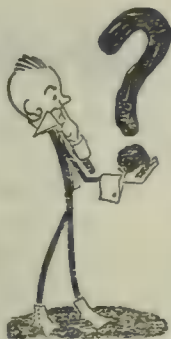
CULTURED American Jewess, 27, wishes share with lady her charming apartment (moderne). Separate beds. Housekeeping facilities. Frigid-aire. Radio. \$25. 35 minutes subway to 14th St. Overlooking park. Exclusive neighborhood. Olinsville 5-2659, mornings.

ROOMS

226 W. 97th ST., one block Broadway subway express. Newly, attractively furnished living-bedroom. Large, front, sunny. Fine, quiet family. Private entrance. Elevator. Suitable one or two. Reasonable. Apartment 4-A, Riverside 9-3760.

PERSONAL

WHY waste your life in a Moron environment? CONTACTS, the only correspondent club for the mentally isolated connects you with unconventional free spirits everywhere. Rare books loaned members free. Membership steadily increasing since 1927. Literature for 2c stamp from Contacts, 211 East 11th Street, N. Y. City.



GET
RESULTS!

The BIG Summer Question

Settle it early

Don't make that desperate last minute effort. State your requirements under Real Estate or Summer Home Wanted, etc., in THE NATION.

30 words—\$3.08 (minimum)
Additional lines of 6 words, 62c each

THE NATION

20 Vesey Street, N. Y. CO 7-3330

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

TOURS

Tours to the Soviet Union

Soviet Visa Free \$145 up All Expenses Included
Special Attractive Offer for the May 1 Celebration Groups

TRAVEL BARGAINS
TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

For particulars apply

GUSTAVE EISNER

1133 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY
Chelsea 3-5080

LECTURES

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

AT COOPER UNION

8th Street and Astor Place, at 8 o'clock
Admission Free

Friday, March 11

DR. HARRY A. OVERSTREET

"The Meaning and Function of Matter."

Sunday, March 13

DR. HORACE M. KALLEN

"The Individual and Culture."

Tuesday, March 15

DR. V. J. MCGILL

"The Denial of the Will: Schopenhauer."

MUHLENBERG BRANCH LIBRARY

209 West 23rd St., 8:30 o'clock

Thursday, March 17

PROFESSOR E. G. SPAULDING

"The Science of Order: Mathematics and Geometry."

PSYCHOSYNTHESIS

—The New Science of Life"

Free Lectures at the Mental Advancement Society, 45 West 45th St., New York, every Thursday evening at 8:30 and Friday afternoon at 2:30. Your interest is solicited.

EDUCATIONAL

FRENCH, SPANISH ITALIAN GERMAN
Conversational method. Native teachers. RUSSIAN

Private lessons 75c. 9 to 9 daily. 26th year. At 9-6075

FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES

Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH

Spanish - Italian - German

Private lessons 75c (Daily 9-9). Native teachers.

UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES

1265 Lexington Ave., Northeast Cor. 85th St.

RUSSIAN

taught by university man, instructor in Russian at the Berlitz School. Private lessons or classes. Phonograph records used. Michael Jerlitzyn, 3. W. 122 St., Tel. HA 1rem 7-5368.

OPEN SHELF

CURIOUS BOOKS Send for Catalogue of Privately Printed Unexpurgated Items Exotically Illustrated Limited Editions

THE FALSTAFF PRESS

Dept. N, 260 Fifth Avenue, New York

BOOKS TO SUIT EVERY COLLECTOR: Rare books. First Editions. Sets of Authors. Books on Art, China, and all conceivable subjects. Catalogues free. Outline requirements and interests. Two million volumes in stock at English prices. Foyles, Charing Cross Road, London, England.

necessitated placing all prisoners in a few large rooms. But the Communists were subjected to special forms of torture. When transported from one prison to another they had their legs shackled, and upon the slightest infractions of the prison rules they were put in unheated and unlighted solitaires.

We were granted permission to visit the interior of the prison. All prisoners were kept together, irrespective of age, crime, disease, or degree of degeneracy—hardened criminals were mixed with young first offenders, murderers with traffic violators. In one corner I saw a group playing cards and using slices of bread as stakes. D—— pointed out to me the sick ones, lying on the wooden benches that served for beds. The dirt was appalling. At one point we ran across the prison library. In looking over the books I noticed a number of radical and communistic titles. D—— explained that the prison censors were unusually stupid and almost illiterate, so anything written by a Russian was taboo, including books by such as Tolstoy, but there could be nothing wrong in a good German name like Karl Marx.

He introduced me to some of the other "politicals"—keen, intelligent men, all with fire in their eyes and the mark of suffering on their faces. Their morale, instead of being broken by this terrible suffering, was strengthened. When one realizes that these were marked men, men who were doomed to return again and again to live under these awful conditions, or to die some mysterious death upon their release, one marvels at that strength. D—— told me of one of the boys who had recently completed his prison term. As he was approaching his doorstep, he was set upon by "bandits" and killed. There was only one escape. If during their prison terms they showed signs of reform, they would be allowed to spend the rest of their lives unmolested. But none chose that release. If anything, their incarceration made them more radical, more firm in their beliefs, and more anxious to fight the battles of the under-dog. I asked D—— if he would leave the country upon his release, possibly to go to Russia. He was almost insulted. "I must fight—there are many battles yet." What is it that makes

these spirits so strong? Among these men there was one curious case, a former police official who had sold certain information to the Soviets and been caught. They all suspected that his professed ideology was faked and scorned him.

As I was leaving I secretly pressed into D——'s hand all the money I could spare. He returned the large notes, because they would cause suspicion and be confiscated (the largest Rumanian banknote is 1,000 lei or six dollars) and kept only the small ones.

D—— had told me that he was to be sent that very afternoon to another prison, ostensibly to appear in a court case as witness for other Communists on trial, but he was afraid it was merely a ruse to send him to the terrible salt mines. We waited outside to see him conducted to the train. He and a group of about forty were marched out surrounded by fifteen heavily armed men. He, the only political prisoner, had his legs shackled, making it very difficult to walk. At the station, attached to the regular train, was the "Black Maria" car. Our police wagons are cushioned limousines in comparison. The car was divided into two compartments of about fifteen by eight feet, with only one little barred opening for light and air in each. One was already occupied by women prisoners who had been there for more than two days, the car being sent from place to place to make deliveries and collections. There were no lights and the only food they had was that which the prisoners themselves brought along. All the forty men were searched, and any money upon them was taken away for fear they would bribe the guards to allow them to escape, which could be done for a surprisingly small sum. They were then marched into the vacant compartment, most of them to remain standing for hours in the dark because it was impossible for all to be seated in that small space.

I sadly climbed into our car and could not help feeling how comfortable were the wooden third-class seats, how pleasant the dimly lighted compartments, and how nice the smells of the peasants about me.



TOURS



The Greatest TRAVEL VALUE

30 DAYS
of delightful travel
\$202.00

Tour to **RUSSIA**

Includes; Ocean passage in Modern Third Class, TOURIST CLASS SECTION, fare to Russia via England or Germany and Finland, hotels and meals en route to Russia and during 7 DAYS IN LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW, with sightseeing, entertainment, conductor's and interpreter's services, visas, etc.

Witness the enormous

MAY DAY
CELEBRATIONS

in Moscow on May 1st

A variety of trips at surprisingly low rates offered in our booklet "N"

RETURN PASSAGE FROM
GERMAN OR FRENCH
PORT INCLUDED.

AMALGAMATED BANK

11-15 Union Square

New York City

HUNGER AND LOVE

A Novel by Lionel Britton

Introduction by Bertrand Russell

is

- no book for the faint-hearted;
- no book for the intellectually lazy;
- no book for those who wish to believe this the best of all possible worlds;
- no book for those who do not want to be stirred, aroused, angered, electrified, embittered.

Among those who have been extravagantly enthusiastic about this novel, which has created a sensation in England (it is now in its third printing there) are BERNARD SHAW, BERTRAND RUSSELL, ARNOLD BENNETT, LAURENCE STALLINGS and UPTON SINCLAIR. Originally published in this country by Harper and Brothers at \$4, it is now reissued at \$3 by its present publishers, who have acquired all American rights.

623 Pages

\$3 at all bookstores

THE VANGUARD PRESS

100 Fifth Ave., New York

Foreign Language Classes

RUSSIAN, GERMAN, FRENCH, SPANISH, AND ITALIAN

Each lesson 75 cents

Held at SILVA STUDIO, 11 E. 12th Street—Algonquin 4-8631

Auspices League for Mutual Aid—104 Fifth Avenue

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1932

No. 3481

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	325
EDITORIALS:	
The Portent of Briand	328
The New Tax Bill	329
The American "Mind"	329
Saving the Drama	330
WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT RUSSIA? By Louis Fischer.....	331
NO ECONOMIC BOYCOTT. By Edwin Borchard.....	332
BULLETS—NOT FOOD—FOR FORD WORKERS. By Maurice Sugar	333
PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES: IV. CAPTAIN HOOVER:	
AFLOAT IN A SIEVE. By Amos Pinchot	336
HOW TO TAX THE RICH. By Maxwell S. Stewart.....	339
COURAGE WANTED AT GENEVA. By M. Farmer Murphy.....	340
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	341
CORRESPONDENCE	342
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	343
FINANCE: THE TAX ON SALES. By S. Palmer Harman.....	343
BOOKS, ART, DRAMA:	
Machinal. By Leslie Nelson Jennings	344
Panorama. By Henry Hazlitt.....	344
Cunarders. By Oswald Garrison Villard	344
"What ■ Set, What ■ Set!" By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	345
The Rise of Nicholas Butler. By Ernest Gruening.....	346
Current Soviet History. By Louis Fischer	346
The Middle Ages. By Richard McKeon	347
Books in Brief	348
Art: The Photography of Stieglitz. By Paul Rosenfeld.....	350
Drama: Cinderella from Loveland. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	351

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN

FREDA KIRCHWEY

MARK VAN DOREN

LEWIS S. GANNETT

H. L. MENCKEN

CARL VAN DOREN

JOHN A. HOBSON

NORMAN THOMAS

ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

AT LAST A VOTE on prohibition repeal! On March 14 by 227 to 187 votes the House of Representatives defeated a motion to discharge the Judiciary Committee on a repeal resolution and thus to bring the resolution out upon the floor for discussion and a vote. This is progress. While the number of anti-prohibitionists was not larger than had been estimated, it is gratifying that as many as 187 were willing to vote as they drink, to stand up and be counted in the face of their coming campaign for reelection. Next year, perhaps, it may be possible to have Congress as ■ whole face the issue squarely, by voting on the proposal for a nation-wide referendum.

IT IS EXASPERATING indeed that President von Hindenburg failed of a complete majority over all the candidates in the first election for the German Presidency by the small figure of 168,433 votes. On the other hand, it is a great tribute to the moderation, the sound common sense, of the German people and to their endurance of unendurable conditions that 18,661,736 of them voted to uphold Brüning and Hindenburg and to preserve the republic from the charlatanism of Adolf Hitler. That the latter nearly doubled his vote over that cast in the last Reichstag election

of 1930 is true. The vote will not prevent his losing ■ great deal of prestige, for he had claimed complete success and had announced that he would unquestionably take over the government after this election and that not fewer than 15,000,000 votes would be cast for him. Instead he polled 11,328,571 votes, an increase discounted because it had been indicated in every election that has occurred since September, 1930. More than that, he failed to carry his home city of Munich, or Thuringia, Brunswick, or Hesse, where his party has been partly or wholly in control of the government. In only three of the nation's thirty-five divisions was he first in the poll. Finally, it is noteworthy that Ernst Thälmann, the Communist candidate, polled only 4,971,079 votes, ■ gain of fewer than 400,000. Everyone had believed that the active recruiting sergeants for communism, namely, Want, Hunger, and Despair, would show better results for their work. The difficulty with the Communists is that they have no Liebknecht or Lenin or any other outstanding leader to dramatize their cause and create followers. It is now clear that Hindenburg will win easily in the run-off.

THE SPARRING MATCH between Japan and the League of Nations continues. The Assembly, after ■ prolonged session, finally issued a resolution declaring first and perhaps most significantly that the present Far Eastern dispute is entirely within the purlieus of the Covenant—a point which Japan has often denied. The resolution then proceeded to invoke the Pact of Paris and the Covenant, and recalled the League resolutions of September 30 and October 10, in addition to that of March 4. Its active proposal was the creation of ■ committee of nineteen members to consider the Sino-Japanese question, and to "report as soon as possible on the cessation of hostilities and the conclusion of arrangements which shall render definite said cessation and regular withdrawal of the Japanese forces." The first report of this committee is to be submitted to the Assembly "as soon as possible and at the latest by May 1, 1932." China replies by agreeing to cease hostilities upon the instant of "complete Japanese withdrawal." Japan declares that the League did not say "complete withdrawal," but merely "withdrawal," and promises to be bound by the text of the League resolution but not beyond it. In other words, as in previous attempts at reconciliation, China is ready to be reconciled and Japan is not, but wishes instead to temporize. And the League prepares a report to be finished "at the latest by May 1, 1932," while the Far Eastern war goes merrily on and Japanese invasion of China remains an accepted fact.

THE RECENT STATEMENT of the American committee of the International Chamber of Commerce is important because it reflects the opinion of the more enlightened section of big business. Signed by such names as Silas Strawn, W. W. Atterbury, Julius Barnes, Norman Davis, Robert Dollar, Edward Filene, P. A. S. Franklin, John Hays Hammond, J. G. Harbord, Edward Harley, Thomas Lamont, Gerard Swope, Walter Teagle, Melvin Traylor, Daniel Willard, and Owen Young, it is certain to carry

considerable weight. One is gratified, therefore, to find that the committee "unanimously agreed that the time had come to put a stop to the raising of tariffs and to reverse the process," and that it recognized the extreme importance to world trade of keeping Germany solvent and economically stable. But it is all the more to be regretted that the committee has so complacently accepted the easy Hoover formula that "the problem of German reparations is primarily a European problem, to be solved on its own merits by the European governments directly concerned." The members of the committee ought to know that as a sheer matter of practical politics it will be impossible to get France to consent to any substantial reduction of the reparations payments if France does not believe that its own debts to us will in turn be reduced. The greatest single move we could make for world recovery would be an offer to reduce or cancel the war debts to us on condition that a corresponding reduction or cancelation was made of German reparations. Nothing will be solved as long as Europe and the United States keep laying the problem on each other's doorstep, nor can we hope to convince the former Allies of our own disinterestedness if we insist that they make all the sacrifices.

WITH NEW HAMPSHIRE'S twelve delegates to the Democratic Convention in his pocket and the twenty from Minnesota pledged to him, Governor Roosevelt is well on the road to a dominating position at Chicago. We are aware of the split in Minnesota and the certainty of a contesting delegation from that State. But any loss in prestige there is well offset by the Governor's easy victory in New Hampshire over Al Smith, whose friends were confident that he could carry all of New England. For the ex-Governor of New York Massachusetts now becomes all important. Should Roosevelt defeat him there, carry Georgia and North Dakota, and obtain, as now forecast, sixty-four Pennsylvania delegates out of seventy-six, it will be difficult indeed to prevent his reaching the convention with a comfortable majority of the delegates well in hand. North Dakota, where they are voting as we go to press, will afford an interesting test of Governor Murray's appeal to the farmers. How well Al Smith has maintained his prestige since 1928 will be revealed by Pennsylvania as well as by Massachusetts and Rhode Island. We cannot believe that his stock stands anything like as high as it did. The revelations of Tammany corruption, as to which Al Smith has been too happy a warrior to find time for a single expression of regret or denunciation, have had their effect upon the country. More than that, his whole attitude toward Governor Roosevelt—his refusal to be candid and carry on an above-board fight—is bound to hurt him with all those who believe in straightforwardness and fair play.

OPPOSITION to Senator Norris's anti-injunction bill in labor disputes melted away like snow both in the Senate and House when the bill was finally brought to vote. The count in the Senate was 75 to 5; in the House it was 363 to 13. Since the measure was labor's first and most important plank and since it had almost the united support of all labor forces, its passage by so sweeping a vote can only be explained in terms of the wholesome respect felt for that united support on the occasions when it is expressed. It is a pity that the weight of the labor movement, effective as it

evidently is, cannot more often be swung in the direction of progressive measures and even toward candidates for office who depart from the outworn policies of the two major parties. Besides its specific provisions in the matter of labor injunctions, the labor bill contains a provision regarding contempt cases capable of much wider use. It provides for jury trial in such cases—before a judge other than the one who issued the contempt order—in all instances and not particularly with respect to strikes. Exception is made of contempt committed by officers of the court "or so near thereto [the court] as to obstruct the administration of justice." This last limitation seems as we go to press likely to be ironed out in conference. It would, of course, allow considerable leeway to an ill-disposed judge. But the bill as a whole is a triumphant step forward for labor's bill of rights, and its easy passage makes all the more incomprehensible President Hoover's reiterated indorsement of Judge James H. Wilkerson for the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, when the latter was the author of one of the worst injunction decisions ever handed down.

BEFORE OUR EDITORIAL of last week was published, marveling that there was not more violence in a winter of suffering, came news of the riot at the Ford plant in Dearborn, a detailed account of which appears elsewhere in this issue. If this proves *The Nation* a bad prophet, it is nevertheless very much to be expected in times like these. A city of a million persons, depending almost entirely on one industry for its employment, Detroit might well experience conditions as bad as anywhere else in the country. Moreover, Henry Ford represents the symbol of prosperity for the workers. With his seven-dollar minimum wage, his huge plant, his fabulous wealth, his low-priced car, and the magic of his name all over the world, it is not at all surprising that leaders of the workers' march, whether Communist or not, should have picked the Ford plant out as the most likely place to march on; and the unemployed themselves, deprived even of the succor of public charity, were only too ready for the demonstration. That the march was orderly and the marchers unarmed seems to be undisputed. Dearborn police and Ford private police completely lost their heads, and four dead and fifty wounded are eloquent testimony to their recklessness. The fracas in Chicago five days later, when three policemen were shot and scores of bystanders beaten at a protest meeting against the Japanese invasion of Manchuria, shows that the lesson of Detroit is bearing fruit.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT has wisely and justly promoted Judge Cuthbert W. Pound of the Court of Appeals to be its Chief Judge in succession to Justice Benjamin N. Cardozo, now of the Supreme Court. "The finest thing," the Governor declared in transmitting the nomination, "that could be said about Judge Pound is that he will worthily fill the place of Chief Judge Cardozo." That is high praise indeed, but not unmerited. Judge Pound has literally and figuratively sat at Judge Cardozo's right hand on the Court of Appeals—which, despite all the sordid politics and corruption within the State, has always been a great and highly respected court—and has usually concurred with Judge Cardozo's opinions. Both have been true liberals; both are able to write their opinions in clear and incisive

English; both are fearless; both are men of broad range who know their world and are aware of its constantly changing currents. Only recently Judge Pound, in an opinion reversing a lower court's decision confirming the conviction of eleven actors and producers of an alleged indecent play called "Frankie and Johnnie," affirmed that, although the language of the play was vulgar and profane, the court was not a censor of plays nor should it attempt to regulate manners. "We hold merely that the fact that Frankie and Johnnie and their companions were not nice people does not in itself make the play obscene." Wise and proper words! It only remains now for Governor Roosevelt to appoint another liberal to the court and the episode will be closed with honor to all concerned, especially to President Hoover.

FRANCE MORE THAN any other nation at the present moment is piling new bricks upon trade walls. The system of import quotas, restricting certain articles brought in from the United States to 10 per cent and greatly reducing the importation of other goods less drastically affected, has brought threats of retaliation by American exporters, and actual retaliatory measures by Canada, Lithuania, and Italy. And now American fruit growers are glum indeed; for France has restored the former prohibition on the importation of United States apples, pears, and grapefruit. Press reports from Paris quote one leading American firm as saying that trade with France, owing to the new restrictions, will soon be virtually dead, and that American concerns "might just as well pack up and go home." It is freely hinted in some quarters that the finding of San José scale on American apples is only a slick device of officially advised French inspectors. But who has a good right to complain from this side of the Atlantic? Certainly not those who insisted on the salvation of our citrus-fruit industry by high tariffs; not those who advised our holding aloof from "entangling" international economic conferences; certainly not those who supported the combine of nationalistic politicians and greedy business interests which drove through Congress the shameful Hawley-Smoot tariff.

PERHAPS THE BRITISH authorities will derive encouragement from the prediction of Pandit Shanker Shastri Hosrithi, an Indian astrologer, that peace will come to the harassed peninsula by June. It appears that Jupiter is going to visit Leo about that time, and the Lion, with appropriate symbolism, will be appeased by this manifestation of favor. Certainly the British imperialists will find little to hearten them if they keep their eyes on the Indian soil. Instead of ushering in a state of intimidation and surrender by their unparalleled tyranny, the British have only stiffened Indian resistance. The lists of raids, fines, beatings, group imprisonments, and mob dispersals which reach us do not bear out the official optimism of the India Office. The All-India Trade Union Congress has been boldly opposing the government. Enormous crowds of Moslems at Delhi on "Frontier Day" demanded the withdrawal of the ordinances and all repression, release of political prisoners, return of confiscated funds, and equal status in the government for the inhabitants of the Northwest Frontier. In other large centers mills were closed and religious mass-meetings called. Merciless bombings can quell riotous frontiersmen for a time, but not the huge body of their sympa-

thizers. Plainly, the hesitant Moslems are increasingly turning against the government. The *Manchester Guardian's* Bombay correspondent, after a survey of the early phases of the struggle favorable to the British, closes with the warning that "the attempt to kill Congress is the surest way to disaster."

WHEN PICTURES OF THE WORLD WAR do not make war terrible, the United States government is prepared to let them get out. But "only those photographs which show the pleasant features of war can be released," according to a statement which George Palmer Putnam, the publisher, declares was made to him by Major General Irving J. Carr, speaking for the War Department. The occasion of this little sidelight on militarist philosophy was a request for pictures revealing the horrors of warfare to be published by Brewer, Warren and Putnam in a book employing visual education against the glorification of conflict. "To give out any such pictures," said General Carr, as quoted by Mr. Putnam, "would be against public policy. It would not be ethical; it would not be decent. Think of the Gold Star mothers the country sent to France. Over there they saw the lovely cemeteries in which lie the dead of the A. E. F. Perhaps their boys lie there. The mothers carried home in their minds beautiful pictures of these well-kept resting places." That there may be a danger of more Gold Star mothers in the future and more acres of "lovely cemeteries," if war is prettified, seems not to have dawned on the militaristic mind. But the book is out, compiled by Frederick Barber, entitled "The Horror of It," and introduced by Harry Emerson Fosdick and Carrie Chapman Catt. Less complete than its European prototypes, it is still a valuable record of how "unlovely" modern warfare really is.

THE TRAGIC DEATH by their own hands of George Eastman and Ivar Kreuger is evidence enough of the effect of the strain of the crisis upon some of the greatest figures in the business world. Ivar Kreuger's suicide recalls that of Alfred Loewenstein who deliberately stepped out of an airplane when flying over the channel. The career of Ivar Kreuger was romantic enough. Not content with dominating the match industry in the Scandinavian countries, he went on to the Continent to dominate the German and French market and finally acquired great holdings in the United States. Here was a true big-business internationalist. Geographical boundaries could not hinder him; nor was he ever content with what he had conquered until, as in so many other cases, he overreached himself and when the crisis came upon the world his enormous fortune melted away. The suicide of George Eastman seems rather attributable to ill health than to business adversities, though the stocks of his company have shown marked decreases like all others. He, too, had an amazing career and had developed a great industry from a luxury trade into one of almost necessity. Coupled with his business vision were his great benefactions, which are said to have totaled more than \$75,000,000. He called himself a "musical moron" but as a matter of fact there have been few benefactors of the art who have been as intelligent and who have invested their money as well. Whatever the cause of his self-destruction, it is not surprising that the stock markets of the world shivered at these two deaths.

The Portent of Briand

HAD Aristide Briand died in 1902, at the age of forty, he would have been remembered as a fiery labor lawyer who made ferocious speeches at Socialist and trade-union congresses demanding that the workers of the world unite in a general strike. Had Briand died in 1912, at fifty, he would have been remembered as the ex-Socialist (still calling himself a Socialist though read out of his former party) who, as Minister of Justice, had dared do what no reactionary had ever ventured to try—had used the army to put down a strike.

Had Briand died a little before his sixtieth birthday, he would have been recalled as the rather jingo French statesman under whose premiership France had extended her period of compulsory military service from two to three years, a provocative answer to Germany's armament, as the man who had headed a not very competent National Union Cabinet during the war, and as one who, in peace-conference days, had fiercely attacked Clemenceau for being too kind to the Germans and afterward for signing so lenient a document as the Treaty of Versailles.

But Briand lived to be nearly seventy, and will be remembered as the Man of Locarno and the author of the Briand-Kellogg Pact, the dreamer of a United States of Europe, and the Great Pacificator who won the Nobel prize.

It was not quite so crazy a life as it seems. Briand barked loudly at a distance; he was always a compromiser in a crisis. His plea for the general strike was a maneuver in the internecine squabbles among various Socialist factions; he called out the army against the railroad strike but he did not let it shoot, and proudly held up his hands in the Chamber when the strike was over, boasting "See? No blood!" The three-year law was not so close to his heart as the separation of church and state, and that he carried through with singular discretion. When one recalls the bitterness of the Dreyfus days in France; when one observes the virtual civil war to which such separation later led in other Latin countries—Mexico and Spain—Briand's record seems brilliant. Perhaps he was less competent than Clemenceau as a war-time Prime Minister precisely because he lacked the relentless fanaticism of the older man, so that, while the armies were fighting, he was always carrying on secret negotiations in Switzerland in vague hope of peace.

Clemenceau's famous *mot* about Poincaré and Briand was one of his aptest. Poincaré, he said, knew everything and understood nothing; Briand knew nothing and understood everything. Briand's was a genius curiously akin to that of our New York Jimmie Walker; even his conscientious sartorial sloppiness resembled Jimmie's dandyism. Briand too was a jester, always lazy and late, and never wholly serious about anything. Briand never studied the documents until the last moment, but he had an intuitive ability to grasp the essentials of an issue, when it came to a crisis, which amounted to genius. He was never a man to fight to the bitter end for any principle. An eternal politician, he never made more enemies than he had to; he knew that some day he would need his enemies' aid. A man who served a dozen

terms in the premiership of France had to know his way through the shifting quicksands of French parties, and Briand, almost to the end, had friends in all of them.

Such a politician was perhaps the destined man to bring a measure of reconciliation to post-war Europe. It is a little ironic to think that the Nobel peace prize was given in the same year to three such valiant war-time fighters as Briand, Stresemann, and Austen Chamberlain. Not one of them had whispered a hint of criticism of war while there was a war. All of them had been converted to peace almost against their wills. But perhaps, at that stage of history, Europe could listen only to such men. Ramsay MacDonald's very backbone and consistency made him suspect when he first went to Geneva pleading European reconciliation. The suspicious parliamentarians of Europe could for the moment trust only men who had been as gullible, as chauvinistic, as themselves.

Neither Poincaré nor Clemenceau could ever have run away to drink beer with Stresemann as Briand did on that historic trip to Thoiry. He took a small boy's delight in eluding the newspapermen, and he was an old hand at drinking beer with enemies. (Had he not even played golf with Lloyd George?) Briand was the flexible, amiable, vague person predestined to promote that first significant gesture of reconciliation. When he returned to France he was still master of the orator's art; few men in history could have said the same words at Geneva and Paris, and made them sound so safely nationalist in the French capital and so bravely international on the shores of Lake Lemman.

That vagueness was Briand's strength and weakness. Germans like Dr. Schacht who read a cunning plan to rivet French hegemony upon Europe in Briand's plan for a United States of Europe probably read too much consistency into the supple Gaul's mind. He wanted everybody to be friends, and his chief delight was in shoving out of notice all those points on which men disagreed. Reread, his proposals for uniting Europe are as empty as a last year's chestnut burr. There was nothing to them but a generous sentiment. Everything was hinted at; nothing was pinned down. His sponsorship of the Kellogg Pact, "outlawing war," was as generous and as full of loopholes. To Briand the important matter was always not to get something concrete accomplished, but to get men to agree on some form of words.

Perhaps it is just as well that Briand is gone. He served a bruised and angry war-torn Europe in his day and served it nobly. His vague generalities, his gift of reconciliatory oratory, made possible the resumption of the essential method of discussion between France and Germany. He got the French troops out of the Ruhr, and Germany into the League. But Clemenceau was right when he said of the Locarno pacts that they offered "only the insubstantial semblance of a guaranty . . . calculated to lull vigilant minds to sleep." Lulling was what Europe needed in 1923-26, but a time has come when issues must be faced, when precision of thought and action is needed. Briand's effort as leader of the League in the Manchurian crisis last autumn was pitifully empty and face-saving. And face-saving is not enough in 1932.

The New Tax Bill

EXCEPT for the inheritance and gift taxes, the revenue bill that has emerged from the House Ways and Means Committee safeguards vested interests even more than that advocated by Secretary Mellon last December. It proposes the imposition, for the first time in our history, of a general sales tax. It should not be necessary to labor the point that such a tax is vicious in principle. It is a tax on the necessities of life—for no one can pretend that the list of foodstuffs exempted in the tax exhausts the list of real necessities. The bill apparently does not exempt canned foods, and it certainly includes even the cheapest articles of clothing. It taxes the poorest at the same rate as the richest, the buyer of cheap shoes at the same rate as the buyer of expensive jewelry. In the long run the tax is bound to be paid by the consumer. True, the producer may pay the tax for certain articles and under certain conditions; but those cases in which the tax is not passed along (because of the advantages of having a "round" price, for example) are certain to be offset by those in which the added price to the consumer (also for the sake of "rounding it out") will be much more than the amount of the tax. If it were seriously believed by the advocates of the sales tax that the tax is paid by the producer, then there would be obviously no need for a sales tax at all. The revenue could be raised simply by an increase in the corporation income tax.

The committee's main defense of its 2¼ per cent general sales tax is the pressing need of revenues and the alleged impossibility of raising them by any other means. The increase of the income surtaxes to a maximum of 40 per cent, considered by the committee to be the most drastic it could have imposed, "practically a doubling of taxes on large incomes," will produce, it estimates, only \$112,000,000 additional revenue in the fiscal year 1933. From the sales tax it estimates a revenue for the same period of \$595,000,000. "If you do not want this manufacturers' excise tax," Congressman Crisp, acting chairman of the committee, told the House, "here is what you will have to take its place." He then presented a table estimating that \$684,000,000 could be raised by an increase in the tobacco tax, a tax up to 5 per cent on automobiles and accessories, a 2-cent tax on bank checks, a gasoline tax of 1 cent a gallon, an increase in postage rates to 3 cents, a real-estate transfer tax, a tax of 5 per cent on radios and phonographs and on electric energy. Mr. Crisp presented this table as if it discredited itself on its face. Undoubtedly one or two of these taxes would be nuisance taxes, but so far as their incidence is concerned, they would be preferable, even if we had to take them as they stand, to the general sales tax. With the wide range of luxuries and semi-luxuries open to taxation, however, it is silly to pretend that Mr. Crisp's list contains the only excise taxes possible.

If it is finally decided that we must have a general sales tax, then there is one respect in which it could be at least mitigated. Instead of a flat tax, it could be made a tax graduated according to the ratio of profits to gross sales. A product on which the ratio of the profit to the sales price is 50 per cent, for example, ought obviously to pay a higher percentage tax on gross sales than a product on which the

ratio of the profit to the sales price is only 5 per cent. Such a graduated tax would have several important virtues compared with a flat tax. Much less of it than of a flat sales tax would be likely to fall on the consumer. A producer who has a very narrow margin of profit must raise his prices to pay a tax, but a producer with a wide margin of profit can absorb the tax without raising prices. The tax will adjust itself better to ability to pay, for to the producer with a narrow margin of profit a small tax on gross income may mean a very high tax on net income; this is not true of a producer with a wide margin of profit. Finally, it seems reasonable to assume that in general the widest margins of profit are made on luxuries rather than necessities, and to the extent that this is true, the part of the burden that the consumer will still have to bear will be shifted to luxury goods.

The House committee, however, is at least to be congratulated on restoring the maximum inheritance-tax rate to 40 per cent, compared with the small raise to 25 per cent originally recommended, and supplementing this with a cumulative gift tax that does not seem likely to allow the evasions possible under the old gift tax. The committee's action on the capital-gains tax is more debatable. By continuing to tax capital gains, and allowing the deduction of losses only to the extent of capital gains within the same taxable year, it is practically taxing capital gains in good years and refusing to allow deductions for losses in bad years—which does not seem altogether equitable to the taxpayer.

The American "Mind"

A MAN and a woman were found murdered under a crab-apple tree. The man was the pastor of a fashionable church; the woman was one of his choir singers. During the months that followed, when the case was a *cause célèbre* of the most scandalous sort, the crab-apple tree completely disappeared, cut up for souvenirs by the morbidly curious who found the spot irresistible.

Considering this episode, certain aspects of the Lindbergh kidnapping are not perhaps surprising. One is told that the orphans at the little town of Hopewell, New Jersey, pray every morning for the return of the stolen child. This is perhaps endurable, to those who are fond of prayer. But a recital of the fact is not enough: the helpless orphans are lined up in the chapel, their hands suitably pressed together, and photographed in the act of communicating with God. And the photograph of course appears in the morning papers. On March 6 a large van drove up to the outer gate of the Lindbergh property. It was stopped by police, and an examination of its contents disclosed a load of lumber. The driver explained that it was intended for a hot-dog stand to be erected at the gate to catch the tourist trade. One is grateful to record that the troopers sent the ambitious storekeeper about his business forthwith, but at least someone did not think the affair too preposterous to attempt. President Hibben of Princeton complained on another occasion to Governor Moore that an enterprising airplane company was establishing itself at Hopewell to begin a series of flights at \$2.50 each over the Lindbergh home. The Governor, too, acted promptly. But again, the idea was there.

What goes on in the minds of the persons who behave this way? They telephone the Lindbergh household; they drive many miles in order to pass as near the house as possible; they send a dog in a crate to take the place of the one that did not bark on the night of the kidnapping. They are presumably the persons for whom tabloid reporters and photographers risk their necks to get a story or a picture. They are presumably the ones for whom details are provided or at least sought of what Mrs. Lindbergh was wearing on the dreadful Tuesday, of how she is bearing up under the strain, of how she occupies herself from hour to hour. To say these persons are totally without common human decency would be unjust. They are not bad people; most of them are genuinely concerned about the sorrowing family and the abducted child. But their concern expresses itself in the form of a prying, an irresistible, a devastating curiosity.

It is surely not unfair to say that the degree, at least, of this curiosity is American. But why it should be greater in the United States than anywhere else in the world is another question. We are, it is true, a nation composed of heterogeneous groups with national traditions of various stages of strength and purity. During the last fifty years, when immigration reached its height and ebbed away, millions of persons have been added to our national stock, each with his heritage of culture. The vast majority of them came from countries which had their professionally public men and women, in short, a reigning family. The royal families scattered about Europe provided a release for the necessity for hero-worship. It is the business of a king to be a public person. From the days when queens gave birth to their children before a gaping populace to the present, when a Prince of Wales counts his public engagements every year by the thousand, and sees his picture in the newspapers at least weekly, is not such a very long step. In the United States, however, while we have, it is true, a White House family which is expected to furnish copy in profusion, public adulation of a man and his wife, when public criticism also is flourishing, and when his reign lasts eight years at most, does not reach quite the heights of worship that a monarchy by succession does, with all the trappings of pomp and romance. We must turn elsewhere for our public heroes, and we turn to private persons who have performed some feat which a hundred million of us can understand. If the hero is a personable young man, unmarried, a little unapproachable—that is, if he does not immediately cheapen himself—his fortune is assured. And if he thereafter marries a young woman whose father is not only rich but famous, the romantic combination is beyond description felicitous.

The difficulty, of course, is that it is unfair to ask a private citizen to forfeit his privacy in order to furnish romance for the multitudes. When Princess Mary of England was married, the details of her trousseau were spread on millions of newspaper pages. But a princess, by her very nature, has no privacy. It might be far better if we could elect, say once every twenty-five years, a family to be our royal house. Hero-worship could then be directed at them; it would be their job; they would suffer it as any person suffers the burdens of his daily toil. The compensation, of course, would have to be high, but perhaps such an arrangement would relieve the fervid pressure that is exerted now on a private citizen who, usually through no fault of his own, is being indecently exposed to the public eye.

Saving the Drama

EVERY now and then it happens that, just as we are growing a little cynical about Congress, something occurs to restore our faith in the watchfulness and efficiency of that body. We usually think of it as burdened beyond its meager capacities and too much involved in minor matters like taxation, tariffs, and naval bills to take cognizance of really important issues. But that some of its members are alive to the dangers which threaten our country is proved by the bold stand of Representative Sirovich of New York, who, as everybody knows by now, is conducting an investigation into the activity of dramatic critics. Charging these dangerous public enemies with having bankrupted the theatrical business by alienating the public through their "harsh and unjust criticism," he has invited a number of them to appear before the House Committee on Patents and threatens to suggest a law requiring them to be licensed.

It is true that the New York newspapers in general and the irresponsible critics in particular have tended to make light of Representative Sirovich's heavy charges. Some have ungenerously pointed out the wholly irrelevant fact that the Congressman himself was the author of a rather unusually unsuccessful play which received demonstrably "harsh" if not so obviously "unjust" reviews. Others seemed to feel that when he cited Alexander Woollcott's "The Channel Road" as an example of a play sent on the road to success by the disingenuous praise of Mr. Woollcott's fellow-reviewers, he was being more wrong than even a Congressman is expected to be, since, as a matter of fact, the play in question was generally damned and quite unsuccessful. Mr. John Mason Brown, of the New York *Evening Post*, even went so far as to write a critique of a session of Congress and to report that it was mostly old stuff which was badly in need of cutting. All this, however, strikes us as quite beside the point, for Representative Sirovich is merely following the general principle laid down by the Chief Executive. Mr. Hoover, it will be remembered, cured the depression by persuading everybody to say that it did not exist. What is more natural than that Mr. Sirovich should be inspired by his President's example and should endeavor to raise the standards of the drama by insisting that all the plays be called good? If only someone will now introduce a bill forbidding doctors to tell their patients that they are sick, America will become a Utopia—or at least will not know that it isn't, and that is the same thing.

When consulted on the matter, *The Nation's* own dramatic editor refused to be disturbed. Even if a law should be passed requiring that all notices must be favorable, it would be easy, he said, merely to adopt the system now employed by the press agents and most of the critics of the movies. A very bad play would be called "a masterpiece," a mediocre play would be called "a super-masterpiece," and a fairly good one "the triumph of the century." Readers would soon catch on to the system, and playwrights who had merely been compared to Shakespeare would know that an insult was intended. Incidentally it is worth noting that Mr. Sirovich is reported to have written another play which we have every reason to believe "a masterpiece." If that be treason make the most of it.

What Do *You* Think About Russia?

By LOUIS FISCHER

MANY persons still harbor false notions about bolshevism and Soviet Russia. A number of these popular misconceptions appear below. There are probably hosts of others, and readers may wish to complete the list. Many people, for instance, believe erroneously:

1. That bolshevism is a religion.
2. That Soviet Russia is an experiment.
3. That the Bolsheviks have no sense of humor.
4. That Russia is communistic.
5. That Russia is capitalistic.
6. That Jews run the Soviet Government.
7. That the G. P. U. runs the Soviet Government.
8. That Russian women have no feminine charms.
9. That Russian women don't try to dress and look well.
10. That Russian men like American women.
11. That the Soviets are "dumping" goods abroad in order to destroy capitalism.
12. That the Five-Year Plan is an attempt to disguise the breakdown of bolshevism.
13. That the Five-Year Plan is a scheme to ruin world capitalism.
14. That Stalin is the twentieth-century Ivan the Terrible.
15. That Stalin is the modern Peter the Great.
16. That the stability of bolshevism would suffer if Stalin died.
17. That human nature cannot change.
18. That Russia was "holy" and that the mujik was devout.
19. That the Bolshevik coup d'etat in Petrograd on November 7, 1917, was bloody.
20. That the New Economic Policy introduced in 1921 by Lenin meant the return of capitalism to Russia.
21. That the Bolsheviks believe in or practice leveling and regimentation.
22. That equality of wages exists in the Soviet Union.
23. That shoes cost \$50 a pair in Russia, butter \$5 a pound, and so forth.
24. That any Soviet woman can get an abortion for the asking.
25. That an "independent" Georgia existed in 1918-20 which the Bolsheviks suppressed.
26. That there is no freedom or liberty in Soviet Russia.
27. That the Bolsheviks have abolished the family.
28. That Soviet parents love their children less than other parents do.
29. That the Soviet state takes children away from their parents.
30. That the Bolsheviks intend to nationalize children as they nationalized women.
31. That the Bolsheviks have refused to pay Czarist debts.
32. That the Soviets put a limit on individual wealth.
33. That bolshevism stifles the individual.

34. That there can be no individual incentive or initiative in the U. S. S. R.

35. That Soviet workers are chained to their jobs.

36. That foreign observers cannot move about freely in Soviet Russia.

37. That it is dangerous for the foreigner to travel through Russia.

38. That anybody who writes favorably about Russia is a "Bolshevik agent."

39. That the Bolsheviks believe revolutions in other countries must be exactly like their own.

40. That the Bolsheviks are bloodthirsty cutthroats and bearded bomb-throwers.

41. That Soviet universities teach propaganda instead of history, art, and science.

42. That bolshevism and fascism pursue similar ends.

43. That the Bolsheviks encourage sexual license.

44. That all churches, synagogues, and mosques in the Soviet Union have been closed.

45. That Russia has ceased to exist as a name and as a political entity.

46. That the Bolsheviks deny the role of the individual in history.

47. That Lenin is being deified by the Bolsheviks.

48. That Russians never laugh.

49. That Russians never bathe.

50. That the Russians never wear bathing suits.

51. That bolshevism and nationalism are incompatible.

52. That the Pope was always opposed to good relations with the Bolsheviks.

53. That the Soviet Government and the Third International follow the same policy.

54. That the Russians sing the "Volga Boat Song."

55. That the Bolsheviks are idealists.

56. That the Bolsheviks neglect theoretical science for the sake of technology.

57. That tourists can see only what the Bolsheviks want them to see.

58. That the Russian is an Asiatic and will never master Western technique.

59. That the revolution destroyed the Russian soul.

60. That the Bolsheviks have suppressed the classics.

61. That the Soviet regime exists only thanks to the support of the red army and the G. P. U.

62. That the red army consists of Chinese and Lettish mercenaries.

63. That Lenin and Trotzky were German agents.

64. That only Communists can hold government jobs.

65. That Bolsheviks constitute 1 or 2 per cent of the population of the Soviet Union.

66. That Russians eat only black bread and cabbage soup.

67. That Soviet Russia is a red "trade menace."

68. That most Russians live six in a room.

69. That Russians never shave.

70. That there is no inheritance in Russia.

71. That the Bolsheviks are creating a new Communist aristocracy or oligarchy.

72. That when the present Bolshevik leaders die, there will be no first-class men to take their places.

73. That Soviet life is dull and drab.

74. That bolshevism makes the people unhappy.

75. That there is no justice in Soviet courts.

76. That the Soviet Government will fall on—(please supply convenient date).

77. That the Bolsheviks are syndicalists or anarchists.

78. That the Five-Year Plan would not succeed but for the assistance of American specialists hired by the Soviets.

79. That the Soviet Union is a paradise or Utopia.

80. That Russians constitute a majority of the population of the Soviet Union.

81. That Soviet foreign policy, being a product of geography, does not differ materially from Czarist foreign policy.

No Economic Boycott

By EDWIN BORCHARD

SO long as the Japanese foothold in Manchuria and Shanghai is not relinquished, the agitation for a boycott against Japan will probably continue. This is unfortunate, for the agitation is likely to prove harmful to the interests of the United States and to the cause of peace. It is harmful because, with all respect to its worthy advocates, it inflames popular passions, tends to unsettle the reason, strengthens the hands of militarists, both here and in Japan, and is likely to produce oblique and unlooked-for results.

The people of Japan seem firmly convinced, whether rightly or wrongly, that their country is waging a struggle which began and is sustained in self-defense, that their motives are high-minded, and that their self-preservation as a nation is at stake. The factors in the situation in the Far East are so intricate, are so unresponsive to Western criteria, and have so long a history that it is dangerous to reach categorical conclusions without more complete evidence and understanding. The revelations made during the past ten years, and most notably by the British documents just published in London by Gooch and Temperley, of what preceded the outbreak of war in Europe in 1914 constitute a solemn warning against the danger of misconceptions.

The economic boycott is not a peaceful measure. It is an act provocative of war and, when directed against a strong Power, would almost inevitably result in war. Whatever the effect might be under the League Covenant, to which Japan is a party, it would, if practiced by the United States, immediately violate the American treaty with Japan providing for the right of Japanese citizens to trade on equal terms with the citizens of other nations. The United States would thus at once put itself in the wrong.

The boycott could, as a practical matter, hardly be effective, except to produce war. The assumption that the great Powers in the Council would join the United States is, I think, a delusion. England and France have other interests. The Powers in the League are hopelessly divided on the Japanese issue, so that a League boycott seems at the moment an unrealizable vision. A boycott, it need hardly be added, is a two-edged weapon. It would be harmful to the United States, for it would further increase unemployment, impair still more a diminishing foreign trade, and by helping to impoverish Japan, would not make the Japanese more reasonable in their demands on the Asiatic continent. The supposition that a people laboring under a sense of grievance will be deterred by preponderance of numbers or force from

incurring the dangers of war is disproved by all history, notably by the experience of the American Revolutionists in 1776, the French in 1793, the Confederates in 1861.

While the agitation for a boycott will not in all probability produce the boycott contemplated, it is quite likely to produce a state of mind and policy which lead to armed conflict. The agitation emanates, I infer, from lovers of peace who are shocked at Japanese conduct, as they construe it, and give expression to their indignation by advocating a repressive measure which they believe to be peaceful. Whether the further motive is to chastise Japan for its supposed flouting of the League, or to assure the League of American support in a boycott the League seems incapable of declaring, or to bring about closer cooperation with the League by indorsing in advance whatever the League might propose, the suggestion seems equally ill-advised, for boycott or other eventual measures would be accomplished mainly at American expense. Professed pacifists are thus, by possibly well-intentioned but not well-considered action, serving unwittingly but effectively the cause of militarism, hatred, and confusion, and are advising a policy the results of which cannot possibly be foreseen.

No Western nation can with good grace lecture Japan. Vera Cruz is still recent history; and the United States has no divine mission to regenerate the world. The present conflict, unless by blunders it is permitted to spread, can still be settled by convoking an early conference between China and Japan, for which they seem nearly ready. Lost prestige and material interests can all be saved by such procedure.

The idea of "economic sanctions" appears to have a fatal attraction. A "Committee on Economic Sanctions" has just submitted a proposal to implement, it is said, the Kellogg Pact by providing for joint consultation of all the signatories of that pact with a view to determining upon measures of economic boycott, including an arms embargo, against a violator, an aggressor. This is reminiscent of the Capper resolution. The way to implement a sieve and enable it to hold water is to plug up the holes, not to pour more water into it. The Kellogg Pact was devitalized from the start by the reservation incorporated in the interpretative notes exchanged, stipulating that it could not apply to a war of defense, each nation to be the judge and enforcer of its own defense. The European Powers seem at once to have appreciated the fact that the pact's essential value was to draw the United States into the general commitments of

the League, for there was nothing in the pact to which they were not already bound. Inevitably the proposed "economic sanctions" would draw the United States into the express commitments of Article XVI. Aside from these entangling political accomplishments, the pact has proved to be mainly a source of irritation and recrimination. Geneva, according to Mr. Streit of the *New York Times*, now blames the United States for having in October, by its speculative advance approval if not instigation of action which the League has since found itself unable to take, misled it into sending the Manchurian ultimatum of last November which the League did not afterwards enforce.

The League has valuable functions to perform. But they do not lie, I fear, in the machinery designed to keep the world rigid. If title by conquest is to be abolished, and that is commendable enough, it must be accompanied by both willingness and authority legislatively to decree territorial changes when time and circumstances require. The first beginnings should be made with the treaties of 1919. They are not harbingers of peace, and all the incantations to a supposed "sanctity of treaties" will not make them seem just or sound to millions in Europe and elsewhere. The League can apparently do little to prevent or even criticize provocative governmental policies; but if a victim of the Versailles treaty, for example, frustrated in all efforts for amelioration by negotiation, finally writhes in agony and,

driven to desperation, seeks to throw off the oppression that stifles him, League law pronounces him an "aggressor" and he is to be beaten down under Article X and starved into submission under Article XVI. A possibly desirable change in the status quo may be subjected to like repression.

There is no peace in such a program. A structure built on such foundations cannot endure, whether or not it temporarily holds down the status quo. The attempt to define an aggressor is likely to be both futile and mischievous. Justice, decency, fairness, common sense—the touchstones of peace—escape legal definition. In a major issue the League Powers can hardly be expected to achieve unanimity; nor can their effort to achieve it be promoted by the talk of hostile action that inflames passions inside and outside the League, and particularly in the prospective recipient of its hostile ministrations.

The advocacy of a boycott today seems to be strangely reckless of consequences. If the League and the United States through the Kellogg Pact are to be used for sporadic demonstrations or expeditions against disapproved countries, the League will have become a new agency to insure the spread of war. The anarchy resulting from such conflicts would be calculated to bring about the downfall of the League. The suggestion of an economic boycott, whether under one form or another, is an explosive device, capable of doing irreparable damage.

Bullets—Not Food—for Ford Workers

By MAURICE SUGAR

Detroit, March 10

IT is doubtful whether the workers of any community in the country are feeling the depression more acutely than those in the city of Detroit. With the bulk of the industrial population of the city dependent upon the automobile industry for its livelihood, the collapse of automobile production has resulted in extreme suffering. Municipal relief has been woefully inadequate. Even when this relief was at its height it did not approach a solution of the problem. Last summer, when the bankers dictated the terms upon which they would agree to make money by lending money to the city, they looked over the welfare situation and decided that some 15,000 families in the city should be deprived of municipal charity and exist, or not exist, without it. Accordingly, the city administration took 15,000 families off the welfare list.

Prior to the depression the pay and the standard of living of automobile workers compared favorably with those of workers in other industries. According to government computations the average yearly earnings of all the auto workers in the United States in 1929 were \$1,639. According to a survey made by the Labor Research Association for the period from August to October, 1931, the average yearly earnings of those automobile workers who were working was \$757. This extremely rapid reduction was of course reflected in a correspondingly rapid reduction in the standard of living, which has contributed much to the accentuation of the unrest.

Seventy-five per cent of the workers interviewed by the

Labor Research Association were in debt; many had lost their insurance policies, homes, and furniture. Bank failures in the Detroit metropolitan area have accounted for the loss of the small savings of perhaps 50,000 workers. It is estimated that from 5,000 to 10,000 children in the city of Detroit are daily in "child bread lines." Today, as this is written, crowds of persons are storming at the doors of the welfare office, standing in the bitter cold, clamoring for coal with which to heat their homes. A short time ago it was revealed that forty-five members of the Detroit Bar Association were "on the welfare"—recipients of municipal charity.

On Monday, March 7, 1932, a "Ford hunger march" was staged by the Detroit Unemployed Councils and the Automobile Workers' Union. The participants numbered from three to five thousand. The day was extremely cold, with a biting wind. The marchers met in Detroit, one block from the dividing line between Detroit and Dearborn, where the Ford plant is located. This starting-point was about a mile from the plant, and the marchers proposed to parade from the city limits of Dearborn down Miller Road to the employment gate of the factory. On arrival at the gate, they intended to send a small committee to present a set of demands to Henry Ford. These demands were: (1) jobs for all laid-off Ford workers; (2) immediate payment of 50 per cent of full wages; (3) seven-hour day without reduction in pay; (4) slowing down of the deadly speed-up; (5) two fifteen-minute rest periods; (6) no discrimination

against Negroes as to jobs, relief, medical service; (7) free medical aid in the Ford Hospital for the employed and unemployed Ford workers and their families; (8) five tons of coke or coal for the winter; (9) abolition of service men (spies, police, et cetera); (10) no foreclosures on homes of former Ford workers—Ford to assume responsibility for all mortgages, land contracts, and back taxes on homes until six months after regular full-time reemployment; (11) immediate payment of lump sum of \$50 winter relief.

When the marchers gathered on the Detroit side of the dividing line between the two cities they were met, but not molested, by about seventy Detroit police officers. Lines were formed and banners raised. Some of these banners read: "We Want Bread, Not Crumbs"; "Tax the Rich and Feed the Poor"; "Open Rooms of the Y's for the Homeless Youths"; "Fight Against Dumping of Milk While Babies Starve"; "All War Funds for Unemployed Relief."

While still a block from the Dearborn line one of the spokesmen among the marchers addressed them. He warned them to be careful to commit no act which would give anyone a pretext for attacking them. This incident is described in the *Detroit News* of March 8:

The marchers stopped. One of their number hoisted himself on to a truck. The shivering, watery-eyed men pressed about the truck as closely as they could. The man on the truck—it was Albert Goetz, a Detroit Communist leader—raised his hands for silence and began to speak. "We don't want any violence!" he said sharply. "Remember, all we are going to do is to walk to the Ford employment office. No trouble, no fighting. Stay in line. Be orderly." The speaker paused a moment. The crowd was silent. "I understand," he continued, "that the Dearborn police are planning to stop us. Well, we will try to get through somehow. But remember, no trouble."

A few hundred feet from them, at the city line, stood about fifty Dearborn policemen, massed to prevent the marchers from entering the city. The marchers proceeded in a peaceful manner, carrying their banners, in good humor, singing. They approached the police. Charles W. Slamer, Acting Chief of Police, called out, asking who their leaders were. A chorus of voices replied, "We are all leaders." The chief told them to turn back. They replied, "We will not," and continued their march. Immediately they were showered with tear-gas bombs, shot from the tear-gas guns in the hands of the police. One newspaper report quotes the Dearborn police chief as stating that the police used \$1,000 worth of tear gas. Another report said it was \$1,750. Some of the marchers were affected by the gas, but the swirling wind blew most of it away from them. The marchers continued to advance. The police retreated. Those in the front ranks of the workers stated that at this time one of the officers commenced shooting with his pistol; others were shooting tear-gas bombs. The marchers were unarmed. They had no guns, they had no clubs, they carried no weapons of any kind. But at the roadside and in the fields adjoining the road there were many stones. While some of the marchers proceeded barehanded, others retaliated by picking up stones and throwing them at the officers.

John Collins, photographer for the *New York Times*, had joined the workers at the very outset and marched with them, camera in hand. He did this so that he would be in

a position to get "a good shot." He got a good shot—a bullet through the hand. He says the crowd was "very orderly" and "good-natured." He says that when the police shot tear-gas bombs into the marching ranks, the workers "naturally resented" the assault, and sought stones to throw in return. And he says that he did not see a single gun or weapon of any kind borne by any of the workers.

For almost a half-mile the marchers continued down the highway toward the plant, the police retreating before them. Then they reached the first street intersection, where they were confronted with two ladder-and-hose outfits, fire-fighting equipment. The firemen were frantically attempting to make the hose connections. Before they had succeeded, the workers reached them, whereupon they joined the police in retreat. This retreat was continued for another half-mile, until the employment gate was reached. At this point the fire-department units made their water connections. Here, about thirty feet above the roadway and extending across it, is a bridge which is used to provide for the passage of workmen into the factory without interference by traffic. Stationed on the road below the bridge were a large number of police officers. Stationed on the bridge above the road were both officers and firemen. From the top of the bridge the firemen poured powerful streams of icy water upon the workers below. From the bridge and from the road below came a steady rain of tear-gas bombs. According to the marchers, it was at this bridge that the Dearborn police were joined by a large number of Ford Motor Company private police, by a strong force of officers from the Detroit Police Department, and by State police. It was here that the shooting began—a steady stream of bullets came from pistols in the hands of the officers. It was here that Joe York, youthful marcher, was shot dead, and many others were wounded. It was here that the *New York Times* photographer received his wound. He says that "the first volley of shots was effective." As he puts it, "No ammunition was wasted."

In the face of the downpour of icy water and the rain of bullets, almost all the marchers withdrew. A number called out to others to turn back. One stepped on a tire on the back of an automobile in the field adjoining the road and began to speak. The others gathered around him. He told them that it was useless to go farther, that "Ford has already given his answer to our demands," and that they should leave. While he was talking and while almost all the marchers had either gathered around him or were starting back on the roadway, a car emerged from a driveway leading from the Ford plant to the road. In this car, with others, was Harry Bennett, chief of the Ford private police. Bennett was seated on the right side of the car, with another man driving. The car turned on the road toward the gate and bridge, driving through scattered workers and passing the group which surrounded the speaker in the field. A worker states that he observed Bennett shoot a tear-gas bomb from the car into the group, whereupon a number retaliated by throwing stones at the car. One of the stones struck Bennett on the head, and he is in the hospital. Another worker states that Bennett was also shooting with his pistol. The Detroit papers have presented a great variety of stories in relation to this incident. With one exception these stories picture Bennett as riding out on a mission of peace and good-

will. One states that he waved a white handkerchief as a flag of truce; another that "he tried to pacify the rioters. He promised that in three or four weeks the plant would be going and that they would have jobs," and the answer was a shot at him. In one paper of early issue a Detroit detective is quoted to the effect that someone shot at Bennett, who emptied his pistol at the marchers and then turned and asked the officer for his gun. The next day another paper quoted the detective to the effect that he had never made such a statement, that he had not even seen the occurrence.

It was while most of the workers were gathered about the speaker at the roadside and others were leaving that a fusillade of bullets swept the scene. All the workers who were there and who were interviewed are of the opinion that the bullets came from a machine-gun planted at the gate, where the police, both public and private, were stationed. This fire was deadly. Here three workers fell dead, one a newsboy sixteen years of age. No one knows how many were hit. Nineteen are known to have been seriously wounded. There are varying estimates as to the number that suffered lesser wounds. The press fixes the number at about fifty. Representatives of the workers say that there are probably an additional fifty, including many whose injuries were treated privately and whose identities have not been disclosed to the public. The published lists contain many names with the designation "shot in the back."

More than fifty persons were held under arrest for several days. All were workers, although not a single officer has a bullet wound. No officer has been deprived of his liberty, although four workers are dead. The prosecuting attorney, Harry S. Toy, issued what the press described as a "ringing statement" about Communists, unlawful acts, criminal syndicalism, and the like. He stated that if he could not make a case to justify prosecution of the workers on some substantial charge, he would invoke the criminal-syndicalism law of the State of Michigan. Headlines state that the police are seeking leading Communists for questioning, in anticipation of the institution of criminal action against them. It is announced that William Z. Foster, who spoke in Detroit the night preceding the hunger march, is being sought "throughout the United States." Heroic efforts are being made to divert attention from the culpability of those who are responsible for the killing of the workers by endeavoring to raise a hue and cry about local Communist "leaders." Now, after several days of "investigation," which apparently were not productive of the findings desired, it is announced that the grand jury at present sitting will sift the entire matter "from both sides." Virtually all of those arrested have been released.

Autopsies were held upon the bodies of the four dead workers. Counsel for the workers asked permission of the coroner, Dr. Albert French, to have present a physician of their choice. They wanted to check the post mortem findings relative to the bullets, the character of the wounds, and other matters of vital importance in determining who did the killing and how it was done. The coroner agreed. It is frequently allowed. The coroner said as much himself. The next day a reputable Detroit physician appeared at the morgue to attend the autopsy. But the coroner had changed his mind. He referred counsel to the prosecuting

attorney, Mr. Toy, who declined to give permission! And the autopsy was held without the workers' physician being permitted to attend.

The press of the city started by characterizing the incident as a "Communist riot." The dispatches uniformly presented the march as an attack against the Ford property, as a "Communist uprising," and the like. But a change of tone has already become manifest. Whatever may be the situation elsewhere, it cannot be disputed that Henry Ford is a very unpopular man in the city of Detroit, a distinction shared by the chief of his private police, Harry Bennett. It is also clear that there exists a wide and genuine sympathy for the workingmen who participated in the march. The reaction of the public, and in particular the reaction of workers, in spite of everything the newspapers have said, is one of extreme bitterness and hostility toward the Ford Motor Company and the police. There can be no question that this "riot" has aroused apprehension in the ranks of big business everywhere. On March 9 the *Detroit News*, the *Free Press*, and the *Times* all hit a new note, suddenly and simultaneously! The *Times* said editorially:

Someone, it is now admitted, blundered in the handling of the throng of hunger marchers that sought to present petitions at the Ford plant in River Rouge. With hundreds of hungry men in line, little was required to kindle violence. The opposition offered by Dearborn police evidently changed an orderly demonstration into a riot, with death and bloodshed as its toll.

The *News* ran a story under the headline "How Orderly Hunger March Turned into Bloody Battle."

The Dearborn Police Commission issued a statement saying, "We feel sorry for the unemployed whom we have endeavored to aid."

The following resolution was adopted (but not made public) by the Wayne County Council of the American Legion (which embraces the city of Detroit) by a vote which was almost unanimous. The resolution was introduced by Leonard Coyne, an attorney who not long ago presented petitions for the nomination of John Lodge for mayor, the signatures having been obtained at the Ford plant:

WHEREAS, On this date there was a demonstration against the Ford Motor Company at the gates of the plant in Dearborn by an organized group of Communists and other radicals and agitators who were bent upon the destruction of property and thereby endangered the lives of innocent officials and laborers; and

WHEREAS, Such conduct is extremely detrimental and injurious to the great number of honest and sincere American workers who are not employed and for whose relief the entire organization of the American Legion of the United States is conducting a nation-wide employment campaign; therefore be it

Resolved, That the Wayne County Council of the American Legion earnestly condemns such actions on the part of the organized agents and groups whose purpose is to foment discord and to destroy American institutions; and be it further

Resolved, That we tender to the Ford Motor Company and other Wayne County industries the assistance of our organization and pledge them the support of all members in any further similar emergency.

Presidential Possibilities

IV. Captain Hoover: Afloat in a Sieve*

By AMOS PINCHOT

THIS is an article about Mr. Herbert Hoover as a candidate for the Republican nomination. One finds, however, that in order to throw light on his qualifications one must neglect Mr. Hoover somewhat, and discuss in a more or less general way the strange situation in which America finds itself.

The first point I should like to make is this: For twenty years or more our leaders in both politics and business have been acting on the fallacy that we are a nation of producers—instead of a nation of producers and consumers, in which the welfare of industry hangs at all times on the public's power to buy. Weighed down by this misconception of the nature of industrial society, our ship of good times has foundered as inevitably as though, like the famous Jumblies in Edward Lear's "Nonsense Book," the American nation had put to sea in a sieve. Year after year, with fatuous faith in some heaven-sent denouement that would save us from the inescapable smash, our big-business hierarchy and the politicians and propagandists who fag for it have done all that was possible to encourage a colossal output of salable goods, and whip up a market for them, without giving thought to the dwindling purchasing power of the masses, by whom alone these goods could be bought. If this monumental folly and the greed that nourished it are not the cause of the depression in this country precisely as in Europe, which has been in the grip of the same producer's illusion, then no credible cause has yet been found, and we must conclude that we are victims of the "curse causeless" mentioned by Solomon in the twenty-sixth chapter of Proverbs.

When the smash actually came, Mr. Hoover's confidence in the policy that had brought it on was about the only thing in the country that remained unshaken. He went right ahead imagining that the consumer did not exist except as a sort of brassbound robot, whose pockets would refill automatically as fast as big business emptied them. He pretended that the millions of unemployed, transformed by hard times from consumers into paupers, were, if existent at all, but a small element in the problem. And as a last act to this tragic and depressing farce, he has left the great consumer class lying in the ditch where it fell, and centered the resources of the government on fortifying the producer class by every known device, plus a series of doles, bounties, and exemptions such as no one ever heard of.

It is now three years since the ship of the American Jumblies, manned by a crew of financiers, stock jobbers, industrialists, promoters, and propagandists, and captained by Mr. Hoover, passable jack of all these trades, sailed away on that disastrous four-year voyage that was destined to come to grief when but seven months out of port. That our Jumblies were afloat in a perfectly good sieve has now become plain. And besides, Edward Lear himself, authority on nonsense and prophetic historian of the Jumblies, is quite clear on the point, as well as on the means taken by

Captain Hoover to avert disaster. In verses dedicated to a friend's grandchildren, around 1843, Lear wrote:

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
And everyone said who saw them go,
"Oh! won't they be soon upset, you know?
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;
And, happen what may, it's extremely wrong
In a sieve to sail so fast."

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

The water it soon came in, it did;
The water it soon came in:
So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat;
And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery-jar;
And each of them said, "How wise we are!
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin."

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

Leaving for the moment the more dramatic adventures of the Jumblies on their argosy in search of a land of perpetual bull markets, and passing over their captain's gallant efforts to save his sieve, we will discuss briefly the consequences of the producer-first theory which big business and its chore boy, the Republican Administration, have been applying to the Jumblies for the best part of a generation. As most people realize, the main result of this steady catering to the producer at the consumer's expense has been an immense concentration of wealth in the hands of a small industro-financial group, chiefly composed of rather ill-educated men, commonplace in most things except an overdeveloped instinct of acquisition. I do not propose to belittle the intelligence of *Nation* readers by dwelling on the disadvantages of concentrated wealth. I do want to say, however, that the chief objection to it is not that it makes a few people extremely rich and a great many extremely poor. That is certainly an objection. But unfortunately it cuts deeper than that. For in a civilization like ours wealth is merely another name for power over every phase and function of society. And when this sort of power is narrowly massed, it is dangerous. For it is almost sure to be used to control politics, fill the

* The fourth of a series of seven articles.—EDITOR THE NATION.

press with propaganda, and muddied the sources of public opinion to a degree that nearly disfranchises the electorate.

Now the second point I should like to make is that a man of Mr. Hoover's peculiar record and point of view has not been inducted into the White House except for quite definite reasons, the chief reason being that most of the great concentrations of wealth in this country are created by a method, or technique, that can only be employed under the shadow and protection of the government. This method, which I shall presently describe, is therefore not industrial, but industro-political. It accumulates wealth by a process in which industrial ability and service to the public play a large part, yet on the whole a secondary part, the determining factor being influence over politics, State and federal. But mainly federal.

We will take as an example of this method the story of the Standard Oil trust, for here the technique of accumulation is the same in essentials as that used by practically all the dominant industrial groups or trusts which make and sell our principal necessities of life. The foundation of the Standard Oil's success was an idea—the idea that if it could get the railroads to carry its barrel of oil at a lower rate than the barrel of its competitors, it could undersell the latter and destroy competition in the Ohio and Pennsylvania fields. This was done with surprising speed and thoroughness. Then, with competition out of the way, it put up the price of oil and its products; whereupon a torrential stream of wealth flooded the company's coffers.

There was one weak spot, however, in this technique of accumulation. It was illegal. For the common law, the constitutions of most of our States, and later on the anti-trust laws forbade monopoly. Favoritism in freight rates was also prohibited by our constitutions, railroad charters, and later by federal and State laws. Consequently, to carry on this technique, it became necessary to go into politics and keep the government from enforcing the laws. That this was done in a large way is evidenced by the fact that at one time the junior and senior United States Senators, certain key members of Congress, and the Governor and Attorney General in the principal oil-producing State, Pennsylvania, were all in the pay of the Standard Oil Company, as was shown when the Archbold letters were revealed.

The so-called beef, coal, steel, and sugar trusts, and various other groups whose power is entrenched in monopoly and price-fixing, have all made their accumulations by the industro-financial method. So have the tariff-built trusts. The government also does its bit for the great banks, in slightly different ways, and by methods lately disclosed through Senator Johnson's investigation of the relations of the Treasury Department to American flotations of the bonds of Latin American republics. The automobile business and a few others, like the chain stores, department stores, and mail-order houses, have been mainly non-political for reasons we need not go into now, but principally because they are not monopolies and do nothing illegal, and therefore require no protection. As for the public utilities, for which Mr. Hoover

did not hesitate to become a propagandist while still Secretary of Commerce, their method of accumulation is essentially industro-political. For the size of their profits is commensurate with their ability to keep the government from enforcing the laws that provide for reasonable rates. Mr. Morris Llewellyn Cooke, director of the Giant Power Survey of Pennsylvania and member of the Power Authority of New York, reports this month that rates charged to domestic and small commercial users throughout the United States are now, on the average, about 100 per cent higher than they ought to be. This implies not merely a terrific and illegal tax on the consumer, but a tight system of control by the utility people over our State public-service commissions and federal agencies charged with the duty of protecting the consumer. The fact is that the industro-political method of wealth accumulation has become so standardized that it can almost be embodied in a formula:

1. Special unfair advantage or privilege (whether legal or on the borderland of legality) destroys competition and creates monopoly.

2. Monopoly, which means the power to fix prices, produces immense profits, far in excess of what is necessary to carry on business.

3. These excess profits, or whatever part of them may be required, are used in controlling public opinion and politics in order to protect and preserve the industro-political technique of accumulation which is their source.

How does this formula, which traces the vicious circle of privilege, wealth concentration, and political corruption,

bear upon Mr. Hoover's candidacy? It bears upon it because our big-business hierarchy cannot use the method embodied in the formula with impunity and full force except under a friendly President who will close his eyes both to its illegality and its effect on the consumer.

In this connection, we must remember that while, from the beginning of our history, the Presidency has been an office with immense power over economic life, this power has been increased in recent years to a fantastic degree by a multitude of economic statutes and commissions, such as the Sherman, Clayton, and Hepburn laws, and the Interstate Commerce, Federal Trade, and Tariff Commissions. Armed with these tremendous weapons, the President can literally make or break great financial and industrial interests; he can protect or betray the consumer, build him up or thin him down, and even shape the economic destiny of sections of the country.

The curious paradox about this is that as the office of the Presidency has grown larger and more formidable, the men who occupy it have tended to become smaller and more insignificant. This is because the big-business interests, which ordinarily dictate the nomination of Presidents, prefer weak, easily guided men, who will listen to orders and never interfere with their operations unless absolutely forced to by public opinion. Once in a while, through some strange chain of accidents, a strong, fundamentally decent man like Cleveland, Roosevelt, or Wilson turns up in the White House. But since the inflation of the Presidency into an office closely



resembling an economic dictatorship, negative, biddable men like McKinley, Taft, Harding, and Coolidge have been the rule. The ideal President for big business, however, is not so much a man of this spineless type as an abler, more determined person, of such background, training, and bias that he will require little instruction and do the needful of his own free will.

Though his usefulness has been qualified by certain defects in temperament and a political gaucherie that sometimes makes Buchanan look like a statesman, Mr. Hoover distinctly belongs to the latter type and, on the whole, has done well for the group which installed him in the Presidency, the high points in his record of service being as follows:

After pledging his party to lower the tariff, he signed the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill, modeled by the manufacturers on the producer-first theory. Through Mr. Mellon he has rammed home the producer-first theory by keeping down the taxes of the rich on the ground that heavy imposts would deplete the reserves of capital necessary for the development of industrial production. This despite the fact that the last thing this country needs is more production; that we already have too much industrial machinery; and that the banks are stuffed to the eaves with idle capital. His appointments to the Federal Power Commission are an important victory for the power trust, as is his recent recommendation that the Federal Trade Commission's appropriation should be radically cut, notwithstanding the fact that there is today no work being done by the government that promises larger benefits to the consuming public than the survey the commission is making of the practices and policies of the utility companies. His veto of the bill providing for the Boulder Dam federal power project was another and still larger jackpot for the power trust, since, short of general public ownership, the worst threat to the extortion now practiced by it would be a demonstration, by a federal plant, of the low cost at which electric current can be generated and sold. His action in the New River case, in procuring an opinion from the Department of Justice which, if followed, would logically have led to handing our undeveloped power sites over to the trust, exempt from federal control, is perhaps the largest hand-down to big business recently attempted by any Republican administration.

His shabby treatment of the farmers and his refusal to provide direct aid for our millions of wretched, starving people, or to make jobs for them in a large way through appropriations for roads and other public works, contrasted with his direct and prodigal relief to big business, are but additional proofs of the producer-first bias that makes his candidacy a challenge to the consumer. The sales tax now being steered, with the help of Mr. Hoover's Treasury officials, aims at the present writing to remove \$600,000,000 from the consumer's pocket. This is about half the sum which Congress proposes to raise through the entire revenue bill.

The foregoing does not purport to be a comprehensive list of Mr. Hoover's policies and accomplishments. It is merely a line of stakes showing the direction in which he travels across the field of politics, and an indication that what we are receiving at his hands is quite readily distinguishable from government for all the people.

Nevertheless, ill-cast though he may be in the role of "shepherd of the people," Mr. Hoover has once more flung his somewhat battered hat into the ring. And we find our-

selves approaching without much enthusiasm another Presidential campaign, in which the issues will no doubt be as unreal and immaterial as usual. For Mr. Hoover and (if Governor Roosevelt's nomination is blocked) some Democrat doing his best to look like a regular Republican will discuss nothing in particular—at least, nothing that might give big business the slightest cause for uneasiness; since each will be bidding against the other for the support of those august financial powers who alone can throw into the fight the motley army of mercenaries and propagandists which, like hired janissaries, will bring victory to the longest purse. In one respect, however, the 1932 campaign will differ from that of 1928, which, so far as Mr. Hoover was concerned, came down to his handsome offer to swap his millennium for our votes. Mr. Hoover cannot any longer inflame us with an offered entry into an earthly heaven, but he can soothe us, and no doubt will, with the prospect of a happy exit out of hell. In any event, something bright and shiny will be dangled before the eyes of the Jumblies, to shift attention from the embattled bankers, privilege seekers, and immunity hunters, who are already rallying to the hat of Hoover like the French to the plumed helmet of Navarre.

Whether, from the point of view of the long-suffering public, real progress could be made under the banner of what is now perhaps erroneously known as Republicanism, even with a first-rate man in the White House, is a matter of considerable doubt. That ancient and dishonorable harlot, the Republican machine, has sold herself so often to the highest bidder as to preclude much hope of reformation. The machine, not the party, has the power. And under the machine's dictatorship the party has sunk to an ultimate level of degradation, where it can almost be said that to be a good Republican one must be a bad citizen, or at all events an unobservant one. If it were not for a handful of decent leaders, State and federal, none of them "regular" and most of them in the farm bloc, who, in checking the excesses of the machine, save some shreds of its reputation, Republicanism would have been drummed out of politics long ago. Not that I mean to imply that the Democratic machine is strictly virginal. But her relative chastity is due less to her character than to the fact that till lately her suitors have been men of small means.

In spite of their present low ebb, the difficulty with our political system—that is, democracy—and our economic system—that is, capitalism—is not, in this writer's opinion, that they are unsound systems, or outworn, or unworkable. It is that we have allowed interested parties to inject into them a large amount of unfair advantage, privilege, and favoritism, which has bent and clogged their mechanism—badly, it is true, but by no means beyond repair. If our liberal leaders would unite and make a determined effort to get rid of this foreign matter, they would probably find that our political and business institutions, imperfect as they are, would serve our needs well enough. It is not the mechanism of civilization that counts, but the intelligence and purpose with which it is used. And to center attention upon changing and reforming this mechanism is to beg the real issue.

However, to make our institutions serve legitimate ends, the country does need a new party. The moral of all this being that the only chance our poor Jumblies have—if, indeed, in their present state of bewilderment they have any at all—is to let the Old Sieve sink and build a ship of their own.

How to Tax the Rich

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

THE so-called insurgents in Congress doubtless derived a certain amount of grim satisfaction from the spectacle of Andrew W. Mellon, when, as Secretary of the Treasury, he was confronted with one of the largest budget deficits of all time. In private it is probable that some of them like to recall the vigorous but fruitless struggle which a few valiant souls carried on in 1926 against the reduction of the tax on higher-income brackets, a reduction sponsored by Mellon as necessary to stimulate greater business activity. No one denies, of course, that the years immediately following the cut in taxes were marked by exceptional business activity. There were days when men spoke confidently of "banishing poverty from the country." We were on the threshold of a golden era in which the mere mention of a possible depression was considered to be a highly unpatriotic act.

As we look back in perspective, however, there can be little doubt that Mr. Mellon's touching solicitude for the 400,000 men whose income exceeded \$10,000 a year contributed largely to the disastrous stock-market boom of 1928-29. Most of the money saved on income taxes either served to bring about an overexpansion of industry or, what was more detrimental, went directly into the market and helped to inflate share values beyond any semblance of reason. If Mr. Mellon's sole purpose in life was to make the rich men richer than they had ever dreamed of becoming, he succeeded in accomplishing his purpose—for two short years at least.

His record in his official capacity, however, was not equally satisfactory. He estimated that the receipts from income taxes during the fiscal year 1931-32 would be more than \$700,000,000 less than for 1930-31, and that the deficit for the current year would exceed \$2,000,000,000—a record that has hitherto never been matched in peace times by the most profligate of governments. Not even the wicked "dole" in England or the costly social services fostered by the German government have resulted in deficits of such proportions. Although it is flagrantly unjust to lay the blame for the present budget shortage entirely upon the former Secretary of the Treasury, or even upon the Administration, there are men still living who can recall the days when the Republicans did not hesitate to take upon themselves the full credit for large surpluses which accrued in the nation's finances. Moreover, there is no question that the burden of the national debt would be much lighter today if the insurgents had had their way in 1926.

The amazing drop in income-tax receipts in 1931 leads one, moreover, to wonder how much of the decline is due to reduced incomes and how much is the result of a growing facility in dodging the tax. While the secrecy with which individual returns are shrouded makes it impossible for outsiders to detect specific cases of tax evasion, there are substantial reasons for suspecting the gradual growth of such evasion. An analysis of the income-tax reports for 1929 and 1930 bears out this suspicion. Despite the general depression, it is common knowledge that salaries were almost uni-

versally maintained at their former level throughout 1930, especially in the higher income groups. Yet the tax reports show a decline in wages and salaries of over 16 per cent. It is difficult to say how much of this represents an actual reduction and how much represents falsified returns, but it is likely that both factors were present. A glance at the next largest source of income reveals even more conclusive evidence. Although the total payments for interest and dividends in 1930 reached the highest mark since the war—\$8,208,000,000 as compared with \$7,588,000,000 in 1929 and \$7,073,723,000 in 1928—the returns of the individual taxpayers indicate a decline of 14.5 per cent in this category over the previous year. This point carries especial significance when we consider the fact that 70 per cent of the corporation stock in this country is owned by the 1 per cent of the population "earning" over \$10,000 a year, and that 43 per cent of our national income goes to the owners of land and capital.

Further evidence of the inadequacy of the present arrangement for tax collection may be obtained by a comparison of the income-tax reports with the estimated distribution of the national income. According to a careful and apparently accurate compilation, the gross income of the approximately 45,000 persons receiving more than \$50,000 in 1928 was 9.4 per cent of the entire national income, or approximately \$8,400,000,000; while the total tax paid by the 43,184 persons reporting a *net* income of over \$50,000 was only \$900,000,000. After making full allowance for the small difference in the number of persons involved, it will be seen that the tax paid by this group is less than 11 per cent of their total income, although the official tax rate for this income group in the year stated was 5 per cent plus a surtax of between 13 and 20 per cent. Even more startling results are obtained from an examination of the amount paid by the 355,000 moderately well-to-do persons whose incomes ranged between \$10,000 and \$50,000 during 1928. Although the total income of this group is estimated to have been approximately \$8,800,000,000, the 339,000 persons reporting a net income between these figures paid only \$220,000,000 in taxes—just 2.5 per cent of their gross income.

While none of the facts given above definitely establish the existence of wholesale tax evasion, they are reasonably convincing in view of the haphazard way in which the taxes are collected. There are few readers who would care to deny that evasion is widespread, although only the Treasury officials know how significant it actually is and they are unable to divulge the information. The real problem facing us is whether any other plan of taxation is likely to prove more successful than the present scheme, and it is impossible to give a categorical answer to this question. Much depends upon one's basic social philosophy. Those who look upon taxation as merely a means of obtaining enough revenue to carry on the government are likely to favor a general sales tax as the simplest and most effective method of achieving this end. On the other hand, those who are chiefly concerned about ameliorating the existing inequalities of wealth will

defend the income tax, imperfect though it may be, because it places the burden upon those best able to afford it.

If we take the latter position—and few will argue against a more equitable distribution of wealth—our problem becomes one of enforcing the tax in such a manner as not to put a premium upon dishonesty. The chief difficulty of the present scheme lies in the fact that evasion is so easy for the average man that he is unduly tempted to forget a portion of his income. This difficulty would be wholly removed if all taxation could be collected at the source. The adoption of this principle would cause some shifting in the basis of taxation, but the writer is convinced that it could be administered with less difficulty than the present rather unwieldy scheme. It would, of course, be impossible to reach every source of income; but it is possible to devise a program of taxation which would furnish the necessary revenue yet would minimize dishonesty and at the same time diminish the present gross inequality of wealth.

While the details might be worked out in a number of

ways, such a program of taxation would probably include: (1) a graduated tax payable at the source on wages, salaries, commissions, bonuses, and profits from private business operations; (2) an increased tax on corporation and business profits; (3) an increased levy on inheritance, and (4) a heavy tax on luxury goods. There would remain the problem of reaching special types of remuneration, especially unearned income. It might be possible to enact a law compelling investors to exhibit a receipt showing the payment of a graduated tax on all their investments, specified in detail, before a bank would be permitted to cash any dividend checks or bond coupons. Possibly a substantial turnover tax on securities would tend to restrict speculation and place the burden upon those who can best afford it. While none of these schemes would yield as much revenue in times of depression as in times of prosperity, it is only logical that the tax rate should be high enough to balance the budget in bad times and to provide a substantial surplus for the retirement of the national debt during boom periods.

Courage Wanted at Geneva

By M. FARMER MURPHY

Geneva, February 26

BEFORE this letter reaches the United States, the Assembly of the League of Nations called together to act upon the Sino-Japanese war may have come to a decision. Whatever it is, it will have tremendous meaning. It will show whether the collective world still wishes to preserve a code of honorable conduct among nations or whether it is resolved to abandon the conceptions of right built up painfully during centuries and relapse at once into barbarism. If through scheming and political bargaining and the play of imagined self-interest the Assembly should condone the deliberate breaking of treaties and the insolent flouting of League counsel and authority, that would be definite notice that official morality no longer exists. It would almost certainly extinguish the League of Nations as a living institution. It would put the imprimatur of the highest international authority on the implications of the derisive expression "a Chinaman's chance," and would unchangeably link the fortunes of every country which has nothing more than a just cause with that unfortunate individual's negligible opportunities. It would also make further deliberations of the Disarmament Conference an empty farce, for what good would the most progressive treaty accomplish if its signatories might violate it at will without even incurring the official displeasure of their collaborators?

On the other hand, a courageous stand by the League Assembly against the Japanese war would not only revive the dwindling faith in the League as an efficient instrument, but it would also be a striking example to the Disarmament Conference and a warning to it to do its clear duty. It is futile to make predictions about what will soon be known. The action of the League Council in dispatching a note to Japan reminding her of her responsibilities, and its last-minute appeal for an extension of the Shanghai ultimatum in order to allow attempts at a peaceful solution were signs of a changed attitude since its shilly-shallying behavior of last

fall. They appeared to be hopeful indications. But whether they were symptoms of returning animation or only the last convulsive death rattle preceding dissolution will be determined by the results of the Assembly's meeting.

Meanwhile the Disarmament Conference is going about the business of completing organization by adopting plans of procedure and arranging the formation of committees. In this process it again rejected the simple proposal of the Soviet Union to accomplish disarmament by universally disarming and blowing up the gun and munitions factories. Only two hands were raised in favor of it—those of the Russian and Persian delegates. If this vote had disposed of the proposal finally, one might have said that it gave the measure of the sincerity of the conference, but as the question was raised on a point of procedure and not of merit, it was not susceptible of that interpretation. It will come up again in the regular order and then the vote will show how many countries are willing to break away from the piddling method of cheese-paring armaments and declare in favor of abandoning them altogether. If the Russian plan had been adopted at the outset—as of course it would not have been in any case—the conference would be over, and many a pleasant summer excursion in this vacation region would have passed into the category of unrealized pleasures.

The sessions of what is called the commission—that is, the general committee composed of the heads of delegations from every country—give the unhappy impression that the trading and scheming ways of the old diplomacy are already in operation. In the plenary sessions, when the nations were outlining their general policies, there were spots where speakers reached the heights, when the subject was lifted from the low level of expertism and pettifoggery and exposed in its broad human terms. But so far in the meetings of the commission the performance has degenerated into a display of the maneuvering and bargaining characteristic of political conventions. Unless some personality of intelligence and sin-

cerity comes upon the scene to dominate it, this situation will probably continue.

Signor Grandi has been absent in Italy and Dr. Brüning is necessarily kept at home by the exigencies of the domestic political situation. The lead has therefore been taken by Sir John Simon of England, who oozes unctuous phrases of indirection, and by Tardieu and his Slav and Balkan stool-pigeons. The French style of attack is to remain in the background at first and send in whippets from Yugoslavia, Rumania, or Czecho-Slovakia to prepare the way and develop the situation before the French come into action with the larger guns. The former Ambassador to Turkey, Herr Nadolny, who is acting for Germany, seems to fit naturally into this kind of picture. He has been active but not impressive. With what almost everyone except France and her satellites regards as an extremely strong case, Nadolny, instead of sticking to the general principles of fairness and justice on which his case rests, reveals a disposition to dicker for advantage and position. These are the methods that he is used to and nothing in the way of light or leading may be expected of him. It will be a good thing for Germany and for the conference when conditions permit Chancellor Brüning to return.

Someone has got to supply inspiration for the conference soon if it is not to become a mere convention of technologists, the results of whose labors can be expressed in mathematical symbols. It is the fashion even in this environment to sneer at idealists, but it does not take an idealist to recognize the difference between something living and something dead. Self-appreciating realists themselves ought to be the first to recognize a corpse when they see it. Even they should realize that unless some vital thought arrives to galvanize this body into a broader outlook, to stimulate it with deeper conviction and spur it into positive accomplishment, it will become the coldest and stiffest cadaver that ever graced a mortuary slab. It needs a soul. One would suppose that the war in the Orient would have aroused all these qualities, and, indeed, the first weeks of the conference gave the impression that it had had some such effect. But that impression is weakening as the motives actuating different delegations come to be revealed in the open discussions. High purpose, magnanimity, and a spirit of cooperation, which should animate an assembly of this kind, are now conspicuously lacking. Litvinov remarked that the animosities engendered by the war had not been softened but had increased and were even growing during the discussions of the conference. Instead of showing a disposition to be generous and to inspire generosity, almost every country is bristling with suspicion and trying to keep all that it has. Artemus Ward was determined that the Civil War should be put down if he had to sacrifice all his wife's relations, and the nations assembled here are bound to do away with war if it requires the destruction of all the arms of every one of their associates. They are willing to give paregoric and apply arnica, but they all shrink from the knife. Right and fairness seem not to enter into the calculations. When a just proposal presents itself, they are frightened and walk around it.

So it will continue as long as purblind statesmen lashed to the descending weight of the past are in charge of things. Unless someone with vision and courage arises to inspire the world and this conference with a hatred of militarism as such; unless people everywhere can be made to see that mili-

tarism is not a question of nationality, that it is not detestable only when it is German but also when it is French, or Japanese, or British, or Italian, or American; unless the fundamental human truth is recognized that putting a gun in a man's hand makes a militarist out of him, then disarmament conferences will get nowhere and this one least of all. It is perhaps too much to expect that such enlightenment will come within the next few months, but one may still indulge in the pleasures of hope. If the League Assembly renounces the standards of morality among nations, it will be difficult in the general gloom for even hope to see a star.

In the Driftway

TWENTY thousand dollars was awarded by a California judge the other day for damages to a husband who claimed his wife left him because of an advertisement for razor blades. The advertisement in question depicted a sad young woman with a suitcase, and the accompanying caption explained that her husband's carelessness about shaving—and his refusal to use X razor blades, of course—had been the last straw. In many ways the Drifter considers this award to be poetic justice. He has already expressed himself on the subject of shaving; every man of his acquaintance expresses himself with equal fervor at least four times a week. And when an irresponsible manufacturer encourages foolish women in their incomprehensible objections to a small amount of inoffensive beard, it is only right and just that he should pay for it.

* * * * *

THE awarding judge had a number of things to say on the subject of advertisements. "The advertisements of soaps and disinfectants!" exclaimed his Honor in high indignation. "Disgusting; ridiculous! There's the girl rejecting a young man whom she loves because he has B. O. Then there's the advertisement showing a woman in the most dejected attitude and with tragedy on every line of her face just because she is weary; and she is weary because she did not use a certain kind of soap flakes." The judge continued:

Another full-page ad in that magazine I picked up last night showed a middle-aged father and three grown children in a huddle. The caption over the picture was "The family conference over Mother's pink toothbrush!" It couldn't have been more dramatic had Mother been on her deathbed. And what of the ad that shows a man reaching to tip his hat to the woman he wants to win, and suddenly being appalled, yes, appalled, the ad says, when he remembers he is getting bald? He dare not raise his hat. Were it the salvation of his immortal soul that was involved instead of thinning hair, there could not have been more consternation expressed in the advertisement!

* * * * *

THE judge did not make the point specifically, but the Drifter can be permitted to come back to his old thesis about the worship of Hygeia. We not only adore cleanliness and abhor filth in this country but we shiver at the very mention of disease. Everywhere we turn, on billboards, in public conveyances, in newspapers and magazines, we are kept

constantly aware of the horrendous dangers that beset us on every side. Cough medicine, cold drops, indigestion pellets, remedies for all common diseases, usually under some new and fanciful name, are recommended to us whichever way we turn. We are either a nation of physical weaklings—or of moral ones, unable to resist the lure of the quick cure whether we have anything to cure or not. And the necessity for the cure is made to seem a moral necessity. Colds are public menaces; coughers should be placed in confinement; flabby muscles are a disgrace; neglect of the periodical health examination endangers the immortal soul. When rackets are mentioned, the health racket, surely the most extensive and most profitable of all, should not be forgotten. In the old days we spent our money for patent medicines and pink pills; now we are more scientific. We suffer from halitosis, intestinal toxicity, inferiority complexes, and athlete's foot. The Drifter sometimes finds himself longing for the good old days of lung fever and the stomach-ache, when the sinus had not been discovered and the only disinfectant was a sulphur candle.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Methods of Peace

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While you theorize that the economic boycott is "one of the deadliest of war weapons"; that it "means unemployment, famine, starvation" for "the civilian population, women and children, as well as the military"; in China civilians, women, and children are not only losing jobs, homes, and food, but their lives—thousands upon thousands of human beings are being killed. This has been going on for months, and the end is not in sight.

You say that "we must make peace with the methods of peace." What are the methods of peace? Surely not the Nine-Power Treaty, the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact, the League of Nations, or world indignation.

New York, March 3

JANET SABLOFF

A Voluntary Boycott

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Isn't *The Nation* rather inconsistent to object to an American boycott against Japan? You have advocated the boycott as a substitute for war and highly approved of the Chinese boycott against Japan and the Hindu boycott against England. Of course in those cases there was direct action by the countries concerned, whereas action by the United States against Japan would be that of a third party for moral pressure only. In that sense, of course, a boycott would be a very difficult thing to put in practice without the aid of a propaganda campaign such as you mention.

Nevertheless, with Japan in the economic condition that has been pictured, a voluntary boycott supported by public opinion would have an immediate effect in Japan out of proportion to the amount of actual trade loss involved. Such a voluntary boycott would not involve government action nor would it of course have any effect on munition-makers who are exporting; but that end of the trade could be considered as an aid to peace rather than a hindrance, for the more Japan had to spend on

fireworks without a compensating trade balance in silk the more her difficulties at home would increase.

The governments of the principal nations could stop the thing in two weeks if they would mutually agree on a complete embargo. No warships need be involved in such a policy. One nation could not do that alone, and any official action by this country in regard to a boycott would be taken by Japan as an unfriendly action. Its next move would be to capture the Philippines, then the fat would be in the fire for sure. But I can see no official repercussion to a voluntary boycott, and think you should have made the distinction in your editorial in the issue of March 9.

Tulsa, Okla., March 1

C. R. LONG

A Plea to Youth

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We, the undersigned, are students, and as such we are vitally concerned with current social affairs. Students are not, as is often believed, isolated by their studies from the world's happenings, not even those who pursue "theoretical" subjects. These, as well as the more "practical" studies, have or should have a very direct bearing on social life. Unfortunately, students are at present overwhelmed with disgust at national and international affairs.

War is a near possibility, and it is the youth that it primarily concerns, for they are the ones who will be the first and the longest to suffer. Yet it is the youth who are the most powerless in preventing war. We who must suffer most can do least to avert it. We are ready for suffering and sacrifice if necessary for the good of society, but not for the blind, useless sacrifice of war.

If or when war comes, thousands of young men will be wrested from their homes, their work, their incompleting studies, through which they are becoming better able to benefit society. Most of them will not want to go, but go they will simply because to refuse would avail nothing and would be worse than acquiescence. To be jailed, branded as a coward, held down to virtual inactivity, with all the meaning of such a single and isolated protest completely snuffed out by the obscurity of the fate, would be worse than possible death in fighting. But many of us, if we knew we were part of a movement, would gladly suffer anything that would help to effect, even a little, the abatement of war. Is there no way of *getting together* so as to put our secret and suppressed wishes into action?

We hereby make this plea to youth and all who are interested in youth: Let us organize ourselves into an effective body ready to go into action when the call comes to leave our homes and our classrooms, either the call to war or the call for social reconstruction.

VESTA MACDONALD

ROBERT PALFREY UTTER, JR.

Berkeley, Cal., February 23

If the Soviet Should Fall

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "The overthrow of bolshevism in the U. S. S. R." would to me mean a few things other than those mentioned by Mr. Fischer in his article *If the Soviet Should Fall*. It would mean, for instance, the glorious release of many thousands of the bravest and most devoted of Russia's sons and daughters from Siberian tundras, from Turkestan deserts, from "political isolators," from such hell-holes as Solovetsky. It would mean a

people once again able to talk freely, to criticize, to expose, to suggest, to explain, to persuade, without being arrested in the dead of night and sent off God knows where without trial. It would mean an end of bluffing statistics and fake conspiracy trials. It would mean a tremendous growth in that industrial efficiency which the gangsters now in power have sought in vain through Taylor systems, forced labor, piece work, and poppycock. It would mean an end of the continual war-scaring, of conscription and the biggest standing army in the world, of fights over railroads in other countries. It would mean at last that free Russia for which so many noble hearts have died.

As Mr. Fischer himself says, there are no capitalists in Russia to take over things. Why should not factories be taken over by the people who work in them? Could not the farmers, who before the war were organized, many millions of them, in co-operative societies, carry on for themselves without the aid of soldiers in the fields, of Communist party bosses, or even of those wonderful experts who have not yet succeeded in raising as much wheat as was raised before the war? I say that the real way to get results in either field or factory is to rest them upon responsibility. Let the workers in each enterprise understand that the result of their labor is going to belong to them, not to either capitalist or commissar. Some of them will make mistakes at first—though hardly such asinine ones, I think, as some of those made by the heaven-sent geniuses of the party who never did a stroke of work themselves—but some will soon show the way. And while Russia is drawing out of her long dreary slough of despond, the workers of other countries may take heart again and once more think it possible to emancipate themselves from capitalism without having to abandon the ideas of liberty and humanitarianism, and fall into the new enslavement of an Asiatic despotism.

Los Angeles, February 27

T. H. BELL

For Readers in Brooklyn

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *Nation* readers who are interested in forming a liberal discussion group in Bay Ridge are requested to get in touch with me at 232 Dahlgren Place. Telephone: Shore Road 5-6413.

Brooklyn, March 10

SOPHIE FIRSTENBERG

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Why Recognize Russia?"

EDWIN BORCHARD is professor of international law at Yale University.

MAURICE SUGAR is a practicing attorney in Detroit.

AMOS PINCHOT is a New York lawyer and publicist.

MAXWELL S. STEWART is an economist on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

M. FARMER MURPHY is foreign correspondent for the *Baltimore Sun*.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS contributes verse to various periodicals.

ERNEST GRUENING, editor of the *Portland Evening News*, is the author of "The Public Pays: A Study of Power Propaganda."

RICHARD MCKEON has translated two volumes of "Selections from Medieval Philosophers."

Finance The Tax on Sales

IF the tax bill now before Congress is enacted into law, the United States will have joined the very considerable list of countries which, since 1918, have been forced by financial necessity to impose a tax on sales. This form of impost is not popular in Anglo-Saxon countries, though Canada employs it with success. It is disliked because it is not "democratic"; that is, it falls in equal amount and hence with unequal effect upon the rich and the poor, to the extent that their consumption approaches equality. There is, of course, an enormous disparity between the consumption of the rich and that of the poor, but the disparity is nowhere near as great as exists between their respective incomes.

Another objection has been that the imposition of the tax at various stages of production places a handicap upon the small manufacturing concern which must buy a large amount of partly finished materials, and works to the advantage of the great company which carries through most of the stages of production in its own plants. Thus, theoretically, impetus would be given to "vertical integration" in industry—a further acceleration of the tendency toward mergers which is already so sharply questioned from the standpoint of public policy; and the weaker manufacturers, already at a disadvantage in the competitive struggle, would be still further put to it to survive. Professor Alzada Comstock, whose "Taxation in the Modern State" presents in small compass a great fund of information on post-war tax development, remarks on this point: "The trouble with the argument is that in the history of sales taxes almost nothing can be found to support it."

Be that as it may, the framers of the sales-tax laws have had the objection in mind. In Belgium and Germany they attempted to meet it by applying the tax to inter-division sales; that is, partly finished materials supplied by one branch or subsidiary of a manufacturing concern to another branch or subsidiary were taxed as sales, just as though the articles had come from outside suppliers. Our own tax bill approaches the problem from the opposite angle. The intent is evidently to tax only the ultimate sale by the manufacturer of the finished goods. To avoid taxation prior to that, manufacturers are to be licensed, and sales from one licensed manufacturer to another, for purposes of further manufacture, are to be exempted. The same principle will apply to dealers in semi-finished goods, who are to be registered.

It should be noted, then, that the measure now before Congress provides strictly for a sales tax upon manufactures, at the manufacturers' prices, and not for that impost upon all transactions, wholesale and retail, which properly bears the name of turnover tax. Germany, hard pressed for revenue, has applied the tax to practically every form of sale, even including the services of doctors and lawyers. The yield of these imposts has been highly gratifying. Professor Comstock presents figures showing that in Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, France, Belgium, and Austria the sales tax has produced from 14 to 22 per cent of total tax revenues, while in Canada the produce has amounted to one-quarter of all government receipts, exceeding the yield of the income tax.

To what extent the new tax will be passed on to the consumer, or absorbed by the manufacturer, is one of the most interesting questions raised by the proposed law. There is some evidence to the effect that in boom times the consumer pays the tax without grumbling, but that when prices are falling the producer pays it.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books, Art, Drama

Machinal

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Speech was at last a terrible machine,
A mesh of wheels and pinions, never still,
Powered by some force outrageous and unseen,
Spinning above the heart's confusion, till
Even our thought was timed to that insane
Lucidity of motion, and we heard
Nothing save one sharp sound, again, again—
The senseless clang of word on iron word.

Sometimes I think, when I am listening
To this mad engine and its grinding gears,
That we are lost, though I had strength to heave
All human hate against the treacherous thing.
And would you, with its roaring in your ears,
Find silence any easier to believe?

Panorama

1919. By John Dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

THIS novel is a sequel to "The 42nd Parallel," the second volume of what is intended, I believe, to be a trilogy. It is a better book than its predecessor, which was itself the outstanding American novel of 1930, though the Pulitzer prize for that year was awarded to an innocuous titbit called "Years of Grace." Like its predecessor, and like Aldous Huxley's "Point Counter Point," "1919" is really a group of four or five novels shuffled into each other. We begin with the story of Joe Williams, switch to that of Dick Savage, then to that of Eveline Hutchins, then back to that of Joe, then Dick, then Eveline, then Daughter, then Ben Compton, and so on. Interspersed among these parts of what might be called the novel or novels proper, are a series of "newsreels," "camera eyes," and brief biographies. The newsreels are composed of headlines of the day, scraps of speeches, popular songs. Compactly they convey a vivid sense of the emotional and ideological climate of the period. Apparently thrown in at random, the items are actually selected with great adroitness, and placed in ironic juxtaposition. Thus headlines referring to great battles or massacres will be found immediately above headlines about strong stock markets or record steel-company profits, speeches about idealism and our heroes just above or below some bawdy war song. The brief biographies support this sense of period and also forward what most readers will probably call the author's propagandistic purpose. Jack Reed, Randolph Bourne, Paxton Hibben, Joe Hill come out rather well in them; Roosevelt, Wilson, and the late J. P. Morgan come out rather badly. But Dos Passos has no complete heroes or complete villains; he has even an outward objectivity; he merely writes his biographies from a certain point of view, which happens to be sympathetic to communism. This point of view is implicit throughout the novel, and is revealed partly by the selection of the characters, and partly by what they say and do.

What is chiefly gained by the device of shuffling several stories together is the effect of panoramic sweep. We see the United States, the war, and the world from the standpoint of

an ignorant proletarian sailor, of a middle-class Harvard man, a middle-class Chicago girl, an upper-middle-class Southern girl, and of an intellectual proletarian Jew. These characters sometimes meet one another, but only in the case of Dick Savage and Anne Elizabeth do they meet with any significant consequences. The story of each character is told in the third person, but, for the most part, from the standpoint of the first person. It is told in a style appropriate to that character's outlook, mental level, and vocabulary. This results in a certain gain in vividness and congruity, though the method is not without its drawbacks. The main effect of the novel stylistically is that of a flat rapid monotone. The writing is not as distinguished on its own account as was that in "Three Soldiers," nor are there any short passages as brilliant as some in "Manhattan Transfer."

If we compare Dos Passos with other of our leading novelists, we find no one who is his superior in range of awareness of American life. In his tone, he most nearly approaches Hemingway. He can be as "hard-boiled" as the latter, particularly when he is dealing with hard-boiled characters; his freedom of language is, if anything, greater; his viewpoint, also, is nearly as external and behavioristic. But he has a greater range of sympathy. It is very doubtful, for example, whether Hemingway could portray the thoughts of children and women as penetratingly as Dos Passos does. And his social sympathies, one might almost say his class passions, give a drive to his work that Hemingway's, with its comparatively sterile point of view, lacks. In its social implications Dos Passos's work is more nearly akin to that of Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis, and still more to that of Upton Sinclair. But where Sinclair's people are wax dummies, Dos Passos's are alive and convincing. The contrast raises again the old problem of the propagandistic novel. Are "1919" and "The 42nd Parallel" propagandistic? Certainly in effect they are so; yet their effectiveness both as fiction and as propaganda lies in the fact that their communistic sympathies are never more than *implicit*, even in the newsreels and the biographies, while even these are, so to speak, insulated from the novel proper.

"The 42nd Parallel" and "1919" are not without their weaknesses. There is a certain monotony in them. The characters, caught in the maelstrom of the war, the armistice, the peace, do pretty much the same things; they drift, drink, fornicate, rebel, repetitiously; they are not as sharply differentiated from one another as one feels they ought to be. They either suffer from a singular shallowness of feeling, or what feelings they have are not, with a few exceptions, adequately conveyed to the reader. Like Hemingway characters, they appear to be almost complete extroverts. But perhaps this is only to say that the shortcomings of "1919" reflect the shortcomings of American life itself—and undoubtedly to some extent Dos Passos has intended that result.

HENRY HAZLITT

Cunarders

Spanning the Atlantic: The History of the Cunard Line. By F. Lawrence Babcock. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

MR. BABCOCK'S readable volume is far less a history of the Cunard Line than the story of the Cunard ships. While he has done that well, and brought out clearly the extraordinary safety of the Cunard vessels, he has not let us into the secret of the line's success save to tell us that no one can become a fourth officer on a Cunarder until he has a master's license in his pocket. How that discipline and esprit de corps are kept up; how the line has been financed in

late years, and the extent of its dividends; how the ships are provisioned, etc.—these things Mr. Babcock leaves to the imagination. Yet his book is not a mere semi-official eulogy; it is a straightforward narrative. He has, however, evidently not read the official inquiry into the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and so we have only an inadequate treatment of that dreadful disaster and no light as to whether in his opinion the captain was derelict in running her under after she was hit, and why it was that although he was warned by the Admiralty of the submarine danger, the portholes were not closed, the boats swung out, life preservers distributed, and other precautions taken. This war-time episode does not, of course, detract from the marvelous record of the Cunard Line, which ever since July 4, 1840, has been illustrating the very best that private capital can do in a public service. It has never gouged; it has always been progressive as to its ships while extremely conservative and entirely responsible in its management; and has therefore won well-deserved loyalty and devotion from the public. Unfortunately, what was to be its greatest achievement—the 75,000-ton steamer which was to have won the Atlantic blue ribbon for England and the Cunard Line—lies unfinished on the ways. Finally, Mr. Babcock's book is marred by such execrable proof-reading that one wonders how Alfred Knopf came to allow a discreditable a volume to appear under his imprint.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"What a Set, What a Set!"

Lorenzo in Taos. By Mabel Dodge Luhan. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

IN 1921 Mabel Dodge sent D. H. Lawrence two Indian herbs of magic potency and a letter inviting him to New Mexico. She also drew herself "into the core of my being where there is a live plangent force lying passive," and *willed* him to come. Then Lawrence—whether because of the herbs, the plangent force, or merely his own innate tendency to want to be wherever he was not—did in very truth arrive; and concerning the adventure Mrs. Dodge has written a vivid and fascinating book indispensable to anyone interested either in Lawrence or in the intimate antics of an eccentric, cantankerous group which divided its time between the contemplation of the ineffable and the elaboration of intricate, all too human quarrels.

One may doubt the success of Lawrence's avowed purpose "somehow to bring together the two ends of humanity, our own thin end, and the last dark strand from the previous, pre-white era." Indeed, he does not seem to have got along any too well even with Mrs. Dodge's Indian husband Tony. But here at least is as pretty a kettle of queer fish as one may hope to meet, and with all due respect to Lawrence's great talents as a writer it is difficult not to get a new understanding of Matthew Arnold's attitude, or not to exclaim after him, "What a set, what a set!" Lorenzo flaming in white fury because a caller has thought fit to use in his presence one of the Anglo-Saxon monosyllables now familiar to all readers of "Lady Chatterley," Tony attributing the breakdown of the automobile to a snake in the neighborhood, and Mrs. Dodge rushing out in her kimono to learn from an excited third party that Lawrence's wife had told *him* that Lawrence had told *her* that he was determined to "destroy" his hostess—all these are surely unforgettable pictures. Mrs. Dodge dots her i's and crosses her t's, and when there is a fairly well-known name to be mentioned in any intimate connection she never fails to mention it.

Doubtless purely commonplace factors would be sufficient to explain why it was so difficult to get on with the serious business of discovering a new way of life and of cultivating that superconsciousness which, so both were convinced, exists

somewhere outside the brain. When Mrs. Dodge undertook to "save" Lawrence from his far-from-negligible Frieda, it was inevitable that a quite unesoteric tension should be produced, and it must be difficult to concentrate on the composition of a mystical work with a man whose wife insists upon seizing the occasion to do housework all over the place.

It is, however, worth while to point out that Lawrence and Mrs. Dodge were also temperamentally quite different despite certain superficial similarities. Both were perpetually in full flight from everything which seems rational, and the latter was talking Lawrence's lingo when, for example, she explained to him how at different periods in her life she had "awakened at the different great centers . . . first in Buffalo, the lower sex center; in Italy, the emotional, nervous, aesthetic center at the solar plexus; in New York, the exciting, frontal brain center where ideas stimulate and whirl one about; and then how, in Taos, Tony had gradually awakened my dormant heart, Tony and the mountains of Taos." Lawrence thought that she had "a terrible lot of the collective self" in her—whatever that may mean—and all seemed to be well. But Mrs. Dodge was an instinctive believer and Lawrence an instinctive despiser. She would clutch eagerly at anyone who held out a promise of mystic salvation, whether it was Freud, Jung, Gurdjieff, or Tony; he invariably revolted against anything which was actually offered and could not endure anyone who agreed with him. "No, *never* adapt yourself. Kick Brill in the guts if he tries to come it over you. Kick all America in the guts: they need it. Foul enough, with their overriding of life." But of course he reserved to himself the right to despise even America, and when in London Osbert Sitwell dares to "loath" it on his own, then, "My God, it makes me want to come back there, to get away from these European pap-driving little boys. They see *nothing* in America at all; not even the *real* menace; and none of the grim Yankee dauntlessness, which has *not* got its bottom swathed in a napkin. Anything, anything, anything for a bit of dauntless courage." Tortured though he was, Lawrence remained intelligent enough to recognize nonsense, even his own, once it had been formulated, and so he never really embraced any of those formulas for salvation toward which he was irresistibly driven by his agonized despair.

It was, moreover, this inveterate negativism which doomed to failure his last effort to find outside of himself what he was looking for. Just before coming to New Mexico he had discovered that the Buddhists—whom he had so much admired from a distance—had "nasty faces" and "little vulgar dens" for temples. Now he was to discover that the business of uniting "our own thin end" with the "dark strand" of Indian consciousness did not work out so well either. "This poking and prying into the Indians is a form of indecency," and it ought to have been evident that all was over when he got around to writing the characteristic fragment which includes the following passage:

As for a common sympathy or understanding that's beyond imagining. West is wild and woolly and bad on purpose—highbrow is bent on getting to the bottom of things and saving the lost soul down there in the depths. . . . And so everybody smirks at everybody else, and says, tacitly: "Go on. You do your little stunt, and I'll do mine"—and they're like the various troupes in a circus, all performing at once, with nobody for master of ceremonies.

Fundamentally, Mrs. Dodge had made the mistake of supposing that Lawrence really wanted what he thought he wanted or really meant exactly what he seemed to say. So there was some talk of his riding into the desert never to be heard of again, but Frieda won the victory despite his indulgence in a metaphysical flirtation. That he liked Mrs. Dodge is evident from the fact that he wanted to "destroy her"—his way of exhibiting interest in anything. Moreover, the climate of

New Mexico was perhaps the best in the world for his tubercular constitution, but his invincible will to destruction took him away at last to his death. Previously he had written: "I rather hate therapy altogether—doctors, healers, and all the rest. I believe that a real neurotic is a half-devil, but a cured neurotic is a perfect devil. . . . I would prefer that the neurotics died." And he had at least a part of his wish.

Mrs. Dodge's book is made more valuable by the inclusion of a large number of Lawrence letters of first importance for understanding him, but I am not sure that such understanding will add much to one's estimate of the man whose writings were justly regarded as amazing because of their intense and irritated eloquence. He had a brain and, perhaps, a very good one; but it was all too seldom that his nerves would let him use it. How long the interest in him will last will depend upon how long mere nerves continue to hold the fascination which they have certainly held for those "intellectuals" whom intellect has betrayed. I suspect, however, that the class as a whole is beginning to realize that, of the two betrayals, betrayal by the mind is to be preferred.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Rise of Nicholas Butler

Looking Forward. By Nicholas Murray Butler. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

NO one in high place is speaking out more forthrightly and more pertinently in condemnation of our national shortcomings than Nicholas Murray Butler, and his position as well as his previous conservatism lends weight to these utterances. Eloquent, forceful, intensified by vigorous epigram, the thirty addresses published under the title "Looking Forward—What Will the American People Do About It?" constitute one of the few important contributions to contemporary thinking since the depression began—exemplifying an intellectual leadership in a nation where leadership has been so conspicuously lacking.

Twelve of the addresses were delivered before the "crash." For consistency's sake, some of these might better have been omitted from the volume. They do not measure up to President Butler's subsequent utterances—as the magnitude of the economic disaster became apparent. The inconsistencies are due, doubtless, both to the changing times and to the varying environment in which the addresses were delivered.

Thus President Butler's latest view—December 1, 1931—"to face forward means to achieve a new, a larger, a higher view of the meaning of a nation, and of that feeling and affection for it and devotion to it which is patriotism. Nations can no longer be conceived as ends in themselves. . . . The last place to look for security is in armaments and the last way to seek prosperity is through isolation," contrasts with his expressed disapproval, in an Independence Day address, July 5, 1926, before the American Society in London, of contemporary tendencies "to displace patriotism by a vague internationalism that will take no account of history or tradition or inheritance." Nor would he be so apt to say today with the positiveness exhibited in 1927 of the Russian experiment: "It is failing."

It is, however, wholly to Dr. Butler's credit that he has grown apace, that he has been among the first, perhaps, of the important former conservatives to face the profound implications of events since the fall of 1929. It is to the credit of the college president who in 1917 caused the dismissal of Columbia faculty members because they dissented from America's participation in the World War, exercising their constitutional right in forwarding a protest to Congress, that he could in his Disarmament Day address on November 11, 1931, unqualifiedly

condemn war, demanding that governments refrain from preparing for it, abolish armies and navies, and consign the implements of war to museums, saying, "The doctrine that men can be neither safe nor free in any other way [without perpetuating armaments] is too grotesque to be listened to with patience."

Yet even before the 1929 collapse, it is but fair to say that President Butler sensed much that was wrong with our United States. On September 1, 1929, he pointed out that wealth had taken the position which liberty formerly occupied, and, though a lifelong Republican party leader, in the same address unsparingly condemned the tariff. Likewise he declares that "the two-party system has broken down"; that both major political parties are "frankly opportunist"; that we cannot preserve America by lip service, by tribute to the great names and personalities of the past; that the status quo cannot be maintained; that we must act vigorously and at once lest it be "too late to stem the tide of discontent, of disorder, and of political and economic revolution"; and that "great masses of men will not indefinitely sit quietly by and see themselves and those dependent upon them reduced to penury and want while that which we call civilization has so much to offer, commands such stupendous resources, and seems capable of accomplishing almost anything." These last two within the year.

It is a pity that President Butler is not today an active candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. He is infinitely better qualified in his present approach to national and world issues than in 1920, when he was presented by the State of New York as its candidate and received sixty-nine and one half votes in the convention. His contemporary thinking on disarmament, internationalism, unemployment, tariffs, and prohibition is far ahead of that of the major party leaders ("midgets in the seats of the mighty," Dr. Butler deems them) who seem likely to win the Presidential nomination.

His, in short, is a credo for those who believe, with the reviewer, that the means of reconstruction may be found within the traditional American scheme, that an evolutionary solution to our great and pressing difficulties, and a closer approximation to our postulated aim of achieving "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" are attainable without resort to the exotic alternatives of fascism or communism.

ERNEST GRUENING

Current Soviet History

Pan-Sovietism. By Bruce Hopper. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

THIS book is a pleasant surprise. From the fact that it is a Ph.D. thesis, one expects it to be rather dull. The title is unfortunate and gives no idea of the rich contents. "Pan-Sovietism" suggests something controversial, excessively interpretative, and difficult of demonstration. Plain "Soviet Russia" sounds much more interesting. Mr. Hopper's volume actually takes the story where Chamberlin left it in 1929, and brings it more or less up to date. It is current Soviet history, and includes discussions of the newest Russian developments and problems—Five-Year Plan, "forced" labor, the task of training the necessary technical personnel, the difficulty of industrializing a backward country and a nation handicapped by the inheritance of a phlegmatic nature and a semi-Asiatic psychology, the struggle between capitalist and socialist economy, collectivization, and the like. Throughout the book a hard-boiled realism, combined with fine human touches from the author's personal experiences in the U. S. S. R., compensates for some rather heavy sections on very elementary phases of the Russian situation. Too many ABC's receive attention, while many of the absorbing complexes of Soviet life are dismissed in a paragraph or two.

Mr. Hopper manifests keen appreciation of Soviet achievements and especially of changes in mental outlook, despite unfortunate legacies from the past to which he attaches great importance. He gives a number of examples: In November, 1927, the American colony in Moscow walked behind the red-draped coffin of a young Chicago revolutionist who had worked with Borodin in China; a rare woman. Hopper was in the procession to the crematorium. A Russian worker stepped up to him and asked: "Is she ours?" Hopper replied that she was. The worker joined the procession. On another occasion a taxi chauffeur refused to drive Hopper because he had called him a fool. "I am a citizen of the Soviet state," the Russian proudly announced. That is the same Russian who probably grumbles very loudly over food shortage, bureaucracy in Moscow, and other weaknesses of the Bolshevik system.

Mr. Hopper believes that bolshevism will prove an economic success and then stretch out for markets in Asia, where the struggle for world domination will be fought between Russia and America. When? Is not Russia itself one of the three great markets? The Bolsheviks must meet domestic demands first. The other two customers, India and China, are rich potentially but possess very little purchasing power today. India is closing its doors even to England, and its own bourgeoisie is industrializing the homeland. What chances, then, have the Bolsheviks in India? And China? The Celestial Republic counts 400,000,000 inhabitants, but they consume less than California. Moscow must pour billions—billions of dollars, not rubles—into China to develop its vast resources before the yellow man can buy Soviet goods. Can Moscow do that when the job of industrializing Russia is only just begun? Before Russia can meet with America in the death combat for foreign markets, it must supply its own market. Very little of what Russia exports is surplus unless it be ideas. Let us not lose all sense of proportion and exaggerate Soviet triumphs. This is as grave an error as daily expectation of Soviet collapse.

LOUIS FISCHER

The Middle Ages

The Middle Ages: 300-1500. By James Westfall Thompson. Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes. \$12.50.

The Decline of the Medieval Church. By Alexander Clarence Flick. Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes. \$12.50.

Thomas Aquinas. By M. C. D'Arcy. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.50.

UNDETERRED by the maze of scholarly disputes and the massive literature that has grown about the Middle Ages, Professor Thompson has made a courageous attempt to state in ten hundred pages the results of research into the political, economic, and intellectual history of twelve hundred years. His method has been to divide the task into parcels, sometimes geographic or political (a chapter each devoted to the Roman Empire and Islam, two to the Hundred Years War), sometimes topical (a chapter each on Monasticism, Education, Literature), and to follow closely in each the authorities acknowledged in the last page of the preface. It is a method admirably suited to put before the reader the results of scholarship, but it has its attendant dangers: Professor Thompson finds it necessary, in distributing his material through the chapters, to break up his narrative and return to a given person or a given event in several different contexts, and his citations from authorities are not always made with clear warning that authorities are seldom in agreement.

Even the reader who has read only this history will find reason, if his memory is good, for questioning some of its statements. For example (p. 70), Jordanes drew upon Gothic

legend and saga to write a history of the Goths, and (p. 227) Cassiodorus wrote his lost "History of the Goths" at the command of Theodoric, but later (p. 799) the reader learns that Jordanes's history was "chiefly cribbed from Cassiodorus's lost 'History of the Goths.'" The final impression, derived after so many pages, is uncomfortably vague and not entirely accurate, since Jordanes, in his dedicatory epistle, states that his purpose is to give a brief résumé in this small book of the twelve volumes of Cassiodorus; he specifies that although the work was not accessible when he wrote, he had read it previously in three days, and he remembered, if not the words, the sense and the events; moreover he purposed to add some details from other histories. Or, again, sometimes the uncoordinated authorities make the narrative needlessly disjointed: thus, on a single page (763), relative to the revival of Roman law, there are three references—one to Garnerius, one to the famous four doctors of Bologna, one to Irnerius; but it is not pointed out that Irnerius was the same person as Garnerius and that he was the master of the four doctors.

There are numberless statements with which the reader who has read other histories might quarrel. To illustrate the "amazing quantity" of the writings of Aquinas it is pointed out that they fill twelve folio volumes in the Vatican edition; however, that edition is incomplete—in 1918 it contained thirteen volumes; the thirty-four quarto volumes of the Vivès edition are better indication of the mass of Thomas's labors. Or (p. 756) William of Champeaux is said to have retired to the seclusion of the cloister of Saint-Victor; whereas he retired to an impoverished chapel of Saint-Victor, near which he founded an abbey and school to which he gave that name. Or, again, the "Isagoge" (i. e., the Introduction) of Porphyry is referred to constantly as the "Isagogia," until (p. 780) it is explained that the Introduction is a paraphrase of the Categories of Aristotle (which it most certainly is not, since it treats of the five predicables, not of the ten categories), and the inference is made that since Gerbert commented on it, he "had only a Latin translation of a Greek paraphrase of the original," although the next sentence of the text adds that Gerbert commented on the Categories too. In the same passage "attribute" is listed as one of the categories (which it is not), and the titles to the treatises of Boethius are mistranslated. But such slips, though they might be listed indefinitely, are the price one must pay for a book of such broad scope; Professor Thompson's work is as serviceable an introduction as the student will find to the history of the Middle Ages.

Dr. Flick's study of the church during the fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries is an analysis of the problems of the Babylonian Captivity and the Great Western Schism in terms largely of their economic and financial background. The doctrinal details of the controversies scarcely emerge (Ockham's great "Dialogue" is passed over as "a vast mass of almost unreadable disputation"); important philosophers move across the pages as participants only in papal quarrels; churchmen distinguished in the intellectual history of the church are ignored if they had no part in its political history; and, occasionally, if they shared the two interests, they become two men as Peter D'Ailly and Peter de Aliaco are two men on page 303 and one on page 398. Yet the papal financial system is set forth with engaging detail, and the volumes present an extremely useful collection of information concerning the economic organization, the revenues, and the expenditures of the medieval church.

Father D'Arcy has added one more to the numerous recent books on Thomas Aquinas. This is a comprehensive and readable treatment, which is designed to make the thought of Thomas intelligible and interesting to readers versed only in more recent speculations. On several occasions in the course of the exposition the reader is assured that some portion of a demonstration is not to be taken seriously (as pp. 163, 178),



MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS IN U. S. S. R.

- Sailing on SS. Bremen, April 13.
- Including roundtrip third class transatlantic, second class rail Helsingfors-Leningrad, third class "roughing it" in the U. S. S. R.
- 10 days in Leningrad and Moscow.
Price from New York \$256
- Special trip to Dnieprostroi—12 days in the U. S. S. R. \$288
- Sailing on SS. Europa, April 20.
- Including roundtrip tourist third cabin, second class rail Bremen to Moscow via Berlin, second category in the U. S. S. R.
- 10 days in Moscow and Leningrad.
Price from New York \$430

The OPEN ROAD

Salmon Tower, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City

Cooperating in U. S. S. R. with INTOURIST

Die Weltbühne

ist eine kritische deutsche Wochenschrift. Sie unterrichtet über alle Fragen des politischen, wirtschaftlichen, und kulturellen Lebens und nimmt Stellung zu ihnen.

Unter ihren Mitarbeitern befinden sich bekannte Autoren wie Werner Hegemann, Kaspar Hauser, Kurt Hiller, Carl von Ossietzky, Peter Panter, Alfred Polgar, Theobald Tiger, Ernst Toller, Kurt Tucholsky, Ignaz Wrobel.

Probenummer kostenfrei vom

Verlag Die Weltbühne

Berlin - Charlottenburg 2, Germany

and the physical theory is passed over rapidly as antiquated. Moreover, although Thomas did not have the benefit of an idealistic approach to philosophy, Father D'Arcy makes up for this deficiency and expounds the theory of knowledge first, then the metaphysics—before the theology, the physics, and the ethics are presented. This modernization is made possible by the sacrifice of Aristotle, and consequently is at the expense of slighting the seriousness of not a few points of the Thomist doctrine, but the result is none the less an instructive introduction to the philosophy of the Angelic Doctor, and it should be useful to those students of philosophy who have not yet learned that medieval philosophy can be presented by a modern writer sympathetically.

RICHARD MCKEON

Books in Brief

The Harbourmaster. By William McFee. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

After the manner of Conrad's Marlow, Mr. Spenlove, the chief engineer of the Camotan, while that ship is lying off Puerto Balboa, tells the life-story of his friend Captain Fraley, the harbormaster of the Central American port. It takes in the early days that the two Englishmen spent together as junior officers, their service in the Aegean Sea during the war, the meeting of Captain Fraley with Francine, the French girl who became his mistress, and finally the misunderstanding that contributed to Francine's death and Captain Fraley's suicide. Remarkable characters are introduced, notably Francine herself, enigmatic, capricious, but always loyal to her lover; and El Greco, the gambler with the heart of gold. But though the plot is complicated and the characters "colorful," the reader's main interest is not in Mr. McFee's story. It is in his side comments, his manner. When we have forgotten the details of Francine's downfall we still remember Mr. Spenlove's—that is, Mr. McFee's—impressions of Greenwich Village, or of a certain American newspaper—"the yellowest of the yellow, with cartoons of a bloated Wall Street capitalist seated on the neck of a shop girl, or the American eagle with his talons in the throat of the British lion. . . . It was, I recall now, a paper for people who think. It certainly made me think." Mr. McFee's bland manner is by no means original, owing a great deal to writers of a previous generation, particularly Anatole France; but it has the decided advantage of being entertaining throughout.

Run, Sheep, Run. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Horace Liveright. \$2.

Communism, the American brand of it, provides the background for this latest novel by Maxwell Bodenheim. A chapter is devoted to a riot in front of City Hall, New York; there is a scene in the Cooperative Cafeteria on Union Square, followed by a bacchanalia in the Chelsea apartment of Myron Cohen, the editor of a Communist magazine. The hero, George Romaine, wants to devote his life to the cause of the proletarian revolution. He is involved in a love affair with Anne Rubens, a pretty and delicate Jewish bourgeoisie who writes poetry. After being beaten up in the City Hall riot, he decides to break away from a life that he considers to be hypocritical. He goes South and works in a cottonseed-oil factory, to have actual experience of labor conditions. But the life is needlessly brutal, outside the factory as well as in it, and, although he has been attracted to a sturdy Irish girl named Kathleen Kishan, he hobbles his way back to New York—and, he imagines, to Anne. But she, he discovers dramatically, has married a Park Avenue millionaire. He decides to return to the South and get Kathleen, feeling that it is only from simply sturdy people like her

that the revolution can spring. As seems to be customary in Mr. Bodenheim's novels, a great deal of space is devoted to sex—more, in this case, in fact, than to communism. There are intimacies on the capitalist divans of Sutton Place, on the Communist sofas of Chelsea, and on the grass of the suburbs that must surely appeal to the typist public. Less prurient readers will be interested in what the novel reveals of the Communist movement in America—a subject that is most excellently reported here.

Emotional Currents in American History. By J. H. Denison. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.

Mr. Denison now attempts to show on a more limited scale than in his "Emotions as the Basis of Civilization" that emotionalized thoughts create history. Control of emotion by wise guidance, he holds, may lead to unity and prosperity. The old herd instinct is still powerful in counteracting the rebellion of liberty against authority. But in a democracy there are two dangers: lack of proper emotions to establish solidarity and to maintain laws, and, on the other hand, that over-devotion to liberty and justice which rebels against all authority until it menaces public welfare. Most of the book is devoted to a brief summary of our history, stressing emotional currents in politics. Nothing new or startling by way of factual or interpretative history is introduced. The emphasis follows that of the standard texts. In conclusion, six chapters, more or less speculative, interpret emotions regarding sex, religion, class stratification, racial differences and sectionalism, social responsibility and the new bondage, and propaganda. In developing a new approach to an old subject, an author cannot hope for complete success. Mr. Denison deserves credit, however, for the attempt, even if superficial judgments and a decidedly "emotional" style sometimes detract from the achievement.

Boom in Paradise. By T. H. Weigall. Alfred H. King. \$2.50.

Mr. Weigall has produced nothing to justify calling him, as Burton Rascoe does in an introduction, the "historian of the Florida land boom." Such virtue as the book has lies in the fact that it is a record of personal experience. Cuba's President is misspelled "Marchada" and Florida's great lake "Ochecho-bee."

Forgery in Christianity. By Joseph Wheless. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.

Mr. Wheless, once the smartest Sunday-school scholar in Tennessee, is now the world's champion Bible buster. Being taught that the Bible was infallible, he set out to master the Book with adolescent enthusiasm. Unfortunately for his orthodoxy, he read the Bible too much and became acutely aware of its all too human character. Growing indignant, he determined to refute the dogma of divine inspiration in a more devastating manner than anybody had yet done. His first anti-Biblical opus, "Is It God's Word?" was an exhaustive critique of the claim of divine inspiration based on the internal evidence of the Bible. Now Mr. Wheless attacks the Bible from the standpoint of external evidence, claiming that both the Jewish and Christian Scriptures were foisted upon the world by pious forgery and fraud. For proof he has gone largely to Christian sources. His method has been mainly to collect passages redolent of superstition and credulity from the Christian Fathers, and passages which either overtly or by implication contradict some Christian tradition or doctrine from the Fathers, the "Catholic Encyclopedia," or the "Encyclopedia Biblica." While Mr. Wheless overworks his theory of intentional fraud, he has compiled enough evidence to convince any fair-minded person that pious fraud and forgery played a very considerable part in the production and canonization of Holy Writ, and also in the genesis and propagation of Christian doctrine.

W. BERAN WOLFE, M.D.

Leading Practising Psychiatrist in New York City
Author of "How To Be Happy Though Human"
In a Series of Six Lectures on

"INDIVIDUAL PSYCHOLOGY"

Thursday Evenings, at 8:15

Mar. 24—*How to be Happy Though Human*

Living is a fine art. The five wisdoms of the artistic process. The goals of human life. The technique of getting the most out of life. Happiness, the synthesis of getting along with others and getting along with yourself.

Mar. 31—*Adler vs. Freud*

Individual Psychology and Psychoanalysis, the most significant contributions to modern thought. Their basic similarities and interdependence. Their fundamental differences. Psychoanalysis and mechanism. Individual psychology and neo-vitalism. Discussion of cases.

Apr. 7—*The Meaning of Dreams*

The antiquity of dream interpretation. Dreams among the ancients. Dream books and dream alphabets. Psychoanalytic concepts of dreams. The Adlerian concept of the dream as training. Interpretation of dreams.

Apr. 14—*The Psychology of Wit and Humor*

Wit and humor as compensatory strivings. Wit as a form of superiority complex. The process of humor. Wit and empathy. Laughter as a social bond. The social value of great humor.

Apr. 21—*Neuroses; Their Meaning and Cure*

Common neuroses. Ancient and modern conceptions. The unity of all neuroses. Neurotic traits and their meaning. How neuroses are cured.

Apr. 28—*Individual Psychology of Sex*

Sex and the needs of civilization. The reasons for the sexual problems of our times. Ignorance of sex. The art of love. Emancipation of women. Romantic love. Love as task. The way out.

At the Community Church now meeting at

TEMPLE BETH-EL, Fifth Avenue and 76th Street

Course Tickets—\$2.50; Single Admissions \$0.50

Apply: Church Office, 4 East 76th Street

Social Work as a Profession

is becoming increasingly more important
and recognized.

Some other professions may be financially more remunerative, but none offers greater returns in terms of intrinsic interest, social usefulness and stimulating contacts.

The Graduate School for Jewish Social Work offers courses in Case Work, Child Care, Community Centers and Community Organization leading to the Master's and Doctor's degree.

Fellowships and scholarships of \$150 to \$1000 are available to especially qualified students.

For full information address

Dr. M. J. KARP, Director

The Graduate School
For Jewish Social Work

71 W. 47th St., New York City

The Greatest TRAVEL VALUE

30 DAYS
of delightful travel

\$202.00

Witness the enormous

MAY DAY
CELEBRATIONS

in Moscow on May 1st

A variety of trips at surprisingly low rates offered in our booklet "N"

Tour to **RUSSIA**

Includes: Ocean passage in Modern Third Class, TOURIST CLASS SECTION, fare to Russia via England or Germany and Finland, hotels and meals en route to Russia and during 7 DAYS IN LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW, with sightseeing, entertainment, conductor's and interpreter's services, visas, etc.

RETURN PASSAGE FROM
GERMAN OR FRENCH
PORT INCLUDED.

AMALGAMATED BANK

11-15 Union Square

New York City

HUNGER AND LOVE

A Novel by Lionel Britton
Introduction by Bertrand Russell

BERNARD SHAW, BERTRAND RUSSELL, ARNOLD BENNETT, LAURENCE STALLINGS and UPTON SINCLAIR are a few of those who praise this novel extravagantly.

UPTON SINCLAIR avers: It is the thing I have been waiting for twenty-five years—that is to say a really great book by a proletarian writer of the new generation in Great Britain . . . This book is great in the fullest sense of the much abused word. It has the divine rage of genius; it has the revolutionary fire and, at the same time, a world-embracing grasp.

This novel, the story of Arthur Phelps' attempt to gain a mind, has set England agog; it is now in its third printing there. The present publishers, who acquired the rights to this novel from Harper and Brothers, have reissued it at \$3.00 instead of \$4.00. They are convinced that HUNGER AND LOVE is destined to take its place with the great literature of all time.

623 pages

\$3.00 at bookstores

THE VANGUARD PRESS 100 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Foreign Language Classes

RUSSIAN, GERMAN, FRENCH, SPANISH, AND ITALIAN

Each lesson 75 cents

Held at SILVA STUDIO, 11 E. 12th Street—Algonquin 4-8631
Auspices League for Mutual Aid—104 Fifth Avenue

BOARDING SCHOOL—GERMANY

One of the best German boarding schools for boys, located on a lake near Munich, with excellent teachers and a distinguished clientele, will make room for a few American boys, preferably with some knowledge of German. Highly endorsed by the Editor of "The Nation," to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

WANTED—Subscribers who are interested in obtaining new *Nation* subscriptions. Sales helps provided, and liberal commissions. Interest in *The Nation* is today more widespread than ever before. Take advantage of the opportunity to supplement your earnings, while helping *The Nation* to reach a greater public. Address N. E. B., c/o THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., New York City.

Art

The Photography of Stieglitz

ONE objective of the young Stieglitz was triumphantly achieved by the show of 127 Stieglitz photographs until recently on the light walls of An American Place. It was the aim of the youthful photographer to demonstrate the parity, at the very least, of his means with all sacrosanct aesthetic means; to exhibit its special, pertinent, and perhaps unlimited capacities as a medium of pure expression. And the theorem is now demonstrated; and with a grand emphasis which the ardent champion of forty years ago could scarcely have anticipated. The prints, representing forty years of growth, actually conveyed, with the foreseen immediacy of music, or poetry, or painting, an unpredictable immensity of human experience. And the maturity, the subtlety, the tragedy of the feelings of the forces of life communicated by them go far to place the man's entire work among the prime realizations of our world.

Previous shows of Stieglitz's photography had proved that in his hands, and perhaps in his alone, the straight photographic medium was as capable of creating, out of the welter of characteristics present to the dead eye of the camera, forms as complete, self-declarative, and living as those accessible to pencil or chisel or brush; and that it was able to rank with any means communicative of the forces confessing themselves through form alone. In fact, from the beginning, none of the itinerant young American's plates had been merely descriptive and documentary. All had been objectivities. All had given rhythmic organization, by means of the architectural powers latent in the medium of the camera and felt by Stieglitz, to the appearances focused by the lens. All had represented these appearances as the elements of two mutually complementary, significant movements, respectively recessive and progressive. Still, this most recent of all Stieglitz's photographic shows was surpassingly happy in the interest of the forms exhibited, and the inclusiveness of the experience of life conveyed by them. Here, if ever, one saw abstract photography; photography projecting feeling purely and almost independently of the instrumentality of the subject matter. Indeed, in some of the photographs based on cloud shapes, subject matter was entirely non-existent: what one saw was mere fabulously delicate markings in black and white.

In all cases, the subject matter and artist were one: what confronted one was simultaneously the momentary appearance of the object registered with the delicacy and precision of the scientific apparatus, and a system of relationships of black and white representative of the system of values created in the artist by his experience, and expressive of the unseen forces at work in things. In themselves, these systems of black-and-white relations were extremely subtle. They included dramatic dispositions of almost infinite blacks and whites; lines prodigious in their fineness and forcefulness and liveliness.

What these machine-made products conveyed was of particular moment to us here in America. It was the state of life of New York during many years, more finely, deeply, definitely grasped by Stieglitz than by any other recorder. One felt the cheapness, the chaos, the vaulting ambition, the crass bulk and push, the miserable collapse, of pressing forces. Other prints expressed a wonderfully lofty feeling of the wonder and tragedy of life in general; there was something supremely high and inclusive in these images of the tragic career of spirit itself, errant, aspiring, fragile in the infinite abysses of the universe.

We owe this expression of lofty feeling to a long-mature appreciation of the spiritual fact, accompanied by a capacity to

release the feeling of the whole of things engendered by this receptivity in the terms of the photographic medium. The psychic process evidently involves a very prompt ability to read from the appearances of things the forces of life which produced them and whose presence they attest, a swift capacity for appreciating the contrasting values which give these traits significance, and a capacity to conceive the entire mass of characteristics as a significant play of chiaroscuro. Precisely how the formless play of light presented by things to the dead eye of the camera becomes an orderly, expressive system of references and relationships, borders upon the miraculous: for there can be no attribution of persistent, multiform photographic organization such as that exhibited by the entire work of Stieglitz to accident. It is true that nature is rhythmic, that moving skies and the textures of skins form patterns. Nevertheless, the persistent ability to convert, without interference or prearrangement, the kaleidoscopic play of light and shadow presented by the turmoil and movement of the streets into the notes of a complex pictorial organization, into the notes of a structure in which everything has significance and beauty, forces us to conceive a certain readiness within the artist for the instantaneous cast of appearances destined to form the base of his expression. And, behind that, it forces us to conceive a relative equivalence between what exists without the photographer in the form of an object and what exists within him as a system of values. What is photographed and what photographs appear to be almost identical.

At the base of this entire photographic work there stands a certain force in things themselves, a certain impulse of ideal aspiration and spiritual growth. It appears to be both the motive and the object of Stieglitz's work: we feel its presence in his characteristic forms, in his characteristically perpendicular, aspiring, extensive shapes that appear both to reach upward to some perfection and simultaneously plunge their roots downward into the bowels of things. We recognize it as the spirit which Stieglitz has affirmed by the exhibition of its works in the shape of paintings, for it is the spirit of the cubists and Marin, O'Keefe, Demuth, Dove, and the rest of the two-ninety-ones, too, in some degree. And it is as the direct affirmation of that spirit, not through its works but through its "picture," as the affirmation of the motive of all the other affirmations, that the recent show of photographs was finally important. For it is the spirit of ideal aspiration and spiritual growth that the whole of Stieglitz's work is about, that the whole of his life has been concerned with. And, made as it was at the end of forty years of incessant championship and production, this affirmation of what was both the source and the aim of a great public life has the supreme value of a fresh act of fealty toward and faith in a spring of action, on the part of one it has long consumed.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Drama

Cinderella from Loveland

AT one time or another most American playwrights have probably wanted to write the play which Preston Sturges has attempted under the title "Child of Manhattan" (Fulton Theater). Ever since O. Henry discovered the romantic possibilities of his Bagdad on the Subway, authors in search of a theme have been tempted by the obvious possibilities of the rank life of New York, and have wondered just how it might be transferred to paper. At least half of them probably concluded that O. Henry failed because of his sentimental distortions, and flattered themselves that one needed only a cer-

PLAYS □ FILMS □ LECTURES

THE THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

EUGENE O'NEILL'S TRILOGY MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

Composed of 3 plays

Homecoming, The Hunted, The Haunted

All 3 plays will be presented on one day, commencing at 8:30 sharp. Dinner
interval of one hour at 7 o'clock. No matinee performances.

LAST WEEKS

ALVIN THEATRE, 52d St., West of Broadway

REUNION IN VIENNA

a comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

MARTIN BECK THEA., 45 St. & 8 Ave. PEAK. 8-6100
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER

By DENIS JOHNSTON

GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of B'way
Eves. 8:40 Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:40

EDNA GILBERT MILLER Presents HERBERT

BEST MARSHALL in THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET

A Comedy by John van Druten

"Utterly delightful."—John Mason Brown, Post.

EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway and 40th St. Eves. 8:40
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday 2:30

HELEN HAYES

in MOLNAR'S New Comedy

THE GOOD FAIRY

"One of the few triple-starred, immediately recommendable entertainments in town."—Gilbert Gabriel, N. Y. American.

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd Street
Evenings 8:50 Mats. Thurs., Sat. 2:40

GILBERT MILLER AND LESLIE HOWARD Present

LESLIE HOWARD

in PHILIP BARRY'S New Comedy

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

"The season's most gratifying adventure."

—Percy Hammond, Herald-Tribune

Staged by GILBERT MILLER

BROADHURST THEA. 44th St., West of B'way. Eves 8:40
Mats. Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30

HARRY MOSES presents

The Warrior's Husband

A new Comedy by Julian Thompson

MOROSCO THEATRE 45th St. W. of Broadway
Matinees: Wed. & Sat.American Premiere
EMIL JANNINGS

in his newest and greatest triumph!

TEMPEST

(Stürme Der Leidenschaft)

A Ufa Production

Little CARNEGIE 146 WEST 57th STREET 35c to 1 P.M.

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

appears on page following.

tain robust sophistication to turn the trick. And yet somehow or other the trick has never really been turned. Only Tin Pan Alley has used Broadway with genuine success, and the torch song remains the highest expression yet achieved by the spirit of Times Square. George M. Cohan writes his various farces, Philip Dunning his "Broadway," and Irving Berlin his love songs. But all these are far more of than *about* the life with which they deal. The world of chorus girls and sugar-daddies has not found even its Murger, and all who attempt to write about it tend to fall into either the meretricious sentimentality of ragtime or the shrill, moralistic pornography of the confession magazines. The only secretaries of Broadway society are still the reporters for the tabloids; it still awaits its Balzac.

Mr. Sturges will be remembered as the young man who revealed a fresh and impudent fancy in "Strictly Dishonorable," but he has hardly succeeded in the more ambitious task of recounting the saga of a dance-hall "hostess" and her millionaire lover. The play is in fifteen scenes, and the word "saga" is advisedly used, for the story is told in chronicle fashion, and the intention was obviously to achieve a kind of epic quality. Otto Vanderkill, son of one of the oldest as well as one of the richest of New York families, accidentally meets Miss Madeleine McGonegal of Greenpoint and the Loveland Dance Hall. He falls in love with her naive honesty, keeps her in a luxurious apartment, marries her when she is about to have a child, and then takes her back again as a mistress after he has been compelled to give her a divorce because she believes that he never really wanted her as a wife. But though Mr. Sturges succeeds in avoiding both the blatant melodrama of the "Broadway" school and also at least a part of the lush sentimentality which his story seems to threaten, he has little to put in their place, and the general effect of the play is curiously negative. It proceeds with little emphasis from scene to scene, skimming lightly over the surface and never succeeding in giving any

body to its characters. They remain lay figures whose psychology is of the skimpiest, most summary sort, and one is, indeed, not quite sure how they were intended to be taken—whether as fully realized people of flesh and blood or merely as the figments of a highly colored daydream. It is the latter, if anything, that the whole performance suggests, with its naive emphasis upon the dresses and the jewels which the all-but-fabulous Mr. Vanderkill showers upon his harmless little Cinderella. Under some such form as this the fairy prince doubtless appears on sultry afternoons to the imagination of the Madeleine McGonegals of Greenpoint and elsewhere, but if a drama is to be convincing it needs more solidity than is required for the long, long thoughts of even a sophisticated maiden.

At bottom it is probably the sketchiness of the characterization which is more than anything else responsible for the feebleness of the play. Certain minor personages—like the female Vanderkill and the bartender at Las Palmas—are vivid and amusing because they appear only for a few minutes, but whenever more is called for than can be supplied by the quickly drawn traits of a clever caricature, Mr. Sturges's weakness becomes all too apparent. Whatever reality the two chief personages have is contributed by the fresh if rather obvious charm of Dorothy Hall and the suave, almost portentous gentility of Reginald Owen. To look at they are quite convincing, but when they begin to talk, one has one's doubts.

Bert Lahr furnishes most of the fun in "Hot-Cha" (Ziegfeld Theater). His exuberant clowning, together with the genuine piquancy of Lupe Velez, makes the evening pass agreeably enough despite the fact that the spectacle as a whole is rather too much like all the previous Ziegfeld shows. The producer has not skimped, and for those who are still thrilled by lavish Urban scenery and crowds of glorified girls the whole will doubtless be delightful.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □ PLAYS TO SEE

Blessed Event—Longacre—48 St. W. of B'way.
Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
Cynara—Shubert—44 St. W. of B'way.
Face The Music—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
Mourning Becomes Electra—Alvin—52 St. W. of B'way.
Night Over Taos—48 St.—48 St. E. of B'way.
Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.
Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 1 Ave.
Springtime for Henry—Bijou—45 St.
The Animal Kingdom—Broadhurst—44 St. W. of B'way.
The Devil Passes—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
The Good Fairy—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.
The Laugh Parade—Imperial—W. 45 St.
The Left Bank—Little—44 St.
The Moon in the Yellow River—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
The Warrior's Husband—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way.
There's Always Juliet—Empire—B'way and 40 St.
Whistling in the Dark—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.

THE WORLD OUTLOOK

In Economics & Politics

SCOTT NEARING

In America

NORMAN THOMAS

In Europe

Monday Evening, March 26th, 8:00 P.M.

Star Casino, 105 East 107th Street, N. Y. C.

Auspices: Manumit Parent-Teachers Association

Tickets 50c

Write Rand School
7 East 15th St.

or Manumit School
Pawling, New York

A Clearing House
Of Opinion

THE GROUP

Meets at Auditorium
150 West 85th St.

Tuesday Evening, March 22nd, at 8:30 P.M.

MORRIS HILLQUIT will speak on

"UNEMPLOYMENT: ITS SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE"

This Sunday Afternoon (March 20th) at 4:30 P.M.

THEODORE DREISER will speak on
' 'TRAGIC AMERICA' '

A Reminder

Our readers are looking for
SUMMER HOMES

VACATION HOTELS AND
CAMPS

SUMMER PLACES FOR THE
CHILDREN

AND OTHER SORTS OF
ACCOMMODATIONS FOR
THE SUMMER



If you have any to rent, or sell, tell
them about it in the advertising
columns of The Nation.

Rates: 1/2-inch (30 words) minimum \$3.08
Additional lines of 6 words, each .62

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1932

No. 3482

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	353
EDITORIALS:	
"No One Is Starving"	356
Cutting Off Our Nose	357
A Brave Editor	357
George Eastman	358
SHALL WE DEVALUE THE DOLLAR? I. By Henry Hazlitt ..	359
PANIC IN THE STEEL TOWNS. By Mauritz A. Hallgren ..	361
PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES: V. NORMAN THOMAS—	
WHY NOT? By Devere Allen	365
HEAVEN GOES REPUBLICAN. By Paul Y. Anderson	368
THE HORRORS AT SHANGHAI. By Agnes Smedley	369
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	371
CORRESPONDENCE	371
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	372
FINANCE: KREUGER AND THE HOLDING COMPANY. By	
S. Palmer Harman	373
BOOKS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FILMS:	
Poem for Jonathan. By Frances Frost	374
Darwin's Bulldog. By H. L. Mencken	374
More Hoover Books. By Maxwell S. Stewart	375
Ghost Story. By Kenneth White	375
Gold Mine of "Early American." By Gerald Sykes	376
Books in Brief	376
Music: Hints for Program-Makers. By Arthur Mendel ..	377
Drama: The Comedian's Paradox. By Joseph Wood Krutch ..	378
Films: Hollywood Preferred. By Margaret Marshall	380

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN

FREDA KIRCHWEY

MARK VAN DOREN

LEWIS S. GANNETT

H. L. MENCKEN

CARL VAN DOREN

JOHN A. HOBSON

NORMAN THOMAS

ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

SAID MRS. JOSEPH GAZZAM of Philadelphia on leaving the presence of Herbert Hoover on March 16: "The President gave me a cheery little message for the women of our country. He said, 'Tell them to keep up the fight.'" That was not only a cheery little message, but a very necessary one, coming as it did simultaneously with the cheery little news from North Dakota that no fewer than 80,000 Democratic votes had been cast in the primary contest, although never before in the history of that primary had a Democratic vote risen beyond 13,000. If Mr. Hoover's Presidential stock did not drop several points (in keeping with the movement on the Stock Exchange during the days that the returns were rolling in), it is an inexplicable phenomenon. Nor can Mr. Hoover obtain much satisfaction from reading of the steady progress to the Democratic nomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The latter swamped Governor Murray of Oklahoma by a vote of two to one in North Dakota, and he will have nine out of the ten delegates from that State. It is highly encouraging to the Roosevelt backers that rural States like North Dakota and New Hampshire have chosen him in the primaries, and that he already has the delegations from Washington and Minnesota. At this writing Governor Roosevelt has sixty-four votes of convention delegates actually elected. In addition he has been notified by the Democrats of Tennessee that the delegation of that State will be for him with no opposition.

The belief of his managers that they will have 200 votes pledged to Governor Roosevelt by the end of April seems well within the possibilities.

THE NATIONAL POPULAR GOVERNMENT

League, supported by a group of Senate and House Progressives, has found that the same Roosevelt, among the six leading Presidential candidates, has shown the best attitude on power. Just how enthusiastic over Governor Roosevelt are such men as Costigan, Walsh of Montana, Wheeler, Norris, Brookhart, Frazier, Johnson, Shipstead, La Guardia, and Kvale is not revealed; but the public decoration of New York State's Governor for the best power record reveals an astounding political naivete. It is true that Governor Roosevelt has fought against some intended power grabs and has advocated regulation and even public ownership. But he has fought in a manner which, we fear, must be regarded as characteristic. He has revealed his willingness to back down on public operation, and, what is even more important, has spoken in his campaign addresses definitely against publicly owned distribution—the keystone of any effective plan for public ownership. Well indeed may William H. Woodin, president of the American Car and Foundry Company and director in various other large corporations, publish on the selfsame day his conviction that, when it comes to power, "there is nothing of a destructive nature [*sic*] in Governor Roosevelt's make-up and outlook on life and affairs—for which reason I have no fear that in his approach to the problem he will bring to it either inclination or desire to destroy or hamper the many companies that for years have devoted their time, care, and money to the development of this great industry."

FOR THE ACTION of the House majority in kicking over the traces in their vote on amendments to the tax bill, the leaders of the Ways and Means Committee have no one but themselves to blame. In placing their main reliance for increased revenues upon a general sales tax that even the conservative Treasury did not approve, they brought their whole bill into disrepute, so that even the sounder features of it are now jeopardized. This is illustrated, for example, by the striking out of the "foreign-credit" section of the bill. (For Congress first to start a tariff war that compels American corporations to open factories in foreign countries if they hope to do business there at all, and then to compel such American-owned factories abroad to submit to double taxation, does not seem entirely equitable.) The rebelling members should recognize, also, that in putting the surtax rates up to the war-time level they have not quite solved the immediate revenue problem. Maximum surtaxes of 65 per cent, with the addition of the higher "normal" tax of 7 per cent, make a rate of 72 per cent on the highest incomes, many of which must also pay State income taxes. But it is not too difficult for great fortunes to evade taxes of this sort, particularly when there seems good reason to suppose that the high rates will not exist for a long period. The House members in opposition have still need of courage

in proposing substitutes for the general sales tax. But they are to be congratulated on their refusal longer to be used, as so often in the recent past, as mere rubber stamps for the program of the Administration or their party leaders.

THE GLASS BANKING BILL now presented to the Senate is very little changed from its original form. Like the original bill, it is still a measure containing some very good provisions and some very dubious ones, most of them in no necessary way related to one another. Among the good features are those discouraging mere "chain" banking and widening the opportunities for branch banking; those establishing a "liquidating corporation" for national banks; that requiring adequate capital for newly organized banks; that removing the Secretary of the Treasury as an ex officio member of the Federal Reserve Board; and that restricting the underwriting of new securities by a member bank. But it is still somewhat doubtful whether the provisions for separating national banks from their investment affiliates, in spite of its laudable intent, will have the desired effect, and will not merely drive banks with such affiliates to State charters. Some of the "deflationary" provisions of the bill seem definitely harmful, particularly at this time. Only the provisions relating to the liquidating corporation can be called emergency legislation; for the rest, there is no reason why the measure should be rushed through as it is.

THAT ALL FEDERAL SALARIES will be cut if there is no improvement in our economic situation is plain enough, even if one does not go so far as to accept Congressman Rainey's reckless assertions, in his speech on behalf of the sales tax on March 17, that the country is "bankrupt" and has "borrowed all it could." The cut in salaries will obviously work great hardship to individuals, if only because many of our worthiest public servants are today miserably underpaid. Before that measure of economy is resorted to there should surely be a genuine effort made to reorganize the government bureaus, as President Hoover has demanded, even if that should somewhat increase the army of unemployed by the elimination of drones and officials whose work overlaps. (But far more important than that, the Congress ought to lay ruthless hands upon the army and navy appropriations. There lies the great, the criminal waste, and so far there is no indication that the savings which should be made will be seriously tackled. The House special economy committee hopes to save \$50,000,000 by cutting official salaries. It could cut \$250,000,000 out of our \$750,000,000 army and navy estimates with the greatest ease. That would mean a real contribution to the reduction of the daily deficit which Mr. Rainey gave as \$7,882,000, whereas the \$50,000,000 saving in salaries would offset that daily loss for less than a week. The army and navy budgets are the enemy today.

IN AN INTERESTING LETTER to the New York Times, Frederic A. Delano, long a valued member of the Federal Reserve Board, and former president of the Wabash Railroad, has set forth the conclusions of a group of "seven men of mature years and considerable experience with regard to the way out of the economic chaos." They agreed, he reports, that boom years such as 1928 and 1929 will not and should not return soon, and that the best that can be

hoped for is a return to the conditions of 1922 and 1923. To produce even this, the group felt, the government's expenses must be put back to where they were ten years ago; a mere cut of 5 or 10 per cent will not suffice. This calls not only for more courage in dealing with the existing governmental situation than can be expected of the present set of politicians, but it means the ruthless elimination of such governmental agencies as the Farm Board, the Fleet Corporation, and the Shipping Board, the abolition of political navy yards and army forts. It means putting the Post Office into the hands of somebody other than the third-rate politician who is to be Chairman of the Republican Committee to reelect President Hoover while also drawing a salary as Postmaster General. Mr. Delano's group next agrees to higher income and inheritance taxes, but even these will not suffice, they admit. Hence they counsel that Congress and every State, county, city, and township be compelled to cut their budgets by 10 per cent in the coming year. Excellent counsel this is, of course. But how to bring it about? The group failed to see in the military budgets the obvious place to cut.

THAT ADMIRABLE WEEKLY, the London *Economist*, publishes regular reports of economic conditions in the principal countries of the world. Its habit is to begin its trade statistics with figures on employment, proceeding from that to such matters as coal, iron, and steel production, exports and imports, railway receipts, commodity prices, and banking statistics. In its monthly supplement of February 27 it prints such figures for the United States. These give comparisons in complete detail of present and former rates of pig-iron production, consumption of electrical energy, railway carloadings, security prices, bank clearings, and sales of mail-order houses. So anxious are we to know the condition of trade that nearly every one of these figures is compiled regularly down to the last digit. But under the head of "Employment," for which it has figures for nearly every leading country, the *Economist* in the case of the United States is compelled to leave the space blank. That is the one figure we do not furnish for the information of the world or for ourselves. We count our pig-iron production down to the last thousand tons, our cotton down to the last bale, and our bank clearings to the last dollar, but when it comes to knowing how many men are out of work, from what industries they have been laid off, and for how long, we are not sufficiently interested.

IS JAPAN turning away from the West? In the present century the eagerness of the Japanese people to embrace every possible phase of Western civilization has been the distinguishing feature of the island empire. Two editorials in Japanese papers recently, however, indicate that a departure from this process, at least in government, is not by any means unlikely. The *Japan Times*, a Japanese-owned journal published in English, carried an editorial which said:

This is a period fraught with the most serious implications for the future welfare of the nation, for it is a period of doubting skepticism leading many to wonder whether representative government is not an idol fashioned with feet of clay, imposing in appearance, but lacking substance worthy of continued respect on the part of the public. . . . The public in this country feel that; in some ways, the present state of affairs is intolerable and that

some drastic change must be inaugurated to make life for the nation bearable. Fascism contributes a medium whereby the fundamental institutions of the Empire may be preserved and yet certain objectives achieved.

The *Nichi Nichi Shimbun* has something to say along the same lines:

The serious question which people are asking themselves in their hearts is whether the Diet is equal to the task [of the moment], and the temper of the times is such that, should the Diet fail to be equal to its task, its prestige will be shattered.

It is perhaps natural, with the military party so firmly in control, that this strong distrust of representative government should have been expressed. But it must be remembered in any consideration of Japan's future course in China, and it fits in with Japanese intransigence toward all attempts by the League of Nations to bring about a peaceful settlement of the trouble in Shanghai.

THE CHANGE OF FRONT on the part of Detroit newspapers in the few days following the recent attack by Dearborn and Ford private police on a parade of 3,000 unemployed workers has already been noticed in these columns. On the day following the riot—Tuesday—the newspapers unanimously condemned the “Communist outrage.” On Wednesday morning they had completely changed their tone and expressed regret for the “blunder” committed by the authorities, described the demonstration as “orderly,” and discovered compassion for the marchers who had been killed or beaten. It is perhaps worth noting that all day Tuesday unemployed meetings were being held in various parts of the city; one hall which held 6,500 was crammed to the doors, every seat being taken and every possible spare inch being occupied, while an overflow meeting of many more thousands milled about in the street outside. (On Tuesday night the business men of the city were reported as being thoroughly frightened, and since there is no great love for Henry Ford among them, the word was somehow passed to the newspapers.) Next morning the change of tone began. Nor did the demonstrations end on Tuesday. The funeral of the four men killed by the police was held on Saturday, March 12. Ten thousand persons marched; 1,000 automobiles—by actual count—added to the procession; at the cemetery the attendant at one gate estimated that 20,000 persons were within; at another gate, nearer the place where the ceremonies were actually taking place, an attendant declared that at least 30,000 made up the close-packed mass of men and women.

MAYOR MURPHY was quick to disclaim any responsibility on the part of Detroit police for the shooting. In statements carefully worded to guard against an outright attack on Dearborn authorities, he pointed out that there had been no trouble in Detroit, where the hunger marchers had not been interfered with. (Nevertheless, it was ascertained at the hearing held after the riot that several Detroit policemen, including a detective, were at the scene. The Mayor denied knowing of their presence. In Detroit on Tuesday, however, when the newspapers were still hostile to the marchers, the police conducted raids on the Communist Party and the Trade Union Unity League headquarters, and on Monday evening and Tuesday scoured the city for participants in the march, picking them up and holding them

at police headquarters until the Dearborn patrol wagon arrived to take them to Dearborn jail. Soon after the riot began, 150 Detroit policemen were ordered to the spot. “But,” said Mayor Murphy, “they didn’t get there until the shooting was over.” When asked what would have happened if they had got there while the shooting was going on, the Mayor replied: “You know, we have to send police if neighboring authorities ask for them.” Only the speedy end of the affair, therefore, by shooting and cold water, prevented even more bloody fracas, in which the Detroit police also would probably have played their part.

A GREAT DEAL has been made in Geneva dispatches of the enormous petitions for disarmament brought by the delegates of peace societies the world around. These are, indeed, encouraging. But encouraging also, even if lacking in publicity, is the march of European young men on the conference from many quarters of the Continent, holding disarmament meetings along the way. Initiated by the International Fellowship of Reconciliation, the youth crusade has been crossing Belgium, France, Germany, and Holland, and is nearing Switzerland. In town after town new recruits have been picked up. Especially significant is the success of the marchers in France, where they have been supported by the Ligue des Droits de l’Homme, the Cartel de la Paix, La Jeune République, Les Volontaires de la Paix, organizations of teachers, trade unions, and even radical groups of ex-service men. Asking drastic cuts in arms, the crusaders report gatherings of 900 people at Paris Plage out of 4,000 inhabitants, 800 at Desvres with a population of 6,000, 1,200 at Boulogne, 400 at Le Havre, 700 at Yvetot, 400 at Rouen, 1,000 at Sin-le-Noble (a mining town). The people almost universally showed an eager interest.

THE DEATH of Professor Frederick J. Turner removed one of the best American historians, as well as one of the most modest. His name was not often in the public prints; he was neither a wholesale dispenser of magazine articles, nor a professional lecturer, nor a facile commentator upon current events. He was one who stuck to his job, and deemed it worthy of the best in him, and a very fine best that was even though only two volumes stand to his credit—“The Rise of the New West” and “The Frontier in American History,” besides numerous monographs and special articles. He himself was a pioneer in that he brought out no one else has the large degree in which American history has been the history of colonization of the great West, the relentless advance of the frontier. “American social development,” he once wrote, “has been continually beginning over again on the frontier. This perennial rebirth, this fluidity of American life, this expansion westward with its new opportunities, its continuous touch with the simplicity of primitive society, furnish the forces dominant in American character.” Certainly no one else so clearly brought out how greatly the westward expansion influenced the outstanding American issues—the slavery struggle, the rise of nationalism, the detachment from Europe, the whole agricultural life of the nation. As Carl Becker wrote in *The Nation* of November 10, 1929: “In giving direction to the methods of investigating American history, and in furnishing new light for its interpretation, the share of Mr. Turner has been the most profound and abiding of this generation.”

"No One Is Starving"

THIS cheery message, a front-page headline in the *New York Times* and *New York Herald Tribune* on March 17, was the substance of telegrams from the governors of thirty-nine States, sent to Senator Bingham of Connecticut to strengthen his opposition to the Democratic road-construction relief bill. "No one is starving." The word came from North, South, East, and West; from Maine, Oregon, California, Massachusetts, and Illinois. From all but nine States of the Union came the word; no reported starvation, everybody being taken care of, anybody who wants food has but to ask for it, people are not actually starving in our State. Eight States did not respond. Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania alone, out of the entire country, freely and indignantly admitted that many thousands of persons in his State were the victims, today, "practically" of starvation.

What is it to starve? Governor Emmerson of Illinois reports: "While there is much destitution in Illinois, none of our people is actually starving, due to unemployment-relief funds provided both privately and by the State." During the week of January 5-12 hearings were held in Chicago by the Chicago Workers' Committee on Unemployment, at which many citizens came and told how much they were in need, and how much relief they were receiving from any source. A school principal testified as follows:

I shall give you one instance. We were practicing for a chorus and a little boy about twelve years old was in the front line. He was clean in his overalls, but didn't have very much on under them. He was standing in the line when all at once he pitched forward in a dead faint. This was two o'clock in the afternoon. When he was revived, I tried to find the cause and he said he was hungry. He had not had anything to eat since the day before.

Another school principal declared: "I said to the teachers last fall, 'Whenever you have a discipline case, ask this question first, What has he had for breakfast?' Which usually brings out the fact that he has had nothing at all." A mother testified: "There is in the neighborhood a public eating place, and sometimes when the hash has been warmed up too many times they cannot very well put it on the table. The fit place for it is in the garbage can, but it is not yet spoiled and they give it to me." Governor Emmerson is obviously right. These people are not starving. The little boy who fainted had had something to eat the day before; the discipline cases had merely gone to school without their breakfasts; the other family had hash, fit for the garbage can, to be sure, but still recognizable probably by sight if not by taste or smell. What is starvation? Governor Emmerson admits 1,000,000 out of work in Illinois, out of a population of a little more than seven and a half million. More than one in eight out of work; at a conservative estimate, one in four in need. But starvation? Bless your heart, no. Governor Emmerson says not, and who should know better?

Governor Caulfield of Missouri wired Senator Bingham: "If any person is hungry he need but let it be known and he will have food. Unemployment estimated at 100,000." A report on the unemployment situation of St. Louis, given by Louis M. Wolf to the Conference on the

Unemployment Program for Congress last December, tells a slightly different story. "One-third of the population of St. Louis is in want," declares Mr. Wolf. "Gale Johnston, chairman of the combined drive of the Community Fund and the Citizens' Relief, states that more than 200,000 will need help this winter, if they are to survive. These figures are considered in many quarters to be conservative to a fault; which is not unlikely, having their origin in the Chamber of Commerce." The president of the St. Louis Building Trades Council declared that from 60 to 65 per cent of the council members were out of work [last November]; "many have not worked in eighteen months." "These have lost their homes, mortgaged their furniture, which they are losing, and are rapidly being reduced to the level of paupers." The estimated amount to be collected for relief was declared to be about \$5,000,000. "This amount, if raised," according to the director of the Community Chest, "will be totally inadequate to afford proper relief."

What of New York, whose governor did not even make a report to Senator Bingham? "At least 800,000 persons are out of employment [in New York City in January]." "At least 107,000 additional [to the 180,000 families cared for by emergency relief] are in immediate, and in many cases desperate, need of help." These figures are from the report of a group of welfare leaders, protesting a proposed cut in the municipal relief appropriations. What of Kentucky, whose governor also did not reply? The following report comes from an eyewitness in Pineville: "Four of the county nurses and the sanitary engineer told me of the prevalence of pellagra, flux, and influenza, caused, they explained, by two things—malnutrition and ignorance." A visit to a soup kitchen in the same district revealed the following: "The day I was there 157 school children were fed at this soup kitchen. Their meal was a plate of boiled potatoes, boiled beans, and a piece of cornbread on top. They get one meal a day and that is all."

It is unnecessary to go on. Statistics on malnutrition among school children appear too often in the newspapers, as do statistics on the inadequacy of relief in locality after locality. City hospitals report too often the prevalence of diseases due to an excess starch diet—the bread and coffee or the bread and soup of public charity. Starvation is a slow process; death by it is also death by disease due to lack of resistance in an undernourished body; pellagra, for example, so common in the mining communities, is directly caused by underfeeding. Families of four persons and upwards, the recipients of from \$3 to—rarely—\$10 a week from public relief, do not starve all at once. They live for many months on a diet of beans and bread; when the charity gives out they do without the beans and beg the bread. This is not starvation. But it is so painfully close to it that reports from State executives to the effect that there "is no actual starvation" are hypocritical to the point of cruelty. The impression given by the large majority of gubernatorial telegrams was that relief was sufficient to cover the need. This, according to testimony from countless responsible sources, is plainly false.

Cutting Off Our Nose

PUT in plain English, the proposal for an embargo on imports from Russia is a plan for speeding up unemployment in the United States. It would be notice to a good customer that we no longer would permit it to pay for our merchandise in the only coin which international trade knows, and thus that we did not want it to buy any more American products. Last year, through needless interference, we succeeded in reducing the flow of Russian goods into this country to two-thirds—in value—of what it was in 1930, and in consequence our sales to Russia fell off by more than half. Hugh L. Cooper, president of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce, numbering among its members many of the largest manufacturers in this country, estimates that the loss of orders which could have been obtained in 1931 if trade had not been interfered with deprived 100,000 persons in the United States of work. Not content with that mischief, a group of Senators and Representatives, aided by various "patriotic" societies and a few unimportant regional commercial interests, are advocating legislation which would prohibit Russian imports entirely and—by stopping sales also—throw thousands more of our people out of work and into the bread lines.

Our loss of sales to Russia last year was unnecessary and not due in any considerable degree to the general industrial depression. Russia continued to be hungry for merchandise and able to pay for it. From the post-war resumption of trade in 1923 to 1930, inclusive—or for more than a year after the Wall Street crash—our exports to Russia increased progressively. Indeed, they reached their peak in 1930, when Russia became our sixth best customer and we sold more to it than did any other nation in the world. Then, under a clause in the new tariff act directing the exclusion of imports made by "forced labor" or constituting "dumping," an agitation arose against Russian imports. An anti-dumping ruling was issued by the Treasury Department against imports of manganese from Russia, and our customs officials began to hold up shipments of other goods from the Soviet Union on the ground that they were produced by "forced labor." Representations were made in Washington which led the Treasury Department to withdraw its anti-dumping ruling against manganese, and charges of "forced labor" uniformly have fallen down, yet cargoes have been subjected, and still are subject, to long delays and extra expense, leading American importers to turn elsewhere for their goods.

The general charge of "forced labor" against Russian products is political propaganda and has not stood the test of our official investigations. As James D. Mooney, vice-president of the General Motors Corporation, recently said: "As traders, the complexion of Russia's political system, or system of government, should interest us no more than such complexions in any other of the many countries in which we do business." The irony of the situation is that our commerce with Russia is exceptionally advantageous to us. For the past six years our exports to Russia have averaged about four times our imports from it, and the latter are largely of produce not competing with domestic industry, such as manganese ore, undressed furs, sausage casings, pulpwood,

and lumber. This country produces only 10 per cent of the manganese which the steel trade requires and that fraction is protected by a tariff. We are largely dependent upon Canada for pulpwood and lumber and need to conserve such timber as we have left. To hear some persons declaim against the menace of Russian imports one would suppose that they amounted to a flood. In fact they constitute only about 1 per cent of our purchases from abroad.

Some persons have imagined that we might continue to sell to Russia while refusing to buy from it, that Russia might sell to other countries and they in turn deliver goods to us. Such triangular trade has not developed, partly because of natural Russian resentment and partly because of international currency troubles. Instead, the Russians have been taking American manufactured articles to European factories and getting duplicates made. Germany increased its exports to Russia in 1931 by almost 100 per cent.

Not only are we cutting off our nose to spite our face in destroying existing trade with Russia to gratify political animosity, but we are closing the door to a great opportunity in the future. With 160,000,000 inhabitants and a vast area, Russia is just beginning to modernize its way of living. In 1928 the average imports and exports of thirty leading trading nations amounted to \$62.50 a person. In Russia the amount was \$3 a person. Economists make the reasonable prediction that in the near future this sum will rise to at least \$25. But the United States will not share in this rich commerce unless common sense displaces prejudice in our attitude toward the Soviet Union.

A Brave Editor

WE have reserved a special place on our Honor Roll for 1932 for Walter L. Sanborn of the *North Penn Reporter* of Lansdale, Pennsylvania, about twenty-five miles from Philadelphia, for a most notable piece of patriotic service in bringing about the conviction of an assistant district attorney, a county detective, and a township police chief for administering the third degree to a man arrested on suspicion of committing a crime. Yes, this editor was actually stirred and roused to action despite the fact that the victim was a Negro, a person of no influence, who could not control an advertisement and perhaps not even a subscriber. Mr. Sanborn was, moreover, not to be deterred by threats against himself, by political pressure, or by the charge of the District Attorney that the editor's actions were due solely to politics and a conspiracy to throw mud at the District Attorney during the heat of a campaign. In the phraseology of the street, "he bucked the gang, kept his nerve, and got away with it."

On May 9, 1931, an attempt was made to blow up a Negro's home in Fort Washington. On the purest suspicion William G. Campbell was arrested and charged with the crime. A few days later he was taken to the barracks of the Pennsylvania State Police in Jeffersonville for "questioning," being accompanied by Ralph L. Rinalducci, an assistant district attorney; Joseph Trunk, one of the District Attorney's detectives; and Brooks Cassidy, chief of police of Upper Dublin township. Campbell's "questioning" took the form of beating him on the shins and then across the

kidneys with a blackjack, and of hanging him to the rafters by the overalls. When the victim lost consciousness he was cut down, further abused, and finally returned to the borough lockup in Norristown because the officers did not wish to return him to the jail in his battered condition. After several days in misery there he was released, his case then being reported to a judge by his physician. The judge took the matter up with the District Attorney himself, one Frank X. Renninger, who made the usual whitewashing investigation and reported that there was nothing whatever to Campbell's story.

On June 11 the news reached Mr. Sanborn. He saw his duty at once and on June 12 the story appeared. The report of the case Mr. Sanborn followed up with an editorial demanding the prosecution of the officials involved. In this position he was joined by E. S. Moser, the veteran editor of the *Collegeville Independent*, who "denounced the perpetrators of the outrage on Campbell in vigorous terms." At once the endangered officers further abused their official authority in the hope of terrifying their critics into silence. William Campbell was rearrested on July 8, although there was no new evidence of any kind whatsoever. He was again held in jail nearly three weeks, being finally released on \$2,500 bail on July 28. Three days later the authorities moved on warrants sworn out by Campbell. Messrs. Rinalducci, Trunk, and Cassidy were held in the same bail in the same court as their victim. Fortunately, the Attorney General appointed a special deputy attorney general to try the case for the commonwealth and gave him as his assistant Dennis A. O'Neill, the attorney for the Negro. The officials were indicted on September 8, and tried four days later before a jury which the judge, J. Ambler Williams, ordered the court officers to keep in the custody of the court day and night until the case was finished, a procedure only used in capital cases. The trial lasted ten days, until a verdict of guilty was brought in on September 30. There were the usual delays and efforts to obtain a new trial, so that it was not until March 4 last that sentences were imposed. Rinalducci, if the highest court of the State should not reverse the verdict, will serve not less than eighteen months nor more than three years in the penitentiary, Joseph Trunk will spend not less than one year nor more than three in the same prison, and the guilty chief of police, Brooks Cassidy, will spend six months in the Montgomery County prison.

This is really an extraordinary achievement when one recalls the baleful influence of the political machine in Pennsylvania. We wish that this case might be broadcast over every radio in the United States. Every newspaper in the country ought to publish it—as has been most admirably done by *Editor and Publisher*—in order that the profession might get the fullest possible benefit from Walter L. Sanborn's courage, professional honor, and true Americanism. Throughout Mr. Sanborn made it clear that the prosecution was not a persecution and that it had nothing personal in it, but was merely a public protest against the third degree and an honest effort to purge the community in which he lives of the shame of this official crime. We wish that there might be painted over the doors of every police station in America these words of Mr. Sanborn's: "The idea of clubbing and choking accused persons into confessions is nauseating, repugnant to our judicial system and to the American spirit of fair play."

George Eastman

GEORGE EASTMAN'S death by his own hand was particularly startling because it came so close upon the heels of the Kreuger suicide, but only a very dogmatic moralist would presume to judge his deed. Mr. Eastman was a bachelor, he was growing old, and he was also ill. There was something robust about his last words—"My work is done. Why wait?"—and most ethical systems except the Christian would recognize his right to end a life which had been useful enough as lives go. His vast fortune was acquired by means which appear to have been rather less dubious than those responsible for most fortunes of equal size, and somehow or other he managed also to give the impression that there was, behind his large benefactions, a genuine warmth.

The newspapers have paid full tribute to his benefactions and have also pointed out the ironical fact that, despite his particular concern with musical education, he was himself conspicuously unmusical and interested himself in music largely because it had come to symbolize for him the things which he had missed in his hard-working youth. In one respect, however, the obituaries in the daily press gave a totally false impression. They spoke of his inventions, of his part in the development of the science of photography, and, in one or two instances, implied that he had played a major part in making modern photography possible. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Eastman was a popularizer who did little more than "sell" the sport of random snapshooting to a vast and miscellaneous public. Far from belonging in the line of the great innovators in photography from Niepce and Daguerre to Rudolph and Hartmann, he made no fundamental contribution, and one may even venture to say that still photography as practiced by the professional and serious amateur would not be very different today even though the trade name "Kodak" had never been popularized. Eastman got his start by realizing the convenience of a daylight loading film, but even this had been used some eighteen years before the first Kodaks were put on the market. It did happen, however, that the popularity of the film suggested to experimenters the possibility of its use in cinematography and that thus, by accident, Mr. Eastman was able to acquire a second fortune from moving-picture film.

In more recent years the Eastman research laboratories have done useful work in standardizing various processes, but Mr. Eastman's great idea was strictly a "merchandising" idea and he really belongs with the Fords, the Woolworths, and the Gillettes rather than with either scientists or inventors properly so called. The slogan "You push the button—we do the rest" was perhaps the most significant invention he made, because it sums up the idea which he had to sell—the idea of cheap, easy photography for people who have little idea of what they are doing and no desire to take the least trouble about doing it. The serious amateur points out that of the millions of snapshots made yearly not one in ten is good enough to be worth making. But the Eastman School of Music, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and various other institutions are probably ready to pay their tribute to the great American discovery that in merchandising it is quantity first of all which counts.

Shall We Devalue the Dollar?*

By HENRY HAZLITT

EVER since the violent collapse of agricultural and raw-material prices began in 1929, it has been evident to every informed person that we must choose one of two ways out of the present economic crisis—inflation or deflation. Both terms are loosely used to cover a wide range of meanings, so perhaps it would be wise if I said just what I mean by them in the present instance. By deflation I mean the bringing down of other elements in the price structure—including rents, wages, interest charges, and taxes—to conform with the collapse in raw-material prices. By inflation I mean the return of raw-material and wholesale prices to their former levels. The one thing that cannot continue is the existing disparities within the price structure. If wages and prices of finished goods stay up, and raw-material prices stay down, then raw-material producers cannot, as a whole, continue to operate. Labor in the raw-material industries will continue to be unemployed, and neither the former workers nor the former managers and capitalists in those industries will be able to buy the output of manufacturers; these in turn will lay off workers, which will still further cut down the purchasing power for finished goods, which will still further cut down the purchasing power for raw materials—and so on around the vicious circle. This describes the prolonged and increasing stagnation of business that we have got ourselves into. The deadlock can be broken only by establishing a new equilibrium throughout the price structure—an equilibrium that would once more make possible the free movement of goods and the full employment of labor.

Such an equilibrium, as I have said, can be restored either by a recovery of wholesale prices or by a decline in the other elements in the price structure. In the first year of the crisis most of our statesmen, bankers, and business men sat around hoping for the first, and many of them are still hoping. Mr. Hoover's official policy for a year and a half was merely one of watchful hoping. Perhaps this describes it too negatively: it was really a policy of Couéism, of declaring at regular intervals that things were getting better when they were obviously getting worse and worse. But though everyone has been hoping for a reversal of the wholesale-price movement, not a single step of real importance has been taken to bring it about. The result is that the movement has continued, so that the Bradstreet index number on March 1 last, for example, showed the lowest level of wholesale commodity prices since 1899.

Now while the official policy has been one of Couéism or Micawberism, what has actually been taking place, under the pressure of events, has been a long-drawn-out and disorganized deflation. The rest of the price structure has begun to come down to meet wholesale prices.

Do we want this process to continue? If we do, we must frankly face the fact that it is destined to go much further than it has, and we must not shut our eyes to what a policy of deflation actually means. Instead of considering

it in general terms, let us look at its effect at one or two points. We may begin with labor, and, more specifically, with railway labor. The railway labor unions, showing a remarkable spirit of accommodation, have accepted a wage reduction of 10 per cent, ostensibly effective for only one year. Does anyone really believe that the wage reduction will be restored when the year is up? Does he even believe that the unions will not be asked to take a further cut? Let him look at the railway earnings for January. Net operating income shows a reduction of 66 per cent compared with January, 1931, and of 85 per cent compared with January, 1929. It is no longer a question of paying dividends; dividends on the principal railroads have already been cut to a fraction of their former figure or omitted altogether. It is no longer, for scores of railroads, even a question of meeting bond interest and keeping out of receivership. It is a question of getting in enough money to continue to pay wages and buy supplies, to continue to keep the roads going. Unless this situation changes very promptly and materially for the better—and it is extremely unlikely to improve enough—railway labor will have to accept another reduction. And skilled railway labor is the most strongly organized part of American labor. What is likely to happen to labor that is less well organized?

So far we have dealt with the crisis, not merely with vague hopefulness, but with wilful blindness. We have either implicitly or openly favored the policy of deflation at the same time that we have piously asserted that there must be no reduction of money wages. In short, we have preferred either to ignore or deny the mathematical connection between wages and prices. Let us consider that connection for a moment. Suppose we assume that for a dollar's worth of some typical commodity in 1929, 20 cents was paid out for raw materials, 45 cents for labor, 15 cents for rent and other overhead expenses, and that the remaining 20 cents represented net profit—that is to say, partly interest on investment and partly the "wages of management." Suppose that the price of that commodity has since fallen 50 per cent. (The actual average decline of wholesale prices in that period, on Bradstreet's index number, has been 42 per cent.) What must happen, if that commodity is still to be produced? Let us begin by taking the typically evasive attitude, and say that wages must remain inviolate, and that the reductions in expenses must be made elsewhere. Assume that all other expenses are cut in half—that the raw material is cut to 10 cents, rent and overhead to 7½ cents, profit to 10 cents. This, with wages at 45 cents, still gives us 72½ cents. If we wipe out profit altogether we still have production costs of 62½ cents for an article selling at 50 cents. If we make only a 10 per cent cut in wages (with all other expenses cut in half and profit wiped out entirely) we have only brought down the cost to 58 cents, with 8 cents still to come out somewhere.

What would be the reply of those who would continue to deny the necessity of cutting wages under this deflation policy? They might say that the wage cut could be avoided

* The second, and concluding, part of this article will appear next week.
—EDITOR THE NATION.

by greater efficiency in production. Possibly it could. But what does greater efficiency mean? It means saving labor. And what does saving labor mean? It means laying off men; it means what is euphemistically known as "technological unemployment." Thus if our hypothetical product could be produced with half the former labor force—that is, if each man could be got to turn out twice as many articles as before—there would be no need for a wage cut. All that would happen would be that half the labor force would be thrown out of work, and that they could have the pleasure of starving until, after a few years, the survivors might be lucky enough to be "reabsorbed." Another possible reply is that wages need not be cut as much as other items. Thus, returning to our hypothetical commodity, we might cut raw material by 50 per cent, rent and overhead by $66\frac{2}{3}$ per cent, profit by 75 per cent, and wages by only $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. This would give us our price of 50 cents made up in the following manner: raw material 10 cents, wages 30 cents, rent and overhead 5 cents, profit 5 cents. If this could be achieved, it would mean that labor, as a result of depression, would receive an increase in purchasing power, or real wages, of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. But while such an outcome is theoretically possible from the standpoint of the pure mathematics involved, practically it is in the highest degree improbable.

And what about the money wage cut even then necessary, of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent? How many of the deflationists would have the courage to advocate it? And how, in actual practice, would it be brought about? There is only one answer: it could be brought about solely with the weapon of continued unemployment, continued starvation and misery. And no one can suppose that the wage cuts would occur evenly. The least well-organized labor, the weakest and most exploited labor, the labor already at the lowest economic level, would be forced to give way most. (Those deflationists who find this conclusion unpalatable will doubtless argue that it would not be to industry's interest to cut wages, as this would cut purchasing power. There is not space here to analyze the numerous "purchasing power" fallacies rampant in the last few years, but not the least important of them lies in the failure to distinguish purchasing power in terms of money from purchasing power in terms of goods. If the general price level falls 50 per cent, for example, then a 50 per cent fall in money wages does not reduce labor's ability to buy goods but leaves it just where it was.)

I have concentrated on the labor side of the equation, but the results of the deflation policy would be nearly as bad from the standpoint of any other economic class. We may take the farmers, as one example. Prices of agricultural products have dropped more in the last few years than those of any other group of commodities. In the index of the United States Bureau of Labor they stood in the week of March 5 at 50.9 per cent of their 1926 level, compared with an average for all commodities of 66.2 per cent. With expenses that have come down very little, it should not be difficult to imagine what this means. But suppose that the farmer could miraculously squeeze the cost of employed labor and other production expenses, as well as his own cost of living, down by the same amount as the drop in prices of farm products. What then? He probably has a first mortgage on his farm equal to about one-half that farm's value in 1929. If so, the amount of the first mortgage now probably covers the full value of the farm. Such a situation

threatens to reduce most farmers to a state of peonage; at best they will become mere tenants.

Who does stand to gain by the policy of deflation? The capitalists? But what capitalists? Not the direct owners of business, not the stockholders. It is merely necessary to point to the collapse of the average price of fifty representative stocks, on the New York *Times* index, to one-fifth of their former value—from 312 in 1929 to 65 this year—to show what has happened to stockholders. Even if we hold that the prices of stocks at the peak in 1929 were absurd, even in terms of 1929 profits, the relative loss of the stockholder remains a great one. Assuming that commodity prices remain at half their former levels, then, even if wages and other costs can finally be forced down by an equal amount, the stockholder will not get half his former income where any bonded indebtedness is involved. In the case of the railroads, bonded indebtedness is approximately equal to stock capitalization. In any company in which this situation exists our stockholder would probably have his interest wiped out. Is it, then, the bondholder who stands to gain by deflation? Here again we must ask, which bondholder? At the time of writing, the average price of forty representative domestic bonds, as compiled by the New York *Times*, is about 66. The decline in the price of these bonds from parity, in other words, just about offsets the last two years' decline in wholesale prices. And it must be remembered that these forty selected bonds are, in general, among the strongest and best-protected bonds, and that the average decline of all bonds has been much more severe. It may be said that the bondholder will lose this depreciation only if he is compelled to sell now, and that if he holds his bonds till maturity, this depreciation will not have to be taken. But this overlooks the fact that if the financial community were confident of this result, the bonds would not be selling at anything approaching such a depreciation. Is it, then, the wicked banks that stand to gain by deflation? Not the 2,300 banks that failed last year. Not, surely, the savings banks, whose solvency is threatened by the unparalleled decline in the market value of bonds. Not the commercial banks, to the extent that they too are direct owners of bonds, which they are to a far larger extent than is generally realized. Not to the extent that they are holders of mortgages in default, especially where the property cannot be sold for the face value of the mortgage. Not to the extent that they hold loans secured by commodity collateral, where the market price of the commodity has fallen sufficiently to wipe out the bank's margin of protection. Not to the extent that they hold general "line-of-credit" loans in companies whose business is now stagnant. For stagnant business means both that the banks' old loans are insecure and that they cannot make new loans.

The sole group that clearly stands to gain by the policy of deflation seems to be the holders of "gilt-edged" bonds. Possibly, in spite of the present testimony of the market, the percentage of ultimate default on bonds will not be extraordinarily high. But the group that stands to gain by deflation will still be extremely small, certainly not more than 10 per cent of the rest of us who stand to lose. And the group that gains must do so at the expense of all the rest of us. In the second half of this article, we shall examine what the probable effect would be if, while still adhering to the gold basis, we should devalue the dollar.

Panic in the Steel Towns*

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Pittsburgh, March 16

ARTURO AVANTI, which is not his real name, lives in a shack on a dreary, dirty, all-but-forgotten alley in Hays Station, Pennsylvania. We went to see Avanti, among others, to learn what the steel companies are doing for their employees in these difficult times. It is the proud boast of the companies that none of their workers are suffering; all the men still on the pay roll, though there is no work for them to do, are being helped. One company is said to be paying out \$3 a week to its "furloughed" laborers; another is giving \$2.10 a week, with special allowances in cases where families are large; a third is "making work" in its mills so that the workers can draw one or two days' pay a week. But the companies will not discuss this welfare work for publication; they will not say how much they are spending, or give out details of any kind. Hence it was necessary to go to the workers themselves to find out just what this company relief amounts to.

Avanti has a wife and five small children, and another baby is "on the way." He has worked for the Carnegie Steel Company, a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, since 1919. Throughout 1931, however, he had only one to four days' work every month. Now he must go to the mill every morning, and sometimes in the afternoon and evening, too, to be sure of getting one day's work in seven. When he is chosen, which is none too often, he gets paid \$3.60 for eight hours of hard labor. The condition of his home and his children testified most convincingly to the inadequacy of this wage. But the company has been helping. Since Christmas it has provided the Avanti family with exactly \$7 worth of groceries, and nothing else. In January, with wages going down and the number of available jobs decreasing, the Homestead Steel Works Employees Insurance and Safety Association increased its monthly dues from \$1 to \$1.25. Avanti could not meet the increase. Last week he received a notice, signed by C. E. Crum, secretary-treasurer, which said:

Premiums on your insurance with this association for months of February and March remain unpaid and cannot longer be carried by the association. You will, therefore, arrange to make payment of these premiums at insurance office on or before March 10; otherwise insurance will be canceled without further notice.

Avanti did not have the money—he has not even enough for milk for the babies—and his name was struck from the rolls. Thus does one steel company help its employees.

John Dravos, a Slovak, lives with his family of eight in the slums of the Greenfield section, which lie in the shadow of Schenley Park and almost within calling distance of the homes of Pittsburgh's richest citizens. Dravos has worked for Jones and Laughlin, independent steel manufacturers, since 1902. Most of last year he worked regularly one day every fortnight, but with the South Side mills of the company closed down he now "catches four days every pay,"

which gives him \$14.88 every other Saturday night. On this \$7.44 a week he must keep his wife and six children. The younger children are under weight, and sickly yellow spots on their faces bear out the story of months of scanty and improper feeding. The Welfare Fund of Allegheny County will not help John Dravos, for he still has work. When he goes to the welfare bureau of the company, the nurse in charge laughs in his face. She tells him that he ought to be able to get along on \$5 a week—\$5 for eight hungry people, to say nothing of rent, gas, and light bills unpaid, of the insurance that is about to be forfeited, and of the coal bin that is empty. We ask Dravos how he feels about his predicament, why he does not insist on better treatment. But what can he do? Dravos merely shrugs his shoulders.

Wealthy Pittsburgh was little impressed by the riot at the Ford plant in Dearborn, Michigan. Wealthy Pittsburgh has faith in its own working people. This, no doubt, explains why the middle class, the salaried workers, the small homeowners are now being asked to bear the major share of the cost of unemployment relief. Last fall Pittsburgh and the other steel towns of Allegheny County were called upon to contribute to the Welfare Fund. A total of \$6,000,000 was sought, though social workers said a minimum of \$15,000,000 was needed. The Mellons gave \$340,000, and the Mellon-controlled interests another \$100,000. The Westinghouse Company gave \$150,000 for itself, and \$50,000 for its employees. The Philadelphia Company, the local utilities monopoly, gave \$125,000; United States Steel contributed \$100,000 out of its surplus, which then stood at \$400,000,000; the telephone company gave \$15,000, and a few other corporations contributed in similar proportion. Large individual donations were rare. The conservative *Post-Gazette*, always friendly to the corporate interests of Pittsburgh, did not hesitate to stress the fact that small contributions from salaried workers and wage-earners far exceeded the personal gifts of the wealthier residents. The campaign committee tried to frighten these people into giving more. By means of photographed copies of sensational but imaginary newspaper headlines the committee attempted to forecast what would happen were the campaign to fail. The *Post-Gazette's* imaginary headline read: "Crime Wave Grips Pittsburgh: Appalling Poverty Cited as Cause of Lawlessness." The banner-line of the *Press* proclaimed: "Mobs Plunder Downtown Section: Hungry Crowds Fight for Food as Relief Fails." The eight-column ribbon of the *Sun-Telegraph* screamed: "Disease Spreads to Suburbs: Hundreds Die Plague Enters New Area." All to no avail; Pittsburgh's faith remained unshaken. The close of the campaign had to be postponed several times, and then the full amount was not finally subscribed until the city appropriated \$500,000 to complete the fund.

But not all of the pledged \$6,000,000 has been collected. And today Pittsburgh is facing a relief crisis, the various public and private funds being exhausted. Numerous schemes have been devised to meet the emergency. There is no longer

* The third of a series of articles by Mr. Hallgren on unemployment in various parts of the country.—EDITOR THE NATION.

talk of appealing, as did Governor Pinchot last fall, to the men in Pennsylvania "whose share of the general wealth is so great that each of them, out of his private fortune, alone and by himself, could carry the State's whole burden of feeding, housing, and clothing the unemployed." Now it is up to others to take over "this Christian duty toward the poor." State Senator Frank L. Harris—who, incidentally, is running for reelection and therefore not averse to publicity—has worked out a plan to care for the 24,000 needy families on the rolls of the Allegheny County Emergency Association. He would have 24,000 members of the community, euphemistically called "those who are still comfortably well-to-do," give \$100 each toward the maintenance of these families. It may be noted that he is not asking 100 individuals to give \$24,000 each. The \$100 donation in each case is supposed to keep another family for three months, which works out at a rate of less than \$8 a week. The Charity Organization Society of New York estimates that a family of five must have at least \$25 a week to keep above the poverty level; to fall below that endangers the health of the children and the morale of the parents. The Public Health Nursing Service has found that with the most painstaking economy in buying and cooking no Pittsburgh family can get along on less than \$6 a week for food alone; and that does not take into account such necessities as medical attention, fuel, light, clothing, and shelter.

While Senator Harris is out persuading the white-collar workers to take over the burden the wealthy have dodged, the business men are campaigning for a \$5,000,000 bond issue, which will increase the already tremendous tax load of the small property-owners. The City Council has approved a proposal to submit the bond issue to the voters on April 26—one wonders if Pittsburgh can hold out that long—and the County Commissioners are considering a plan for an additional \$10,000,000 bond issue. The local financial editors told me they doubted very much that any of these bonds could ever be marketed, while the bankers said they were reserving their decision, though they felt sure the city and county could never repay the projected obligations. A huge proportion of the annual tax bill cannot now be collected. Nevertheless, the business men, who were so strongly opposed to the Costigan-La Follette bill because of their fear that it would boost the federal income tax still further and thus pass on to the owners of Pittsburgh industry who live in New York and elsewhere their proper share of the relief burden, are shouting themselves hoarse in their defense of the bond issues. One of these men is Frank R. Phillips, member of the board of the Welfare Fund, chairman of the Allegheny County Emergency Association, member of President Hoover's Committee on Unemployment Relief, and president of the Philadelphia Company, the local utilities monopoly. He is the boss of unemployment relief in Pittsburgh, so far as the chaotic relief work here can be said to have a boss. A few weeks ago he was assuring Senator David Reed that there was no necessity for passing the Costigan-La Follette bill because Pittsburgh was taking care of its own. The other day he appeared before the City Council to urge approval of the municipal bond issue. "When these thousands of unemployed men and women come to us for work and for bread," he asked, "to whom shall we send them?" Not to Washington, of course, but to the local taxpayers. It is not entirely without significance that the real-estate holdings

of Mr. Phillips's and other utilities companies are by law exempt from taxation in Pennsylvania.

Hard as it is to criticize any of the relief efforts here, so pitifully meager are they all, one must still question the wisdom of having relief administered by the local politicians. How far can one rely upon a city government whose chief executive spends from the public funds \$122 each for custom-made tires for his \$6,500 automobile, and fabulous sums for imported Oriental rugs? Or upon a County Board of Poor Directors, which is an official charity organization for the many steel-and-coal towns in Allegheny County outside of Pittsburgh, when that board refuses to give an accounting of its expenditures? An investigation was forced upon the Poor Directors a few months ago. Numerous interesting items were revealed. For example, of the \$1,800,000 in revenue they collected a year ago, more than 15 per cent went for salaries and "other help." Ten thousand dollars was paid out in architects' fees for plans for a hospital that will never, and under the law can never, be built. Another \$70,000 was spent on a pig pen at the county poor-farm in Woodville. This piggery was the last word in luxury. It was built of bricks of a quality much better than that of bricks ordinarily used in the construction of workers' homes in the steel towns. And to make sure that they were getting really good bricks the Poor Directors paid \$80 a thousand for them, although anyone else could buy the same bricks in Pittsburgh for \$16 a thousand.

Pittsburgh's relief problem is undeniably titanic in scope, but it is not being met in anything like efficient fashion. There is not here that centralized administration and control, that clear-cut and smoothly working program I found in Philadelphia. Instead, Pittsburgh's unemployed are at the mercy of a multitude of agencies. These include the Emergency Association, the Family Welfare organizations, the Poor Board, the Mothers' Assistance, the Red Cross, the Catholic Charities, and numerous minor organizations. Because virtually all the charity cases are recorded with a clearing-house organization, there is doubtless little duplication in the actual distribution of relief, whether it be grocery orders, clothing, fuel, or "made" work. But there is without question considerable duplication of overhead and similar charges.

Relief expenditures in Allegheny County in January were estimated at \$573,000, which was 187 per cent higher than in January a year ago. It is believed that by next January, if the money is available, the expenditure will have increased in about the same proportion. This month 36,750 families are being cared for by the reporting agencies. By December it is expected that this total will have grown to 57,000. With no additional relief funds definitely in sight it is small wonder that panic is sweeping the steel towns.

Distressing as are the conditions in Pittsburgh and Allegheny County they are immeasurably worse in the other steel towns up and down the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers, in Cambria County, and over in Ohio in the Youngstown area. In the coal towns the situation cannot even be described. When I was here last summer I thought I was observing living conditions that taxed human endurance to the utmost. But today I find miners living in abandoned beehive coke-ovens in Fayette and Westmoreland counties, getting along somehow even without the bread and white beans they had a few months ago. The American Friends'

Service Committee is caring for some of the undernourished children in Cambria, Fayette, Clearfield, and Westmoreland counties, but it has not the money to extend aid to anyone else. Red Cross workers are active in a few places, but they also are hampered by lack of funds and by the absence of a definite relief policy on the part of the national organization. The Miners' Relief Fund of the Socialist Party until recently kept a certain amount of food flowing into the mining communities, or at least into those towns where conditions are worst, but its resources are being rapidly exhausted, and it is feared that no more shipments can be sent out from the Pittsburgh headquarters. In Fayette County, where coal and coke operations have been paralyzed by the shutdown of the steel mills, social workers a while back were allotting 27 cents per person for food every week. But the miners and coke workers are not getting even that from regular relief sources now.

Political stupidity and dishonesty and the opposition of the steel companies are hampering relief work throughout the steel country. In only a few of the towns in this area, several of which I visited, is relief work on an organized or efficient basis. A State official who for months has been hard at the task of persuading these communities to set up centralized relief organizations told me she was frankly discouraged by the opposition she was meeting. Splendid committees were got on to paper in some places, but owing to the interference of chambers of commerce, business men generally, or the local politicians, such paper committees have never been made to function. In some places, as I found myself, where a central body had been erected it was immediately captured by a local statesman with a political ax to grind or by an official of the local steel company. Thus in Donora a steel man headed the relief committee, while in Monessen the Republican postmaster, as chairman of the charity committee of the Chamber of Commerce, which administers all relief in Monessen, was to all practical purposes the relief boss of that community. At Sharon relief funds were tied up by the courts because of a political wrangle between the Poor Board and the County Commissioners.

The steel companies are quite obviously seeking to control relief in order to prevent widespread publicity as to the actual needs and to protect themselves against higher taxes. To achieve this end they not only place their men on the local relief committees, but constantly emphasize that they are looking out for their own unemployed. How adequate company relief is I have already suggested; \$2 to \$6 a week is by no means sufficient to meet the needs of the jobless workers. Unfortunately, workers known to be recipients of company relief get no help whatever from other agencies. In addition, widespread discrimination is practiced. At Farrell, where there is located a plant of the American Sheet and Tinplate Company, a United States Steel subsidiary, the company is providing some basket relief for its "furloughed" employees, this being eked out to a very meager extent by the Community Fund (run by a United States Steel official) and the County Poor Director. Here there is open discrimination against the Negroes and foreign-born who make up the bulk of the population. Favoritism, if it may be called that, also takes another form at Farrell. The older employees, those enjoying priority rights and higher wages, and approaching the time when they would be eligible for pensions, have almost without exception been discharged and ousted from

the company houses. Their places have been taken by younger men, recently recruited, who have no lien on the pension fund, and who will work for much smaller wages, and these are permitted to remain in the company houses against the day when operations will be resumed. In many other sections of the steel country there is similar discrimination. Particularly does it hit radical agitators, union organizers, men blacklisted for having taken part in strikes in the past, and even workers who merely complain of the scantiness of the relief they are getting. In one town applicants for relief are herded like cattle into the relief stations and kept waiting there for hours, the women in charge barking questions at them until many of them become discouraged and leave. In another town the superintendent of the mill, who also has charge of relief, harangues the applicants in a sneering tone, accusing them of being too lazy to work.

Another weapon much favored in the steel area is the threat of deportation. The records of the workers, the great majority of whom were born abroad, have been closely examined by immigration authorities. The known radicals are, of course, immediately jailed. Thus the threat of deportation hangs over the heads of the other workers who might in any way cause trouble. Not all those who could be deported are sent away, but merely enough from each community to show that the government and steel corporations mean business. At the moment five men are in the county jail here awaiting deportation. The other jobless know they are there, and that suffices as a warning to them that they must not complain.

One could describe the methods of relief in any one of the dozens of towns in the steel country to illustrate the way in which such communities are handling the problem. In Youngstown, for example, a fund of \$300,000 was raised by a special tax levy, but there has been considerable question as to how and for what purposes this fund is being administered. Each destitute family is supposed to be getting help to the amount of \$1.50 per week. Investigators, however, have discovered many families of four and five members getting no more than \$1 a week. In Johnstown, which is in Cambria County, where eighty-seven banks have failed, only the Mellon banks surviving, 19,000 coal and steel workers are on the dole. Every married couple gets \$3 a week, and 50 cents extra for each child. The dole is distributed by numerous agencies—the Family Welfare Society, the Salvation Army, the Red Cross, and others. Johnstown is the home of the Bethlehem Steel Works, and from 75 to 90 per cent of the relief goes to former Bethlehem workers. But the Bethlehem Company has contributed only \$25,000 toward relief, while I could find no evidence that the head of the firm, Charles Schwab of million-dollar-bonus fame, who has a home in the county, has at any time, either in the present crisis or previously, given as much as a cent to the county's charities.

At Monessen in Westmoreland County, a town of 20,000 population, the maximum of relief given any family is \$10 a month, which is provided in the form of grocery orders. However, some coal that local companies donate and occasionally cast-off clothing gathered by the various relief agencies are given to the unemployed. Other families get only \$5 worth of food a month. The grocery orders are redeemable only at the municipal commissary, where prices are about the same as those in the chain stores. More than

400 families are now on the dole in Monessen, and this is costing about \$1,500 a month. Last fall a community fund of \$10,000 was raised, but not all of this was meant for unemployment relief. This fund has been exhausted and an emergency drive is now in progress to raise an additional \$6,000. In previous campaigns the mill workers contributed generously, but today they cannot even be asked, and so the load falls for the most part on the shopkeepers and property-owners. The American Sheet and Tinplate Company (United States Steel) gave nothing to the Community Chest; Pittsburgh Steel, an independent concern, gave \$1,500 and 100 tons of coal; Page Steel, another independent, gave \$500. The utilities companies, which have been milking this area for years through their high rates, between them gave \$600. It is considered impossible in Monessen to raise additional funds through taxation.

Up the Monongahela River, at Donora, which is in Washington County, a very similar situation was found. Donora has a population of 13,900. Its principal plant is that of the American Steel and Wire Company (again a United States Steel subsidiary), which normally employs 4,500 men. Today 277 men are at work regularly; another 2,500 are drawing relief from the company in the form of "made" work, which pays them \$3.50 a week. The other 2,000 seem to have passed out of the picture. The company spent \$2,000 last month and is spending \$4,000 this month on its private relief program. Apart from these workers 182 families in Donora are on a charity basis, drawing grocery orders from the local relief headquarters every week or ten days. In Donora the families are usually large, one of those on the dole having seventeen children, another fifteen. Mrs. Vernon, in charge of relief headquarters, said that the amount of the grocery orders was not fixed. However, all relief being dispensed through her central office averages in value \$1,350 monthly, this including food, milk, coal, shoes, and some clothing, so that the average expenditure per family is about \$7.42 a month, "just enough," in Mrs. Vernon's words, "to keep them from starving." In October Donora raised a \$7,000 relief fund, which will be exhausted at the end of this month. The local banks gave \$100 each to this fund; the telephone company gave nothing; the West Penn Power and the Tri-Cities Water companies gave \$100 each. Incidentally, the Tri-Cities Company has to date shut off the water in about 100 homes, thus creating a serious health and sanitation problem.

Mrs. Vernon reported that the "morale of the people here has been broken. They are all so dejected and hopeless." A considerable increase in physical defects in the children brought to the city baby clinic for examination has been noted. "Skin diseases are appearing," she said. "Rickets are increasing. There is every evidence in many cases of malnutrition. The children are simply not getting enough milk." She also said there had been a definite increase in the number of tuberculosis cases in town. Otherwise the people of Donora are showing no ill effects of the depression. However, the police keep a watchful eye on them, for Donora is a closed company town, and so no begging and no radical agitation are permitted. The company is in complete control of the town and its politics. The Mellons are in control of its banks. It cannot be considered wholly an accident that wherever I have gone in the steel country I have found the Mellons extending their financial

power. Here in this small steel town the one independent house, the Bank of Donora, was a few months ago absorbed by the Mellons, but not until after its president, Dr. J. S. Sprowls, local physician, had sacrificed his entire fortune in a vain attempt to save the bank. But Donora has a future. The Steel Corporation has just completed a \$6,000,000 plant to take the place of the present mills. The new plant is equipped with the most modern type of labor-saving machinery. Whereas the old plant normally employed 4,500 men, the new mill, even when operated at maximum capacity, will give employment to no more than 3,000 workers, and at the same time turn out many more units of product.

Again in the Pittsburgh area it is difficult to foretell what will be the most serious consequences of the unemployment crisis. The jobless in Philadelphia I found confused but still hopeful; here they are filled with despair. Many of them have been cowed into submission, but many others are astonishingly frank in their criticism of the existing order. More particularly is this true of the middle class, the white-collar workers. Minor steel-company officials, social workers, and municipal authorities (including a police officer in one town who said "he'd be damned if he'd shoot into a crowd of workers just to save the Mellons") were bitter in their attacks upon the steel magnates and bankers. This is something new in my experience; usually such people, when they are dissatisfied, keep their complaints to themselves and do not reveal their feelings to strange journalists. However, wherever I went I heard Andrew Mellon and his colleagues denounced. There can be little doubt that the Ambassador to Great Britain is not beloved of his fellow-townsmen. And the Mellons certainly added nothing to their prestige when they kept the doors of their banks open after the regular hours in order to take care of the many new deposits that came their way after the failure of the Bank of Pittsburgh, which they could have saved but deliberately allowed to fail. So a Father Cox can today openly assail Andrew Mellon over the radio without being cut off by the usually diligent local radio censors.

That the unemployed in this area are ready for action and are only awaiting a leader is all too apparent. This was shown by the tremendous response the Communists got when they called an impromptu conference of steel workers last fall. It was revealed again when the jobless stormed the municipal hall in New Kensington and forced the authorities to set up a central relief bureau; when the unemployed of Fayette County marched upon Uniontown to dramatize their hunger and demand help, which has not yet been forthcoming; when Father Cox led 15,000 jobless men from the steel mills and coal mines to Washington—many other thousands who wanted to join in the hunger march were turned away for lack of room in the trucks—and again when Father Cox gathered 60,000 persons in Pitt Stadium on a cold winter day to hear him assail Washington and the bankers for allowing the jobless to shift for themselves. There will without question be more such protests, and the workers may not content themselves with peaceful hunger marches, for increasing numbers of them are beginning to realize that they have not a ghost of a chance in their dual fight against hunger and the steel companies. The Communists are active here, but they really need little help—the Morgans and Mellons are "making the revolution" in the Pittsburgh district about as rapidly as that can safely be done.

Presidential Possibilities

V. Norman Thomas—Why Not?*

By DEVERE ALLEN



HE stands on the platform of Mecca Temple in New York on Armistice Day, and explains the price that we must pay for peace. Speaking with him is a distinguished quartette: Nicholas Murray Butler, Alanson B. Houghton, John W. Davis, Alfred E. Smith. At the beginning of the meeting the average reporter would have made a

mental note that *he* was speaking with *them*; but not at the end. For that tremendous audience of the elite, the intelligentsia, the sophisticates of public affairs, has been swept off its feet—and by a Socialist whose very earnestness is moving, whose remarks will seem in cold print on the morrow as full of depth as when spoken, and whose eloquence is irresistible.

He stands in the center of a milling crowd on a Socialist picnic; the well-to-do are pretty generally absent, for these are hard-handed laboring people come to manifest their economic solidarity. Thomas gets the reception of an idolized comrade, one who has not only the knack of expressing vividly the hunger of their spirits, but of arousing passionate personal loyalty. He stands on a stump at Garfield, New Jersey, a suburb of Passaic, where freedom of assembly has just been denied to striking mill workers. He gets as far as a few words about historic American liberties, declares this to be his first stump speech made from a bone fide stump, and is manhandled by a sheriff and a group of zealous deputies, who proceed to lock him up overnight for want of \$10,000 bail money in his pockets.

He stands behind the pulpit of a church, filling again the ministerial role which gave him the platform training he finds so great an asset now—though there is only the slightest trace of orthodox homiletics in his bearing. He takes his listeners from personal strivings up to a larger struggle on behalf of all mankind. Communists, when they tire of branding him as “yellow,” “traitor,” “fake,” or “reactionary,” hurl the ultimate epithet—“sky-pilot.”

He stands on the rostrum of a famous university making the Commencement address at the request of the graduating class. He speaks at once with dignity and fire, with practical realism and sensitive imagination. There is youth in him, and the students respond to it. He takes them into a world of problematic reward but of hearty adventure. He stands at the door of a room where a committee of the “best minds” has been fashioning the outlines of a fairer universe. He has perhaps maintained silence up to now; but

before he rushes off to his sixth committee meeting for the day he will present a series of cogent ideas in rapid-fire manner, often enough of them to keep the session going for another two or three hours.

When he speaks it is his depth of conviction that counts, primarily. But he is the fortunate owner of a rich, resonant voice, and has the gift of speaking at high speed yet with clarity and freedom from oratorical bombast. Sometimes he speaks too often, and then occasionally he loses unity and tends to substitute a not unpleasing satire for ideas; but as a rule he can rise above heavy fatigue and nearly do his best. He must be tired, he is tired, a good deal of the time. When he gets warmed up, he will pace back and forth, his long legs and flashing eyes emphasizing his vehement sincerity. He uses his arms but little, and never flails the air; once in a while he will crook one arm at an impossible angle, round his fingers out into a hollow ball, and draw the fingertips together tensely, as if he had something mighty important in his hand. He has—the audience.

Norman Thomas, however, is no mere spellbinder. He is a first-rate executive, turning off titanic avalanches of correspondence, dictating articles and his regular editorials syndicated to the labor press, and signing letters, as a caller put it, “with one hand while carrying on a conversation with the other.” The very height which, with his graying hair and his native dignity, makes him so impressive on the boards, makes him look out of place, somehow, in the confines of an office. He appears to reach down from an intense altitude to the top of his desk, and his knees are obviously never quite at home. But the League for Industrial Democracy, of which he is executive director, seems to thrive under the weight of his lanky frame.

Thomas's early career was promising enough—his brilliance is still remembered at Princeton, just as it was brought uncomfortably back to Woodrow Wilson, his former teacher, when the war-time Administration all but put an end to his “seditious” activities as the first editor of the *World Tomorrow*. But more significant than his early contacts with Wilsonism, or even his still earlier introduction to Hardingism as a newsboy selling the *Marion Star* on the streets of his native Ohio town, are his recent years. Thomas has gained and grown extraordinarily. He is a living defiance to all the cynicism of the Oslers about the inability of men to advance in middle age. Those who knew him during the trying days of the war, when he stood faithful to his internationalism; or in the post-war days when he seemed for a time to be consumed with inner bitterness at the treachery of the idealistic institutions he had trusted; or when he got his bearings and swung into the Socialist movement with humility and zest, yet with a somewhat naive simplification of complex social forces—these friends marvel most of all at his steady growth in power, his expanded breadth of human understanding, his tightened grasp on the detailed mechanisms of city, national, and international statecraft. Today,

* The fifth of a series of articles. The sixth, on “Alfalfa Bill” Murray, by George E. Milburn, will appear next week.—EDITOR THE NATION.

as Tammany Hall and countless facile reactionaries are aware, the man who takes on Norman Thomas in a debate over detailed, concrete governmental problems, especially those of New York City, is monkeying with a buzz saw.

His book, "America's Way Out," and the new volume, "As I See It," will go on attracting added support. But what makes him formidable in spite of his present minority position is his capacity for bringing life into practical matters of public policy. It was this phase of his campaign for the mayoralty of New York City that rolled up 175,000 votes, an amazing total, everything considered. Many, however, in the ranks of radical labor contemplate with distrust, even with horror, his heightened prestige. They see it purchased at the price of too much moderation, too little contact with the laboring masses. The *New Leader*, the Socialist weekly, heads his department with a stalwart drawing calculated to destroy the dangerous suspicion of intellectualism by picturing him as a beefy walking delegate. But even this undercurrent of fear cannot diminish his widening circle of repute. And the economic experience of numerous Americans during the last two years has unquestionably made them more tolerant, for the first time in their lives, of the gospel of peaceful economic revolution.

Nevertheless, as a genuine Presidential possibility Thomas belongs not to the present but only to a speculative future. Largely because a multitude of American radicals have succumbed to the doctrine of defeatism, neither Thomas nor anybody like him can yet hope to gain political control. It would be foolish to minimize the enormous barriers that the social and political conditions of our time have thrown across the road to power. But the same lack of political hardihood which made liberals and radicals run away from their great opportunity after La Follette's 5,000,000 votes in 1924, chiefly because in the first campaign they had failed to win, is holding up the march to power now. Where were the 5,000,000 in 1928? Their absence cannot be explained on the ground that these voters were mainly the same ones who had hit the Bull Moose trail in 1912, and later, growing fatigued with the passing of time, reclined in the Smith-Tammany wigwam of 1928. For the same thing has happened to the parties of the left. In 1912, despite the three-cornered contest among Taft, Wilson, and T. R., with shouts for the New Freedom and the New Trust-Busting between them drowning out the impressive Taft chuckle, the Socialist Party rolled up a vote of 901,873. The combined vote of the Socialist Party and the Socialist Labor Party in 1920 reached the mark of 950,974. But in 1928, notwithstanding the fact of woman suffrage and the increase in average longevity which medical science, with dubious wisdom, had given our citizens, the best these two parties could pile up, together with the growing Workers' Party and the ephemeral vest-pocket Farmer Labor Party of Colonel Frank E. Webb, was 344,183. Looking at this slump in terms of percentages, it is even more revealing. In 1920 radical votes constituted approximately $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the total votes cast; in 1928 they amounted to less than 1 per cent. What happened to the other $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent?

The plain fact is that the large vote of 1920, chiefly run up behind Eugene Debs, was less a vote of Socialist conviction than a vote of bitter protest. The Socialist vote of 1912 was the peak of political socialism; it was the climax of vigorous education, comparative liveliness within the trade

unions, and a general spirit of infectious liberal sentiment. But 1920 was different. Emerging from the war, those multitudes who had been directly victims of repression or who had indirectly felt themselves wronged by the immeasurable crime, seized upon the almost legendary figure of the imprisoned Debs as a happy vehicle for their rebellion. At bottom, its good vote notwithstanding, the Socialist Party was almost fatally weakened by the oppression of the war and the internal split which had come with the conflict's end. Officially, the party had bravely opposed the war. Debs went splendidly to jail; Berger and the party's executive staff stood trial; not a few Socialist leaders and more obscure spokesmen from the rank and file suffered persecution; Morris Hillquit in 1917 campaigned for the mayoralty of New York on a courageous anti-war platform. But the trail of other party Solons was in many places rather slippery. Comrades Spargo, Phelps Stokes, and Walling had worked up military enthusiasms and suspended the ancient camaraderie. Upton Sinclair had not loved Prophet Karl any less, but had loved Prophet Woodrow more. The old *Christian Socialist* had vindicated a long ecclesiastical tradition by being the first Socialist journal to back up the war. That ardent rebel, Haldeman-Julius, out in the safety of his Kansas cyclone cellar, also had swung behind the war, appropriately enough changing the title of his influential Socialist paper from the *Appeal to Reason* to the *New Appeal*. It was after this disintegration that Norman Thomas came into the party. Everywhere was Socialist wreckage, partly the product of the war and partly of the internecine conflict that raged up to the time of the left-wing split. That the pieces could be picked up and rebuilt into anything tangible seemed hard to believe, but the job was done. Thomas did not do it; it was accomplished by a corps of experienced, if somewhat too experienced, leaders. But it took Thomas to breathe life into the machine again and teach it to walk in a forward direction.

When 1924 came along, by a far more sacrificial and generous move than its collaborators usually realized, the Socialist Party threw itself into the La Follette drive, emerging with its own machinery gear-stripped and its esprit de corps considerably dissipated. In 1928 it suffered because of the dropping of its name off the ballot in 1924 in many States. Small wonder, then, that in the heat of the contest between those flaming knights-errant of liberalism, Herbert Hoover and Alfred Smith, even as good a man as Norman Thomas, a man little known to the old-timers that had once massed behind Gene Debs, could hardly project his constructive program into the uproar of fake issues. Shouts did not come from the crowds when candidates talked of export debentures or reparations; it was a race, so far as the bleachers were concerned, between the Drinkers and the Drys; or a spiritual rivalry between a dangerous Catholicism and the harmless inner light of Quakerdom; or wild New York against the sound, clean open spaces of the West; or "raddio" against misleading figures which the average Hoover fan could not then tell were incorrect. Getting people to listen to intelligent discussions of economic questions was like getting them to cheer for the fourth dimension. A certain Socialist speaker complained, after talking faithfully to innumerable street audiences about the war debts, real wages, superpower, and increased consumption of goods, that in two months he had seen nothing but tonsils.

But 1928 is hardly 1932. While he would be rash who

would predict a political overturn on any available evidence at the present moment, discontent is deeper than it was in 1920. If Franklin D. Roosevelt is nominated by the Democrats, he may reap the benefit of it. But let no one fancy that a Roosevelt victory necessarily forecasts a slender Socialist vote, for history belies any such assumption. It is an interesting phenomenon of politics that the heaviest Socialist votes for the Presidential ticket have come in years when moderately liberal Democrats have run. For Cox, badly beaten though he was by the anti-Wilson reaction, ran in 1920 as a liberal and progressive; in 1912 the Roosevelt-Wilson combination only swelled the Socialist total, and even in 1916, when the Socialists ran the inconspicuous Benson, they polled almost 600,000 despite the appealing pledge of the Democrats to keep us out of war.

There are many phases of renewed Socialist activity which do not bring praise from critics farther to the left. Within the party itself there are frequent protests. Some of these emanate from militants justly fearful of a drift away from the basic concept of the class struggle. There would be fewer complaints of this character if the objectors followed in the wake of Thomas among the labor bodies to which he is constantly bringing encouragement, hope, and a fighting spirit. Some of the doubters are veterans who have become so accustomed to overwhelming defeat that they bridle against the loosening of ideology inevitable in any growing movement. But it is safe to say that of all the groups seeking political expression in this country today, discounting the small and extreme parties whose dogmatic theologies engender a sectarian solidarity, the Socialists are most united.

The party has been picking up, its gains in the capture of political office in the 1931 elections more than offsetting the losses. Inquiries by mail are vastly multiplied; the literature issued is more than tenfold the amount put out in 1927. Membership goes steadily, if slowly, upward. A dozen new Socialist journals were founded last year and old ones have grown. Even where losses occurred, as in Reading, the loss was in control rather than support, for the vote increased and membership has doubled. It took a fusion of the old parties to create the setback—a neat lesson in the method by which a political realignment can be brought to pass.

But no Socialist gain, on the whole, has been greater than the influence that Norman Thomas has exerted over the public on behalf of socialism. For, whatever his critics may say, he has never run as an individual appealing for personal support. He has invariably stressed his devotion to Socialist principles, asking for votes as an exponent of socialism. Perhaps his socialism is without benefit of Marx; perhaps, judging from the manner in which the more alert members of the liberal churches are swinging to him, it is *not* without benefit of clergy, and that to the cynics is a cause of great distress. But however any skeptic may dissent from Thomas's socialism or fear the final consequences of party leadership by a man at once an idealist, an ex-minister, an author of books, and an intellectual, not one can accuse him of making his socialism subsidiary. Has he, despite his writings, an adequately detailed plan for the economic transformation of America? Most observers, friends and foes alike, would answer in the negative. But who has a better plan, who can at the same time lead and carry with him a great enough body of loyal followers?

No Socialist, in the wisdom of insistence on party first,

likes to assume that the nomination of Norman Thomas in 1932 is a foregone conclusion. But most Socialists know that Thomas it must be, or else the campaign will fall flat and wind up profitless. There are plenty of other capable leaders in the ranks; American socialism is by no means the party of incompetents that faithful readers of the editorials in conservative newspapers fondly imagine it to be. But no matter how many Thomas's defects, he will probably be named, he will make a hard try, he will pull down a worthwhile vote. It will not be a mere vote of protest—the Democrats will fall heir to the real grudge votes. Socialist votes this time will be registered for the creation of a new economic order, for the building of an eventually powerful party. Whether or not some liberal party ticket may arise, either spontaneously or under the cultivation of the League for Independent Political Action, it is too soon to say. It is unlikely that the Socialist Party, officially, will join in a formal coalition. The party's leaders believe that to rush into a mass movement for a liberal Presidential ticket without a well-organized party to buttress the ticket with experience and momentum would be a fatal error in the long run. It is not impossible that thousands of people who before 1932 have hesitated to support an out-and-out Socialist will decide that this is now exactly the thing for them to do.

One thing is sure. There are countless voters who are not convinced that the way out is socialism but who wish to push forward into genuinely progressive and humane policies the more advanced of the old-party candidates, should the man of their choice be victorious. Even if this is as far as they can persuade themselves to go, overlooking the way in which party organization sways the chief, they must reckon with the demonstrated fact that a large Socialist vote has exerted a marked pressure in the past on otherwise conventional platform-makers and in a smaller measure on administrative policies. Whoever the next President might be, he could not escape the effect of a huge Socialist vote. It would haunt his table like Banquo's ghost whenever he contemplated a reactionary, anti-labor, or inhuman move. It would nudge his elbow whenever he lapsed into that utilitarian coma which serves the interests desiring to have nothing done.

Norman Thomas will discourage, however, the proponents of the "good man" theory of Presidential candidates. He will demand votes for his party's program. He will have to contend once more against the familiar fears about votes "thrown away." One day shortly after the 1928 election a well-known progressive society woman rushed up to the erstwhile campaigner and exclaimed warmly, "Mr. Thomas, I had my mind all made up to vote for you, for I thought you were the best candidate and had the best platform. But at the very last minute I went into the polling booth and voted for Al Smith, just because I didn't want to throw my vote away! And . . . and . . ." "And so you *did*," finished Thomas, with a nice mixture of humor and asperity. Clearly they were legion who, in 1928, conceived their duty as this woman voter saw it. There will doubtless be enough of them this time. But Thomas will ride into that stampede with full speed in 1932, and when the shouting is over, not all the hesitant ones will have given their blessing to the huge and single Republican-Democratic Party, even though that great organization, in our quadrennial rodeo, again stages a "thrilling" round-up for the entertainment of the public and the joint profit of its management.

Heaven Goes Republican

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, March 19

IT would be nice if someone of superior information and discernment would stand up and tell just why, on the basis of this season's performance, the country would stand to gain anything by exchanging the Hoover Administration for a Democratic one. I hold no brief for Hard Times Herbert, but there is no avoiding the fact that the Democrats have enacted nearly all his proposals and now are striving to jam through a tax bill infinitely more reactionary and dishonest than the one proposed by Mellon. Moreover, they joined him in defeating the most important relief measure introduced at this session, the La Follette-Costigan bill. The only genuinely constructive proposals they have supported—such as the lame-duck amendment and the anti-injunction bill—were fathered by Progressive Republicans and received almost as many Republican as Democratic votes. If there is anyone left in the United States who believes that we have two political parties and not simply two wings of the same bird of prey, he should have been here to see Walter Newton, Hoover's secretary, lobbying for a general sales tax with the able assistance and cordial cooperation of the two leading contributors of Democratic campaign funds! If controlled government is inevitable, why should John Smith or I care two whoops in a hailstorm whether it is controlled in the interest of Mellon and Morgan or that of Raskob and Baruch? As long as the elephant and the jackass work in double harness it matters little to the rest of us who is in the driver's seat. We shall walk in either case.

OF course fairness compels the admission that a heavy majority of House Democrats opposed the general sales tax. That was not the fault of their leaders. Garner, Rainey, and Crisp cracked the whip and pulled every available wire. Their methods were reminiscent of those employed to put the Hawley-Smoot tariff through the Senate, and, indeed, the device of offering a tariff on oil and gasoline in return for Oklahoma votes for a sales tax was stolen outright from Old Joe Grundy himself. The argument for the bill was as transparent and dishonest as any that I ever listened to. For example, we had Rainey telling the House and a nation-wide radio audience that, under the bill, "we will take in taxes approximately one-half of all incomes over \$100,000 a year." The truth was that the proposed maximum total rate of 46 per cent would only have applied on net income in excess of \$100,000, the latter sum being taxed under the graduated scale starting at 2 per cent. The morality which could prompt a party leader to tell the public that the maximum rate applied to the entire income needs no further characterization. A tax on consumers would be the entering wedge designed for the eventual destruction of the income tax—a fact which, with astonishing candor, was confessed on the floor of the House by one of its chief sponsors, Ike Bachrach of New Jersey. The con-

tention that the government's credit is tottering toward utter collapse unless the budget is balanced instantly and from current revenue is too silly to be discussed among adults. If any credit is sounder I should like to hear of it. At this writing it appears that the sales tax will be rejected and a scale of income surtaxes and estate taxes approximating the war-time rates adopted. The spectacular Democratic revolt against the party leadership should have important consequences on Speaker Garner's Presidential prospects. It may be, as one reporter wrote Friday, that "the House today threw the sales tax out of the window and John Garner jumped after it." Who converted him to it, anyway? And who issued the order to the Tammany delegation to support it?

* * * * *

THANKS to Blaine of Wisconsin and the remainder of the Senate, the Department of Justice finally has been prodded into proceeding with its suit for the dissolution of the Radio Trust. Its action in waiting almost a year for the trust to decide whether it would voluntarily desist from violating the law was assuming the proportions of a scandal when the Senate acted on Blaine's resolution. The resulting wail from the Radio Corporation was immensely diverting to those who remember what it did to the independent tube and set manufacturers in the heyday of its unrestrained career. Especially amusing was its plaintive contention that the Department of Justice ought to be more careful about disturbing industry in a period of business depression. I don't suppose that argument ever occurred to Captain Kidd or Jesse James. If the Department follows through, the consequences will not improve the Presidential prospects of Owen D. Young, the genius of the trust. Owen hasn't been getting the breaks lately, which is unfortunate, because it is a delight to watch him perform under fair conditions. He is the only industrial magnate I ever saw who could think rings around the average Congressman. As a matter of fact, however, the Democratic nomination for President is becoming less desirable every day—not because Hoover's stock is going up but because that of the Democratic Party is going down. It still seems altogether likely that Governor Roosevelt could win but it is doubtful whether any other Democrat could. It does begin to look as if God and all the saints are Republicans. The main hope of the country remains in the possibility that Borah, Norris, or Hiram Johnson will enter the field—and that is a faint hope indeed.

* * * * *

WHEN all else has a bilious cast we can turn to Pat Hurley and Bob Lucas for the comic aspects. Bob's latest contribution was an impassioned denial of published reports that salaries had been reduced at Republican national headquarters. Bob explained that officials and employees were merely turning back a given percentage of their pay to help the party! Everything indicates it will need a

lot of that kind of help before November. The "fat cats" are sulking. I am wondering whether Secretary Hurley's St. Patrick's Day speech is the same one that Captain Abraham Ginsberg wrote for him just before the Washington *Herald* inconsiderately divulged the Captain's record of service in that capacity. It is somewhat doubtful. The speech didn't seem to sparkle with the same Irish wit and eloquence which distinguished the gallant Secretary's prepared utterances during the period when Ginsberg was composing for him. Moreover, Pat still believes that he was betrayed by his own ghost, and the unhappy and wholly innocent Captain lives in constant terror of enforced retire-

ment. A few weeks ago I mentioned in this place that the War Department was seriously proposing to remove army units from the Mexican border to a point nearer Chicago in anticipation of the expected "red uprising." I am told that department officials are denying the accuracy of this statement. If any more denials of that character are made I shall deem it incumbent to publish exactly what Secretary Hurley and General MacArthur said on the subject to Senator Connally and Representative Thomason of Texas, and what the latter said to them. For the present it is sufficient to report that the Department has decided to postpone action until next January.

The Horrors at Shanghai

By AGNES SMEDLEY

Shanghai, February 23

THE incidents leading up to the war at Shanghai were many, all of them consequent upon the anti-Japanese boycott that followed on the heels of the Japanese occupation of Manchuria and many of them involving deaths of both Chinese and Japanese. It can be quite certainly stated that Japanese *agents provocateurs*, as advance agents of the Japanese militarists, instigated many of these incidents, which finally culminated in the expected Japanese ultimatum to the Chinese authorities on January 20. The mayor of Chinese-administered Shanghai, carrying out the Nanking policy of non-action and dependence on the League of Nations, accepted the terms of this humiliating ultimatum on the afternoon of January 28, and immediately began the suppression of every kind of anti-Japanese activity among the Chinese population. British and American imperialist interests had also been advocating the suppression of the boycott as "unlawful"—fearing, of course, that it would some day be turned against themselves.

Shortly after the acceptance of the Japanese ultimatum by the Chinese authorities the Shanghai Municipal Council, the administrative body of the foreign settlements, declared the existence of a "state of emergency." Most of the foreigners knew that the Japanese, now heavily reinforced in Shanghai by marines, cruisers, destroyers, and over 100 air bombers, were going to take military action, and the "state of emergency" practically meant that while the Japanese attacked the Chinese at the front, the other foreigners guarded their rear against the united action of the Chinese population. At eleven o'clock on the night of the 28th the Japanese admiral delivered an ultimatum to the Chinese military defenders of Shanghai, ordering them to withdraw from their defense positions; and before the Chinese had time even to read the document—that is, just thirty-five minutes later—the Japanese invasion began. That section of the International Settlement to which the Japanese had been assigned by the Shanghai Defense Forces as guard now became the base of the war operations undertaken by the Japanese against the Chinese.

The Japanese attempted to take possession of the Chinese city of Chapei, using every known method of warfare to obtain their end. They bombed and bombarded the North Station of the Shanghai-Nanking Railway; they bombed and

burned to the ground the Commercial Press, the greatest Chinese publishing house and the greatest publishing house in the world; they also bombed and burned to ashes the famous Oriental library attached to the Press, in which there were some million volumes and ancient manuscripts, many of which can never be replaced. In the first encounters the invaders were driven back into the International Settlement, where the Chinese could not follow because this territory is supposed to be "neutral"—a neutrality which has now been exposed as nothing but a matter of force. Had the Chinese army followed up its victory and occupied that part of the Settlement, as they now had the legal right to do, they could have driven the Japanese from the city, and thus saved the lives of thousands of their people as well as the whole city of Chapei. But the commanders of the Chinese defense force, that is, the 19th Route Army, are not revolutionaries, and like many others of their class, they either fear foreigners too much or, in common with many other rich Chinese, do not really wish to see Shanghai brought under Chinese sovereignty. They even gave out a statement that they could have taken the Settlement, but did not care to violate its neutrality or do injury to foreign lives and property. The result was that the Japanese consolidated their position, brought more men-of-war, more air bombers, and more marines and troops into Shanghai, moved them right through the International Settlement, and began a reign of terror and atrocity.

During the early part of the struggle foreign newspapermen and other civilians could go right down into the war zone, watch the street fighting, and take pictures. What they saw was blazed across the pages of the foreign and Chinese press each day. Here we beheld Japanese marines, accompanied by lawless bands of Japanese civilians called "Ronins," the latter armed with guns, swords, knives, bayonets, or baseball bats, attacking the Chinese civilian population. The "Ronins," operating in gangs, would capture Chinese civilians, often tie them hand and foot, and then stab or beat them to death. An American consular official watched a Japanese marine catch a poor coolie and bayonet him, and every time the body showed signs of life, drive the bayonet through it from a new angle.

During the first five days of the fighting around Chapei practically no prisoners were taken alive—they were

shot, beaten, or stabbed to death. Since the Chinese defenders were a part of the 19th Route Army, a Cantonese army, no Cantonese civilian prisoner was left alive. The Japanese seem to have carried out a consistent policy of killing every intellectual they found. Despite the confusion I have learned that at least two of my own personal friends were murdered by the Japanese, one a writer recently returned from America who was doing absolutely nothing against the Japanese but who happened to be an intellectual and a Cantonese, and the other a friend who was beaten to death with an iron bar because a book by Bogdanov on proletarian literature was found in his room. Another acquaintance was condemned to death but was saved by a Japanese friend, the charge against him being that he was a Communist; the "evidence" against him was a tag bearing a number in the lining of his hat. This was a tag of the dry-cleaners, but the Japanese said it was a secret Communist number!

A German business man named Hans Krenn, trapped with his family for days in the war zone, finally escaped and told what he had seen. He had seen Japanese creep up to houses, set them on fire, and then when the families hiding inside were driven out by the flames, shoot them dead in their tracks—men, women, children. The Japanese seldom feel called upon to make an excuse for their atrocities, which they seem to regard as only a natural part of the business of killing. But when "sentimental" foreigners continued to describe the atrocities in the press, the Japanese excused their actions by saying that the houses of civilians had been used by Chinese snipers. It is not known how many thousands of Chinese civilians were killed. Mr. Krenn saw piles of dead bodies on which hungry, yelping dogs fed for days. The Chinese press reported that the Japanese unloaded into the river sixteen trucks of corpses on one day. The Japanese spared nobody; they even bombed the miserable camps of flood refugees, filled with the old, sick, and impoverished, killing about fifty persons in one afternoon. A German friend of mine, a newspaperman, was taking a picture of a group of Japanese civilians who had captured a Chinese civilian and were busily engaged in stabbing him to death, when a marine saw my friend's intention, stepped up to him, and stuck a Mauser against his nose!

When the Japanese extended their operations to the Woosung fort and the surrounding towns and villages at the mouth of the Whangpoo and the Yangtze, they repeated there their actions in Shanghai. The foreign concessions and the Chinese territory beyond the Chinese lines are now filled with hundreds of thousands of refugees and with civilian and soldier wounded. It is said that fully 1,000,000 Chinese are homeless, or have suffered injuries or death. About 200,000 skilled workers in Shanghai are unemployed, which means that, with their families, 600,000 persons of this group alone are without the means of subsistence.

All of this is but the external view of the scene. There were many disgraceful events taking place in the rear of the heroic 19th Route Army. This army, though composed of Cantonese men and officers, has not been under the command of either the Nanking or Canton governments; instead, it has been under the sole orders of its commanders, who have taken it here and there according to their own personal military alliances. General Chiang Kai-shek has never commanded it and it is known as one of the stumbling-blocks to his supremacy. Therefore, when the Nanking Government, under

Chiang Kai-shek and the so-called "leftist" Wang Ching-wei, laid down a policy of non-action, the 19th Route Army commanders publicly announced that they would defend Chinese territory to the last. It is generally said by Chinese that Chiang Kai-shek sent two brigades of his own forces to Shanghai to disarm this Shanghai garrison, but the brigades arrived after fighting had begun, and joined the defenders. In any case, nearly two weeks passed, and while the Shanghai defenders fought with a courage and heroism that aroused the astonishment even of the imperialists, General Chiang sent not one man, gun, or aeroplane as reinforcement. Nanking and Chiang Kai-shek aroused the hatred of most Chinese during this period, for not only did they sabotage the Shanghai defenders, but under the pretext of removing the capital inland Chiang Kai-shek and Wang Ching-wei escaped to Loyang. Chinese sometimes remark cynically: "The first man to reach Loyang was Chiang; he ran that fast!"

The Cantonese Kuomintang clique, headed by Sun Fo and Eugene Chen, recently ousted from Nanking by Chiang and Wang, attempted to exploit the heroism of the Shanghai Chinese defenders in order to consolidate their own position. They sent appeals to Nanking for reinforcements and got replies that were evasive refusals; they gave money to the commanders of the 19th Route Army—many Chinese declared this was but an attempt to induce the commanders to withdraw their forces southward so that Chiang Kai-shek would have to fight the Japanese. Rumor had it that Sun Fo was trying to form a new government in Hangchow. It was known that Chiang Kai-shek's policy seemed to have as its objective the destruction of the 19th Route Army by the Japanese, while a rival Kuomintang clique desired nothing better than to see Chiang's own model division annihilated. Yet the brave young defenders of Shanghai territory thought they were fighting for the freedom of China, not knowing they were merely being used as pawns in a game of political cliques. During this period the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang consisted of about fifty members, and so extensive were their conflicts that they could not hold one united meeting, but instead gathered in separate halls. Only after nearly two weeks had passed, when he was being mercilessly exposed, and when he saw that he would lose control even of his own forces as well as of the 19th Route Army, did Chiang Kai-shek find it expedient to change his tactics and send reinforcements to Shanghai. The Chinese fliers that have since come to the rescue of the defenders have so far defeated the Japanese in every air battle.

Of course, both the foreign and the Chinese authorities passed decrees of martial law forbidding mass demonstrations and any kind of organization of the masses which might lead to revolt. The Chinese press, in both English and Chinese, constantly carried editorials warning the Japanese that their actions might lead to a Communist outbreak—a most undesirable thing for the Japanese! The American afternoon daily solemnly declared in one editorial that Japan "had struck at the very elements in China which the Japanese and the other Powers were pledged to support"—that is, the corrupt, reactionary Chinese ruling class.

But despite all the precautions taken against mass action, there was and continues to be some revolutionary activity, although it is weak indeed. There have been some workers' demonstrations, broken up by the police; a number of organizations continue to exist and operate in secret or semi-secret

—though closed down repeatedly, they always spring to life again. The strike committee of workers from the Japanese textile mills continues to exist, and the Cultural Federation of Chinese writers, artists, and social scientists has issued proclamations and is active. The walls of the city have also carried manifestoes of the Korean Revolutionary Committee. But the revolutionary movement, after five years of terror and under the continued repression of the Chinese and imperialist authorities, has not been able to acquire much strength in Shanghai.

If the demands of the invaders are not met, nobody seems to know what the Japanese will attempt to do. It may be that they will try to occupy all coastal and river ports and try to make a colony of China; or they may try to force the Chinese to declare war so they can later dictate peace terms; or perhaps they may intend to wage such a war of terrorization as will completely disintegrate Chinese society, and then to set a puppet in Nanking to sign any kind of treaty they wish. Certainly, foreigners in China seem to think that Japan is mistress of Asia, and their chief mental problem is what they should do about it. Some of the foreigners have no desire to see the Japanese make a colony of China and usurp foreign markets and privileges; yet at the same time most of them regard Japanese imperialism as a bulwark against Soviet Russia and against communism in Asia. The White Guard Russians, headed by the bandit leader Semeonov, work openly with the Japanese, and white Russians in Shanghai have been building Japanese trenches and barricades and working on an aerodrome for them.

In the Driftway

TO perceive that we have become a nation of weaklings, it is only necessary to consult the menus of a century ago. Not the snows but the appetites of yesteryear are worth searching for; when they are found, it might be worth while to raise a monument to the cooks. The esteemed *Boston Transcript* reprints from the equally esteemed *Providence Journal* an item dated March 1, 1832, describing a dinner given "by the city at Faneuil Hall." "It consisted of four courses," the account declared, "and a dessert. We subjoin a few of the items, to tantalize some of our New York contemporaries, who occasionally amuse us with specimens of their gastronomic propensities." The four courses subjoined were as follows:

First course. Turtle soup, potage a la Reine, vermicelli soup, potage a la jardiniere.

Second course. Vol au vent of scollops of Cod, a la creme; attelets of oysters; crimped cod and oyster sauce; stewed haddock.

Third course. Sirloin of beef roasted; haunch of venison; turkey a la Perigneaux with truffles; ham with Madeira; tongue a la mode; neck of veal a la Barbarie; kidneys with champagne; rissoles of fowls; saddle of mutton; turkey with oyster sauce; fowls a la Conde; meat pie; curried chickens; sheep's tongue a la Maintenon; sweetbreads a la Dreux; fricassee of chickens.

Fourth course. Duck; partridges a l'Espagnole; pigeons; omelette aux fines herbes; oyster patties a la Sefton; geese; partridges a la Dreux; quail; omelette of

ham; oysters scoloped; lemon puddings; cocoanut puddings; apple tarts; blanc mange; eggs a la Neige; martled creme au cafe; custards; orange puddings; puddings a la Bourgeoise; cranberry tarts; calves' feet jelly; martled creme—white vanilla and chocolate; lemon creams.

* * * * *

THE Drifter hardly has strength to add that this collation was followed by apples, raisins, figs, almonds, olives, oranges, prunes, dates, filberts, walnuts, and was interspersed with Madeira, port, champagne, sherry, claret, curacao, maraschino, lemonade, bottled cider, brandy, porter, and whiskey. The *Providence Journal* has at least the grace to admit that the feast "was, we may almost venture to say, magnificent." But "magnificent" when applied to it becomes a weak and watery word. No mention is made of diners, but one assumes that the dinner was eaten; no mention is made, either, of the obituary columns on the day or two that followed, but one suspects that they lengthened. But who today could sit down, or lie down, or stand up to such a meal as this? When we dine sumptuously we consume one soup, one round of oysters, one roast with fixings, one entree, one dessert, and rise staggeringly from the board. Those who could partake of four soups, five fish dishes, sixteen roasts, and seven or eight kinds of game, with more sweets than the Drifter can spare the time to count, were indeed the fathers of their country. There were giants in those days.

* * * * *

NOR does the Drifter have to search back a hundred years for proofs of our decaying strength. His own grandmother's table—less than a century ago!—bore, at Christmas dinner, to be sure, not only its turkey but its chicken and its ham, and everybody was expected to take a generous helping of each. Moreover, there was oyster pie to begin with, vegetables in profusion to spread between, a dozen kinds of jellies and preserves, and mince and pumpkin pie for a grand finish. From these Gargantuan feasts to a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee, which all too often suffices for the midday meal of a strong man, is plainly a long step toward decadence. Our children today are nourished on spinach and cod-liver oil; their parents solemnly munch lettuce and whole-wheat bread. What hope is there for the future of America?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Moral Validity of Birth Control

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am not pessimistic enough to believe that ordinary intelligence is as lacking in this country as the present position of *The Nation* implies. I am sure that you do seriously claim to be a genuine advocate of liberal and progressive ideas. With equal seriousness I assure you that at least one subscriber cannot distinguish your present campaign for birth control from the campaign that gave us prohibition. Prohibition declared liquor illegal, and therefore immoral. Birth control aims to declare itself legal, and therefore moral. Of course I do not

admit that morality is a sequence of legality. But your campaign for birth control, so called, is to establish that sequence, wobbly as it is. The proof follows:

The "constructive suggestion" of your birth-control editorial (January 27) is "a Congressional committee on birth control for a complete inquiry into the whole subject by an authoritative body." This Congressional inquiry you "would not limit merely to the question of whether legislation is desirable or not. . . . Such a committee might even interest itself in the *development* [italics mine] of the technique of birth control." In other words, Congress would come in very handy as a sounding-board for echoing birth-control propaganda by going "into such subjects as the extent of the present dissemination of birth-control knowledge and of the existing nullification of the law." But wherefore all this effort, if birth control is already a *fait accompli*? The answer appears simple. In the opinion of the boosters of birth control the ruggedly individualistic conscience of the nation will not be quieted as to the moral soundness of birth control until it is passed on by an "authoritative body." If only Congress will pass a law to that effect, everybody will be happy.

I do not raise the question in this letter of whether birth control is a good thing. I do not question whether the present restrictive laws are good. I am not debating whether any laws are desirable. But I do question whether it is in accord with liberal and advanced ideas to look to Congress as an "authoritative body" to settle the moral aspect of birth control. The very fact of Congressional toleration would be used as proof of its licitness. No other convincing reason for seeking toleration, approval, or cooperation from Congress is put forward except that it is an "authoritative body." Perhaps Congress is to be taken as an authoritative body on medicine, or economics, or sociology. But even so, you "would not limit" Congress to the discussion of those considerations which would help to determine whether birth-control legislation "is desirable or not." What more, then, is expected of Congress after it decides that legislation against birth control is not "desirable"? This is sought: a declaration from Congress, at least by implication, that birth control is moral.

Why, further, does *The Nation*, as a birth-control advocate, abandon liberal and intellectual principles and seek to make Congressional authority the moral godfather of birth control? I suggest as an answer that *The Nation* is itself unable to establish or to defend the moral validity of birth control. Certainly mere courage in advocating it is not proof of such validity.

REVEREND DAMIAN CUMMINS

Conception College, Conception, Mo., March 6

Why Starve?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The 1931 health index shows 10 per cent better than in 1930 and 18 per cent better than in 1929. This does not indicate that there are ten or twenty million people "starving" or "starving a long time without dying." In one sense lots of people "starve" unless they have whatever they want, moral or immoral, and at whatever cost or pain or shame.

In old frontier times thousands of people lived on wheat ground coarsely in an old-fashioned coffee-mill and cooked well in very hot water so that hulls and all were nourishing; this and milk and potatoes; and when eggs came in springtime there was luxury. Flour hauled a long distance was high-priced, and while a good sour-milk soda biscuit was sometimes eaten for dessert, yet this did not make for health and strength like the whole-wheat pudding.

Fort Yates, N. D., February 24

A. MCG. BEEDR

Grover Cleveland's Letters

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Arrangements are being made for an authorized and complete edition of the letters of Grover Cleveland. Numerous letters by Mr. Cleveland are known to be in private hands throughout the country. We earnestly request all persons holding them to send either the originals or careful copies to the editor of the collection, Professor Allan Nevins, Columbia University, New York City. If originals are sent they will be transcribed and returned immediately.

GROVER CLEVELAND BIRTHPLACE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

John H. Finley, President

GROVER CLEVELAND ASSOCIATION,

David Robinson, Secretary

New York, February 25

For Albany Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Capital District *Nation* Club will hold its annual meeting Monday evening, March 28, at the Unitarian Church, corner Washington Avenue and Robin Street, Albany, New York, at 8:15. Oswald Garrison Villard will be the guest of honor and speaker. His subject will be "The Political Crisis." All *Nation* readers in this section are urged to attend. Supper will be served if a sufficient number will notify the undersigned, care of J. B. Lyon Company, Albany.

Albany, March 17

HAROLD P. WINCHESTER

Contributors to This Issue

AGNES SMEDLEY, author of "Daughter of Earth," has lived in China for many years.

FRANCES FROST is the author of a book of verse, "Blue Harvest."

H. L. MENCKEN is editor of the *American Mercury* and a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

MAXWELL S. STEWART has made a study of the source material relating to Mr. Hoover's activities in China.

KENNETH WHITE is a writer of book reviews for various literary periodicals.

GERALD SYKES is a writer of fiction.

THIS SUMMER VISIT

SOVIET RUSSIA

COOPERATIVE GROUPS OF TEACHERS, STUDENTS, ARTISTS AND SOCIAL WORKERS

Trips of 12 to 33 days in the Soviet Union under competent leadership visiting the most interesting of New Russia's projects. Special emphasis on the Educational, Artistic, Social, and Industrial phases of Russian life.

33 days in Russia—\$410
26 days in Russia—\$375
21 days in Russia—\$350

Including complete service from New York through Russia (3rd class) and return passage from Cherbourg to Southampton.

For tourist class on steamer and second category in Russia \$654 for 33 days; \$584 for 26 days; \$550 for 21 days

SAILINGS ON THE BREMEN AND EUROPA
JUNE 7, 15, JULY 9 AND AUGUST 13
For booklet and itineraries address PHILIP BROWN, Director
FRIENDSHIP TOURS 136 BERKELEY PLACE
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Finance

Kreuger and the Holding Company

THE tragic death of Ivar Kreuger, which resulted in a partial moratorium in Sweden, sent another tremor through the financial fabric of Europe, and gave our own Stock Exchange a bad day, throws into focus one of the really complicated problems of the current depression. It was not Mr. Kreuger's far-flung match monopolies which brought on a crisis in his affairs; they seem to be doing well enough. The structure of loans, credits, and obligations which he built upon the tangible commodities and services produced by his subsidiary companies proved to be the weak spot in his undertakings. To finance his enterprises he borrowed in one country and depended upon receipts from another to meet his debts, and when the channels of international transfer were clogged with moratoria, defaults, and departures from the gold standard, the calculations upon which the project depended went wrong. A partial list of the countries to which he had advanced money in return for trading concessions—Germany, Turkey, Rumania, Poland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Jugoslavia, Greece—illustrates the uncertainty of payments.

A set of comparable difficulties, different in detail, apply to many of our own so-called holding companies. These concerns have thrown a tenuous financial web over a host of "operating" subsidiaries. In the days of the boom they acquired the voting stock of those subsidiaries through exchange of stock, the exchange usually involving little or no cash consideration. But the "parent" company, to finance its requirements, frequently pledged the stock thus received as security for bond issues or for bank loans, depending on the dividends received from the operating unit to pay the interest and amortization charges on the obligations thus created. The whole arrangement rested on the assumption that income from the subsidiaries would continuously be sufficient to meet capital charges of the holding concern. With the slump in business, that assumption has been falsified in case after case.

There is a certain type of big-business man who clings fast to a commodity as a basis for doing business. The names of Carnegie, Frick, Ford, Rockefeller, Eastman, and numerous others come immediately to mind. The type, in the aggregate, is diminishing in importance. The newer men are concerned with integrating and consolidating the work of the older, and to do so they have invoked the aid of credit on a vast scale, at a time when credit was never more erratic and unsure.

Credit, in this democratic age, must flow from the pockets of the people, directly or indirectly, and the securities issued by the finance and holding companies were sold to the man in the street. The prospective growth of the country was the all-pervasive sales appeal, but there was a more subtle and technical appeal, which nevertheless was widely understood. This was nothing more than the principle of "trading on the equity." That is, a corporation with a large bonded debt can in prosperous times—and we were to be forever prosperous, in 1928 and 1929—easily pay its interest charges, which are low because of the ample security. The large remaining surplus belongs to the stockholders. Thus, debt is translated into a "bull argument" for the stock. As long as all goes well, the arrangement works as predicted, but in a period of falling profits it works the other way: debt eats up all the income and threatens the position of the common stockholder.

S. PALMER HARMAN

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation



MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS IN U. S. S. R.

- Sailing on SS. Bremen, April 13.
- Including roundtrip third class transatlantic, second class rail Helsingfors-Leningrad, third class "roughing it" in the U. S. S. R.
- 10 days in Leningrad and Moscow.
Price from New York\$256
Special trip to Dnieprostroi—12 days in the U. S. S. R.\$288

- Sailing on SS. Europa, April 20.
- Including roundtrip tourist third cabin, second class rail Bremen to Moscow via Berlin, second category in the U. S. S. R.
- 10 days in Moscow and Leningrad.
Price from New York\$430

The OPEN ROAD

Salmon Tower, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City

Cooperating in U. S. S. R. with INTOURIST

MAY 1st at Dnieprostroi 12 THRILLING DAYS in the U.S.S.R.

with
the
W
O
R
L
D
T
O
U
R
I
S
T
S
I
N
C.

Itinerary includes Leningrad-Moscow- Kharkov-Kiev and MAY 1st CELEBRATIONS DNIEPROSTROY	Itinerary includes Leningrad-Moscow- Ivanovo-Vosnesensk Collective Farms and MAY 1st CELEBRATIONS in Moscow
This tour \$250 UP	This tour \$230 UP
One way \$195 UP	One way \$175 UP
SHORTER TOURS AS LOW AS \$155.	

Sailings on These First Class Steamers:
S.S. BREMEN S.S. MAURETANIA
S.S. NEW YORK

World Tourists tours complete from embarkation termination of tour in the U.S.S.R.; with a return s. s. ticket from Cherbourg on the round trip.

For information call:
WORLD
TOURISTS, Inc.
175 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY
Phone: AL. 4-6656
8797

Books, Music, Drama, Films

Poem for Jonathan

By FRANCES FROST

Now, straightening from the felled tall grass, the mowers
Down the still light
Look toward the evening, and the argent flowers
Of sunfall by the slow-breaking tide of night
Are quenched. The tawny cattle, copper-belled,
Shake clover-throats,
Cooling their sides in hushed moist meadows, drinking
From that clear pool wherein one faint star floats . . .

You will learn now the meaning of all summers:
Over your hair
The warm wind moves like the hands of a woman, softly
As the shadow of leaves against the flowing air.
There will be no more peace, save the peace that is given
By too much pain,
For you who go young and strange to the evening meadows,
Facing the quiet wind that smells of rain.

Darwin's Bulldog

Huxley, Prophet of Science. By Houston Peterson. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.50.

Huxley. By Clarence Ayres. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.

BOTH of these books cover their ground adequately, but that of Mr. Peterson shows a somewhat greater diligence in tracking down details, and is the bolder in its attempts at criticism. Mr. Peterson seems to believe, indeed, that Huxley got the worse of his last great bout, which was with Arthur James Balfour. Balfour's side was set forth in "The Foundations of Belief," published in 1895. Huxley's counterblast was prepared for the *Nineteenth Century*, but only the first half of it was published, for he died on June 29, 1895, before he could finish correcting the proofs.

There is no space here to go into the issues. The essential thing is that Huxley, on his deathbed, was still yielding nothing. His rage against theologians burned as brightly at seventy as it had at thirty-five, when he floored Bishop Wilberforce at Oxford, and with them he classed the whole dismal race of metaphysicians. Mr. Peterson hints that he nevertheless had a metaphysics of his own, and that it was sorely defective. Perhaps. But it never incommoded him when he went into action. Stripped, he was the scientist pure and simple, sweeping away all theories, good and bad alike, to get at the essential fact. No man before him had ever done that exhilarating and useful job so well, not even Voltaire, and no man has matched his performance since.

His long battle with Gladstone gets much less notice in the history books than it deserves. It was one of the truly important events of the nineteenth century, and it probably had more influence upon the course of human thought than any other. In form it was only a quarrel about the meaning of certain trivial passages in Holy Writ, but in substance it was a world revolution. When it began, an innocent faith in Genesis was still compatible with a reputation for sound sense; when it ended, every Christian above the foot-wash level had

begun to hedge. Since Huxley's death there has been a formidable counter-revolution, and in the hands of such reconcilers of science and revelation—i. e., of the true and the not true—as Dr. Robert A. Millikan it still goes on, but it loses steam year follows year. There are already Methodist Darwinians, even in the South, and men now living will see Baptist Darwinians, and even Lutheran Darwinians. As for the brethren of Holy Church, they already seek cover behind perfumed clouds of casuistry.

Mr. Peterson's book, as I have said, shows a greater appetite for research than Mr. Ayres's, and so it provides us with a far more vivid picture of Huxley the man. The testimony of all the associates who have left records of him is brought in, and we see him, in all probability, pretty much as he really was. He was by no means a shrinking dahlia of the laboratory. His yearning for self-expression was extraordinarily powerful, and his passionate interest in the truth was accompanied by a very active interest in Huxley. He knew how to get on. Indeed, he was the first English scientist to manage that business with anything properly describable as efficiency. He enjoyed honors, and boldly sought them. He was not unaware that the mind he had to work with was the best, in many ways, in England, and he saw to it that the fact did not go unregarded. When he came up to London, the sciences ranked, in estate and dignity, somewhere below music and far below the Civil Service. His old teacher, Thomas Wharton Jones, actually came near starving to death. But Huxley died a *Rittergutsbesitzer* and a *Geheimrat*.

Mr. Ayres makes up for his failure to limn his hero realistically by defending him vigorously against the familiar tendency to run down his purely scientific achievements. Only too often he is thought and spoken of as a mere popularizer—as no more than a tail to Darwin's kite, brilliant, but still only a tail. Dr. Ayres shows plainly that all this is nonsense. The truth is that the influence that Darwin had upon Huxley was hardly greater than the influence that Huxley had upon Darwin. If there had been no "Origin of Species," to be sure, there would have been no Huxley at all, as we remember him, but if on the other hand Huxley had not written "Man's Place in Nature," there might have been no "Descent of Man," and hence no Darwinian question as the world now understands it.

The two men, in fact, complemented each other magnificently. Darwin was a hard plodder and a facile generalizer, but he lacked anything properly describable as pedagogical frenzy. If people accepted what he had to suggest, well and good; if they rejected it, also well and good. Huxley was of a quite different sort. He was never content to discover a fact and let it make its own way in the world; he was always impelled to fight for it, earnestly and even violently. Like all men who discover in themselves a talent for controversy, he eventually acquired a delight in it for its own sake. His will to conquer was extraordinarily developed. He began his combat with Gladstone as a defender of common sense, but he ended it as a frank baiter of Gladstone.

Well, what superb baiting it was! What a bully time he had! I sometimes marvel that no scientist of his gifts has ever arisen in the United States. Here is a land swarming with Gladstones, Wilberforces, and Balfours, and what is worse, with Millikans, Pupins, and Conklins. To be sure, they fight a losing fight, for the natural movement of human thought is against them, but all the same they make a lot of pother, and trouble a good many honest souls. What a chance for a new Huxley to emerge from the laboratory and launch himself against them! What a show awaits the ringmaster foreordained! But so far he has not appeared.

H. L. MENCKEN

More Hoover Books

The Rise of Herbert Hoover. By Walter W. Liggett. The H. K. Fly Company. \$3.50.
Herbert Clark Hoover: An American Tragedy. By Clement Wood. Michael Swain. \$2.
The Strange Attacks on Herbert Hoover. By Arthur Train. The John Day Company. \$1.
Tough Luck—Hoover Again! By John L. Heaton. The Vanguard Press. \$1.25.

THE appearance of three additional books attacking the President provokes a reaction that is instinctively unfavorable. While the public is undoubtedly entitled to know the essential facts regarding the career of the man who is seeking reelection to the highest post in the land at a crucial moment in our history, the majority of the recent books dealing with the early life of Herbert Hoover have been so marred by animus and partisanship that they have been largely discounted by intelligent readers. Consequently the tendency is to lump all the books into one category and to dismiss them, as one writer has done, as malicious, underhanded attacks which the President can scarcely be expected to notice.

It would be manifestly unfair, however, to condemn Mr. Liggett's biography for the sins of the others. It is true that his book contains many of the same indictments that were made by Mr. Hamill and Mr. Knox (*Hoover's Missing Years*. *The Nation*. December 9, 1931). The broad outlines of Mr. Hoover's life as he presents them do not differ materially from the picture given us by those other writers. The dissimilarity arises from the fact that Mr. Liggett gives the impression of seeking to be scrupulously fair, although occasional traces of malice creep in. Unlike the others, he cheerfully acknowledges that Mr. Hoover has attained a large share of his success by virtue of his great ability and unremitting effort, but he casts grave doubt upon the quality of that success.

While this volume does not repeat all of the sensational accusations contained in some of the earlier books, it brings forth a number of serious charges which have not yet been satisfactorily cleared up by Mr. Hoover or his apologists. For example, he is accused of obtaining his reputation for "efficiency" by ruthlessly seeking to beat the wages of his employees below the prevailing levels through the importation of unorganized alien workers, and by skimping on timbering in the mines under his control despite the provisions of the law. The author also casts serious reflections upon Mr. Hoover's administrative ability when he declares that although "most of the companies which he had promoted ended in collapse, Mr. Hoover . . . did very well personally. When the World War came his fortune was estimated at between three and four million dollars." It is difficult to overlook such accusations as these in view of the fact that the long sordid tale of Mr. Hoover's first experience in practical imperialism—wresting the Chinese Engineering and Mining Company from its Chinese owners—is given completely and accurately for the first time. On the other hand, it is pleasant to notice that several unsubstantiated allegations are definitely set at rest by Mr. Liggett. It is flatly denied, for instance, that Mr. Hoover ever voted in a British election, or that he ever considered himself a citizen of any country other than the United States. Similarly, the author refutes the preposterous charge that Mr. Hoover made personal profit out of the Belgian Relief, which he calls "the most creditable chapter in Hoover's life," although it is intimated that he did not go to Belgium with his eyes entirely shut to the prestige which might accrue to him.

Unfortunately, the second book, "Herbert Clark Hoover: An American Tragedy," exhibits many of the faults of the

earlier volumes. It gives the impression, moreover, of having been culled rather largely from secondary sources, and is marred by the egotism of the author as well as by his ill-concealed enmity. It reiterates many of the earlier accusations which Mr. Liggett scrupulously avoided, and thereby invites refutation. It is to be regretted, however, that the defense of Hoover's record by Arthur Train, which appeared recently in one of the popular weeklies and is now published as a slim volume, falls into the very error which it urges against the offending biographies. It seeks, for example, to give the impression that Hoover's critics depended largely on innuendo in specific cases where no such device was actually used. Moreover, in dealing with Mr. Hoover's activities in China an attempt is made to show that he played a subordinate part and was merely an innocent bystander in what was admittedly an ugly situation. A careful study of the documents, however, will convince an impartial observer that this hypothesis is tenable only if it is assumed that Mr. Hoover was an unsophisticated weakling who could easily be duped. Moreover, there is no record that Mr. Hoover ever took a strong stand against the sharp practices of his associates either publicly or in the semi-privacy of the board of directors on which he served for many years. Yet, even accepting Mr. Train's article as it stands, certain points remain undisputed: (1) Throughout the period in question—1899 to 1914—Hoover was far more a financier and promoter than an engineer and executive; (2) he was closely affiliated for years with business groups engaged in some very questionable practices; yet (3) there is no record of his making a determined effort to stand out against current business practices or to right the wrongs that were done; (4) his experiences as a financier were not the type that would ordinarily be calculated to induce either the understanding or sympathy for the under-dog which is essential for a man in his present position. In other words, if it is true that the essence of our present economic order is the manipulation of the productive machine for the benefit of the few, it is reasonably obvious that we should not look to financiers or promoters, who are in direct charge of the process, for leadership in improving the status of the many.

The most recent of the four books, "Tough Luck—Hoover Again," is political rather than biographical. After a realistic appraisal of the present political situation, the author, formerly associate editor of the *World*, is reluctantly forced to the conclusion that there is a strong possibility that Mr. Hoover will be reelected this November, despite his rather obvious ineptitude in the face of the present crisis.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Ghost Story

The Lady Who Came to Stay. By R. E. Spencer. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

SINCE the author admits on the jacket that he believes "The Ambassadors" to be the "loveliest novel" he has ever read, it requires no great perspicacity to see the influence of Henry James at work in the writing and structure of this first novel; and once the influence is detected, the likeness of "The Lady Who Came to Stay" to "The Turn of the Screw" is more than obvious. But derivation from James cannot in any sense be considered a detriment, for the test of an influence is the use to which it is put. If the author had not read Henry James, it is probable that the relationship between the child and Milly, for example, would not have been what it is. It is probable that he would not have been able to recognize what value an involved style, a seeming hesitancy to speak out, can lend to delicate, not brutal, corruption; he might not

have gained, or known how to gain, a tense, uncertain expectancy in his reader.

"The Lady Who Came to Stay" can be put down as a ghost story; but leaving aside "The Turn of the Screw," which it surpasses, it is probably one of the most extraordinary ghost stories ever written. The characters are alive; their emotional patterns are intricate and unpredictable. Consequently, the ghostly contributors to the drama have definite living antagonists; the ghosts cannot strike at them or protect them in violent conventional ways. Scenes such as the one in which the sick aunt pleads with the troubled little boy that he must not want to die, or the exhausting scene in which Phoebe races up and down stairs trying to trace a strain of music, have a dramatic quality unusual not only in ghost stories but in most novels. The story opens slowly, nothing definite happens for a long time; then the long coiling of the style has a purpose and the story strikes, accurately, fatally. Beyond a shadow of a doubt, "The Lady Who Came to Stay" is a most unusual first novel; but more than that, it may prove to be one of those novels which, like "The Moonstone" and "The Maltese Falcon," suddenly turn out to be "classics."

KENNETH WHITE

Gold Mine of "Early American"

All Ye People. By Merle Colby. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

ASTONISHING talent and astonishing naivete are freakishly combined in this first novel, which is so remarkable that it can be recommended to every student of American literature. The time is 1810. Though it treats specifically of the settling of the "Ohio country" and tells a romantic pioneer love story, the novel's real subject is "Fredonia"—a name proposed for the United States at that time—and almost all of Fredonia. With the hero we go to Vermont, to Ohio, to Philadelphia, to Albany, to Charleston; we ride West with "movers" in a Conestoga wagon; we sail down the coast in a "bugeye" schooner; we eat "tuck-a-nuck" and feel "nationally"; we listen to soldiers in a stockade fort in the West and to sailors in an inn at Boston; we make ready for war with England; we meet a survivor of Burr's plot for the Republic of the West, a bluestocking who corresponds with Jefferson, a contractor who has sold bad powder to the government, a band of counterfeits in the "Endless Mountains." It is impossible to give an adequate conception of the wealth of local color that has been crammed into these 429 pages by this zealous antiquarian. "Moby Dick" does not deal more exhaustively with whaling than "All Ye People" deals with Fredonia.

Mr. Colby acknowledges his indebtedness to the "almanacs, calendars, yearbooks, registers, chapbooks, songbooks, directories, duty lists, gazetteers, original narratives, historical collections, guidebooks, biographical sketches, journals, road lists, political and utopian pamphlets, currency tables, census enumerations, itineraries, schoolbooks, account-books, statistical catalogues, civil, judicial, ecclesiastical, and military lists, maps, charts, and atlases" which form his book's "real basis." What he has done, it does not take us long to discover, is simply to put this material into story form—sometimes, apparently, using little more than scissors and paste. "John's wide eyes took in . . . biscuits, peas, corn, apples, onions, adzed timbers, staves, butter, cheese, pickled oysters, beef, pork. Wheat, bread, flour. Beaver and marten skins, plaster of Paris, isinglass in sheets." Usually these catalogues—there are virtually chapters of them—are more disguised. Obviously this one, since the scene is a wharf, came from a duty list. Such a method is rescued from dullness by an extraordinary sense of period; not for a moment does the year 1810 leave Mr. Colby's mind; he trails

it to the last quaint orthography. We are given a sunbath in the morning of the Republic, and as arranged by this zealot it becomes a very sensual experience indeed; I do not see how any American can fail to enjoy it. But the quality of Mr. Colby's imagination is another matter; this is so romantic that by comparison "As You Like It," Robert Louis Stevenson, James Lane Allen, and the movies seem staid and repressed. Tyrannical stepfathers, runaway young ladies disguised as young men, arrows shot by unseen Indians—these give hardly a taste of the raging grammar-school imagination that we encounter here. The America portrayed, moreover, suggests the geography book and the Scout Manual. As far as Mr. Colby is concerned, our so-called literary coming of age might never have taken place. "All Ye People" will not appeal to our intelligentsia; in fact it will make them laugh.

Then why do I recommend it? Because for all its absurdity—and its much more reprehensible sentimentality—it is the product of a kind of genius. No lesser term will do justice to the extraordinary natural gift that has produced this gold mine of "early American." And since Mr. Colby believes ardently in the world that history book and thriller have created for him, he writes with a verve that few of our "intelligent" novels have even approached. I can understand why some impressionable reviewer thought for a moment that "All Ye People" might be the Great American Novel. It has none of the modern sickness; its gusto is terrific; it is composed with a boldness, an assurance, that comes only to the genius or the schoolboy. Its spendthrift way with the language will make some of our word-sick poets turn green with envy. On every page there is evidence of the ingenuity of a born writer. In short, it would be a masterpiece if it did not happen to be nonsense.

GERALD SYKES

Books in Brief

The Anatomy of Don Quixote. A Symposium Edited by M. J. Bernardete and Angel Flores. Ithaca, N. Y.: The Dragon Press. \$1.50.

This little book is invaluable to any student of Cervantes. It contains excellent translations of four essays: The Genesis, by Ramón Menéndez Pidal; The Social and Historical Background, by A. Morel-Fatio; The Style, by Helmut Hatzfeld; Hamlet and Don Quixote, by Ivan Turgenev. The work of the first three named, together with that of Unamuno, Aubrey Bell, Américo Castro, and Ortega y Gasset, represents probably the finest and most penetrating Cervantes scholarship the last twenty-five years have produced.

Ovid's Fasti. With an English Translation by Sir James George Frazer. *Philostratus: Imagines; Callistratus: Descriptions.* With an English Translation by Arthur Fairbanks. *Elegy and Iambus.* Being the Remains of All the Greek Elegiac and Iambic Poets. With the Anacreontea. Two volumes. Newly Edited and Translated by J. M. Edmonds. Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 a volume.

These four new volumes in the Loeb Classical Library are of unusual interest. The "Fasti," for instance, whose editor is the famous author of "The Golden Bough," was requested for the series several years ago. But Sir James, who seems unable to compose any work in less than a thousand pages at the least, produced five volumes before he finished. These were published in 1929 by Macmillan, who now allows the Library to have back—in a reduced form—its promised child. Sir James's notes, condensed for this edition by one of the editors of the Library, are of course both beautiful and valu-

able, and if anyone wants a summary of "The Golden Bough" in three pages he may find it here in the note entitled Nemi. The "Imagines" of the elder and the younger Philostratus and the "Descriptions" of Callistratus are specimens of Alexandrian rhetoric and aesthetic for those who are curious about such things. "Elegy and Iambus" completes the series of volumes into which the Library has collected the whole of Greek lyric poetry as—mostly in fragments—it has survived the centuries. Mr. Edmonds's share in the series has been great and important; the only regret one may have at the end is that he chose to render the Anacreontics in verse—his best verse, doubtless, but not good enough in view of what Herrick, Cowley, Stanley, Moore, and others have done.

Joel Chandler Harris, Editor and Essayist: Miscellaneous Literary, Political, and Social Writings. Edited by Julia Collier Harris. The University of North Carolina Press. \$4.

The man who is known to most of us only as the creator of Uncle Remus was a veteran journalist who served on a variety of newspapers in his youth, worked on the *Atlanta Constitution* from 1876 to 1900, and in the last years of his life edited a magazine of his own. In this volume his daughter-in-law and biographer has collected some of his editorials and articles, treating of such questions as the political position of the South, the status of the Negro, and the character and needs of Southern literature. There are also essays on rural themes and general philosophical topics. Though this material has little intrinsic value, it gives us a clearer understanding of Harris and his period. It shows him as a kindly man, moderate in his political views, orthodox in his religious opinions, gently whimsical in his relations with his neighbors. On the whole, it suggests that posterity has been wise in remembering the Uncle Remus stories and forgetting the rest of his work.

Japan: A Short Cultural History. By G. B. Sansom. The Century Company. \$7.50.

This volume is a study of civilization in Japan from its beginnings in the first century A.D. to the revolution of 1868, which restored power to the imperial dynasty and ended the long influence of Chinese civilization by turning Japanese admiration to the West. The forms of Japanese civilization were Chinese; the content, in the long run, was Japanese. If during a large part of her history Japan was imitative, it must be remembered that it takes discernment to recognize what is superior, courage to accept it, and creative power to transform it. All this the Japanese had. As Noguchi in science and Kuniyoshi in painting have demonstrated, the Japanese can produce masters in whichever civilization they adopt. The story is a fascinating one, and it is very well told. Except for Murdoch's much longer history there is no better book available on the subject.

The Red Fog Lifts. By Albert Muldavin. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.

The author of this readable little book is an American business man who made a trip to Russia. He pretends to no unusual knowledge and to no unusual adventures but writes a shrewd journalistic account of contacts with everyday Russians.

Article Thirty-Two. By John Rathbone Oliver. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

A somewhat weak-minded athlete and son of a clergyman gets mixed up in Y. M. C. A. religion, progresses through evangelical, Low Church, Middle and High Anglican ministries, lives a wretched unsatisfied life, and dies a failure in matrimony, fatherhood, and religion. He leaves behind, however, a son who takes celibate orders just short of Rome. The painful

trouble with the novel lies in the rather fatuous treatment of the main character and the complete remoteness of the problems. There is, fundamentally, no reason why the study this novel proposed to be should not have been a profound one, except the fatal reason that the emotions of the characters are too pat, formal, and external.

Music

Hints for Program-Makers

THERE ought to be a society for the promotion of temperance among program-makers—presided over, of course, by the, in this respect, altogether admirable Mr. Koussevitzky. To its attention I would draw the recent programs of Messrs. Beecham, Stokowski, and Ross, of the Philharmonic and Philadelphia orchestras and the Schola Cantorum. Sir Thomas, arriving in this country, announces that we Americans are too much under the influence of jazz and do not hear enough classical music, following up his statement with such unfamiliar classics as Strauss's "Don Quixote," Brahms's Third Symphony, and César Franck's D-Minor—the latter unheard here since Mr. Golschmann played it, almost three long months ago. Mr. Stokowski continues to kill modern music with kindness: his latest concert was his second program this season devoted almost exclusively to first auditions of contemporary works. It is a mistaken idea that there are two kinds of people—those that like familiar music and those that like unfamiliar—and that a concert should devote itself exclusively to one or the other. There are doubtless many who are intolerant of any unfamiliar music at all; but there are certainly few who dislike all familiar music, and fewer still who can remain alert through an entire evening of first auditions. Mr. Koussevitzky, by his judicious assortment of familiar works and novelties, makes more friends for the latter than Mr. Stokowski, with his aggressive championing of them; and he makes it possible for his auditors to listen to new works in some sort of proper setting.

Mr. Hugh Ross is tending in Mr. Stokowski's direction. But he lays himself still more open to attack by exhuming trivial works of great composers, written in an idiom we know thoroughly, so that we are not at all in doubt about their insignificance. When Mr. Stokowski is through, we may be entirely at sea about the value of much that he has played. But when Mr. Ross has given us Brahms's "Rinaldo" and Weber's Cantata "Hinaus in's frische Leben," we know perfectly well that they are dull, unimportant things, and that Mr. Ross could have found material more worthy of the time and attention of his excellent chorus. Randall Thompson's "Odes of Horace" were entirely worth doing; likewise, perhaps, the Spanish choruses. But the Herrmann "Strassensingen" had nothing to recommend them but their novelty; the "Quatuor" for flute, harp, celesta, and saxophone of Villa-Lobos, with chorus obbligato in the last movement only, seemed of doubtful appropriateness on a chorus program; and the Chinese Songs of Mr. Wagenaar were done, apparently, only because the soprano and flute and harp happened to be present. There are so many really great choral works which are relatively unfamiliar that there would seem to be no reason why any program of the Schola, which gives only three or four concerts a year, should be devoted exclusively to second-rate music and worse, however novel.

"Pelléas et Mélisande"—once more presented in the Metropolitan's familiar production—is now almost thirty years old. The only opera since Tristan that has challenged comparison

with that work in historic as well as intrinsic importance is also in many ways its antithesis. As one to whom the storms and stresses of *Tristan*, borne with varying difficulty by the singers who have to deal with them, are too intense and continuous to follow with truly appropriate emotions, I have always listened to the cool simplicities of "*Pelléas*" with a relief that made admiration nearly blind. But I think the Metropolitan performance has hastened the realization that while understatement is a strong rhetorical device, it is not inexhaustible. The discovery is not new, of course, except to me and those like me whom the unique beauties of "*Pelléas*" had blinded to its weaknesses.

The Metropolitan production, and more especially Mr. Whitehill's performance as Golaud, too often breaks out of the cool twilight of Debussy and Maeterlinck, and by interpreting their quiet language with an emphasis foreign to it makes it seem weaker than it is. But when Mr. Rothier's Arkel, which both vocally and histrionically leaves almost nothing to be desired, begins to seem inflated and a little silly, it is time to make a hard admission: the lines of Maeterlinck, once full of a vague and powerful magic, are wearing out; and worse, Debussy often put too much faith in them. For while there are many places where the music does seem to lend needed reinforcement to the drama, according to a theory expounded at considerable length in these columns some months ago, there are others where it is simply too good for the words, and yet so intimately wedded to them that its separate strength is not sufficient to carry them. Debussy was at times too successful in subordinating his music to words which familiarity has rendered a little ridiculous. "*Si j'étais Dieu j'aurais pitié du cœur des hommes*"; "*Regardez comme elle dort . . . lentement . . . lentement . . . on dirait que son âme a froid pour toujours*"; there are others—passages that time has rotted in a way in which it has hardly touched the music.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

The Comedian's Paradox

THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND (Morosco Theater) deals comically with the expedition of Hercules into the land of the Amazons, and it is made into an amusing entertainment chiefly through the efforts of two very able performers—namely, Miss Katharine Hepburn and Mr. Romney Brent. As for the piece itself, its broad burlesque is somewhat lacking both in variety and in invention since it devotes most of its time to iterating and reiterating the obvious jokes suggested by the fact that in Hippolyta's kingdom modesty, gentleness, and docility are the qualities most admired in a man. Its author's conception of parody seldom rises above the level attained when one of the robust females threatens to give another "a kick in the tunic," and in such respects the whole play is distinctly more primitive than others, like "*The Road to Rome*," which it obviously imitates. Indeed, there are moments when it strongly suggests either a vaudeville skit or a musical-comedy libretto, but the two performances just mentioned—that of Miss Hepburn as the leader of the Queen's huntresses and that of Mr. Brent as the Amazons' conception of a "manly" man with curled and perfumed whiskers—lift the whole above its natural level. Miss Hepburn, to take her first, is decidedly personable. Tall, lithe, and handsome, she is extremely good to look at in her becoming tunic, and she brings to the role a young vitality which, despite its vigor, never ceases to be in our own sense "feminine." Mr. Brent, for his part, gives a

performance so engagingly subtle that he really deserves more lengthy and analytic praise than our actors commonly get or commonly earn. Those who have previously seen him in other roles, and especially in the part of the young scamp of "*The Streets of New York*," must have noted a certain comic and delightful floridity. Thanks, perhaps, to his Latin blood, he can make the grand gesture with a natural ease very rare in our theater, and when he adds, as he can, a suggestion of sly self-mockery, the effect is ludicrously grandiose. But good as he has been before, he has never, I think, actually contributed so much to a role as he does when he makes the lay figure of this play into a memorable character. And it is not, I hasten to add, merely because he suggests effeminacy. Any competent mimic could have done that, but Mr. Brent does a great deal more when he makes Sapiens both comic and likable and at the same time convincing. It would have been so easy to make the part merely disgusting that his success reminds one of Diderot's Paradox of the Comedian, and at the risk of seeming pedantic I must raise the point.

Diderot, it will be remembered, commented on the fact that certain roles in comedy—particularly those of the coward, the bully, and the like—demand something much more difficult than realism. They demand that the actor, while playing the role, keep the audience reminded that he is not actually the contemptible person whom he represents, and that the purely comic effect of the character's defects be separated from the repulsive one by just this technique. What would be disgusting becomes merely funny when we realize that this is not a bully but some likable performer impersonating a bully, and it is exactly this which Mr. Brent does make us realize. He does not step from his role or wink at the audience. In no obvious way does he fail to lose himself in the character. But somehow or other he does manage to rob it of all trace of the unpleasant by refusing to allow us to forget, even for a minute, that he is deliberately impersonating. And what a vast difference this makes can be seen in an instant if one will compare his performance with, for example, that of the male dressmaker in last week's "*Child of Manhattan*." As mimicry the latter was excellent. But it was also not particularly funny and quite decidedly unpleasant. Mr. Brent, on the other hand, is purely comic, and to say that is to say that he has a particular talent so uncommon that its very rarity probably explains why certain types of artificial comedy have all but disappeared from our stage. His gifts, if wisely employed by producers, would make a career for him and add to the contemporary stage one kind of excellence it very seldom exhibits.

For the third offering in its young career the Group Theater has chosen Maxwell Anderson's "*Night over Taos*" (Forty-eighth Street Theater), and for this production also I have nothing but praise. Promising as these actors were in "*The House of Connelly*," they have matured with amazing rapidity and they are now acting together with a harmony which might well be envied by most of the companies of well-known performers assembled by our most experienced producers. Here, again, however, the play is not quite so satisfactory as the acting which sets it forth, and it must be confessed that Mr. Anderson's tragedy dealing with the Spanish aristocrats who made their last stand in New Mexico does not quite come off. The play is intelligent and it holds the interest, but it is not profoundly affecting. There is suspense and there is violence but the whole seems remote and, all too often, merely picturesque at the very moments when it ought to be tragic or, at least moving. Doubtless there is an initial difficulty to be met in the effort to make a contemporary audience take a profound interest in a little-known incident of history, but the fact remains that Mr. Anderson is not entirely successful in overcoming that difficulty. One approves but one does not grow particularly enthusiastic.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ PLAYS □ LECTURES □

THE THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

REUNION IN VIENNA

a comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

MARTIN BECK THEA., 45 St. & 8 Ave. Penn. 8-6100
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER

By DENIS JOHNSTON

GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of B'way

Eves. 8:40 Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:40

EDNA HERBERT

BEST MARSHALL

in THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET

A Comedy by John M. Druten

"Utterly delightful."—John Mason Brown, Post.

EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway and 40th St. Eves. 8:40
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday 2:30

HELEN HAYES

in MOLNAR'S New Comedy

THE GOOD FAIRY

"One of the few triple-starred, immediately recommendable entertainments in town."—Gilbert Gabriel, N. Y. American.

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd Street

Evenings 8:50 Mats. Thurs., Sat. 2:40

GILBERT MILLER AND LESLIE HOWARD Present

LESLIE HOWARD

in PHILIP BARRY'S New Comedy

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

"The season's most gratifying adventure."

—Percy Hammond, Herald-Tribune

Staged by GILBERT MILLER

BROADHURST THEA. 44th St., West of B'way. Eves. 8:40
Mats. Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30

HARRY MOSES presents

"THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND"

"Travesty that provides an evening of unpretentious fun."

—Atkinson, Times.

MOROSCO THEATRE 45th St. W. of Broadway
Matinees: Wed. Sat.

THE GROUP

Meets at Auditorium—150 West 85th St.

Tuesday Evening, March 29th, at 8:30 P. M.

PROF. SCOTT NEARING speaks on

"CAN THE SYSTEM OF SOVIET RUSSIA SUCCEED IN AMERICA?"

THE SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE

West 64th Street

"The Challenge of Unemployment in England and America"

LORD SNELL OF PLUMSTEAD

Recent Member, Parliamentary Commission for Investigation of Unemployment

MR. W. H. MATTHEWS

Director, Emergency Work Bureau of New York City

Thursday, March 31, at 8:30 P. M.

Free Public Meeting

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

Blessed Event—Longacre—48 St. W. of B'way.
Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
Cynara—Shubert—44 St. W. of B'way.
Child of Manhattan—Cort—48 St. E. of B'way.
Face The Music—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
Hay Fever—Avon—W. 45 St.
Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.
Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
Riddle Me This—John Golden—W. 58 St.
Springtime for Henry—Bijou—45 St.
The Animal Kingdom—Broadhurst—44 St. W. of B'way.
The Devil Passes—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
The Good Fairy—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.
The Laugh Parade—Imperial—W. 45 St.
The Left Bank—Little—44 St.
The Moon in the Yellow River—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
The Warrior's Husband—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way.
There's Always Juliet—Empire—B'way and 40 St.
Trick for Trick—Geo. M. Cohan—B'way & 43 St.
Whistling in the Dark—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.

LECTURES AND DISCUSSIONS

"Can the System of Soviet Russia Succeed in America," Scott Nearing, Auditorium, 150 W. 85th St., Tuesday evening, March 29th, at 8:30 P. M.
"The World Outlook in Economics and Politics," Scott Nearing, and Norman Thomas, Star Casino, 105 East 107th St., Monday evening, March 28th, 8 P. M.
"The Challenge of Unemployment in England and America," Lord Snell of Plumstead and Mr. W. H. Matthews, The Society for Ethical Culture, 2 West 64th St., Thursday, March 31, at 8:30 P. M.

A Reminder

Our readers are looking for

SUMMER HOMES

VACATION HOTELS AND CAMPS

SUMMER PLACES FOR THE CHILDREN

AND OTHER SORTS OF ACCOMMODATIONS FOR THE SUMMER



If you have any to rent, or sell, tell them about it in the advertising columns of The Nation.

Rates: 1/2-inch (30 words) minimum \$3.08
Additional lines of 6 words, each .62

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City

Films

Hollywood Preferred

IT is a firm though unwritten American principle that speed covers a multitude of sins. Make things move fast enough and any violation of intelligence or morals will either go unnoticed in the excitement or be forgiven on the ground that "it was a good show." A contempt for slowness either of mind or body is absorbed by the average American child while that admirable maxim, "The race is not always to the swift," is merely memorized. Perhaps it is a heritage from our frontier history, when agility was more relevant than virtue. Its existence, if not its consequences, is unquestionable.

Hollywood has learned well the lesson of speed and its uses. And as far as films are concerned I take my stand with Hollywood. By its very abhorrence of slowness Hollywood achieves a sort of sophistication, cheap though it undoubtedly is, which makes a large proportion of American pictures bearable. If I am accused of being nationalistic I can point out that the world in general prefers Hollywood films. And the secret must be speed, for it is in tempo that foreign and American films differ most. There are exceptions—René Clair in France, and the Russians, who achieve speed similar in degree if not in kind. Assuredly, too much emphasis on speed may result in a sacrifice of subtlety in plot and complexity of character, but it is only too rarely that a film, either foreign or domestic, has anything to lose by moving swiftly.

The difference in tempo is well illustrated in two current pictures, one from Hollywood, the other from Germany. Both are second-rate, both are concerned with the underworld. But in "The Beast of the City" (Roxy Theater) the situation is stated and the characterizations—of the "gun Moll," the weak detective, the reforming sheriff, and the gang leader—are accomplished in a few well-handled scenes, making way for immediate action. The "gun Moll," for example, is quickly defined by the simple and dramatic device of having her appear in a

police line-up. The picture as a whole is clear-cut and moves swiftly. In "Tempest," with Emil Jannings (Little Carnegie), it becomes clear only after a cumbersome and long sequence that the hero is a chronic convict. As for the girl, her character as a light o' love does not emerge until the story is half told, and then only dimly. Finally, the whole story is slowed down by long stretches of irrelevant dialogue. It is true that the people in the Hollywood film tend to be types, since it is not a first-rate production, just as its plot follows a formula. But in the German film neither the characters nor the situation are sufficiently clear-cut to motivate the action. Further confusion results from the fact that Jannings telescopes into this role all his former roles; the action consequently must make way for a display of his entire repertory of pathos, humor, and passion. Jannings is a powerful actor, and always interesting. But he is best presented with restraint.

Having praised Hollywood for its speed, it is only fair to admit the probability that Hollywood merely makes up with its heels what it lacks in its head. For only Hollywood would have the quite pointless courage to combine slapstick with Frederick Lonsdale. "The Passionate Plumber" (Capitol Theater) is just such a combination. The outlines of the original play, "Her Cardboard Lover," are only sufficiently visible to show what a foolish experiment it is. The real trouble with the film is that Buster Keaton and not Jimmie Durante is given the leading role. There is apparently a conspiracy to keep Durante not only from having a picture of his own but from having more than a very minor role. The latter precaution is perhaps justified since he walks away with any picture in which he is allowed more than two scenes.

"Sky Devils" (Rivoli Theater) is being hailed as a satire on war-time aviation. But it is much closer to burlesque than to anything so consciously designed as satire. It is for the most part only another aviation picture—but that means that there is beautiful and skilful sky photography which makes it worth seeing.

After all, the best film I have encountered in two weeks is the now rather old Silly Symphony, "The Spider and the Fly." It has suspense, humor, rhythm, and, in general, dramatic excellence.

MARGARET MARSHALL



TOURS



The Greatest TRAVEL VALUE

30 DAYS
of delightful travel
\$202.00

Witness the enormous

**MAY DAY
CELEBRATIONS**

in Moscow on May 1st

A variety of trips at surprisingly low rates offered in our booklet "N"

Tour to **RUSSIA**

Includes: Ocean passage in Modern Third Class, FORMER TOURIST CLASS SECTION, fare to Russia via England or Germany and Finland, hotels and meals en route to Russia and during 7 DAYS IN LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW, with sightseeing, entertainment, conductor's and interpreter's services, visas, etc.

RETURN PASSAGE ON
CUNARD LINE STEAMER
INCLUDED.

AMALGAMATED BANK

11-15 Union Square

New York City

YOU HAVE

the opportunity to rent your house or apartment, or sublet it, or sell it, or rent your farm for the summer, to more than 36,000 Nation readers, through the classified columns of The Nation.

Rates — 1/2
inch, \$3.08

Additional
lines of 6
words \$6.2

THE NATION
CORTLANDT 7-3330



EDUCATIONAL



FRENCH, SPANISH ITALIAN GERMAN RUSSIAN

Conversational method. Native teachers.
Private lessons 75c. 1/2 to 1 daily. 20th year. At 9-987.
FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 86th St

CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH

Spanish - Italian - German

Private lessons 75c (Daily 9-9). Native teachers
UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF LANGUAGE
1111 Lexington Ave., Northeast Cor. 85th St

SHOPPERS CORNER

CHECK CONSTIPATION

FUDO BRAND, purest, cleanest, Blond

PSYLLIUM SEED

for eliminating the evils of constipation
Not a drug—a natural laxative, highly
recommended by eminent
physicians and insurance companies. Approved by Good House-
keeping. Sent postpaid
in U. S. on receipt of
payment. Fudo Psyllium
Cor., Dep. N. 145
Hudson St., N. Y. C.

8 lbs. 4 lbs.
\$2.35 \$1.40

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1932

No. 3483

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	381
EDITORIALS:	
The Revolt Succeeds	384
Setbacks in India	385
England Goes Moral	385
A Man Named Smith	386
SHALL WE DEVALUE THE DOLLAR? II. By Henry Hazlitt	387
THE FUTURE OF OPERA IN AMERICA. By Winthrop Sergeant	389
PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES: VI. MURRAY—POSSIBLE	
BUT NOT LIKELY. By George Milburn	391
THE TARIFF VICTORY IN BRITAIN. By J. A. Hobson	393
BANKERS AND BREAD LINES IN TOLEDO. By Mauritz A. Hallgren	395
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	398
CORRESPONDENCE	398
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	400
FINANCE: THE ROAD TO RECOVERY. By S. Palmer Harman	400
BOOKS AND DRAMA:	
Antique Evening. By Lynn Riggs	401
Hitler Versus Hindenburg. By Mauritz A. Hallgren	401
The Fastidious Movement. By Edward Dahlberg	402
Dreiser as Economist. By Norman Thomas	402
Sexology, Russian Style. By Benjamin Ginzburg	403
The Career of Ford Madox Ford. By Morton Dauwen Zabel	403
Mind, Matter, and Marx. By V. F. Calverton	404
Books in Brief	405
Drama: Philosophical Criticism. By Joseph Wood Krutch	407

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$6.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE THIRTY-SEVENTH WARD Progressive Republican Organization of the City of Chicago has, pursuant to a resolution adopted at a regular meeting, sent a letter to the Honorable Herbert Hoover from which we take the following passages:

It has come to our attention that you are again a candidate for the Republican nomination for President of the United States at the convention to be held here in Chicago next June. . . . In the last two years the majority of our banks have failed, leaving an aftermath of untold misery and woe; factories, shops, and business houses have closed their doors . . . with the result that there are probably 400,000 people in this city of Chicago who are either reduced to poverty or dependent upon charity. While it would not be proper to charge up all the ills of the country to the present Administration at Washington, yet the great majority of our people here are eagerly looking forward and anxiously waiting for a change in conditions, which fact compels us to believe that if you are the Republican candidate at the next November election the State of Illinois will go overwhelmingly Democratic. May we not suggest, in the interest of our country and of our people and for the good of the Republican Party, that you withdraw as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and that you refuse to allow your name to be presented at the coming Republican Party convention?

We venture a modest guess that this letter did not get by

Mr. Hoover's vigilant secretaries and that he has never laid eyes on it. But the fact cannot have escaped them that this is only one evidence of the anti-Hoover revolt in Chicago, which is headed by no less a person than B. W. Snow, chairman of the Central Republican Committee of that city. The *New York Evening Post* reports that Mr. Snow is the leader of a powerful anti-Hoover bloc and "has the silent aid and support, financial as well as moral, of numerous other Mid-western Republicans." Who will now say that rebellion is not in the air?

I cannot believe that the framers of the Fourteenth Amendment, or the States which ratified it, intended to leave us helpless to correct the evils of technological unemployment and excess productive capacity which the march of invention and discovery has entailed. There must be power in the States and the nation to remold through experimentation our economic practices to meet changing social and economic needs. . . . Denial of the right to such experimentation may be fraught with serious consequences to the nation.

WE HAVE TAKEN these remarkable words from a minority opinion, handed down on March 21 in the case of the New State Ice Company of Oklahoma City against Ernest A. Liebman, by Justice Brandeis of the Supreme Court, with only Justice Stone concurring. Mr. Liebman sued to bring before the courts the question whether the State of Oklahoma had the right to limit the ice business to those persons to whom its State Corporation Commission gave a certificate of public convenience and necessity. Under the Supreme Court's decision Mr. Liebman wins, and can start up his independent ice company without obtaining the consent or approval of the State Corporation Commission. Justice Brandeis's opinion is very long, and is fortified by such a wealth of citations and legal knowledge as to have profoundly impressed even the reporters who sent a summary of it over the wires. It will seem radical, indeed, at this period in our affairs, which Justice Brandeis declares to be "an emergency more serious than war," but if there is to be State planning and control it may well prove to be an epoch-making opinion. As it is, it vividly recalls Mr. Brandeis's brief in the case of *Muller against Oregon* written before he went on the Supreme Court, which has exercised such a vital influence upon the social thought of this country in the matter of employment.

WITH GREAT RELUCTANCE the Interstate Commerce Commission, under pressure from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, has reversed its attitude and authorized the Missouri Pacific Railroad to borrow \$12,800,000 from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in order to repay \$5,850,000, part of a loan of \$11,700,000 made by a banking syndicate headed by J. P. Morgan and Company, the remaining \$6,950,000 to be used for other purposes. The Interstate Commerce Commission stated frankly that the bankers should have extended the entire loan of \$11,700,000, due on April 1, to October 1, instead

of the half which they have agreed to postpone. This is not a very fortunate happening for the bankers, however justified their position may be, for it will invite criticism from many other sources and will result in further statements that the Reconstruction Corporation is there only to succor the big fellows in our business life. The commission yielded because it felt the existing uncertainty "as to the disposition of the April 1 maturities of the Missouri Pacific Railroad is detrimental to the general credit situation of the railroads." It added, however, that it was not convinced that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation should take up bank loans of this character. The situation is not improved by the press statements that the Interstate Commerce Commission's decision is the result of pressure exerted by President Hoover, who has been credited with issuing definite instructions to Administration officials that "no railroads are to be allowed to go into receiverships if it is within the power of federal agencies to prevent it." How nice it would be if only Mr. Hoover could be as concerned about the welfare of the starving Americans!

WHILE WE HAVE elsewhere highly commended the independence of the House of Representatives in voting down the sales-tax proposal, we must not be thought to indorse the action of the House in taking this opportunity to raise the tariffs on oil and coal, the latter by ten cents a hundred pounds. If there is to be tariff revision it should be considered separately and not brought into the involved question of balancing the budget. As a matter of fact, there should, of course, be no tariff increases whatsoever. To any person of sound common sense it should be obvious that what the country is suffering from today is too high tariffs, and too many of them. Indeed, it is more and more doubtful whether the whole world can be worked out of its present dire straits without the leveling of tariff barriers everywhere. To put a higher tariff on coal and oil means that in the case of the former the price of this necessity will be increased to every user at the very moment that the purchasing power of the American people is at its lowest. It is interesting to note, however, that this indefensible performance was not approved by all of the group which defeated the sales tax; on the contrary Congressman La Guardia pleaded with some of his colleagues not to "stifle this bill with tariff provisions."

THOUGH WE ARE NOT profoundly impressed by the mental processes of Silas H. Strawn, it is gratifying at this juncture to have the head of the United States Chamber of Commerce on his return from a trip to Europe assure the country that the problem of reparations is the "most urgent and immediate question before all of the important European countries." "Until," he reports, "this matter is settled—in other words until the Lausanne conference in June—no significant improvement in trade or finance can take place." Quite right. This statement should be pasted in the hat of every single Congressman, and the clerk of each House of Congress should read it out every day with the addition that there can be no final settlement until Congress acts from our side and cancels the debts which cannot be and will never be paid. "The essential feature in this situation," Mr. Strawn continues, "is the absolute necessity of reaching privately some agreement prior to the

Lausanne conference in June." He is also able to say that the spirit in which the question is now being discussed by leading statesmen and business men in France, Germany, and Great Britain "gives considerable promise that some agreement will be reached." This is good news indeed, but not wholly surprising. If Germany can hold out till June, the wisdom of the several postponements will be clear. For the French situation is rapidly getting worse; that country is bound to be in a much more tractable frame of mind by June. Unemployment is reported to have broken all records, the budget is far from being balanced, the deficit is running into billions, the depression is getting steadily worse, and for the moment the strategic advantage of the financial situation has passed, despite French gold, from Paris to London.

PREMIER MACDONALD of Great Britain has proposed a four-Power conference to consider the problem of Central Europe. This is the British answer to the French plan for a Danubian customs federation, presumably under the aegis of France, to be composed of Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania. The proposal, coming less than a year after the prohibition of the German-Austrian customs union, naturally has no German support, and the hesitation of Britain was entirely expected. Britain, of course, is desirous that the financial and economic chaos which exists in Central Europe be cured as speedily as possible, but it is not desirous of seeing this chaos used as a pretext for increased control by France of the countries in question. Léon Blum, the Socialist leader, writing in *Le Populaire*, says: "England will never give her assent unless the Danube plan is in no way directed against anyone. It cannot succeed unless there is a general agreement among the great Powers." The proposed Danubian conference, therefore, is of the greatest importance in the economic rehabilitation of Europe. It will meet, according to the present schedule, less than two months before the Lausanne conference on reparations in June. It may, indeed, continue in session until that meeting begins.

THERE SEEMS TO BE NO REASON, at least at this stage of the game, for the entrance of Americans into the controversy, time-honored enough, between Great Britain and the Irish Free State. The question immediately at issue is the oath of allegiance, which Mr. J. H. Thomas, Secretary of State for the Dominions, says is obligatory in the Irish treaty, and President de Valera says is not. The Irish President described his official position as follows: "It is our opinion that the oath clause in the Anglo-Irish treaty is not mandatory—that it is not mandatory in form—and that, moreover, there is no parallel in our time, in the treaty relationships between states, for the imposition by one of the parties of a conscience test on the other." The other moot question is that of the \$15,000,000 of land annuities which England desires to collect, and which Mr. de Valera declares are part of a financial agreement between the two countries which was never ratified. It is hard to believe that some amicable settlement of these matters will not be reached, or that the Irish question, in a hard-beset world, will be permitted once more to become a vital one. Meanwhile, it is of interest to American liberals to know that the first act of the new Irish President was to free twenty Republican pris-

oners jailed during President Cosgrave's tenure of office, and to suspend the public-safety act, passed in the Dail about six months ago, which virtually established martial law over Ireland.

THE FREE STATE of Maryland has duly and officially acted on the matter of the Negro lynched on January 4 in Salisbury Courthouse Square after he had killed his employer. One hundred and twenty witnesses were solemnly heard by the grand jury investigating the case; seventy of them testified in one day. In view of this latter rather considerable number, it is perhaps not entirely surprising that the grand jury reported: "We find that there is absolutely no evidence that can remotely connect anyone with the instigation or perpetration of the murder." So commonplace has a finding of this nature become, after a grand-jury session on a lynching, that it would be hardly worth comment if the State were not Maryland, and if Governor Ritchie and State's Attorney Bailey had not been so emphatic in their declarations that everything possible would be done to bring the lynchers to court. One wonders whether the examination of more than a hundred witnesses in a three-day session would give opportunity for quite the detailed investigation that might be required. It is worth noting, also, that our highly esteemed neighbor, the *Baltimore Sun*, had no editorial comment whatever to make on the grand-jury findings. After a lynching has taken place, a regular routine of indignant protest and do-nothing investigation has grown up. Maryland has dutifully followed the routine.

THE ALABAMA SUPREME COURT, by a vote of six to one, has upheld the conviction of seven of the eight Scottsboro Negroes for rape, and the date of execution has been fixed as May 13. The eighth boy, Eugene Williams, since he was less than sixteen years old at the time of the alleged crime, will be remanded for a new trial. A motion for an appeal to the United States Supreme Court will at once be filed, and it is in this court that the real test of the case—in which the precedent of the Arkansas riot cases will figure—will come. Meanwhile the International Labor Defense, whose attorneys conducted the last appeal, has dutifully made the usual protestant gestures. A telegram to Governor Miller declares: "Millions of workers throughout world enraged at State Supreme Court confirmation of death verdicts against Scottsboro boys." And the following protest was wired to Chief Justice John Anderson of the Alabama Supreme Court:

Your confirmation of death verdicts against innocent Scottsboro boys is blow against working class, especially poor Negroes in South. Workers throughout world protest this upholding of legal lynching and obvious frame-ups. . . . By all our resources of mass-organization appeal to public and legal measures we pledge to fight this terror which your decision will aid.

Since Justice Anderson's was the one dissenting vote in the decision, this particular gesture seems just a bit ungrateful. But one can be encouraged to remember that the best test of the case is yet to be had, and that the Supreme Court of the United States is not likely to be prejudiced by this sort of windy indignation, even allowing it to be necessary in order to raise funds for the defense. The boys still have a chance for their lives.

THE KENTUCKY BATTLE-FRONT continues to supply copy for the metropolitan newspapers. Two hundred college students who went to the mining regions on a tour of inspection were sent packing by armed deputies at the Kentucky border, and will attempt an appeal and a protest to Governor Ruby Laffoon. The student expedition, while it was perfectly legal and proper, sounded—especially in the face of warnings from the leader, Rob Hall, that "leather coats are the mark of the Communist"—just a little silly when it started off. By now, however, it has probably contributed more fuel to the Kentucky fire than any of the numerous previous expeditions have. To turn back at the points of guns a group of young men and women who want to make a disinterested and unprejudiced inspection of certain sections of an American State is an act which would make almost anybody suspect that that State had something it desperately wished to conceal. What is going on in Kentucky, anyway? If it is a part of the United States, as we have always been led to believe, why should not a group of persons from another part of the United States enter it unchallenged? Many outsiders believe, after reading the newspapers for the last few months, that what is in effect a civil war between operators and miners is going on in the State; that miners and their families, particularly their children, are not only starving but that relief sent to them in the form of food or clothing is destroyed or sent back; that the Red Cross deliberately refuses to assist these miners on strike; that the wage of a miner, when he works, is not enough to keep him alive. What is the State of Kentucky or its Governor, Mr. Ruby Laffoon, or the armed deputies in Bell and Harlan counties, meeting with a gun any stranger who would like to see things for himself, doing to correct this impression?

A FINE-SPIRITED and useful Irish patriot was Sir Horace Plunkett, whose death is just reported. Not that he sought office or took sides with one group of extremists or the other, although he was the founder of the Irish Dominion League for the purpose of bringing dominion government to Ireland. His contribution lay rather in ameliorating English feeling, in mediation, in using his own fine personal standing in London to persuade those in authority to grant self-government to Ireland. This was, of course, not strong enough ground for the Republicans, who did him the immeasurable wrong of burning his beautiful home at Killeragh while he was visiting in the United States, and with it priceless inherited and purchased works of Irish art and old Irish manuscripts, porcelain, and furniture. This was his reward for years of devoted labor in developing the Irish agricultural cooperatives, in improving village and rural life, in founding and carrying on Ireland's first agricultural paper, the *Irish Homestead*, in publicly appealing to Ulster not to forsake the rest of Erin but to join hands in a self-governing country. Of all of his labor that for Irish agriculture was the most vital and lasting; it bears securely the impress of his own personality and of the ideas that he largely acquired in ten years of ranching in the United States, and was the fruit of his belief that Ireland's ills were less political than economic. A man of great modesty but of profound understanding and rare culture, Sir Horace was so much in the United States as to seem as much an American as an Irishman.

The Revolt Succeeds

NOT in thirty years has there been so remarkable and dramatic a happening in Congress as the uprising in the House of Representatives. When it began, a certain news agency declared that if the sales tax were defeated it would be a disaster to the leadership of both Speaker Garner and President Hoover; that it would be almost without parallel. Until the last two days before the vote those who favored the sales tax were certain that enough coalition votes could be brought together to overwhelm the opposition—and then came the complete collapse. The handful of “disloyal and disobedient” Congressmen who put their consciences and their beliefs above party commands achieved the impossible. Exactly as in the case of the defeat of Judge Parker for the Supreme Court, the revolt began with two or three men who determined to go on record against what they considered an intolerable wrong. Again, as the fight progressed, the dissenters won more and more adherents in Congress and more and more support from the country, until the opposition crumbled. The insurgents not only won on the merits of their argument; the force of their attacks was such that the Republican-Democratic leadership literally went to pieces, burying in its ruins the Presidential boom of Speaker Garner and leaving Congressmen Rainey and Crisp exposed in all their sorry weakness.

This, we say, was a great triumph for good, old-fashioned parliamentarianism. For the fight was won in a debate well worthy of the past history of the House in which it was held. As does not often happen, it brought out new men, and created new leaders who handled with remarkable ability and courage a question of extraordinary difficulty. We are aware that the business world and that portion of the public which reads only the headlines are frothing at the mouth and are denouncing the rebels as malcontents who are merely out to make trouble, who are jeopardizing the credit of the country by not at once balancing the budget, who are defying the party leadership they ought to obey. Our dear old *New York Times*, of course, wrings its hands—had the revolt gone its way it would have declared this a triumph for political freedom and parliamentary government. Instead, while admitting that “party leadership on both sides was not what it might have been,” still, it says, “ways must be found to induce members of the party to sink their individual preferences in the larger interest,” and it quotes approvingly an English lord who once said: “Whatever we may think about this piece of legislation, we must all say the same thing”!

That is a base appeal to men to stifle their consciences at the behest of a few leaders who have no other claim to leadership than that they rose by seniority. It is an appeal for the continuance of that docile subordination and narrow partisanship which have reduced the House of Representatives to a low level, and given rise to the charge that Congress is a mere automaton able to do only what it is told. Nothing could more quickly restore its prestige, or refute the charge that Congress, like foreign parliaments, does not serve the country, than a few more debates like this.

It is true that the *Times*, and those of its school, repre-

sent the pending tax bill as a grave national emergency requiring the subordination of everything else to the task of balancing the budget. But we deny that any such emergency exists as to warrant men's rushing blindly into any tax proposal; to do so is not to insure financial soundness, but to invite a still more disastrous situation. It is not as if the sales tax were the only possible way out. Nor is the balancing of the budget a matter of hours. The budget of the present fiscal year ends June 30, and is hopelessly buried in a deficit which will total more than \$2,000,000,000 by the end of the year. What is at stake and being discussed is the budget which is to go into effect next July—a quarter of a year hence. There is plenty of time for setting up as sound and wise a program as can be devised.

Moreover, it will not be fatal if the budget is not balanced at this session. We know that Wall Street and European bankers are crying out that it will be a fatal blow to American credit, but we do not believe it. The last offering of one billion dollars of Treasury notes was oversubscribed three and one-half times; there is still plenty of money to be had for government securities. More than that, under present conditions it is impossible to be certain that one can balance the budget. No one can accurately estimate what the Government's income of next year will be. That within a year or two the budget must be balanced we do not deny. But this is not the time for hysteria or for being stampeded into unsound legislation. That the sales tax is unsound was admitted even by some who voted for it, for example, so ordinarily sane a man as Congressman Huddleston of Alabama, who said that it was a thoroughly bad tax, but thought he ought to vote for it because of the emergency.

We have nothing but unqualified praise for Congressmen La Guardia of New York, Ragon of Arkansas, Rankin of Mississippi, Swing of California, Kvale of Minnesota, Blanton of Texas, Cannon of Missouri, and Doughton of North Carolina. They were not stampeded by Mr. Rainey's lachrymose assertion that “we are in greater danger than when our boys marched to France.” To legislate in this state of mind, by laying hands on the first thing that suggests itself, is not statesmanship, it is panic. To suggest that the sales tax is the only way to balance the budget is preposterous. Let the joint Garner-Rainey-Crisp-Hoover leadership look to Germany if they wish some other suggestions as to how money can be forced out of people's pockets. Moreover, so far as the present situation is concerned, Senator Borah and the other Senators who are planning to cut expenses by a straight 25 per cent are on the wisest, the inevitable track. Mr. Hoover again revealed his feebleness when he admitted that he had cut only \$365,000,000 out of the budget. And what did he mean when he wrote to Congress that, with respect to the \$700,000,000 bill for army and navy, “we should not further reduce the strength of our defense”? If that is so, why not recall our delegation at once from the Disarmament Conference in Geneva? Throughout this whole episode the President has again demonstrated his unfitness to guide the nation in this perilous hour.

Setbacks in India

SIR SAMUEL HOARE, Secretary of State for India, sent the British Parliament home for its holiday recess with new assurances that the Indian situation was improving, that no extreme repression had been carried out although the "drastic and severe" ordinances would be continued as long as the need for them existed, and that reports on India in the American press were "far better than some months ago." It seems legitimate to wonder why, if conditions are so much better for the British raj, the ordinances have to be kept operative. What Sir Samuel and other apologists for British policy do not see is that no quantity of Indian propaganda—of which he implies we have been the victims—could possibly influence the minds of the American people in favor of India as much as the brutal regime recently instituted in the peninsula. Hardy indeed would be that American of any point of view who would not recoil from the deeds of tyranny acclaimed with jubilation by a considerable portion of the British press. We have our own imperialistic sins to atone for, yet those of us who have unflinchingly protested against such outrages are not compelled to silence when British pride, functioning through a policy of Tory reaction, clamps down on India a despotism more resembling medieval barbarism than anything else. Sir Samuel's optimism may be due to the customary diplomatic strategy or to an imperialistic self-hypnosis, we do not know which. It is not based on anything taking place in India itself. The cost of British ruthlessness in the present crisis is a loss in world opinion and an intensification of Indian resistance.

In view of the facts admitted in British liberal journals alone, Sir Samuel's denials of censorship and pro-British propaganda seem merely ludicrous. For notwithstanding the censorship the truth continues to leak out. The Associated Press has done some excellent truth-telling. Indian journals were allowed to exist for a time, with accounts of police brutalities, arrests, fines, beatings, and shootings, apparently on the theory that these evidences of British determination might bring world approval. At present even moderate Indian papers are more guarded, while the outspoken ones are being suppressed.

The worst setback to British policy since Mahatma Gandhi went to prison was the recent decision of the powerful All-India Moslem Congress, speaking for the vast majority of India's 70,000,000 Moslems, to break definitely with the authorities. Declaring that they had lost faith in Britain's intent to grant the full Moslem demands as presented (with some British collusion) at the Second Round Table Conference, the Moslem spokesmen have refused to collaborate with the committees now attempting to work out a communal settlement within the lines of the constitution favored by the British. This does not, of course, mean that the Moslems are to unite officially at once with Gandhi and other leaders of civil disobedience. Not since their first conflicts with the Hindus nearly a thousand years ago have the Moslems been able to harmonize their interests with those of the larger group, who today number 200,000,000. But it does mean that they will no longer be used as tools against the program of the Indian National Congress, and if by

June they are still unsatisfied, they are committed to "direct action."

The suppression of opinion in India, under which many editors have been jailed, presses seized, mailing privileges denied, and letters marked "opened by censor," has been coupled with efforts to prevent Nationalist reports reaching the hands of sympathizers in England, even when the latter are members of Parliament. Nevertheless, abundant accounts of cold-blooded cruelty from reliable sources and containing specific details are at hand. But we do not intend to retail atrocity stories here. Rather, we prefer to take note of the constant shift of moderate Indian opinion away from the Government. The Servant of India Society, for instance, whose leader is Srinivasa Sastri, while disapproving of civil disobedience, by official resolution has placed the blame for the conflict on the shoulders of the Viceroy rather than Gandhi. The Council of the National Liberal Federation, after recording its disappointment at the lack of progress toward the aims enunciated by the Prime Minister at the close of the Round Table Conference, has called on the Government to repeal or drastically to modify the ordinances, to resort to conciliation, and to proceed with a constitution providing for a responsible central Indian administration. It declared: "In the absence of a policy such as has been outlined, it is becoming increasingly difficult for any political party of Indians to continue in the path of cooperation with the Government." If the reported talks between Congress leaders and the Viceroy mean the reopening of negotiations, it will indicate the dawning of realism on the part of the ruling power.

England Goes Moral

USUALLY—and with all too much justification—it is assumed that America can be depended upon to furnish the most striking examples of the gross miscarriage of justice. Our fanatics as a rule have more influence than fanatics have in any other civilized country, but in certain English institutions there is a residue of plain unreason occasionally responsible for incredible things, and one of them has just been called to our attention by an indignant editorial in the *New Statesman and Nation*.

It seems that an eccentric named Geoffrey de Montalk took to a London printer certain verses which he had composed and which he desired to have printed for distribution among his friends. The printer found them obscene, took the manuscript to the police, and three judges in the Court of Criminal Appeals have just confirmed the sentence of Mr. Montalk to six months in prison for "obscene libel." It appears that the verses are, in the ordinary understanding of the word, obscene. But it also appears, first, that the author—who wore a red cloak in court—is an eccentric near the border line of irresponsibility and, second, that the manuscript was neither published nor even intended for sale. Sir Ernest Wild explained the severity of the sentence on the ground that it was his duty to keep the purity of letters from defilement and he established a precedent that, for conviction, it is not necessary to show any attempt to corrupt public morals. As the *New Statesman and Nation* points out, any Englishman who writes a dubious limerick and shows it to

■ friend is liable to imprisonment. There are also far more serious possibilities:

A journalist who brings an article to an editor with the familiar remark, "I am not sure whether this is publishable, but you might look," is liable to prosecution for obscene libel if the editor cares to consult the police. An artist who paints a nude and offends the taste of ■ hanging committee may find himself in prison if a member of the committee reports him to the police. Every novelist who submits a new work has to run the risk that some person in the publisher's house may turn informer. The publisher may not have decided to publish it, the author may have only submitted an unexpurgated draft, but he may be guilty of an obscene libel in the eyes of the law. . . .

The danger is very real. The police, hitherto usually restrained from absurd prosecutions by the knowledge that the courts are unlikely to take seriously cases where no intention to corrupt public morals is involved, can now proceed with the assurance that anything which a jury may think indecent may be successfully prosecuted. What is safe? It is not long since the police found some of Blake's drawings in an exhibition and asked for ■ warrant against Mr. William Blake. Properly handled, most juries will say that any picture of the nude human form is obscene. But Mr. Blake was not prosecuted or condemned. He was dead. Surely an antique law which invited such absurdities and, in the case of the living, such cruelties should also be dead.

During the last two or three years we have been, in this country, relatively fortunate so far as incidents of this sort are concerned. Recently the Los Angeles police not only failed to find Mr. Aristophanes when they closed the performance of "Lysistrata," but also failed to get a conviction in the case of the producer and performers concerned. In New York we have had a series of highly gratifying decisions in connection with the various books on sex hygiene and in the cases where works of fiction or poetry were concerned. The Society for the Suppression of Vice no longer has its own way in the courts, and indeed there has not, during the past two or three years, been a single case where ■ recognized publishing house failed to be vindicated by the courts when one of its publications was challenged. But it is not to be forgotten that we have merely been fortunate. In most instances the decision has been the result of nothing except the liberality and good sense of the magistrate called upon to make a decision. When Mr. Sumner's agents cause an arrest to be made, the victim can merely tremble and recognize the fact that no one on earth can tell him beforehand whether he is going to be sent to jail or merely—as has very often been the case recently—supplied with some excellent free publicity. A wave of hysteria, a self-righteous magistrate, a prosecuting attorney out to make a reputation for himself—and any one of a number of things quite as fantastic as Mr. Montalk's conviction is perfectly possible so long as there remain on the statute books laws which punish obscenity but do not make the slightest effort to define what obscenity is. Obscenity means whatever an individual or ■ group of individuals—a judge or a jury—may want it to mean. As long as laws based upon such undefined conceptions remain in force, anything is possible either in England or the United States. If Great Britain begins to punish men for what they merely wanted to publish, America may soon begin locking its citizens up for having evil thoughts.

A Man Named Smith

A MAN named Smith died the other day with practically no notice by the press at large. He had been a courageous friend of the downtrodden and the persecuted, and he died a martyr to one of the most deserving but unpopular causes of recent years. This man named Smith may soon be forgotten, yet he was a shining and noble spirit who makes tawdry by comparison hundreds of smug, secure, stuffed-shirt reformers or peddlers of futile fiddle-faddle who pose for the rotogravure sections of the newspapers.

Elmer S. Smith was a lawyer who for many years was a friend and adviser of the Industrial Workers of the World in the State of Washington. Since 1920 he had given his life unsparingly to obtain freedom for the men sent to jail for life as a result of the shooting in Centralia in 1919 of participants in the Armistice Day parade who attempted to enter the I. W. W. hall. Smith had advised the I. W. W. that they had ■ right—as legally they had—to defend themselves, for which he was tried with others for conspiracy to commit murder in the first degree. He was acquitted, whereupon he devoted his life thereafter to the liberation of those convicted. He ate poor food, lived in shabby quarters, worked without ceasing, risked physical harm, and endured humiliating public obloquy—all of which finally broke his health.

In consequence of his campaign Smith was disbarred in 1925, charged with advocating violence. The opinion of the State Supreme Court was written by Kenneth Mackintosh, recently nominated by President Hoover as federal circuit judge. Judge Mackintosh cited practically nothing against Smith except excerpts from I. W. W. pamphlets and songs. Five of Judge Mackintosh's colleagues indorsed his opinion. Chief Justice Tolman and Judge Parker dissented, saying that Smith was not a member of the I. W. W. and no utterance of his had been produced to justify disbarment. A short time ago, after Judge Mackintosh's term had expired, the Supreme Court reinstated Smith as a member of the bar.

Smith died with the injustice against the Centralia victims still unrighted. Of the eight men convicted one was found to be insane and later was released when declared sane. Another died in prison and lately two were paroled. The four others are still behind bars.

In his disbarment opinion Judge Mackintosh cited—and violently condemned—only one considerable utterance by Smith:

There are two animals in the world for which I have a profound admiration. One is the lumberjack and the other is a mule. As between the lumberjack and the mule I think more of the mule. . . . How many people ever saw a mule lie down in a fenced-in yard where there was a fine haystack and a great big box of oats and starve to death? . . . How many ever knew a lumberjack to come into ■ place where there are millions of tons of food stored away and sleep in the street and go hungry? I am a profound admirer of the mule.

This treasonous doctrine, if treason it was, served to disbar Elmer Smith. One wonders just how treasonous it would seem to suffering unemployed workers today.

Shall We Devalue the Dollar?*

By HENRY HAZLITT

II

IN the first half of this article we reviewed the probable consequences of continuing our current policy of deflation. Let us now examine what the probable effects would be if, while still adhering to the gold basis, we should devalue the dollar. It is important never to lose sight of the fact that a price in any gold-standard country expresses, at bottom, the relation between the value of the commodity priced and the value of a given weight of gold. In the United States this weight of gold is 25.8 grains—the dollar. Devaluation would be the process of reducing the weight of gold in the dollar, so that goods, which would still continue to be exchanged for the same quantity of gold, would be exchanged for more dollars. The amount of this reduction of gold in the dollar should be enough at least to offset the decline of wholesale and raw-material prices since 1929. (There has been a widespread tendency in the last two years to blame the gold standard for the collapse in prices. There is no evidence whatever to support this belief, and plenty of evidence against it. While the full causes for the collapse are somewhat complex, it represents in the main the second major phase of the drop in commodity prices from the war level, the first major phase of which occurred in 1920-21. The course of prices in the last decade and a half parallels rather strikingly that in the corresponding period after the Napoleonic wars. It is not the value of gold that has risen, but the values of goods that have fallen. But while the drop in prices was not caused by the gold standard, it can be reversed by an alteration in the gold standard.)

The first effect of devaluation would be a compensating rise in prices on all the organized security and commodity markets. If the dollar were devaluated by $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent (to offset the average decline in wholesale prices, as reflected by the latest Bureau of Labor index, to 66.2 per cent of their 1926 level), these prices should eventually rise on an average by about 50 per cent. The effect of this advance on confidence and enterprise would be enormous. The raw-material industries would almost immediately begin resuming activity and taking on labor. With increasing employment the present downward tendency of wages would cease, and while there might be some lag, labor in most industries would be in a position to secure a reasonably quick restoration of the recent wage cuts. It is not probable—and it would certainly not be desirable—that there should be any rise in rents, retail prices, etc., equal to that in wholesale prices. One of the worst ailments we already suffer from, as we have seen, is the lack of equilibrium between raw-material prices and the prices of manufactured goods at retail. But at least the otherwise inevitable continued downward tendency of retail prices would be arrested, and the reductions already made would eventually be restored.

With the value of farm products rising, the value of farms would rise again; the farmer would cease to be crushed by his mortgage; his creditors, including his bank, could

become liquid again; and, of course, bonded indebtedness would be less for everyone. From one point of view, the devaluation here suggested would be tantamount to reducing the farmer's mortgage, the mortgages on real estate everywhere, the bonded indebtedness of corporations, and the indebtedness of municipalities and States as well as the national debt, by $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. But it would be reducing them only in terms of physical gold. In real purchasing power it would merely be restoring all such indebtedness to its approximate level in 1929; it would simply cancel the increase in the real burden of that indebtedness since then. To be sure, it would also cancel the increase in the real burden of the foreign debt owed to us, but, aside from the desirability of doing this on grounds of mere justice, it is absolutely necessary if we still hope to collect the major part of that debt. Another effect of devaluation would be to cancel the increase in the last two years in the percentage burden of all specific tariff duties, an increase which has resulted in a still further strangulation of trade. Devaluation would also give us a temporary advantage as compared with other nations in our export sales. It would, of course, be foolish to recommend devaluation merely for the sake of this differential advantage, which would be short-lived in any case, and could be offset by higher tariffs. It would be to our interest, indeed, to have other countries follow us in devaluating; for their trade is suffering from the price collapse no less than ours, and devaluation would make them better customers. As Great Britain and other nations seem in any case likely to devalue, devaluation at home would at least cancel the temporary export advantage that they would otherwise have—and to a certain extent already have—over us.

What would be the disadvantages to offset against the very great gains possible through devaluation? Let us not attempt to underrate them. Morally, as all opponents of the proposal will be sure to point out, we shall be guilty of at least a partial "repudiation" of all debts, including the government's own debt. But it must be remembered that this will be far less a real than a purely technical "repudiation." We shall be repudiating debts when measured by gold, but not when measured by real purchasing power. And if we do not consent to make this type of uniform and equalized repudiation, we shall have repudiation in fact anyway, and on a much larger scale, through the method—indorsed by the most intransigent advocates of "sound" finance—of private bankruptcy. Without devaluation the most strongly intrenched creditors will get their pound of flesh, and the less protected creditors will have their holdings wiped out entirely. It cannot be denied that devaluation would work inequitably upon a few bondholders—those who have held their bonds since before the war, for example. But this same inequity would have occurred had the 1926-29 price level proved permanent, and it cannot be offset against the monstrous inequity that would otherwise fall on everyone else. Would devaluation imperil the future sources of lending? It might temporarily discourage investors from putting money in new bonds, but it would encourage them to invest in

* Part I of this article appeared in last week's issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

stocks. And the discouragement even of bond issues might be no worse than that which occurred in the post-war period up to 1929—a discouragement that was not very noticeable. Devaluation, of course, would injure our prestige as an international money center, but I do not think the effects of this are likely to be as serious as might be supposed. International banking profits are an almost negligible part of our national income as compared with their great importance in England, and even London has lost far less business by going off gold than it was at first thought it would. Moreover, the loss of international banking profits is not a real offset against putting millions of desperate men back to work (*one-third* of our factory workers, as shown by United States Department of Labor figures, are now unemployed) and restoring the solvency of farmers, banks, railroads, and industrial corporations.

The greatest danger of devaluation is its possible effect when we come to the *next* fall of commodity prices. Then, because the previous devaluation would be remembered, there would be a raid on our gold supply not only by foreign bankers, but by our own citizens. But this would be very unlikely to occur unless it were expected that the commodity price drop would be comparable with that which we have experienced since the war. It ought not to be difficult to convince the outside world that devaluation would never be attempted to offset any minor price drop, but only a collapse comparable in violence and scope with that of the last few years—and there has been no such collapse of world gold prices in a century. Before another century has passed, let us hope, we shall have found a better way of rectifying—or forestalling—violent price changes.

Devaluation is a drastic remedy, but let us not deceive ourselves into supposing that we can achieve real results with less drastic means. We cannot do so with mere "credit inflation." The volume of credit, in general, follows rather than precedes changes in the commodity price level; the belief that the causation is the other way round is a widespread but profound fallacy, and policies based on that fallacy will prove worse than futile. One need merely point to the Federal Reserve banks, which have been trying to stem the tide by keeping money artificially cheap and loading up with government securities—and the only result is, that they are loaded up with government securities. The Glass-Steagall bill and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation are only palliative measures; they are at bottom mere stop-gaps. They rest on the hope that the price decline and the depression are both quite temporary; that prices will revive, activity be resumed, and the loans be paid off; but if this does not happen, then the corporation and the Federal Reserve banks will experience the fate of the Farm Board—they will be left holding the bag.

Those who do not like drastic remedies may contend that there was a violent decline in wholesale commodity prices in 1921, and that we recovered from it without devaluation. But the situation in 1921 cannot be compared with the situation today. It came after a comparatively short period of abnormally high prices and abnormally high rates of profit, to which wages and other costs had not yet adjusted themselves. The extreme decline in wholesale commodity prices of 40 per cent in 1921 was followed by a decline of about 20 per cent in wage rates. But this readjustment, and the continuation of the readjustment up to early 1930, by which

time the 20 per cent cut in wage rates had been almost entirely restored—though the price level had fallen below that of 1922—appears to have taken up most of the slack in profits, so that the further violent fall in prices in 1930 and 1931 cannot be absorbed by industry without corresponding reductions in costs of production. The vital difference between the two price declines has been made obvious, however, through the immense difference already felt in their effects. To refuse to devalue now is in effect to insist that reductions in costs of production must come in wages but not in interest burden, in the return of labor but not in the return of capital.

We must think of devaluation as a surgeon thinks of a major operation. It is not to be undertaken lightly; it is not unattended by risk; but the risk is far less than that of doing nothing. When a surgeon has decided he must amputate a leg, he amputates it. He ceases to hope, against the real probabilities, that the infection will clear up. He does not talk of a "compromise" course, or of a "partial" amputation, or of a "gradual" amputation. And this brings us to the *modus operandi* of devaluation. The paradox of devaluation is this—that while the question ought to be thoroughly thrashed out in public, we cannot afford to have it thrashed out in public! For a public advocacy of it by influential bankers or statesmen would in itself lead to raids on our gold both by European bankers and by our own citizens.

Let us, therefore, suppose a few miracles. Let us suppose that either President Hoover or Secretary Mills became convinced of the necessity of devaluation and in private talk convinced the other. The next step would be for both of them to call in Senator Glass and, say, Representative Steagall, and try to convince *them* privately. Next Messrs. Glass and Steagall would round up their respective Senate and House committees and try to convince *them* privately. This done, Congress could be called in secret executive session, the proposal made, and—let us suppose—adopted overnight. The public would then wake up to read in its morning papers that the gold content of the dollar had been reduced to two-thirds of its former amount. Specie payments would perhaps be suspended until the first of the following month to let the meaning sink in and to prevent panicky withdrawals of gold. The Macmillan Committee, in its report to Parliament last June, though it rejected the suggestion of a moderate devaluation of the pound sterling at that time, remarked that if it were done at all it must be done in this way—"suddenly and without notice." The way I have outlined, however, would be merely the best way to bring about devaluation; it would not be the only possible way. Devaluation could come finally through default, as it did in post-war Germany, Italy, and France, and as it now appears likely to come in Great Britain. But devaluation after months or years of a violently fluctuating paper currency is certainly not a course to be deliberately and needlessly embarked upon.

In an American devaluation program we have to assume one more miracle. When devaluation was carried out in France and Germany, bonds were payable in terms of currency, and were automatically scaled down with everything else. But since the scare of 1896 nearly all bonds in the United States have been payable in terms of gold. If you take almost any American bond, public or private, you will find that it is payable "in gold coin of the United States

of America, of or equal to the standard of weight and fineness as it existed on"—the date of issuance of the bond. Here is a "sacred" contract, a private contract. Would the courts—would, specifically and finally, the members of the Supreme Court—permit Congress to declare that such a contract could be put aside—that the bond could be paid in currency and not in gold? If every judge thought of economic consequences as Justice Brandeis does, it is imaginable that such gold contracts, after devaluation, might be declared null and void because their fulfilment would be contrary to public policy. It is imaginable that the Supreme Court would hold that, just as an individual corporation in bankruptcy must have its debts scaled down, regardless of its previous contracts, so must a nation when it would otherwise face general bankruptcy. It is imaginable, but not probable. For it is in general the pride of the legal mind that it decides on precedent and "principle," and maintains an Olympian unconcern regarding the mere social consequences of its decisions. Only five justices would need to be legalistic to assure that one of the most important parts of the program of devaluation would be defeated. But if the resulting blow to a program of devaluation would be serious, it would not be fatal. We should still have the enormous advantage of a price recovery, and of a consequent restoration of business activity; and at least the otherwise crushing mortgage burden on farms and other real estate would be diminished. The heavy bonded indebtedness on corporations and on federal, State, and municipal governments would at least be no greater in its real burden than it is now. It would be greater merely in terms of the new dollar, and we could still find a

partial remedy even for this through a special tax. If the devaluation amounted to $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent, for example, the federal government could place a tax of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent on all receipts—whether of interest or principal—representing the fulfilment of gold contracts made before the date of devaluation. Such a tax would be no more "discriminatory" than the excise tax on tobacco; it would take away nothing but windfall profits. And though it would not help to relieve the burden on those saddled with gold debts, it would at least secure social justice by preventing gold creditors from profiteering. It would, incidentally—for such a tax could be deducted at the source—bring in very heavy federal revenues.

Whether or not America embarks upon a policy of currency devaluation, the course of prices and events in the next six months should decide. If the recovery that the Administration and business leaders have been predicting for the last two years should finally come in that period of itself, then a major operation on the gold dollar might be unnecessary. And just as a physician usually tries every possible less drastic remedy before resorting to a major operation, must we. The two outstanding remedies that are less drastic are the scaling down of tariffs and the cancelation of reparations and war debts. These two measures should in any case be taken first. If in themselves they should bring about sufficient revival, devaluation could be avoided; and if devaluation were resorted to without them, it might prove in the end abortive, for after the initial recovery, prohibitive tariffs and crushing war debts could only bring another period of strangulation.

The Future of Opera in America

By WINTHROP SERGEANT

THE announcement, on March 24, by the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company that it is sustaining a loss of \$550,000 for the current season, despite the voluntary contribution by artists and administrative staff of 10 per cent of their salaries, and that that loss will wipe out the entire capital of the opera company, makes the situation of the Metropolitan extremely critical. Whether it will be able to continue for another season depends upon whether the additional necessary funds can be obtained and vital savings made in management, together with further cuts in salaries. The task of the directors will not be made easier by the high income taxes provided in the pending tax bill, since it is from the very rich that the opera is chiefly supported and the huge deficits are met. They are bound to feel the pinch. It may well be that, unless prosperity returns promptly and income taxes are reduced, there will be a temporary cessation of the Metropolitan Opera. What is true of the Metropolitan situation is also true of the other great American opera companies, Chicago and Philadelphia. In Philadelphia, however, there still seems to be a great deal of life, and for some months past there have been negotiations between the Philadelphia company and the Rockefeller-Roxy organization which is planning a new opera house in Radio City. It will be remembered that the offer of a permanent connection between the Metropolitan and

Radio City was rejected by the former. Leopold Stokowski, the Philadelphia conductor, has gone so far as to announce that a series of guest performances in Radio City has already been planned by his organization, which would mean very serious competition for the Metropolitan in its own territory. It may well be that the grave financial plight of the Metropolitan will now compel it to take up again the Rockefeller offer, perhaps as a last resort.

With all sympathy for the Metropolitan directors, and with full recognition of their magnificent generosity during all these years, it is none the less true that their troubles are in part their own fault. Long before the present economic depression the Metropolitan had fallen far below its earlier standards, so that there have been growing unrest and dissatisfaction among the subscribers and increasingly sharp comments on the institution on the part of the critics. It is true that it has continued to bring to New York a distinguished array of European singers, many of them of first excellence. But stars alone do not make an opera company. In fact, the star system, pushed to extremes, can go a long way toward ruining one. Stars are expensive; only one or two can be used at a time. The other parts of a production must be filled out with lesser singers, and the lesser singers of the Metropolitan have not, in recent years, been of very high quality. In relatively simple virtuoso operas of the

"Tosca" variety this shortcoming is not so noticeable, but it is a long time since the Metropolitan has been equipped to give an adequate performance of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," for example. This particular opera requires three really first-rate basses on the stage at the same time. And for all operas of the "Don Giovanni" type, which are as fragile and as subtly constructed as the finest chamber music, the Metropolitan's method is further ruinous in that it too often reduces what should be a balanced musical whole into a blatant contest for vocal supremacy.

But leaving aside for the moment the question of the stars, let us consider those more modest elements which really form the permanent bread-and-butter basis of any operatic organization. It is here that the greatest inadequacies of the company are to be found. The orchestra, and this is nothing short of scandalous at a time when thousands of first-rate musicians are available, is of a routine variety. It has nothing in common with that group of artists which functioned in the pit of the opera house fifteen or twenty years ago. And the conditions under which the members are forced to work are such that even a first-rate organization would have difficulty in keeping up its standard of performance. The Metropolitan's chorus is appallingly mediocre. It lacks both vocal vitality and physical mobility. As to the ballet—there is really a tragic element in the fact that supposedly progressive New York audiences will tolerate such antediluvian hodge-podge as is offered them at the Metropolitan, when their city is teeming with a significant modern dance movement led by struggling American dancers with both ability and ideas.

The Metropolitan's scenic settings are often of the dowdy and overstuffed type that disappeared from our animate theaters with the era of hoop skirts and horse cars. Here again the financial hypothesis is commonly advanced as an excuse. The task of resetting all the productions of the opera house would indeed be formidable and expensive, but even the new productions offered at the Metropolitan each season are invariably staged in the same outmoded manner. In this matter the "Met" might well profit by observing the scenery of any of the better Broadway reviews. The reason for this particular artistic backwardness must lie deeply imbedded in the attitude of the management, for it is noticeable that even such gifted designers as Robert Edmund Jones never quite manage to get a really good example of their work on the stage at Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street.

In the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, on the other hand, Radio City is dealing with a living organization which has strong roots in the contemporary movement and a consciousness of its responsibility toward the future of art in America. Too long has the Metropolitan proceeded on the assumption that opera, as its new president recently somewhat cynically remarked, is "the last of our Victorian institutions." This remark might well be applied to the Metropolitan Opera House itself, but as a theory of opera in general it has been most emphatically disproved. The recent performances of "Wozzeck" by the Philadelphia company have shown, irrespective of one's attitude toward "Wozzeck" as an individual work, that opera is far from being a dying institution, and that there are still groups of enthusiastic artists who are willing to take up its cause with courage.

The Philadelphia Opera Company has behind it, con-

sidering the short time that it has been in existence, a remarkable record of achievement. Instead of pussyfooting with unimportant and sure-fire novelties of the "Schwanda" and "Zoraima" categories, it has had the courage to try out modern works of a downright controversial and highly interesting character, and to make them "go down." It has allied itself with progressive elements in the musical and theatrical world. It has sought to make the production rather than the star the center of its artistic efforts, and it has not only opened its doors freely to the American singer but has made him the backbone of its production, attaining thereby an organic connection with the soil on which it grows.

It has its shortcomings, too. Its ballet department, for one thing, is not up to the standard of its other component parts. But its orchestra, consisting at present of members of the Philadelphia Orchestra, plus a scattering of Curtis Institute apprentices, is of excellent quality, and its chorus and general stage management compare very favorably with those of the Metropolitan. Far outweighing any of these technical advantages, however, is the progressive and up-to-date attitude of its management. The intimate connection between the Philadelphia Opera Company and the Curtis Institute is another point in its favor. America has long been in need of some sort of bridge between its music-educational institutions and the realities of its professional music life. Perhaps one of the greatest obstacles to the normal development of competent American musicians in the past has been the lack of a helping hand at that crucial point when the student seeks to feel his way into that very terrifying world of foreign languages and bewildering competition in which his future is laid. The Philadelphia organization is able, in some measure, to meet this difficulty by furnishing the Curtis Institute with a direct outlet.

That Leopold Stokowski is growing tired of the routine of symphony conducting and would welcome a change to a perhaps less pure but, from the experimental point of view, more exciting form of activity has been obvious to the concert-going public for some time. Those productions in which he has taken most pride in recent seasons have all been of the non-symphonic variety, and more and more he has let his interest wander into the operatic field. While some may question the aesthetic immaculateness of Mr. Stokowski's ideals, there is no doubt that the operatic field has everything to gain from the entrance into it of this vigorous personality. In his stage productions with the Philadelphia Orchestra during the past two or three years he has presented premières of several outstanding contemporary works. He has a flair for the stage that bids fair to outweigh his qualities as a symphonic leader. His guest appearance with the opera company in "Wozzeck" revealed his competence in this field, and he is known to be vitally interested in the performances that have been planned for Radio City. With Stokowski as principal conductor of the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company a new era in our operatic productions might come about. At any rate, the result would be bound to stir the New York operatic audience from its customary apathy, and we should find out once and for all whether it is true that opera is "the last of our Victorian institutions," and whether "complete confidence" in, and "high esteem" for, the methods of Mr. Gatti-Casazza are after all productive of the highest type of operatic art that we can realize.

Presidential Possibilities

VI. Murray—Possible but Not Likely*

By GEORGE MILBURN

A MAN too honest to be bought, too wise to be fooled, and too brave to be intimidated." That is the formula for a United States President propounded by William Henry Murray, late Sage of Tishomingo, present Governor of Oklahoma, and future God knows what. He spent more than a year in telling the country that it needed such a man, but it was not until February 20, 1932, that he overcame a coyness strange in one who is so patently courageous and announced that *he* was the man who combined all of those virtues and that he was available for the Presidency. If there is any other statesman in America who has that rare blend of honesty and wisdom and bravery, Governor Murray thus far has overlooked him.

Murray's honesty has been questioned, but it has never been disproved. Murray's wisdom has been impugned, but it has been more often praised. And Murray's bravery—no one has ever entertained any doubt about Murray's bravery. It took courage for him to establish his quixotic Bolivian colony and to stick with it through five years of failure. It took courage for him to come back a beaten man and to enter a political campaign against incredible odds to become Governor of Oklahoma by the greatest majority that the State has ever known. It took courage for him to close the Red River toll bridges, open the free bridges, defy federal-court injunctions, shut down the oil fields for the purpose of raising the price of oil. But it took more courage, and he took more time summoning it, for him to become candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination, with flimsy newspaper notoriety and little else to run on.

If there had been a Lindbergh kidnapping or a Sino-Japanese war in the summer of 1931, of course Alfalfa Bill Murray would not have been widely known outside the borders of his own State, and it is not likely that, without broad publicizing, he would ever have been seduced into making the national campaign. But it happened that his spectacular bridge war and his even more sensational military shut-down of oil production came in a summer news lull. Whereas, ordinarily, he would have got a few paragraphs in the news-oddities column on page fourteen, he was given day after day the right-hand front-page column with streamers. It was this heady publicity that converted his dreamy hankering after the Presidency, a feeling strange to no politician, into strong ambition. These magnified news stories and the "thousands of letters . . . received from all walks of life, from all sections of the country" induced Murray to announce for the Presidency. "It would require \$5,000,000," he calculated on the day of his formal coming forth, "for any other man nominated by the party to be so favorably known among the rank and file of voters who elect tickets."

Murray himself admits frankly that he has scant knowledge of news values, and his weekly organ, the *Blue Valley*

Farmer, which he owns and for which he writes, makes this credible. None of the news breaks of his administration have occurred in it. The Governor, at times, has even gone so far as to curtail news, and his gracious posing for photographers and his congenial press conferences seem to have been prompted, until recently, by his fondness for dramatics rather than by any appreciation of publicity values. Every press outlet in Oklahoma has been hostile to him from the beginning. So his name became familiar to thousands of newspaper readers over the country, not through any conscious maneuvering for publicity, but through the accident of there being no other live news at the time. The Governor of Oklahoma realizes how shaky is this foundation for national prominence quite as well as the various political observers who have solemnly discussed the remoteness of his chances at the Democratic convention next summer. "I'm not overexcited about victory in the convention," he chuckles complacently, "but I'll say what I damn please and I'll have a bushel of fun."

His greatest obstacle, he says, and the one that probably will prove insurmountable is the "Wall Street gang." There is no doubt about his positive belief in this barrier, or, for that matter, about its existence, but it is also true that Murray has only the most slipshod campaign organization, that he has scarcely any campaign funds at all, that he knows hardly anything about national politics, and that he is confronted everywhere with a curiosity incited by caricatures that is cruelly deceptive in its resemblance to popularity. This last was true in North Dakota, where farmers drove through blizzards to hear him speak and where he was greeted at every performance by cordial howling demonstrations and assurances that the State was for him two to one. His reception was so impressive that cautious political observers were on the verge of conceding Murray the State's preference. But the final vote—greatly augmented by Roosevelt Republicans—was two to one against him.

Such a setback, however, offers only the slightest discouragement to Alfalfa Bill. He drives on with his rickety, patched-up machine, and the well-oiled working of his opponents' does not dismay him. He is off again on his erratic, ill-routed tours. Oklahoma sees little of him these days. He keeps up his country-newspaper appeals for small contributions and his campaign manager has evolved an outlandish plan for selling novelties to raise funds—Alfalfa Bill plaster busts, hatbands, fezzes, buttons, and tire-covers. So bravery is the charitable word at any rate for a man who travels up and down the land offering himself for the Presidency in the face of such difficulties. And that same quality will carry Alfalfa Bill into the Chicago nominating convention with the forlorn twenty-two votes that his Oklahoma machine has already pledged him. Once there and given an opportunity to get under way, he might stir them with an old-fashioned spellbinder, but his real hope is to have a part in writing the platform. "I'll write a platform," he says, "that will scuttle

* The sixth of a series of articles. The seventh, on Newton D. Baker, by Oswald Garrison Villard, will appear in next week's issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

the ship of any Wall Street candidate, even if I have to bring in a minority report."

So the wisdom in his strenuous preliminary campaign is perhaps open to question. But when one discusses Murray's wisdom one finds oneself on debatable ground—even more debatable than that of his honesty. One may say that he is a sage, a clown; a charlatan, a humanitarian; a radical, a conservative; and find support for any one of those characters in his actions. But he is above all—and that should endear him to America—a pragmatist. If a slick dodge works—all right. What difference does it make why or how it works? And if it doesn't work, forget it. This direct action, of course, made him famous. Alfalfa Bill cuts Gordian knots. Sometimes he does, that is. Sometimes he fails. But the country at large has been very generous in making much of his successes and overlooking his failures. He did not get dollar oil, but the price, for some reason, did come back up from twelve cents a barrel to sixty-six cents. The country heard about it. He made a spectacular "fire-bell" campaign to get certain amendments to the State constitution that the legislature would not pass, and the voters defeated his measures overwhelmingly. The remarkable thing is that Governor Murray gets what he goes out after as often as he does. Any person who followed closely the Oklahoma gubernatorial campaign in 1930 would hesitate to laugh at him for entering the Presidential race this year.

Moreover, his speeches sometimes reveal him as a sober and solid fellow, much less the fire-eater than conscientious voters have been given to suppose. He is alarmed by radical theory, lumping communism with anarchy, reads no magazine except the *Saturday Evening Post*, and draws out such platitudes as "It is up to the Democratic Party to return to the fundamentals" as impressively as if they were original observations. Often enough he is eminently sane, and one of his fondest and often reiterated boasts is that he is the only Presidential candidate with a platform. He takes some 5,000 words in this to propose, in addition to the usual exploring: (1) installation of the decentralized Scotch banking system; (2) coinage of gold and silver in sufficient quantities to meet normal demands; (3) graduated State and national income-tax system, with highest rates on excess salaries paid to corporation officers; (4) pledging of Congress to impeach federal judges who abuse injunctive powers in violation of the Eleventh Amendment; (5) construction of a Nicaraguan canal; (6) special encouragement of Latin American trade; (7) abolition or limitation of ad valorem taxes on homes and farms; (8) armament and army reduction, conscription of both men and property in case of war; (9) revision of tariff to equal only difference of cost at home and abroad; (10) Congressional action to permit leagues of States to make treaties with the federal government the better to handle such regional questions as that of oil; (11) immediate payment of the soldiers' bonus.

There is little in his platform that is new enough to need explanation, but that curiously reminiscent high light about the Nicaraguan canal is significant. It calls to mind Murray's closest prototype in political history. Whatever resemblance Alfalfa Bill has to Lincoln, to whom he so persistently compares himself, is vague; and so is his resemblance to Jackson, to whom others have compared him. But he has many of Theodore Roosevelt's characteristics, and while he does not say so, he seems to have been deeply influenced

by that champing executive. This explains Murray's imperialistic attitude. And while he probably knows more about South America than any other candidate, his comments on European affairs are incredibly naive. When he visited Washington last January, reporters began questioning him about disarmament, reparations, international debts, and so on. The Governor was soon in a frightful muddle and made one blunder after another. After the press conference was over, he exclaimed, "Didn't those fellows hand me a packet, though!"

Governor Murray, nevertheless, is quite evidently a man who does his own thinking, and if he does not always arrive automatically at the right conclusion, as he supposes he does, at least he has proved on more than one occasion that his mind is shrewd and alert. There is no indication that the United States has had any intellectual heavyweights for President lately, and Murray is probably as capable of governing the country as any one of them. His scholarship, to be sure, has been somewhat exaggerated. Although he has read widely, he has that hodge-podge of curious, irrelevant information that often bespeaks the self-educated man. But he is much more intelligent, has more poise and dignity, and is more judicious in his decisions than the popular image of him allows.

It is this phase of his character that his enemies unconsciously admit when they speak of Alfalfa Bill Murray as a blatant demagogue. Demagoguery is the most convincing charge that has ever been brought against his honesty, and Murray has a disarming way of admitting the allegation, furnishing at the same time his own definition of demagogue, which is not in the least derogatory. However Machiavellian his method, no one has ever been able to prove conclusively that he is not sincere in his "profound sense of duty to the great middle class and the little man." He has repeatedly shown a genuine concern about human misery, and one or two of his defeated "fire-bell" measures were honest attempts to correct some of the most flagrant social ills in Oklahoma. (When a gas company cuts off 500 families, leaving them without fuel in the bitterest cold of winter, Murray, ordering the militia to stand by, sees to it that the gas is turned on before nightfall.) When the Oklahoma City police descend on river-bottom squatters, hauling them from their squalid huts on vagrancy charges, Murray pardons them as fast as they are arrested. There are many such instances of his humanity. And yet no man can be more vindictive. He practices the spoils system in an absolutely ruthless manner, explaining naively that any man who supported him is bound to be more capable than the man who did not. The Oklahoma Statehouse at present teems with hatred between Murray and certain of his aids whom he is powerless to remove.

None who knows would say that he could be influenced by money. It is inconceivable that he could be bought. He has always been scrupulously honest in financial matters, even to paying back the money lost by his cohorts in the ill-starred Bolivian venture. He has scorned offers of large campaign funds. The daily newspapers of Oklahoma, his relentless enemies, by insinuation rather than by direct charge, have often tried to find some evidence of bribe-taking in his administration. Failing in that, they turned to charges of extortion. It was said that racketeering methods were being used by Murray's paper, the *Blue Valley Farmer*, to get adver-

tising, but the firms who bought space in the paper came forth with proof that it was a very profitable medium. Murray, proud of his weekly's 80,000 paid circulation, says that he would discharge immediately any employee found guilty of coercion, and Murray can be believed. He has an honesty of expression, for all his playing to the mob, and this plain talk has not always served him well in politics. It was a Democratic year in 1916, and Murray could easily have been returned to Congress; but he chose instead to point out the insincerity of the Wilson slogan "He Kept Us Out of War," and so lost his place. He has not changed since that day. He can still go to Washington to address the Anti-Saloon League and tell them that he favors local option, refusing at the same time to be labeled as a wet candidate, simply because he believes that prohibition is not a Presidential campaign issue and that it would be dishonest to use it as such.

It is possible that this same honesty will make him a figure of more than minor importance at the Democratic National Convention. Few persons, other than some of his most fanatical followers in Oklahoma, believe that he has the slightest chance of getting the nomination, but there is no reason why the Democratic Party should not find in him a valuable man. He hopes to have a hand in writing the platform. He has pledged himself to "make no trade, form no combination, nor any compromise on principle for the delegation or the nomination." As for his Presidential candidacy, he is more philosophical about that. "I feel reasonably certain of election if nominated," he drawls, "but if I'm not nominated I shall have escaped a herculean task and an awful responsibility." So the Democratic convention had better be nice to Alfalfa Bill. No matter what candidate the Democrats choose, they will probably be needing Oklahoma next November.

The Tariff Victory in Britain

By J. A. HOBSON

BRITAIN'S gallant and serviceable policy of open ports for world trade, maintained for upwards of eighty years, has now collapsed before the assaults of reactionary economic nationalism. The Impost Duties Act, imposing a tax of 10 per cent upon all classes of goods, with a few exceptions in foods and raw materials, is the framework of a coming tariff more comprehensive and more complex than that of any other country. For not only is Britain dependent upon overseas supplies for a far larger proportion and variety of important goods than any other nation, but she must make her protection policy compatible with two other aims that are essentially opposed to a really "scientific tariff." The first is disclosed by the familiar opposition between the policy of keeping out goods which can be made at home and that of getting revenue for letting them in. The second is peculiar to the British case, the insistence upon crossing economic nationalism with imperialism by means of preferences and exemptions to our overseas Empire which conflict with protective efficacy and diminish tariff revenue. How to reconcile those inconsistencies is the chief problem with which the Tariff Advisory Committee, now appointed to assist the government in filling up the framework of this fatuous policy, will be confronted. The chairman of this committee, Sir George May (formerly general secretary of the Prudential Insurance Company and during the war manager of the American Dollar Securities Committee), is the man whose alarmist "Economy Report," issued last summer, started the financial ramp against the Labor Government which led to its collapse and shook the country off gold. These high services doubtless recommend him to this government as the fittest architect of reactionary finance discernible outside the ranks of committed politicians.

Ten per cent is, of course, a low level, but the structure raised upon it by the exercise of log-rolling and wire-pulling may become a veritable skyscraper. The lobbying by which various industries seek to get high duties upon competing foreign goods, while at the same time putting their imported materials on the free list, is already in active operation, and

the principles of members of Parliament are being subjected to all the temptations and pressures with which American students of fiscal politics will be familiar. It will, however, be several months before the full shape of the tariff emerges from the policy of push and pull. For the Imperial Conference at Ottawa lies several months ahead, and its deliberations (is that quite the word?) must materially affect the final form. That conference will be an interesting spectacle. For it can hardly succeed in hiding the falseness of the pretense of a self-sufficient economic empire, which furnishes the sentimental backing of our new fiscal scheme. The Empire is to have enlarged and guaranteed free markets for its surplus foods and raw materials, foreign competitors being kept out by high duties. But is Britain to have free empire markets for her export trade in manufactured goods? This is the vital question for our depressed and unemployed trades. What answer will be given by Canada and the other dominions? Will they be willing to remove the duties they impose upon our goods and to slacken their efforts to develop their own manufactures, or will they merely continue and perhaps extend their present preferences for goods they are not yet equipped to produce themselves, and which cannot be supplied much cheaper or better from the United States or Germany? I venture to prophesy that the need for satisfying the sentimental imperialism of the "upper classes" in Britain will be so successfully exploited by the realists of our dominions that the "quid" we shall get "pro quo" will not bear close examination. One thing, however, our protectionists will secure. Arrangements will be made with our dominions of so binding a character as to make it evident that our protection policy is not the temporary expedient which Liberal and Labor supporters at the polls pretended to believe, but a permanent fiscal system which a future government of Britain will not be competent to change without the consent of our dominions. This new revolutionary check upon the control of Parliament is not yet adequately realized. But it constitutes a really dangerous aspect of the future status of our government.

How does the country take this change in its commercial and industrial policy? For the most part with an almost stoical indifference. Business is almost everywhere so bad, the incomes of most grades of employees are so diminished and so precarious, that people are disposed to say, "Well, things can hardly be much worse, so any change may be for the better." I here speak of the majority of non-politicians and non-economists. It is no wonder that in such a depressed atmosphere the convinced enthusiasts of protection should have prevailed. They had waited long for this opportunity. Any time since Joseph Chamberlain revived the issue thirty years ago and dressed it out in bright imperial colors, free trade might have gone under, given a favorable conjunction of two forces—a powerful independent Conservative majority and a sufficiently bad economic depression. This conjunction was only effected in the fall of last year by means of the half-organized, half-blind financial crisis. Our protectionists were then given the opportunity for which they had waited so long. Who can blame them for seizing it or for their haste in execution?

It may be true, of course, that some of the Liberals and Laborites entangled in this folly were deceived at the election by the two pretenses that the government they were going to put in was for a brief emergency, and that the tariff policy which they supported was only a policy of inquiry, not of immediate committal. Some of them now stand aghast at the discovery that no inquiry is required, except the inquiry as to the size of the duties accorded to the protectionist interests, and that every care is taken to secure the permanence of the fiscal change. The free-trade orations of Sir Herbert Samuel and Lord Snowden, exposing all the heavy fallacies of the tariff doctrine, were excellent musket practice with blank cartridges. Here were these champions of Cobdenism, protesting the ruinous results of the Impost Duties Bill and the related policy adumbrated for protecting agriculture at the expense of the consumer, knowing that they were licensed to make these futile protests in order to preserve the façade of a National Government, but not daring to make their protest effective by the only step that could impress the country—resignation. The National Laborites might be excused, for, with a few exceptions, like Lord Snowden, neither their leaders nor the rank and file of their party had ever been enthusiastic or convinced adherents of free trade, though few had tampered actively with protection. No, the moral tragedy of the situation is the sight and voice of Mr. Runciman speaking for the Board of Trade, and half the slender corps of Liberals in the House of Commons voting the abandonment of the policy which for a century had been the backbone of liberalism amid all the chances and changes of political life. The educational campaign of thirty years ago, when the gospel of free trade was preached throughout the land by such doughty exponents as Mr. Asquith and Mr. Winston Churchill, seems to have left no traces on the mind of today's electorate. A new generation has arisen that knew not Joseph Chamberlain and the intellectual fiasco of his new protectionism.

The muddled presentation of the tariff case in Parliament is a just reflection of the mind of the nation. It might, indeed, be claimed that this muddled mind belongs to our traditional policy of "muddling through" all the difficult situations in which we find ourselves. So some supporters of tariffs contend that they will not raise prices, because a secure

home market will enable business to organize production and marketing so as to reduce costs, while others admit that prices may rise, but then, is not the present low level of prices a grave obstacle to trade revival? Some admit that the removal of foreign competition might lead to slackness and inefficiency, but others insist that the administration of this tariff will refuse aid to industries which contain such defects. The old arguments of the utility of a tariff for negotiation and for retaliation are confidently set out, regardless of the damning proofs which history presents of their futility. So likewise we are told that foreign businesses are already planning to set up factories within our tariff walls which will employ British labor and enlarge the volume of production in the country, though the increasing costs of such production that must show themselves when the tariff is fully operative will cancel the advantages of any such attempt of foreign firms to capture our market from within.

But though experience may teach us the lessons which we ought to have learned from observation of protection in other countries, those lessons may be so obscured and overlaid by other critical events that it may take our people a long time before they can throw off the shackles they have so foolishly allowed to be put upon them. The present forces of reaction are extremely powerful. The older forces of free trade, the bankers, the shipping trade, the great export industries, are divided and hesitant. Large support is found for emergency protection in what were formerly the free-trade strongholds of the North. But though grievously smitten, free trade is not mortally wounded. Recovery is possible. A sharp rise of prices of food and other working-class necessities with no abatement of recent wage cuts and no enlargement of employment, taken in conjunction with the reduction of income tax understood to be contained in the forthcoming budget, will open the eyes of the electorate to the real meaning of the Tory victory of last fall, of which they were the innocent instruments. They will then realize the significance of a famous sentence of Sir Thomas More, when capitalism was just beginning its triumphant political career: "Everywhere do I perceive a certain conspiracy of rich men seeking their own advantage under the name and pretext of the Commonwealth." But what can they do about it? Since the practical decease of liberalism, free traders must organize and educate and agitate through whatever channels are open to them. Bodies like the Cobden Club, the Free Trade Union, and the definitely free-trade survivors of the Liberal Party can do much missionary work, but the still powerful Labor Party in the country must form the main support in any effective rally of free trade. And for that work it is essential that they shall come to recognize, as they have not heretofore, that protection is a chief weapon of that profiteering policy which they identify with capitalism, and that, as Socialists, they must deal with it by a constructive economic policy.

That is surely the lesson to be learned from recent happenings. Liberal free trade has fallen, because it continued to belong to a laissez faire competitive economy, whose day had passed. The restoration of free trade belongs to a conscious scheme of organized world-planning, the necessity of which is just beginning to win recognition and the foundations of which are just beginning to be laid. The future security and progress of the world depend upon whether these foundations can be "well and truly laid."

Bankers and Bread Lines in Toledo*

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Toledo, March 21

TOLEDO has in proportion to its population one of the longest bread lines in the country. Relief is distributed by the municipality on a bread-line rather than a grocery-order basis, that is to say, the families of the jobless cannot go to grocery stores and other places to select their own food, as is done in almost all other cities, but must go to the city relief stations and take the packages of food already prepared for them there. Nevertheless, it must be said that the city is doing the job well, even efficiently, so mechanically indeed that there is little of the milk of human kindness or human feeling to be found in the process. But the story of Toledo's municipal bread line does not lie entirely in this machine-like distribution of relief. It runs back through ten or more years of ■ bankers' war, which was precipitated by the desire of a Toledo automobile company to smash a labor union. The industrial-financial duel also fed upon a real-estate boom that was, to put the matter baldly, ■ technically legal form of racketeering not only tolerated by the supposedly conservative bankers of the town, but enthusiastically financed by them. Last summer came the crash, and all but one of the large banks closed their doors. Today one-fifth of Toledo is on the dole.

There can be little doubt that the economic depression would in any event have laid this city low. Toledo is an automobile town. The principal factory is that of the Willys-Overland Company, which normally employs upwards of 10,000 men. At present the Overland plant provides work ■ few days a week for less than 3,000 men. There are 1,100 other factories and shops, most of which, when times are good, make automobile parts. But times are bad and many of these plants are now standing idle. In ■ sense Toledo had been catching the overflow from Detroit, and when operations in the automobile industry dropped to 30 or 40 per cent of capacity Toledo suffered along with its more vigorous neighbor to the north. Nevertheless, industry here is not so highly integrated as in Detroit; it is broken down into many more small units; and so Toledo managed to offer more resistance to the shock when it first came. Low wages—labor in this open-shop community has been exploited almost as thoroughly as in the steel and coal industries—also stood the factory-owners in good stead. Production costs were kept down and profits up, and the factories were able, or should have been, to set aside comfortably large reserves to tide themselves over the present black years. Again, the notoriously low wages proved a temporary boon to Toledo when Henry Ford in one of his cost-cutting moods decided to shut down several departments in his own plants and farm the work out to some of the local "sweatshops."

But Toledo does not depend solely on the automobile industry. It is an important transportation center, has the largest clover-seed market in the country, refines a great deal of sugar and roasts even more coffee, is a grain and milling center, has several large glass and glass-product factories,

some of which have remained fairly prosperous through the depression, and, lastly, is ■ leading bond market, the volume of business of its sixteen bond houses in normal years often running as high as \$500,000,000. This last explains ■ good deal, for Toledo's New Economic Era was built largely upon real-estate bonds and mortgages. In any case such diversification was of considerable help to the community when the automobile industry began to bog down. It is not that the unemployment situation here was not critical before the bank crash—the first effects of unemployment were felt as early as October, 1929—but the local situation could have been immeasurably worse. Today it is worse, much worse, thanks to the bankers' war and the resultant panic of last summer.

The labor troubles at the Overland plant ■ decade ago had two results: (the machinists' union was destroyed, and the automobile company was put on the block. Eastern financial interests acquired control, but apparently Wall Street was at that time not so deeply interested in the automobile industry as it was later to become, and the prize was allowed to slip back to Toledo, where two banking groups reached out simultaneously to grab it. The methods usual in such contests were resorted to: banks were merged, deals were made and unmade, reputations were blackened—for all of which the community was later to pay. One group was headed by Henry L. Thompson, now president of the Toledo Trust Company; the other by George M. Jones, president of the defunct Ohio Savings Bank and Trust Company. Jones won the first round when he captured control of Willys-Overland. But the wounds of that battle were never allowed to heal.

So far as Toledo knew, early in 1931 its banks were in sound condition. It had for basis of its belief the statements issued by the banks as required by law. One such statement, after showing what appeared to be a safe margin of surplus and undivided profits for all the banks, asserted that "Toledo's seven State and two national banks weathered the critical year of 1930 and have embarked on a new year on a sound basis." On June 17, unfortunately, the Security-Home Trust Company, a combination of six merged banks, failed to open its doors. It was one of the big banks, its deposits totaling more than \$25,000,000. Runs on several of the other banks followed immediately. As ■ measure of self-defense these other houses announced that they would apply the sixty-day withdrawal rule. But there was one notable exception. The Toledo Trust Company, Henry L. Thompson's bank, made no such announcement, though it had been generally expected that all the banks would act in unison so that no one of them would profit by the others' confession of weakness. The inevitable consequence was that depositors believed the Thompson bank to be safe, the others decidedly less so, and by the dozens and the scores depositors transferred their accounts to the Toledo Trust Company, or turned their deposits into cash, which they hid away in safe-deposit boxes.

The runs on the other banks continued through the summer. By early August numerous business houses, department

* The fourth of ■ series of articles by Mr. Hallgren on unemployment in various parts of the country.—EDITOR THE NATION.

stores, and chain stores were sending their money out of town. By mid-August it was clear that a major operation would be necessary. Plans were worked out for a merger of the Ohio Bank (George M. Jones), the Commercial Savings Bank and Trust Company, and the Commerce-Guardian Trust and Savings Bank. About \$20,000,000 in new capital was needed and virtually all this money was pledged. Some of it came from New York interests and some from the forced sale of securities. George Jones offered \$4,500,000 from his personal fortune; Clem Mininger, a director of the Ohio Bank, said he would put \$1,000,000 in the pool; and Henry Thompson, the only local banker not connected with the three houses that were to be saved by the merger, promised \$1,500,000. A conference was held on August 15 in the Commodore Perry Hotel, at which New York, Chicago, and Toledo bankers were to agree upon details. Thirty-six hours later all three banks, which between them had thirty-four branches, were turned over to the State Superintendent of Banks, the merger having fallen through. The American Bank, owned by the American Flint Glass Workers' Union, came down in the crash with the rest. Toledo was left with only four banks—Thompson's and three small and unimportant houses.

What happened at the hotel conference, though it is not yet generally known in Toledo, is this: At the very last moment one of the participants withdrew his pledge, announcing that he would not go through with his agreement until a recognized firm of auditors had gone over the books of the three banks. That would have taken a week to ten days; the collapse of the banks was a matter of hours. And thus it came about that the Toledo Trust Company today dominates the local banking field. On the day after the crash officials of the Toledo Trust were reported by the local press as "jubilant" because they were receiving "many new accounts, a surprising amount of deposits." By December 31 the total deposits in the Toledo Trust had increased more than 10 per cent. Thompson was also quick to set up a number of branch banks, a field he had not entered before as it had been monopolized by the other banks.

The insolvent bankers have to a large degree only themselves to blame. The New Economic Era in Toledo had taken the form of a dizzy real-estate spree. Of the closed banks, only the Security-Home was found loaded down with shaky foreign investments, Central and South American bonds. The others were swamped with real-estate paper, mortgages and bonds on undeveloped and cheap residential property, notes against many of the small factories in town, personal loans against stocks of local corporations which were intended solely to enable the stockholders to recoup their losses in Wall Street. The outcome of this last kind of bank "investment" means, incidentally, that the ownership of many of Toledo's small factories and businesses now rests with the liquidators of the insolvent banks. But real-estate paper, something that the big commercial banks of New York and Chicago never touch, was the chief attraction for Toledo's commercial banks. More than 65 per cent of the "investments" of the Ohio Bank, for example, were found tied up in bonds and mortgages of this character.

Subconsciously hurt, no doubt, by the knowledge that its neighbors, Detroit and Cleveland, had grown much faster, Toledo had been giving all the aid and comfort it could to the real-estate boom. Subdividers had appeared, bought up

huge chunks of raw acreage, laid out lots, put down thin macadam pavements, planted a few scrawny trees, and then sold the lots to all comers, whatever their references or financial standing, on the easy-payment plan. Development experts had followed, put up flimsy but arty-looking houses, sold them on the same basis, sometimes with no down payment, at prices two to four times the actual value of the houses. On the strength of the sales contracts the subdivision and development racketeers had gone to the banks and borrowed money. The racketeers could afford to be liberal because their profits never ran below 25 per cent on each deal—the rate of commission they are allowed to charge on real-estate transactions—and they got this commission coming and going, from the farmer for selling his land to the subdivider's private syndicate, and from the suckers who bought the lots from the syndicate, though actually the money came from the banks which took over the sales contracts and gave good currency in return for them. But the banks also profited, for the subdividers were perfectly willing to pay generously for their loans. Unhappily, real-estate paper, especially the sort that was circulating here, is not readily negotiable, and so when the pressure came, most of Toledo's banks found their assets frozen.

It is interesting to note that the Toledo Trust Company was the only important bank not caught in this speculative hysteria. Thompson says frankly that it has always been his policy to put only the safest and most conservative securities in his portfolios, though the margin of profit be uncomfortably narrow. Toledo Trust statements of the last several years bear out this contention. But a vice-president of one of the closed banks declared to me that this policy was not voluntarily adopted by Thompson. The Toledo Trust came late into the field. It had no commercial connections, the leading industries of the city being tied up with the other banks, and so it could do but a minimum of commercial banking business. All the best branch-bank sites had been taken by the other banks, and therefore the Toledo Trust deemed it unwise to spread out in that field. Lastly, the real-estate game was a monopoly of the other banks, and though the Thompson company advertised for real-estate business it got none of it. The Toledo Trust had to be satisfied with investing its money in Liberty bonds and similar securities. These pay very little, but they are handy to have around when depositors grow nervous. Thus the Toledo Trust rode out the storm because of its highly liquid condition, and the town profited by not being deprived of all its major banking facilities at a time when it needed them most.

However, the effect of the financial blizzard was severe enough. Business dropped almost to the vanishing-point within a few days. Many companies and shops went to the wall; scores of doctors, lawyers, and other professional people were bankrupt; and almost all the stockholders and employees of the banks lost everything they had. Bank employees here are compelled to subscribe for stock, paying for it out of their salaries. "We are not coerced," one employee confessed to me, "but we become awfully unpopular if we don't subscribe." Now these workers are being sued by the State under the law which makes stockholders liable for assessments to the full value of their stock. The double-liability assessments are slow in coming in, the stockholders for the most part being bankrupt themselves.

Obviously the collapse of the banks pressed hardest on

the poorest classes of the city. The demand for relief has increased steadily, tremendously, since last August. One other consequence the panic had. It resulted in the election by an overwhelming majority of Addison Q. Thacher as Mayor of Toledo. Thacher, a marine engineer, had for years been ministering to the needs of homeless men. He had run a flophouse and soup kitchen, devoting much of his time and his money to this cause. He was also something of a prize-fight promoter, having brought the Dempsey-Willard match to Toledo in 1919, which was not so palatable to many of the good people of the community. But the local rebellion that followed the bank crash was so potent that he was swept into office last November on a landslide vote. Under Ohio law the cities must finance their own relief. Until January 1 of this year, when Thacher took office, the Social Service Federation took all applications for relief, investigated them, and in cases of need issued grocery orders to the families. These orders were redeemable at the local stores, which in turn were supposed to be reimbursed by the city. However, the city allowed the bills to run up so that by the end of last year it owed the grocers more than \$500,000. No one knows when this debt can or will be paid; no provision for discharging it is being made by the city government.

Mayor Thacher appointed Elwood A. Rowsey, a Presbyterian minister, to be welfare director, and Harold A. Nelson, an electrical engineer, to be commissioner of warehouses. Under their supervision a commissary system has been erected. Nelson buys all the food that is to be distributed. Carloads of it roll into the city warehouses every day. There it is weighed and packaged, and stowed into paper sacks which a fleet of motor trucks hauls out to the distributing stations every morning. A staff of dietitians has worked out a schedule whereby every family according to its size gets precisely the amount of calories, vitamins, carbohydrates, proteins, and so forth that it needs. This schedule has been reduced to a scale showing how much each family of each size or class is to get; so many pounds of meat go into the packages for this class, and so many ounces or fractional ounces of cheese into packages for another class, no more, no less. The fare never varies; no consideration is given to the national diets of the many Hungarian, Polish, French, and other alien families on the relief rolls, though diabetic and other ailing persons get special attention. The food is of the plainest—nourishing no doubt, but dishearteningly monotonous. However, buying in carload lots at less than wholesale prices has effected a considerable saving. The average family costs the city \$2.14 a week, or about 6 cents per day per adult person.

The city warehouse, a seven-story building furnished rent free by a hardware company that has moved out of Toledo, resembles some of the commissary stations of the American Service of Supplies behind the lines in France during the war. One gets the impression as one wanders through the huge rooms that an entire army is being fed, and this impression is not entirely erroneous, for between 50,000 and 60,000 persons are being supplied with food from this plant. About 250 men work in the warehouse, opening crates, moving boxes, packing vegetables and other articles. They are the unemployed, selected for their appearance, who are appointed to these jobs. They work without compensation, of course, and each man reports for work only one day

a week. On the basis of the city wage scale for unskilled labor—60 cents an hour—these men are giving \$4.80 worth of labor every week in return for \$2.14 worth of food. Yet it must be acknowledged that if the city had to pay for their labor many of them would get no food at all.

Last November the voters approved a special tax levy of \$600,000 to pay for this relief. All of the special fund is going into food. The Social Service Federation, financed by contributions to the Community Chest, meets the other expenses of relief, such, for example, as the cost of investigating the cases of applicants. But at the present rate of expenditure, which is more than \$100,000 a month, the special fund will be exhausted before July 1, though it was intended to cover a year of operations. There is little hope of getting additional funds through increased taxation; taxes here as elsewhere are difficult to collect. (The stringent State laws make it hard for municipalities to raise money through bond issues; Ohio regulates municipal expenditures much more strictly than it does banking activities.) Toledo could perhaps float a \$600,000 bond issue if it were assured of a market, which it certainly is not, but even this would require a special act of the legislature. The State is in no better position to help. Its constitution limits State bonded indebtedness to \$750,000, and this limit has already been exceeded by more than \$200,000. Further extensions would require an amendment to the constitution, and the voters showed last fall, in rejecting a special bond issue for other welfare purposes, that they do not care to increase the tax burden on real estate, which would result from an increase in the State's indebtedness. Last week representatives from the seven largest Ohio cities met in Columbus to discuss the relief problem. They said that \$20,000,000 at the very least would be needed in the immediate future. They proposed that 75 per cent of the revenues from the State gasoline tax, which would amount to approximately \$20,000,000, be diverted to the cities for this purpose. But they came away without hope. The gasoline-tax revenues are specifically marked for the construction of roads; most of these roads will be built in the rural districts, thus benefiting primarily the farmers, and the farmers still control the legislature in this State.

Toledo is dragging along for the moment. It has pruned expenses wherever that has proved possible. All city employees, including the police and firemen, but excepting skilled and unskilled labor, have had to take salary cuts running up to 25 per cent. Dozens of civil-service positions have been abolished. The staffs of a number of municipal agencies have been skeletonized and their services curtailed; this affects primarily the winter recreation program, the health division, electrical inspection, fire prevention, water-waste survey, park maintenance, drawbridge operation, and engineering. Other agencies have been combined—the sanitary police with the food inspectors, and the fire and police alarm systems. The city-plan office has been closed and the division of public buildings abolished. The vocational school, too, has been closed. Vacancies in the police and fire departments are not being filled. More than a million dollars of the city's funds as well as the deposits of numerous charity agencies are tied up in the insolvent banks. Toledo is paying heavily for the incompetence of its bankers. Nevertheless, it is continuing to feed its hungry—at the rate of 6 cents per day per adult. But there is no assurance whatever that it can keep that up for long.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is well aware of the usual complaint about living in glass houses, but since architecture has become "modernized" he has a further objection. He was discussing modern house-planning the other day with an enthusiastic young architect; the architect produced plans and pictures. "Here's a splendid plan," he said, pulling out a drawing. "You observe that three sides of the living room are glass; when you open the windows it is exactly like being out of doors." The Drifter sighed. "But when I am indoors," he said, "it is so often because I do not wish to be outdoors. I may want to open the windows, but I still prefer the illusion of living in a house." His friend could not understand the objection. "Look at the light and sun and air you get," he insisted. "You sit in your living-room and you feel as if you were out in the garden." "What," said the Drifter, turning frivolous, "if they were watering the grass? Would the piano suffer because it was practically on the front lawn?"

* * * * *

UNDOUBTEDLY the rush toward an excess of sunlight and fresh air is the result of years spent next door to the shut-up parlor. The parlor—many of the Drifter's contemporaries will remember it—was aired dutifully once a month; at other times the shades were carefully drawn to keep the roses from fading off the carpet. The room smelled of camphor. The furniture lay perpetually under a thin layer of dust, for since the room was not used except at funerals or other equally important family occasions, it was not cleaned, as it was not freshened, as often as was the rest of the house. Rebelling against the parlor, so useless, so mortuary, we are turning now to the opposite extreme. We must have every room as bright as if it were in reality out of doors.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is familiar with all the arguments in favor of light and sun, and no one likes to sun himself—at the proper time—more than he does. But he would like to warn his friends who are building sun houses now that that particular form of architecture may very well be the mode and hardly more than the mode. There was a day when one room sufficed for shelter and most of life was lived in the open air; there was another day when the shelter improved in tightness and warmth, and so most domestic activities were moved indoors. As the facilities for inside comfort improved, they seemed all-sufficient and desirable above every other consideration. We could be warm in the house; very well then, shut every door and window, pull down the shades, and let us merely be warm. Now it is easy enough to be warm, so we turn to fresh conquests. And when all our living-rooms have become part of the garden, we shall doubtless turn around and put them inside again, safe and protected and dark. We shall discover that too much sun is enervating, that fresh air is bad for the ego. For spiritually what we want from a house is not only warmth and shelter but privacy. We want a spot on earth where we can go in, shut the door, draw the blinds, and carry on our pursuits,

however nefarious, without fear of observation. The Drifter will freely grant that too many persons in our present economy are deprived of their share of the sun. But to remedy such a defect by removing the side walls and leaving only the roof may be a substitution of highly dubious value.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Case for the Boycott

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial, *War by Boycott*, which appeared in the March 9 issue of *The Nation*, appears to me to be a typical product of a mind that is afraid to take any definite or concrete action for fear of the foreseeable and unforeseeable consequences of that action. When a great problem such as the situation in the Far East today, with all its inherent implications for the future state and organization of the world, confronts a people, it is their duty to consider that problem in all its aspects and then determine on a line of action which will improve that situation. Undoubtedly any such action may affect adversely many people both at home and in the Orient. But this should not prevent them from acting, when by their failure to act they may well bring about far greater disaster.

Today there is a war going on between China and Japan. Is it not foolish to believe that this war will be stopped by our earnest hopes for peace? Is it not foolish to think that anything short of force will stop the mad actions of the Japanese war party, a party which has already shown its utter disregard for the opinion of the rest of the world? True, as you say, an economic boycott is an instrument of war, but do not forget that you are dealing with a war and with a group of people acquainted only with the instruments of force. Have not the well-meant words of the League of Nations Council and Assembly been as futile in stopping the Japanese legions as would be the actions of the well-meaning English clergymen who would stand between the two armies and stop their bullets?

In your editorial you attempt to analyze the effects of an economic boycott on Japan, on the one hand, and the United States, England, and France, on the other. You contend that in Japan the force of such a move would fall on the innocent men, women, and children who would be forced out of work and impoverished by such an act. In America you point out that the cotton industry in the South and the silk industry in the Northeast would suffer and that consequently many Americans would be thrown out of work. Apparently China and the effects of such a boycott on the Chinese were not considered of sufficient importance by your writer even to deserve mention.

For several years Japanese industry has been badly upset. The credit stringency in 1927, the deflation caused by the return to the gold standard in 1930, the inability to sell goods in China because of the boycott, and the fall of England from the gold standard have quite generally upset Japanese industry, with consequent unemployment and suffering for many of the workers. To counteract this crisis the militarists in control launched the punitive expedition against Shanghai to break the boycott and secure recognition of their claims in Manchuria.

What has been the result? The government has been compelled to borrow and spend large sums to carry on the war, thereby complicating the already delicate task of balancing the budget. Surely this burden which is being added to the backs of the Japanese people is not going to improve either their immediate or future condition. What is more, the dislocation of industry which the war has already caused, and which

will continue if the war continues on the scale apparently necessary to conquer China, is not going to improve the industrial stability of the country. It would appear, therefore, that the policy of the Japanese government is bound to bring untold suffering to the people, even if it is successful.

Let us now turn to the United States. Undoubtedly the shutting off of the source of supply of our silk and of one of our best cotton markets would be felt by the silk and cotton industries. (It is not likely, however, that an international boycott of Japan would be of long duration, and because of her dependence upon the United States today for raw cotton imports and silk exports it would not be long before trade would be resumed. Cotton sold to Japan is not used by the Japanese. These supplies are manufactured into cotton goods and sold abroad. In fact, in 1929 Japan exported more than three times as much cotton goods as the United States. If a boycott were to last indefinitely, undoubtedly the United States or Great Britain would take over a large part of this trade in cotton goods and thus the demand for raw cotton would be increased either at home or in Britain, already one of our best customers. Moreover, Japan has extensive interests in the production of cotton in China. If she were to carry out her conquest of China unhindered, she undoubtedly would extend these interests to the detriment of the American cotton industry. In this connection it is well to bear in mind that China is the third largest producer of cotton in the world.)

With regard to the silk industry Japan has to depend largely on the United States for a market for her silk and it is doubtful that she would deem it either wise or possible to cut off her exports to this country for long. What is also evident is that the silk industries, because of the drop in their activities caused by the depression, are not among the vital industries of the country and undoubtedly a large part of the money and men employed in this field would be transferred to the manufacture of rayon were the silk supply to be cut off for any appreciable time. We see, therefore, that the damage that would befall the United States by a boycott of Japan is not beyond repair, and it is quite possible that the trade advantages of maintaining China as an independent country and an open market for our goods would far surpass any temporary loss we might sustain.

Let us now consider China, for in her existence rests all the hope and faith for a world order and international peace. The nations of the world have pledged themselves to maintain her territorial integrity, and if today they are to content themselves with the utterance of harmless and impotent words while Japan slowly but surely dismembers China, the people of the world cannot continue to place faith in the ability of these existing governments to secure peace.

Does it not seem, then, that although some American pocket-books might temporarily be injured by a boycott, it would be to the interests of America to carry out such action if the Japanese do not immediately stop their aggression in the East.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 7

FRANK J. DRESSLER

The Nation Opposes War and War by Boycott

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Does *The Nation* favor untrammelled international war? After reading the strange jumble of illogic in its two juxtaposed editorials, Mr. Stimson's Warning to Japan and War by Boycott, in the issue of March 9, one may draw such a conclusion.

One says, "If Japan can with impunity smash the Nine-ower and Kellogg treaties, then none of the international

agreements is safe." Hasn't Japan done that, thus far without punishment—except what the Chinese have inflicted?

Well, what next? "The Japanese today are too excited to listen to reason." Then should other nations go on reasoning with them about these treaties they have smashed? "That a successful economic boycott would be close to ruinous for Japan there can be little doubt." But, "In the present instance the lion's share of such a boycott would fall upon the United States. . . . Obviously no one with elementary notions of justice would hold that the moral conscience of the world should be satisfied chiefly at the expense of American cotton growers and American silk workers."

And so, because two American industries (which could be compensated) might be injured, there is no way to prevent a nation "too excited to listen to reason" from smashing treaties, ignoring arbitration machinery, making bloody and devastating war upon another nation, and seizing territory by force of arms except the use of bombers, battleships, poison gas, and machine-guns by the nation attacked against the aggressor, probably to the ultimate involvement of the United States and the slaughter of many of its young cotton growers and silk workers.

Does *The Nation* prefer international war to the inconvenience of a commercial boycott?

New Haven, Conn., March 6

RICHARD KITCHELT

Is It War?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: President Hoover's recent pronouncement that the depression constitutes a condition "comparable to war, which must be fought on many fronts," contains a compelling suggestion for action on the part of our Chief Executive. Accordingly, he should, as in war time, requisition the railroads, the grain elevators, the industries in general which have failed in their important work of feeding and clothing the population. Let these life-giving agencies be operated to their full capacities to produce an abundance for all of the millions now starving in misery and desperation.

There is no lack of precedent for such action—and certainly no lack of necessity for it.

Pittsburgh, February 14

GEORGE A. COLEMAN

Deeds, Not Words, for Peace

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It has become the fashion for ministers' associations to adopt pacifist resolutions. Last year 10,000 ministers, questioned by the *World Tomorrow*, declared that they would not sanction or participate in future wars. Unfortunately these groups and individuals seem to consider that their whole duty has been performed when they have expressed themselves on this matter.

Ministers occupy a strategic position for the propagation of pacifist doctrine. It is in their power to influence many people to adopt their point of view; at least to arouse interest and discussion. Only when a large body of American citizens refuses categorically to have anything to do with war, will it become impossible for this country to wage war. If these pacifist ministers are at all sincere, they cannot be content with the words they have uttered. They must inject life and meaning into their ministry by translating their words into action.

A large proportion of the members of my congregation has signed the following pledge: "We, the undersigned, do hereby state our opposition to war, and do pledge ourselves not

to participate in, or aid in any manner, any war for whatever purpose or reasons"; and has further undertaken to circulate this pledge among friends and neighbors.

In the face of the crisis that impends, our sole hope for peace lies in the creation of a strong anti-war attitude. I suggest that it is the religious and patriotic duty of ministers who believe in peace to induce members of their congregations to sign such an anti-war pledge as the above. If each of these 10,000 ministers were to obtain fifty signatures to this pledge, we should have a vast anti-war army of 500,000. And the possibilities are limited only by the size of our population.

Easton, Pa., March 5

JOSHUA TRACTENBERG

John Haynes Holmes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As an admirer of Dr. John Haynes Holmes for the last twenty-two years, although not a member of his church, I should like to call attention to the fact that Dr. Holmes is now completing his twenty-fifth year as minister of the Community Church. This church is now facing a deficit of \$8,463, which will be difficult to meet unless friends who believe in the ideals for which Dr. Holmes and his church stand will help at this time with contributions.

I suggest, therefore, that those who wish to assist with a contribution make it on the basis of \$1 for each year that Dr. Holmes has given his labors to these ideals, a total of \$25, which can be paid any time during the year 1932. I make the first pledge of \$25. How many more will do so?

New York, February 11

HUGO JAURES PAUL

For Readers in Albany

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The annual meeting of the Capital District Nation Club which was scheduled to be held on Monday evening, March 28, at the Unitarian Church, has been postponed until Saturday evening, April 9, at the same place at 8:15. Oswald Garrison Villard will be the guest of honor and speaker.

Albany, March 28

HAROLD P. WINCHESTER

Contributors to This Issue

GEORGE MILBURN is editor of "The Hobo's Hornbook," and author of "Oklahoma Town."

JOHN A. HOBSON is one of the foremost British economists and a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

WINTHROP SERGEANT is a former member of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra and a contributor to various musical magazines.

LYNN RIGGS is the author of a volume of poems, "The Iron Dish."

EDWARD DAHLBERG is the author of "Bottom Dogs."

NORMAN THOMAS, a contributing editor of *The Nation*, is the author of "America's Way Out: A Program for Democracy" and "As I See It."

BENJAMIN GINZBURG is the author of "The Adventure of Science."

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL is professor of English literature in Loyola University and one of the editors of "Poetry: A Magazine of Verse."

V. F. CALVERTON is the editor of "The Making of Man: An Outline of Anthropology."

Finance

The Road to Recovery

IT was remarked in this column a few weeks ago that the attempt to lift the country out of depression through conscious, voluntary, and "controlled" inflation had failed, and that the failure was cause for deep satisfaction. By its nature, such a program would tend to undermine the grounds of confidence, because the fictitious character of the movement would be apparent to everybody who had not fallen victim to a willing self-hypnotism. The whole episode, in retrospect, shows an almost naive misconception of the true nature of an inflationary movement.

If we are not to have a deliberately generated inflation, however, it is still theoretically possible to have another kind, which makes no pretense of being helpful or constructive. Failure to meet the government's expenses through taxation within a reasonable time, or projects for enormous spending to be financed by the issue of Federal Reserve notes, or even the prosecution of existing schemes for the relief of business to a point where they threaten the basis of government credit, can ultimately bring about a rise in prices, not founded on the belief that commodities are becoming more valuable, but that money, in terms of gold, is likely to become less valuable. The distinction may appear fine-drawn, but it is intensely practical. The former kind of inflation is based on hope, the latter on fear. The former would stop short of impugning the soundness of the currency, being brought under control before that point is reached, while the latter is very promptly out of control and contemplates, in the end, a currency divorced from gold.

No grounds exist on which anyone, except the most reckless of prophets, could predict that events in the United States are likely to lead to the results described. The danger at the moment is not a sudden lurch into greenbackism, but failure to realize the extreme fragility of the credit structure at present, the sensitiveness of government bonds to every breath of suspicion, and the readiness of enormous amounts of liquid capital to take flight across national borders at the first scent of danger. The panic which existed last autumn and winter has been allayed. We have begun to have a "psychological" recovery, and we can have the same kind of relapse. That is the real danger.

There is an alternative, and a hopeful one. It is that the healing processes will be allowed to continue until fright and timidity have been so reduced that the money-making urge will again venture to assert itself. It may well be that the pursuit of this policy will bring us face to face with some painful decisions between expediency and sound principles. We may find that our ambitious reconstruction program may have to be curtailed; certainly it should be curtailed if it threatens to involve the Treasury in such heavy borrowing operations that government credit begins to sag under the burden.

How soon actual business revival may result from this program is a question which, unfortunately, must remain in the realm of conjecture. The fore part of 1932 is slipping by without signs of a normal seasonal pick-up, which should have been in progress long before this. Yet there have been occasions—three years in the last thirteen—when industrial activity increased in the summer after a disappointing spring. Some striking parallels exist today to those industrial conditions which marked the "turn" in the depression of 1921. It can even be shown that stocks of raw materials, which have been increasing instead of decreasing all through the depression, acted in just the same way in 1920-22. Recovery, when it comes, is likely to arrive unheralded.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books and Drama

Antique Evening

By LYNN RIGGS

Now in the twilight interim, the blue
Has taken half a field; insistently,
Red spiders at their silver spinning be,
And veins of frost at window; likewise you
Faintly in lilac at your mirror sway;
And all the quaint land bordering our lea
Wakes in the dusk—the larch, the cherry tree
Letting their leaves drift, as they ever may.

That I put by my sackcloth for a time
And wear the velvet that was laid away
Lay to the leverage of this antique
Evening, which now like some remembered rhyme
Suavely constrains the willing tongue to speak
Quaintly in accents of another day.

Hitler Versus Hindenburg

Hitlerism: The Iron Fist in Germany. By Nordicus. The Mohawk Press. \$3.

I Saw Hitler. By Dorothy Thompson. Farrar and Rinehart. \$1.

Hindenburg: The Man with Three Lives. By T. R. Ybarra. Duffield and Green. \$3.

ONE would think, to judge by the publicity and propaganda coming out of that country, that there were only two major political forces and not three at work in Germany today. Yet it is true that the third, represented in the recent presidential campaign by Ernst Thälmann, the Communist candidate, must be lost sight of until the issue dividing the other two has been decided. These other two can quickly be named: one is republicanism, the other Hitlerism. Paul von Hindenburg is the candidate, and, in the Carlylean sense, the hero of the first. The second, too, has a candidate, Adolf Hitler, but it can hardly be said that he is of truly heroic proportions whatever his millions of followers may think of him.

Nordicus, who is probably a woman, sketches briefly the life story of Hitler, which is too well known by now to need further mention here. But Nordicus goes on to discuss Hitler's subordinates—Hitler has no "colleagues"; he is already the dictator. There is "the man with the clubfoot," Josef Goebbels, strong man of the Berlin area, whose physical disability is a constant embarrassment to the Nazi doctrine of "pure Germanic blood," for clubfooted people are not supposed to be pure-blooded. There are also Alfred Rosenberg, "the brains of the Nazi movement," editor-in-chief of the *Völkischer Beobachter*, official party organ; Wilhelm Frick, the first National Socialist to obtain a ministerial post in a German state—he was Minister of the Interior in Thuringia; Gottfried Feder, "the man who gave Hitler the germ idea for his new party"; Count Ernst Reventlow, of the old nobility, and thus a valuable political asset to this aggregation of defeated human beings—Reventlow is responsible for much of Hitler's foreign policy; Gregor Strasser, the organizer of the party's forces, who is seriously handicapped because of the desertion from the Nazi ranks of his brother Otto; and a host of others, all of whom blindly follow the will and the commands of Adolf Hitler. The

organization of the party and of the *Sturmabteilung*, the armed—and paid—supporters of the party, is described with painstaking detail, as is also the Nazi program, which despite its commanding tone is really a welter of compromises designed to catch votes wherever votes can be caught—and even this confusing program is often enough sabotaged at the whim of Hitler whenever he believes that he can thereby strengthen himself politically. The Nazi press comes in for its share of attention, though as a matter of fact, as Nordicus points out, the party is largely dependent for press and propaganda support on Alfred Hugenberg, the newspaper magnate who is the leader of the Nationalist Party, and whose presidential candidate was Düstenberg. The fascists are at a loss to say just what sort of Reich they mean to create. They dare not speak of monarchy, for that would offend their republican adherents, and they dare not favor a new republic, for many of their supporters, especially their financial supporters, want to see the monarchy restored. And lately they have been careful to be polite to the Catholics, for the Catholics also have votes. So they leave themselves and the world in doubt as to the sort of state they would build—and they take out their meanness on the Jews. These people are to blame for everything: they started the war, invented international capitalism and also communism; they exploit the people, deny them freedom and bread. Jehovah pity the Jews, if the Hitlerites ever come into power.

But while Nordicus has done an excellent job of reporting—if we forgive the writer his or her tendency toward hysteria and toward abuse of the exclamation mark—"Hitlerism" does not go beneath the surface. There is no attempt to root out an explanation of the rise of this post-war phenomenon in Germany. Miss Thompson supplies us in a few words with the missing key:

A Little Man has arisen in Germany. . . He has an audience—a vast audience, already prepared. It is the audience of the patriotic, offended, middle-class mob. That this audience exists, by the millions, is partly the fault of the Allies, and partly the fault of the German Republic. It is the fault of the Allies for imposing upon Germany, atop an armistice couched in the fairest terms, a stupid, inhumane, and impracticable peace, which no self-respecting nation in the world would accept for longer than the time and strength it takes to break it. It is the fault of the German Republic for failing to be genuinely true to its own principles; for allowing the courts, the universities, and many of the schools to continue to be conducted in the old pre-war spirit; for being weak and half-hearted in the prosecution of the semi-military bands which have terrorized the republic ever since its inception. And so this Little Man rides the whirlwind of twelve years of misrule for which the whole world is responsible.

Miss Thompson ignores entirely the play of economic forces which have unquestionably done their part in the evolution of Hitlerism. But it must be acknowledged that the struggle between republicanism and Hitlerism is not one of economics, but of blind, unreasoning prejudices. The basic struggle will doubtless come later. Meanwhile personalities have the center of the stage. And of Hitler's fantastically overrated personality Miss Thompson says:

When I walked into Adolf Hitler's room, I was convinced that I was meeting the future dictator of Germany. In something less than fifty seconds I was quite sure that I was not. It took just about that time to measure the startling insignificance of this man who has set the world agog.

Hitler is without question the petty fellow Dorothy Thompson

saw. Beside him, or indeed beside almost any of the public figures of present-day Germany, Hindenburg reaches titanic stature. Mr. Ybarra, though much of his story is necessarily old, has put together a picture of the *Reichspräsident* that is new, for not until recently was it suspected that there is something more to the man than a soldier's slavish devotion to duty. This something, the discovery of which astounded Hindenburg's reactionary compatriots, Mr. Ybarra calls "character"—but he really means something more than that term usually signifies.

Many students of European affairs [he writes], carefully estimating the value and potency of Hindenburg's qualities, have concluded that he cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be considered a great man. Whereupon Hindenburg, by hook or by crook, manages to achieve things which (calculations clearly indicate) are possible only to men endowed with greatness.

Hindenburg's first two "lives"—his early military service, and his recall to the army, after he had been retired for age, to shine at Tannenberg, and to serve, though less brilliantly, as Chief of the General Staff—merely present the record of a faithful, somewhat bullheaded soldier. To him Wilhelm Hohenzollern was the All-Highest. And when the Kaiser had suddenly to depart in the uncertain days of November, 1918, Hindenburg was faced with a decision unique in his military career. Should he remain the super-militarist, faithful to the monarchy, and seek by force of arms to suppress that strange, chaotic, republican Germany that had arisen out of the ruins of war? Or should he put his country above the glorious but departed autocracy that had ruled it? He unhesitatingly "ranged himself on the side of the new Germany against the old." But his country was not to learn this until several years had passed. Monarchists ever dreaming of a restoration induced him to run for President in 1925, and with the help of that popular Hindenburg legend which had been born on the battlefield at Tannenberg, they elected him. And then, instead of conspiring with the monarchists to overthrow the republic, Hindenburg remained loyal to the new order; he supported Stresemann, accepted the Young Plan, and threw his weight behind Brüning and Groener. Not a republican, he has shown himself the republic's strongest supporter. It is a pity that republics and democracies somehow seem quite unable to raise up truly strong men of their own, that the new Germany must go into the camp of the enemy to find a man great enough to pit against the noisy but hollow Hitler.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

The Fastidious Movement

Flesh Is Heir. By Lincoln Kirstein. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$2.50.

MR. LINCOLN KIRSTEIN, the editor of *Hound and Horn*, may be grouped with a handful of young writers who represent the Fastidious Movement in American literature today. Though their achievements are still slender and tenuous, their aesthetic program is not to be dismissed. As a matter of fact, its importance has been far better exemplified in the provocative preface to Kenneth Burke's essayistic novel, "Towards a Better Life," than in Mr. Kirstein's narrative, "Flesh Is Heir." The publishers claim, speaking directly for their author, that the latter has written a novel without any traces of "naturalism" or "realism" in it. The entire statement is a humanistic pronouncement of sorts. Notwithstanding this, the only section of the book really worth reading strongly argues against the novelist's thesis, even disproves it.

The chapter titled 1922 is a closely knit chronicle of the

institutional regimentation and life of a young boy in a preparatory school. This part of the novel is well detailed, and marked with incidents that bear a cogent resemblance to those unheightened occurrences and situations that clutter the pages of a Dreiser or a Sinclair Lewis. The prose, too, is amply sprinkled with slangy expressions and idiomatic turns that would seem out of place in a more formalized medium. The relationship between Roger Baum, an affluent Jew, explosively timorous, and Andy Stone, shiftless and sadistic, is compelling reading. Andy Stone, full of cruel, adolescent plans, and affecting a sub rosa knowledge of black magic, prognosticates that Roger Baum will die soon. Roger Baum is doubtful but impressed. Aware of his power over Roger and wishing more, Andy Stone threatens to kill him on the night that there is a full moon. For Roger Baum the succeeding days thereafter are marked with illness, nightmares, repressions, and a poisonous reticence toward his schoolmates and masters. Andy Stone's presence, immediate and unseen, casts a hallucinatory aura over Roger Baum's waking and dream life, and not until Andy has left school does he manage to reintegrate himself.

The following chapter, 1924, dealing with the voluntary apprenticeship of Roger Baum in a stained-glass shop, is much slighter. And from then on the book dwindles into egregiously stereotyped conversations, unimportant peregrinations to London and Paris, and niggling autobiographical mementos. There are a few casual, hard-boiled episodes in the book: the seduction of a chorus girl by Andy Stone, her death, a shooting, an initiation, and a regurgitative frat scene—none of which is done in the eclectic and "unnaturalistic" manner.

Briefly, it seems that Mr. Kirstein has not been able to carry out his program because he has not yet sloughed off the influence that contemporary realistic readings have made upon him. And although in places he shows a talent for writing, one can hardly recommend "Flesh Is Heir" either for its entertainment or its literary uniqueness.

EDWARD DAHLBERG

Dreiser as Economist

Tragic America. By Theodore Dreiser. Horace Liveright. \$2.

TRAGIC AMERICA" is chiefly important because it was written by the author of "An American Tragedy." This book is Dreiser all the way through. In style most of it is Dreiser at his worst. And that is pretty bad. A meticulous English department in high school or college could have almost as much fun with the book as the economics department. Certainly there are very few pages which the statisticians and conservative economists cannot indict for some degree of misuse or misinterpretation of facts and figures. Even friendly critics have called attention to a few of the author's glaring errors and to his extraordinary inability to figure out percentages. I have no desire to add to this catalogue. Yet two or three characteristic bits of the statistical information, or misinformation, with which Dreiser loads up his book struck my eye and seem to deserve some comment. For instance, he says that in western Pennsylvania he found "unbelievable misery. Miners received wages of but from \$14 to \$24 for two weeks' work. Yet paying \$25 a month for a shabby four-room house." I have seen in western Pennsylvania and elsewhere hundreds of pay slips, but I never saw any pay slip charging a miner \$25 a month for a four-room shack. Often miners are charged more than \$25 for rent plus other charges which are deducted from their wages, and that is probably what Mr. Dreiser means. He could have told the exact truth and made an even more impressive picture of misery.

Elsewhere he calmly says, without any qualifying explanation: "The Methodists, however, have 893,881 in the mission fields (conceive that!) functioning most extensively in China and India." The context makes it perfectly plain that the author thinks that this vast army is a paid army of propagandists. Actually there are only about 1,400 paid missionaries of the Methodist Church in foreign countries.

The author's Communist sympathies and enthusiasm for Russia do not make him accurate when discussing the Soviet Republic. Thus he says, or clearly implies, that the Russian clergy were not disfranchised for a period of ten years. As a matter of fact, they were disfranchised from the date of the promulgation of the first Soviet constitution.

The abundance of mistakes like this, and worse, does not deprive the book of a certain massive and deserved impressiveness. Mr. Dreiser is obviously in earnest. The situation he describes is so bad that many mistakes in detail do not make the total picture essentially untrue. They do make it unnecessarily vulnerable to critics. Moreover, it is not academic to insist that the leaders and builders of a new social order should justify confidence by a capacity for using facts and figures not only with subjective honesty but with objective competence.

In so far as Mr. Dreiser goes in for suggestions concerning a possible way out of America's tragedy, he shows strong Communist leanings. They are, however, literary rather than precise, and one feels that the Communist Party is well advised in refusing him membership but keeping him as an outside sympathizer. He is very scornful concerning the use the people can or will make of the ballot, and most of the time is rather skeptical about the workers to whom he must appeal. He wants an American approximation to the Russian system of government, but he sincerely says: "I would be the last to want the brutality which might accompany such a [revolutionary] change."

In short, neither the student nor the ordinary reader will turn to this book for an accurate statistical picture of America or for a well-thought-out guide to revolutionary change by violent or peaceful processes. Yet I repeat that the book is impressive, and I confess that for the life of me I could not decide as I read it how much of its weight was due to the fact that I knew Dreiser wrote it and how much to its own inherent quality. A shocking confession for a reviewer to make! I suspect, however, that some of its weight is due to the qualities that have made Theodore Dreiser in the field of fiction an extraordinarily significant figure.

NORMAN THOMAS

Sexology, Russian Style

The Biological Tragedy of Woman. By Anton Nemilov. Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

THIS is a book on sexology, translated from the Russian and carrying something of the flavor of the present Soviet ideology. The thesis of the book is that in the human species the organs of the sex instinct are more developed than in any other animal, at the very time that on account of his brain development man is less content than any other creature to obey the natural law of instinct. In the case of woman this biological tragedy of the race is tremendously sharpened by the fact that in the biological division of labor nature has thrown all the sexual burdens on her side, leaving her with very little of the intellectual freedom which her male partner enjoys.

While both of these contentions are true within limits, one cannot help wondering whether the manner of their affirmation is not a reflex of present conditions in Russia. In the name of Marxian materialism the whole fabric of "bourgeois" morality,

with its emphasis on spiritual and romantic values, has been swept away, and men have turned to pure biology in the expectation of finding a simple guide to personal problems. But a biological ethics has proved a contradiction in terms. Animals, which live on the plane of pure biology, need no ethics, while man needs an ethics because in him there is a consciousness opposed to blind instinct. But for that very reason it is impossible to build up an ethics without affirming the values of consciousness as in some sense superior to the impulses of instinct. The instincts cannot be organized by consciousness unless consciousness has its own rights.

Even the disproportion of burdens between the sexes, which is what the author calls the biological tragedy of woman, is a problem only in reference to the dignity and autonomy of consciousness. And it can be solved only when in the relationship of the sexes a spiritual camaraderie, based on the rapport of thinking beings, is developed to a degree strong enough to organize and regulate the instinctive interrelations of the sexes as biological organisms.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

The Career of Ford Madox Ford

Return to Yesterday. By Ford Madox Ford. Horace Liveright. \$4.

THE dubious pleasure of remembering analytically is an indulgence which Mr. Ford has never been able to deny himself. Critics may question the worth of his historical analysis, but no one can deny the pleasure he takes in creating and patronizing literature, or in writing its annals. He has, in fact, returned to yesterday too often to permit great novelty or surprise in the present compendious record of his career. It will, however, be read with respect by anyone conscious of his service to contemporary literature and of the two abundant resources that have made that contribution possible—enthusiasm and a "sense of the past." One may marvel that in his eagerness to welcome new friends, writers, and "movements," Mr. Ford has had the luck to play so many winning hands. Yet "luck" is a poor word for the perspicacity that took its lessons at the feet of veteran pre-Raphaelites and Henry James, accepted on petition the collaboration of the then obscure Conrad, befriended Stephen Crane, set the *English Review* and the *Transatlantic* afloat with their brilliant crews, and kept abreast of creative thought during many years of journalistic distraction and war service until the Tietjens tetralogy was produced. Through the four decades here chronicled (with scant attention, however, to post-war years), Mr. Ford has been at every point conscious of the program of events. He has profitably balanced his avidity for contemporary insurgence with a loyalty to the Victorian era, of which he remains, in many respects, an isolated survivor.

The past has been the lodestar of his career from its beginning. He started life as the inheritor of a circle of famous artists and writers who had survived the almost heroic rigors of Victorian fame. His literary ambitions were supervised by distinguished relatives to whom he paid the tribute of acting as their historian. The friendships and associations of his crowded later years have not encouraged him to relinquish these projects in reminiscence and memoir-writing. Whether in volumes of criticism and biography like "Ford Madox Brown," "Henry James," and "Joseph Conrad"; in books of historical or documentary motivation like the Katherine Howard trilogy (1906-08), the English series (1905-07), and the Tietjens group; in books on literary craft like "The Critical Attitude"; or in those volumes of pure reminiscence to which "Return to Yesterday" now acts as a pendant, "Memories and Impressions" (1912) and "Thus to Revisit" (1921), his work has been

spurred on by a consciousness of temporal perspectives and of his own privileged existence among them. Disappointments in his public career have been accompanied by disorders in his domestic (he has spared his public the latter, but Miss Violet Hunt has not); yet through all the excitement, through all the collisions between external convention and personal independence, and in spite of a love of "making things grow" which has made him desert literature for spasmodic excursions into agriculture, he has been intent on staying young and contemporary.

By his own admission he has had to struggle against the fatigue of setting words to paper, a statement which his sixty books and unnumbered articles of journalism would make difficult to credit were it not for his much-repeated and unquestionably sincere belief that the making of novels and poetry is the noblest occupation of man, worth the last ounce of his spiritual and physical energy. This same article of faith is the clue to his unbounded generosity for young talent. His books will have their value as "*mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de son temps*" chiefly because of the courageous, and sometimes costly, support he gave to a succession of poorly appreciated authors. From Conrad, Hudson, and Crane, through Lawrence, Pound, and the imagists, down to some of the most original of current novelists, these beneficiaries of his editorial acumen provide a testimony to friendship which might pardon an even more repetitious and self-congratulatory record than Mr. Ford has written.

Generosity and enthusiasm are not, however, proofs of creative authority, and cannot enter into an account of Mr. Ford's claims to distinction among twentieth-century novelists. In the nineties he was hailed, as he frequently reminds us, as "the most-boomed author in England" and "the foremost English stylist." With this beginning, his subsequent uninspired and aimless course must have come with the pain of distinct anti-climax. For about twenty years he wrote books which he can now call no better than "worthless." Admitting the pressure of financial necessity that kept him in journalism, one is reminded by the lives of Conrad and Hudson, and by the delineation of his own Tietjens, that another course was open to him and that some failure in purpose or integrity kept him from following it. The clue to this failure is discoverable in the present volume.

Facts are perhaps not, ultimately, of great spiritual significance, but the discipline required to master them is. Mr. Ford's happy unconcern about dates, sources, and authenticity in his anecdotes stands in no greater contrast to Conrad's tortuous search for words and data in preparing a novel than do the "worthless" fictions of Mr. Ford's middle years to novels like "Lord Jim" and "Nostromo." The garrulous self-esteem which can be as ingratiating as Mr. Yeats's or as tedious as Sisley Huddleston's, and which could condone in this book wholesale repetitions from earlier volumes as easily as it could tempt disaster for the Tietjens chronicle by yielding to a New York lady-editor's plea for a fourth volume, stands in sharp contrast to the rigorous self-effacement of W. H. Hudson or Stephen Crane. And the uncertainty of motive in Mr. Ford's projects may be traced at least partly to his inability to resolve and localize his aesthetic and civil morals. He is hospitable to revolt and insurgence in the creative order, yet confesses himself "a sentimental Tory," loving "pomp, banners, divine rights, unreasonable ceremonies, and ceremoniousness." Pitched less precariously than Henry James or Conrad between several national allegiances, he has tacked fitfully from German sympathies to English loyalties and ultimately to French enthusiasms. He has been in turn an heir of the Victorians, an arbiter among the Georgians, and a post-war *révolté*. His creative impulses have been centrifugal, his style in all but four books heavily damaged by exhibitionism, and his attention susceptible to almost every literary breeze in the air. His patron-

age has been spent wisely, but far too eclectically for his own good. One of his critics has wished for him "less facility and more self-restraint." It would be equally possible to complain of the irresolution which has denied his work conviction and a center. Given a host of personal acquaintances, intimately observed, he has produced novels of extraordinary perception and technique like "The Good Soldier" and "Some Do Not." Left to his own devices he has written books whose excellent wit and enlightening anecdotes do not annul a sense of frustrated intelligence and misspent energies. On a life of such generosity and on books of such charm as Mr. Ford's this is an ungrateful reflection; but in his chapters on James, Conrad, and Hudson, no less than in his accounts of desultory literary adventure in London, New York, and Paris, Mr. Ford provides illustrations that make such a reflection irresistible.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Mind, Matter, and Marx

The Emergence of Man. By Gerald Heard. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.75.

THIS book is a popularization of the theories which Mr. Heard advanced in his two previous books, "The Ascent of Humanity" and "The Social Substance of Religion." Like all popularizations, it suffers from the vice of oversimplified analysis and promiscuous generalization. While it makes an approach to problems which few popularizers would hazard, it dodges the main difficulties which those problems present to the careful thinker. Suggestive as it is in its speculations—and it is arrestingly suggestive throughout—it is without that caution which is necessary to all sound interpretation.

"The Emergence of Man" aims to be a sequel to Winwood Reade's "Martyrdom of Man." Whereas Reade's book, as Mr. Heard asserts, was "the forerunner of psychological history," "The Emergence of Man" seeks to be a full-fledged embodiment of the psychological method. Man's emergence, as Mr. Heard conceives it, is a process of self-discovery, self-realization. Beginning with the emergence of the half-men on the Simian horizon, the author attempts to reconstruct in somewhat romantic style the advance of *homo sapiens* and the early evolution of human culture. As in his other books, Mr. Heard is here interested in the problem of individualism and the early precedence of matriarchy; in the fact that in primitive society consciousness did not reside in the individual but in the species, the group, and that only later, after the matriarchal form had fallen into desuetude, did individual consciousness evolve, arriving, as he declares, at its first point of climax in the person of Aknaton. Mr. Heard's pouncing upon Aknaton as the earliest exemplar of the individualistic spirit is an example of the sort of thing that so often stultifies his argument. Individualistic consciousness dawned in many societies previous to the Egyptian; it dawned, in fact, as soon as private property began to develop in primitive society, disintegrating the group and separating individuals off into classes. But Mr. Heard will have nothing to do with material causes; to him all change is mental and not material. "It is the mind of man that deposits the social form in which man lives," Mr. Heard maintains, and not the social form which conditions the mind of man.

It is this assumption which leads Mr. Heard to misinterpret the place of science in civilization and to misconstrue the philosophy of Marxism. His contention, for example, that "science will undermine the Soviets, [for] only exploration without term of reference allows science to advance" is based first upon a misinterpretation of the attitude of the U. S. S. R. toward science, and secondly upon a misunderstanding of the whole reference or "coordinate concept" of contemporary science.

In connection with Marxism, he makes the common error, all too popular in America, of confusing it with economic determinism instead of identifying it with historical materialism. In his eyes Marxism is an attempt to explain phenomena by economics alone, divorced from the psychological factor. "Bolshevism," he avows, "with its obsession with economics, despises psychology." Such a statement betrays a deplorable lack of knowledge. Marxism, of which bolshevism is but an application, considers the psychological factor as fully as does Mr. Heard; only, because it is profounder, it considers it in terms of its social causes instead of merely in terms of its individual, superficial effects.

V. F. CALVERTON

Books in Brief

Mr. Gresham and Olympus. By Norman Lindsay. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

One is extremely sorry to find Norman Lindsay's new novel essentially a repetition of his first, "Every Mother's Son." From this circumstance it would appear that Mr. Lindsay has very little to say, although great ingenuity in saying it. The values he celebrates have been adequately defined as drinking, wenching, animal spirits—all the factors necessary to having a glorious time. "Mr. Gresham and Olympus" is set in Sydney. Mr. Gresham is an architect of about fifty who, finding his family actively cultivating Mr. Lindsay's values, determines to savor them himself. His attempts are frustrated, and in contrast to his children he appears an ass. The book is amusing and lively, but not very important. If Mr. Lindsay has further novels on the stocks we hope that he ventures into new pastures. His gift for expression is too marked to be hobbled by a limited view of the possibilities of living.

The Strange Adventures of Jonathan Drew. By Christopher Ward. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

Mr. Christopher Ward, in a manner he would like to think of as being similar to that of Daniel Defoe, but which in reality is more like that of Mr. Thomas of "The Old Farmer's Almanac," has here set down the adventures of one Jonathan Drew. At great pains he has created an authentic setting—the United States in the early eighteen hundreds. With the exception of the account of the yellow-fever epidemic in New York City, which is reminiscent of Charles Brockden Brown, it is a wild scene of highwaymen, militant revivalists, adventurers, and maidens of the wilderness. The structure of Mr. Ward's work resembles that of a string of sausages, yet in each section there is usually something of sufficient interest to make it palatable. There are good yarns and bad yarns, all of which the author tries to keep exciting by killing off the minor characters at a prodigious rate. One leaves "Jonathan Drew" in somewhat the same mood as one would leave an over-garrulous grandfather whose life has been hair-raising if nothing else.

The Weather Tree. By Maristan Chapman. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

The Chapman tales of the Tennessee hill country are notable for the language employed—both in conversations and descriptions. The idiom and vocabulary are not quite like those used by any other writers of stories laid in southern Appalachian hill counties. The authenticity of this language has been vouched for by those who should know. And certainly it is altogether delightful with its Biblical expressions, its seventeenth-century locutions, and its Scotticisms. It brings to mind a wealth of allusion in homely phraseology for the literary-minded. And it powerfully aids the story, which tells of two

The Greatest TRAVEL VALUE

30 DAYS
of delightful travel
\$202.00

Witness the enormous
MAY DAY
CELEBRATIONS
in Moscow on May 1st

A variety of trips at surprisingly low rates offered in our booklet "N"

Tour to **RUSSIA**

Includes: Ocean passage in Modern Third Class, FORMER TOURIST CLASS SECTION, fare to Russia via England or Germany and Finland, hotels and meals en route to Russia and during 7 DAYS IN LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW, with sightseeing, entertainment, conductor's and interpreter's services, visas, etc.

RETURN PASSAGE ON
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
STEAMER INCLUDED.

AMALGAMATED BANK

11-15 Union Square

New York City

WANTED—Subscribers who are interested in obtaining new *Nation* subscriptions. Sales helps provided, and liberal commissions. Interest in *The Nation* is today more widespread than ever before. Take advantage of the opportunity to supplement your earnings, while helping *The Nation* to reach a greater public. Address N. E. B., c/o THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., New York City.

JEWISH SOCIAL WORK

is in need of men and women possessing:

1. good personality;
2. a genuine desire to contribute to the social welfare of American Jewry;
3. adequate academic preparation;
4. training in the theory and practice of individual and group adjustment, as well as of communal organization with special reference to Jewish life in America.

The Graduate School for Jewish Social Work

offers a course of study designed to supply the fourth qualification. The candidate is expected to provide the first, second and third.

Social workers who have not had the advantages of professional preparation, and college graduates, are invited to examine the course of study offered by the School which leads to the Master's and Doctor's Degrees.

Scholarships and Fellowships ranging from \$150 to \$1,000 for each academic year, are available for especially qualified students

April 29 is the last date for filing application

For full information write to
The Director

The
Graduate
School



For
Jewish
Social Work

71 W. 47th St., New York City

IN THE NATION NEXT WEEK

NEWTON D. BAKER: Just Another Politician By Oswald G. Villard

From a Series on
Presidential Possibilities

"... Newton Baker has in him the makings of a splendid fascist President . . . Moreover, he would prove, on the day that he tore the Constitution to shreds, that this was exactly in line with the best decisions of the Supreme Court . . ."

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

PLAYS TO SEE

Blessed Event—Longacre—48 St. W. of B'way.
Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
Cynara—Shubert—44 St. W. of B'way.
Child of Manhattan—Cort—48 St. E. of B'way.
Face The Music—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.
Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
Springtime for Henry—Bijou—45 St.
The Animal Kingdom—Broadhurst—44 St. W. of B'way.
The Laugh Parade—Imperial—W. 45 St.
The Left Bank—Little—44 St.
The Warrior's Husband—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way.
There's Always Juliet—Empire—B'way and 40 St.
Whistling in the Dark—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.

THE GROUP

Meets at Auditorium—150 West 85th St.
Tuesday Evening, April 5th, at 8:30 P. M.

JOHN COWPER POWYS speaks on
"THE ENJOYMENT OF LITERATURE"

Admission: Members 50c.

Non-Members 75c.

This Sunday Afternoon (April 3rd) at 4:30 P. M.

LESLIE HOWARD, will speak on:

"Mr. Howard will announce subject of his talk."

Socialism in the
LOST VALLEYS OF THE CAUCASUS
Motion pictures and colored slides
WILLIAM OSGOOD FIELD

Auspices, AMERICAN RUSSIAN INSTITUTE
at the NEW SCHOOL FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH, 66 W. 12th St.
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6th, 8:45 P.M.
ADMISSION \$1.25 Advance tickets at Institute \$1.00

"outlanders," a man and a woman, who endeavor to enter into the life of the scraggy little hill town of Glen Hazard. These outlanders and the hill people move along parallel lines in thought and action. They can never touch one another. They can scarcely understand one another. The young woman sociology student is as far from the mark in her conceptions of the inner life of the hill people as they are ignorant of the outside world. And the young man's grandiose attempt to industrialize and civilize the community is misunderstood and proves abortive. The love story that moves through the novel is romantic, but aims at truth. The whole has moments that touch universal themes.

Maria Fernanda. By Huberto Perez de la Ossa. Translated from the Spanish by E. Allison Peers. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.

The daughter of a Spanish grandee, her mother dead, Maria Fernanda is brought up by a strict English governess, then sent away to a convent. The first moment of drama to enter her life comes when Ramon Peguja, fashionable portrait painter and lover of her stepmother, decides that he prefers the saintly beauty of Maria Fernanda. Maria Fernanda desires to respond to his love, but she is horrified when a gossip tells her of Ramon's relation with her stepmother. Her father, the old count, having died in the meantime, she tells Ramon that he must now marry her stepmother. After this act of renunciation she becomes more saintly and more pallid than ever. She marries a serious young archaeologist-duke, but marriage does not compensate her for the lack of love—that is, sinful love—in her life. From lack of evil she withers away like an unwatered plant, and dies, ironically, near a handsome boy who is just beginning to conceive a passion for her. It is a surprisingly naive little aquarelle, with none of the wit or audacity that might have relieved it. The reader hopefully waits for the serpent to spring from beneath the flowers, but it never does. The nicest passages are perhaps those which deal with Maria Fernanda's childhood and the meek life of the aristocratic convent.

Times and Tendencies. By Agnes Repplier. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

Speaking of modern attitudes on war in her essay *Peace and the Pacifist*, Miss Repplier says with due irony that "we have grown lucid, and logical, and humane, and incompetent." These adjectives might apply readily enough to her own work. Through an urbanity and intellectual grace which are by right more French or English than American, she is—with the possible exception of C. M. Flandrau—our last defender of the genteel essay tradition. Amid the glib triviality that passes for critical sophistication in smart magazines and studios, her steady voice stirs the echo of a classic mastery in style and spiritual reserve. Among topics as varied as those of William Lyon Phelps—pills, movies, traveling Americans, "the pleasure of possession," and "cure-alls"—she asserts the continuity of a judicial intelligence which lies beyond even the vaguest aspirations of the New Haven sage. Yet her rapier seldom transfixes the problem of right and wrong. She approaches an abyss only to pause at its brink with a rhetorical question. Between the hate and threat of war, "who shall predict the end?" "America will mend the world in her way, Russia will mend it in hers." Miss Repplier seldom hazards the decision which would make her ruminations congeal. Her tenets are fixed and usually inscrutable, but her conclusions are distressingly irresolute. Her knowledge of affairs is up to date and active, but her grasp of life appears remote and theoretical. She has few equals as a commentator, but her aloofness from moral committal invites no serious rivals. Her charity and sympathies make her a model of enlightened thought and citizenship, yet in making the

"liberating mind" for which she pleads incompatible with intellectual responsibility, she remains a spectator rather than an influence in contemporary life. One accepts her assertion that "peace and wealth are serviceable possessions; but only intense personalities can create art and letters. . . . It takes all we have to give to make a world morally worthy of man."

Sophts: *Antigone. A New Redaction in the American Language.* By Shaemas O'Sheel. Brooklyn: 157 Clinton Street. \$2.

Mr. O'Sheel means by his subtitle merely that he has translated the "Antigone" into the language he naturally speaks; since he is an educated man the result is clear, plain, modern English—with, to be sure, an occasional Irish strain explainable first by Mr. O'Sheel's name (though he has always lived in America), secondly by the fact that his model for the present translation was Yeats's "Oedipus," and thirdly by the apparent fact that he has not forgotten the sound of the plays of Synge. "And when, after a long while, the storm had passed, we saw this girl, and she crying aloud with the sharp cry of a bird in its grief." Thus the guard speaks the famous speech about Antigone at the body of her dead brother; in perfectly plain American, of course, there would be a "was" between the "she" and the "crying." But no matter. Mr. O'Sheel has produced a readable, actable, and highly moving version of Jebb's version—he knows no Greek—of Sophocles's perfect tragedy.

The Immortal Jew. A Drama by S. R. Lysaght. The Macmillan Company. \$4.25.

As in most modern attempts at poetic drama, "The Immortal Jew," using again the Wandering Jew legend, is neither good drama nor good poetry. As for its philosophic enterprise—that of naturalizing the doctrines of metempsychosis into the Christian faith—one can only marvel at the capacity for mental insulation that permits the author to occupy himself so in these times.

Drama

Philosophical Criticism

IT is all too seldom that current plays are considered from any consistent point of view. The exigencies of daily or weekly criticism make it difficult for the reviewer to do more than to comment in the most fragmentary fashion, and it is only rarely that he has an opportunity to express any general philosophic convictions, even if—and this is rare enough—he happens to have acquired any. The critic of general literature is expected to be interested in literature as such, but the only specialized information or interest which the dramatic critic possesses is all too often relevant rather to the show business as a business than to the drama or the stage. He is wise in the ways of Broadway, and he knows the inside story of playwriting, acting, and producing. In that sense his comments on the passing show are comments from the inside. But it is rare to find him assuming that the plays which he witnesses almost nightly have any significance except as parts of such a passing show.

Mr. R. Dana Skinner writes a weekly review for the *Catholic Commonweal*, and his book* appears, in part at least, to have been rewritten from the files of that magazine; but the very least which can be said of it is that it expounds a philosophy and achieves a genuine unity by treating the individual plays, not as isolated happenings, but as classifiable phenomena which reveal our preoccupation with certain problems and our tendency

* "Our Changing Theater." By R. Dana Skinner. The Dial Press. \$3.

PLAYS □ FILMS □ LECTURES

THE THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

REUNION IN VIENNA

a comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

MARTIN BECK THEA., 45 St. & 8 Ave. PENN. 8-6100
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER

By DENIS JOHNSTON

GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of B'way

Eves. 8:40

Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:40

BEST MARSHALL in THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET

A Comedy by John van Druten
"Utterly delightful."—John Mason Brown, Post.
EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway and 40th St. Eves. 8:40
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30
Moves to HENRY MILLER'S Theatre, Monday, April 4

GILBERT MILLER AND LESLIE HOWARD Present

LESLIE HOWARD in PHILIP BARRY'S New Comedy THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

"The season's most gratifying adventure."
—Percy Hammond, Herald-Tribune
Staged by Gilbert Miller
BROADHURST THEA., 44th St., West of B'way. Eves. 8:40
Mats. Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30
Moves to EMPIRE THEA., Tues., Apr. 5, where Monday
performances are omitted.
3 Matinees Weekly: Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday

HARRY MOSES presents

"THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND"

"Travesty that provides an evening of unpretentious fun."

—Atkinson, Times.

MOROSCO THEATRE

45th St. W. of Broadway
Matinees: Wed. & Sat.



AT LAST! "... a film
with an original story ...
a unique gift of the gods."
N. Y. Times, Berlin Office.

The Amazing Robbery
that Astounded the World!

The THEFT of the MONA LISA

Sensational German Film Musical Drama

English Titles—Easy to understand without a knowledge of German
EUROPA 154 W. 55th Street Until 1 P. M.
Just E. of 7th Ave. 35c. Continuous
Cir. 7-0129 Noon to Midnight

JANNINGS In His Newest Triumph "TEMPEST" (STUERME der LEIDENSCHAFT) Little CARNEGIE 146 West 37th Street 35c to 1 P. M.

toward certain solutions. From the columns of the daily and weekly press one learns that this year Miss Blank has leaped into fame, or that plays about gangsters are not so popular as they were last season, but one seldom gets the sense that these fashions have any significance outside the world of Broadway. Mr. Skinner, on the other hand, perceives and makes us perceive that the contemporary drama, entangled though it is with all sorts of meretricious traditions and methods, does have an intellectual and spiritual significance.

He has, to begin with, a very vivid sense of the theater's ambiguity as an institution. "It is haunted by the world's vagabonds, fed by the poets, given shelter by the gamblers, and knocked about by the gusts of popular fancy. It belongs neither to the temple nor to the market-place. It is too commercial for the one and not practical enough for the other. It falls to pieces if you try to make a pulpit of it, yet you cannot turn it into a business without smashing the very power of illusion it lives by." But having recognized this ambiguity, Mr. Skinner devotes himself to a consideration of the sincerest plays of the last decade, and in them he discovers an effort, at least partially successful, to say things which are not only worth saying but eminently sayable in the dramatic form. His expositions of individual plays are often admirable, but the chief effect of his book depends less upon this than upon the fact that his significant groupings reveal unities in the contemporary dramatic effort which might otherwise pass unperceived. When in two chapters he speaks, for example, of "Tragedy Without Song" and of "The Song in Tragedy," he brings "Street Scene" and "The Great God Brown" together, and shows how the fallacy of "Machinal" is the same as the fallacy of "Lucky Sam McCarver." But in so doing he also gets below the superficial characteristics which would lead less philosophical critics to devise less significant tragedy. Perhaps to say that these groupings are chiefly responsible for his success in making the drama of today seem important is to confess that few playwrights are sufficiently outstanding as individuals to seem important in themselves. But the fact remains that by considering contemporary tragedy and contemporary comedy as wholes Mr. Skinner gives them a dignity which they usually seem to lack when an individual play is asked to stand alone.

That I or any other reader should disagree with individual judgments and even with some of the general principles proclaimed is both to be expected and not particularly important.

When, for example, Mr. Skinner opposes censorship on the ground that "a general public agreement on moral standards must precede any legal censorship that is not a farce," and also that such censorship is "impossible until the battle of ideas has been fought to a finish," he is making a logical statement which would enable us to cooperate in meeting any repressive movement against the theater likely to arise in our lifetime, even though, of course, I could not agree with his implied conviction that the battle of ideas ever will be "fought to a finish." So, on the other hand, I should attempt to resolve his initial paradox—the statement that the theater, despite its serious function, "falls to pieces when you try to make a pulpit of it"—in a fashion which would doubtless not be acceptable to him. I should maintain that this is because the function of drama, like that of the other arts, is experimental; that when it deals with "problems" it does so because it considers them still open—even when the pulpits consider them closed. I should maintain, in other words, that in so far as it is concerned with the discussion of ethics or politics or sociology it cannot cease to be inquiringly skeptical without becoming a pulpit. And I assume that Mr. Skinner, as a liberal Catholic, would hardly go that far. But all this has nothing to do with the central fact, which is that "Our Changing Theater" is that very rare thing, a genuinely philosophical book about the contemporary drama.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Right Up to the Minute!

Crowell's Dictionary of Business and Finance

Newly revised and definitions passed on by experts. "Of value to any business man."

—N. Y. Sun

\$3.50

from **CROWELL'S**

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO.
393 Fourth Avenue, New York

☐ OPEN SHELF ☐

"Worthy of the Lists of Time!"

—LAURENCE STALLINGS

SHAW TEBRY LETTERS

A Romantic Correspondence

"They are an immortal classic."—*London Express*.
"The fascinating letters which all the world is reading with delight."—*Alexander's Weekly Messenger*.

\$5.00 everywhere • G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, N. Y.

☐ OPEN SHELF ☐

Henry George's Books
Sold here without profit. Ask for price list and appreciations by famous men—sent free

None may call himself educated in social thought (says Dr. John Dewey) who lacks acquaintance with the great writings of Henry George.
ROBERT SCHALKENBACH FOUNDATION
15 Park Place, New York City

SUPPORTED BY ENDOWMENTS

THE ARYAN PATH Magazine

A symposium of what the leading minds of the Race—who have freed themselves from the shackles of orthodoxy and dogmatism—really think.
Per Annum....\$5.00, Single copies 50c

119 West 57th Street
New York City

☐ LECTURES ☐

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

AT COOPER UNION

8th Street and Astor Place, at 8 o'clock
Admission Free

Friday, April 1
DR. E. G. SPAULDING
"Reason Unbound: Greek Thought."

Sunday, April 3
DR. MARK VAN DOREN
"Poetry and Metaphor."

Tuesday, April 5
PROFESSOR FREDERICK BARRY
"The Philosophical Significance of Contemporary Scientific Theory."

MUHLBERG BRANCH LIBRARY
209 West 23rd St., 8:30 o'clock

Thursday, April 7
PROFESSOR E. G. SPAULDING
"Realisms, Old and New."

An Advertisement of
HOUSE TO RENT or
APARTMENT TO RENT

in a space this size, will get answers, in
The Nation.

Rate \$6.16

THE NATION 20 Vesey St., N. Y.
Telephone number—COrtlandt 7-3330

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISERS:

Mail your classified ads—they reach us Friday, to insure their appearance in the issue of THE NATION on the stands the following Thursday.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1932

No. 3484

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	409
EDITORIALS:	
Outlawing a Planned Economy	411
The "Clerks" and War	412
Taxation with a Vengeance	413
PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES: VII. NEWTON D. BAKER—	
JUST ANOTHER POLITICIAN. By Oswald Garrison Villard ..	414
"LIMITING" DRUG MANUFACTURE. By Ellen La Motte	418
BALANCED AND UNBALANCED: CONGRESS, PRESS, AND	
PARTIES FACE THE BUDGET. By Paul Y. Anderson	420
WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BANKS? By H. Parker Willis	422
SWANS AND STATESMEN AT GENEVA. By M. Farmer Murphy	425
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	427
CORRESPONDENCE	427
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	428
FINANCE: A FOREIGN ECHO OF OUR TAXES. By S. Palmer	
Harman	428

SPRING BOOK SECTION

TOWARD A NEW CANON. By Carl Van Doren	429
THE CRITIC'S DILEMMA: III. PURE CRITICISM. By Joseph	
Wood Krutch	430
KINGS BOW THEIR HEADS. By Robert Liddell Lowe	431
BOOKS:	
Emerson. By Henry Hazlitt	432
Autobiography of an Idealist. By C. Hartley Grattan	432
A Transient Sickness. By Granville Hicks	433
The Street as Hero. By Clifton Fadiman	434
Arabian Desert. By Isidor Schneider	434
The Man with One Idea. By Isabel Paterson	435
The Gilded Age, and Since. By Claude G. Bowers	437
A Poet of Distinction. By Eda Lou Walton	438
Mr. Dennis's Novels. By Henry Bamford Parkes	438
An Adventure with Death. By Dorothy Van Doren	438
Books in Brief	439
Architecture: What the Man About Town Will Build. By Douglas	
Haskell	441
Drama: Concerning Obstetrics. By Joseph Wood Krutch	443
Films: Cagney Again. By Margaret Marshall	444
Some Notable Spring Books	445

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States;
to Canada, \$6.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address:
NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss
Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

IN SPITE OF ONE of the strongest protests ever made by a Cabinet officer, a bill to grant independence to the Philippines eight years after the adoption by the islands of a constitution acceptable to the President of the United States passed the House on April 4 by a vote of 306 to 47. Secretary Stimson, in a memorandum to Senator Bingham, chairman of the Insular Affairs Committee, denounced the proposal for independence as one that would "not be to the political, economic, social, or moral advantage of the United States or to that of the people of the Philippine Islands or to that of any other country or people," and as one that "would render more difficult the safeguarding of our own interests both in the Far East and throughout the world." Disregarding this vigorous criticism, in a whirlwind debate limited to forty minutes, the House rushed the measure through. If it was unwise that many years of injustice done the islands should be righted in so peremptory a manner, it may be said that the end justified the means. Camilo Osias,

Filipino delegate to Congress, took the floor and eloquently thanked the United States for all it had done for the Philippines "in this last moment that remains before you do even more for us." The House rose to its feet in cheers at his speech. It is perhaps well to let the whole matter go at that, and to hope for similar action by the Senate.

SOMEHOW Mr. Hoover's earnest plea to "every person contemplating buying a new car this year" to put in his order right away seems to epitomize his whole economic philosophy. One merely wishes, while he was at it, that he had also asked us all to buy our new ermine wraps and raccoon coats, new diamond necklaces, new yachts, and new suburban villas now—or at all events before November 8. Unfortunately, there was one slight omission in the President's suggestion. He said nothing about the means of payment for these motor-car purchases. As he is apparently out of touch with this phase of the matter, we call his attention to the fact that owners of wealth are not as rich as they were. Mr. Hoover may be thunderstruck to hear it, but the values of railroad and industrial stocks, for example, have shrunk on an average to less than one-fifth of their value two years ago. He may be amazed to learn, also, that even the workingman has been hit. The United States Bureau of Labor reports that one out of every three men working two years ago in factories is now out of work, and that the total amount of wages being paid out is now less than half of what it was then. As for the farmer—however, let us not be carping critics of what appears to be an excellent suggestion. The President has merely to correct his slight oversight, tell the people where the money is coming from to carry out his new plan for recovery, and he will find support that will surprise him.

SENATOR COUZENS IS RIGHT. When this crisis is over, if it lasts much longer, the government will find itself the owner of at least the weakest and most undesirable railroads. He pointed out that today the market value of the Missouri Pacific's securities is only \$12,450,000, yet it has just received a loan of \$12,800,000 of government money from the Finance Reconstruction Corporation—by way of keeping the government out of private business. Less than half of this loan, or \$5,850,000, went to reimburse the J. P. Morgan group of bankers for that much of their \$11,700,000 loan to this railroad. The remainder is due and payable October 1 next. Now if Mr. Hoover remains determined that no railroad shall be allowed to fail—to which proposal the bankers may be relied upon to make no opposition—then we may be sure that the Reconstruction Corporation will have to advance next October the remainder of the \$11,700,000 loan to the Morgan group, which will gracefully retire leaving Uncle Sam in his now familiar role of holding the bag. When, if ever, will the Missouri Pacific be able to repay the government? Until it does the government will be the chief creditor and, if conditions get worse, will have to put up still more money to keep the railroad afloat. We are frank to say that if the government is henceforth to regu-

BORLINGAME
PUBLO
LIE

late and completely control the railroads, especially railroad rates and wages, and then itself do all the railroad financing, we are for the government's taking over the roads and unifying them into one efficient system at once.

TO MYRON C. TAYLOR has fallen one of the most coveted prizes in the industrial world. He has been appointed chairman of the board of the United States Steel Corporation, directly succeeding J. P. Morgan, and stepping into the shoes worn so long by the late Elbert H. Gary. We should like to think that Mr. Taylor, who, like Gary, was a lawyer before he became an industrialist, represented in his economic thought a step or two in advance of Garyism, but the address he made only a few days before his appointment does not encourage this view. In the face of the almost unparalleled strangulation of foreign trade Mr. Taylor warned us against the slightest reduction of the Smoot-Hawley tariff, and defended that infamous measure with arguments discredited before the appearance of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations." His fervent pleas for tariff protection appeared in the very same speech with fervent arguments against "artificial interferences" with the grand old law of supply and demand. As if this were not enough to establish a record for inconsistency, this leader of the corporation that has followed the policy of deliberately pegging the price of steel rails regardless of changes in costs and basic market conditions also opposed efforts to fix commodity prices "artificially." And what do you suppose Mr. Taylor thinks is the cause of our present troubles? Overspeculation? Unbalanced distribution of income? Reparations? Tariffs? Lack of foresight and intelligent control on the part of our industrial leaders? No; it is all due to the shocking rise in taxes. Since the beginning of the crisis our captains of industry have hardly distinguished themselves either for the intelligence and penetration of their analysis or for their practical adaptability, but few of them have shown quite this lack of knowledge and of candor.

WHEN THE CITY AFFAIRS COMMITTEE of New York appealed to Governor Roosevelt to use his influence for the removal of Sheriff McQuade and John Theofel, two politicians whose own admissions before the Seabury Committee had proved their unworthiness to hold public office, the Governor exhibited only mild irritation against such municipal office-holders. Instead, he chose to castigate the City Affairs Committee through its president and vice-president, Dr. John Haynes Holmes and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise. Seizing upon one or two handy and perhaps unfortunate phrases in the appeal, the Governor accused the committee "straight from the shoulder" of violating "American principles of justice" in calling for removal without a hearing, and of disregarding "a fundamental of American constitutions and laws" in asking for the ousting of McQuade so long as the latter had been elected by popular vote after his malfeasance was known. When Governor Roosevelt used such arguments, which, as the City Affairs Committee has now shown beyond a doubt, were not based on the facts of the case, he only aroused a general suspicion of his motive in suddenly developing so warm a vehemence. And when he went farther and added a bitter personal attack to his previous rashness, he played into the hands of his critics. In an overwhelming rebuttal of Governor Roose-

velt's histrionic charges, the City Affairs Committee goes to the heart of his Tammany record when it says: "You have shown more indignation in attacking us than you have demonstrated against all the corruption revealed in New York City in recent months."

NINE MONTHS of the reparations and war-debt holiday have been virtually wasted. Thus far nothing tangible has been done on an international scale toward lifting the world out of its slough of economic depression, though the year's respite in intergovernmental payments was obviously arranged to give the various nations time to make at least a start toward that end. Reparations negotiations have been postponed until June, in short, until within a few weeks of the expiration of the moratorium. Whether anything useful can be accomplished in that brief space of time must be questioned. Especially significant is this in view of the probability that our Congress will be found in no mood at the end of June to extend the moratorium another year. Aside from agreeing to the indefinite program for a reparations conference at Lausanne, the European Powers have done nothing except to discuss plans for a solution of the Danubian problem. A permanent adjustment of the Danubian situation would go far toward restoring stability to Europe but it would not in itself solve the larger problem troubling Europe and the rest of the world. As June 30 draws close, we seem to be drifting away, as the National City Bank just now reminds us, from potential agreement upon the larger problem. Economic nationalism is growing, not diminishing. "Further obstacles to trade are provided in the policy of the nations in seeking an ever-increasing degree of economic isolation," the monthly review of this bank declares. "Tariffs, import quotas, licenses, and other forms of trade warfare undoubtedly are reducing not only the aggregate of world trade, but also national production and consumption, which is the measure of prosperity." Unless the leading Powers are willing to sacrifice some part of their political and national aspirations to the common good of Europe, there can be little real hope for the success of the Danubian negotiations or the restoration of Europe.

BY A VOTE of fifteen to two the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives has voted to report favorably H. J. 282, a resolution introduced by Hamilton Fish requesting our delegation at the disarmament conference "to propose a multilateral agreement renouncing the sale or export of arms, munitions, or implements of war to any foreign nations, in accordance with the intent and purpose of the Kellogg-Briand Pact renouncing war as an instrument of national policy." The resolution explicitly provides that it "shall not be construed to interfere with the sale and shipment of foodstuffs, cotton, oil, coal, lumber, wool, leather, copper, automobiles, or other manufactured articles not commonly or commercially known as arms, munitions, or implements of war." Although Mr. Fish has scarcely shown himself to be an advocate of progressive economic ideas, in this resolution he is making a real contribution to the peace cause. For even if some of the articles excluded from the prohibitory clause can, under modern conditions, be readily converted to purposes of combat, the banning of war implements as such would make war less attractive to many a

nation, and would put a quietus on the more nefarious activities of the armament firms. As far as it goes, the Fish resolution would serve as an admirable check to the salesmen of slaughter. The policy of banning arms shipments to warring nations has had the united support of the Interorganization Council, which serves as an informal clearing-house for almost the entire American peace movement. The great danger is that the Fish resolution will be sidetracked by the House Rules Committee, which must be made to understand its genuine importance.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that seven Atlantic steamship lines "in despair"—so one dispatch reads—have cut Atlantic passage rates 20 to 50 per cent, despite a considerable reduction in 1931, tells the story of the grave plight of the ocean liners. Never in history has the situation been so serious; never before, we believe, has the admirable Cunard Line reported a deficit in a single year of \$2,100,000. Tourist rates are to be cut 20 per cent and a round trip in this class on the superb North German Lloyd liners Europa and Bremen can henceforth be had for \$169. Whereas an outside room on a first-class liner cost \$400 before the war, the same type of room may be had for \$228. The American who desires to go to Bremen and return in the Leviathan's tourist quarters will be able to do so for the small sum of \$187. These unprecedentedly low rates ought to stimulate travel, especially as it is reported that Continental hotels are also lowering their rates. Austrians, Hungarians, and Germans as a whole cannot travel, the French always voyage little, and the Italians go by their own ships. Hence the bait of these low fares is dangled before English and Americans. It must be remembered, too, that it is not only the depression which has caused the trouble. The appearance of the many new United States passenger ships of which President Hoover is so proud, when there were plenty of foreign-flag vessels, has played its part in oversupplying the trade. (As it is, in most countries between 30 and 40 per cent of the ocean tonnage, freight and passenger, is now resting at the wharves.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY is boiling over the expulsion of Reed Harris, editor of *Spectator*, the university daily. According to Dean Herbert E. Hawkes, Harris was refused renewal of his registration because of a series of "misrepresentations" appearing in the paper, and culminating in articles published during "the past few days." Harris, it will be remembered, was the center of a storm over the football management last fall, when he made charges of subsidizing of promising football material. His latest articles which Dean Hawkes particularly took exception to were about the Kentucky student delegation. At a mass-meeting on the library steps on April 4 thousands of students and many members of the faculty protested almost to a man the action of the Dean; among the few champions of the expulsion were members of the football squad, one of whom, perched precariously on the statue of Alma Mater, declared that Harris "shouldn't have mentioned" things about the management which "everybody knew weren't right." This young gentleman was greeted with catcalls, hoots, and apples from his college mates. A general strike, called for April 6, at which pickets will be posted at classroom doors, will attempt further to register student

protest, and petitions are to be circulated among undergraduates and faculty alike. If it is true, as speakers at the mass-meeting declared, that Harris was asked to resign because he wrote radical editorials on controversial topics, then one can hope that Dean Hawkes will find he has stirred up a hornet's nest. President Butler, champion of liberal causes, could profitably turn his admirable energies toward home.

IN OUR PRESENT ISSUE we publish an article by H. Parker Willis analyzing our chaotic system of independent banks—subject to forty-nine different forms of government control, or lack of control—and making concrete proposals looking toward a safer and more integrated system. Mr. Willis's is the first of a series of articles on various phases of our economic life to be written by authorities in their respective fields. It will be followed by articles on agriculture, unemployment insurance, housing, tariffs and debts, railroads and utilities, corporation control, taxation, and mitigation of the business cycle. Much has been heard of "planning" in the last two years, but most of what has been written has suffered from two primary defects. It has either been vague and unrealistic, getting very little farther than assertions that organic planning is preferable to competitive chaos, or, when more specific and detailed, it has been written by some one individual attempting to cover the whole field, and necessarily possessing only a general sense of the special difficulties and problems in each field. *The Nation* has hoped to make the present series as helpful and concrete as possible by asking the contributors to it, in making their specific suggestions, to write chiefly with the next few years in mind.

Outlawing a Planned Economy

ON a cold day last March Judge Brandeis considered the question of ice, and uttered with Judge Stone the most important economic opinion which has come from Washington since the stock market collapsed in 1929. The State of Oklahoma in 1925 declared that the sale and distribution of ice is a public business and that no one shall manufacture, sell, or distribute it without securing a license. Under this statute a commission was forbidden to issue a license except on proof of public necessity, and was authorized to deny an application where existing facilities were sufficient to meet the public needs. When the New State Ice Company sought to enjoin one Liebmann from engaging in the ice business without first obtaining a permit of public necessity, the justices of the Supreme Court were called upon to determine whether in their opinion the elected representatives sitting as the legislature of the sovereign State of Oklahoma had improperly designated the ice business as a public utility. Judge Sutherland declared for all the jurists save Brandeis and Stone that ice was not a paramount industry and that the prosperity of the entire State did not depend on it. This prevailing opinion ventures the suggestion that ice is as private a business as milk or meat or shoes. In the reprint of this opinion which we first read, Judge

Sutherland was quoted as saying that the ice business was not "infected" with a public interest. Page Dr. Freud! The printer who unintentionally misspelled "invested" was unconsciously interpreting the impulses of the majority opinion.

The Sutherland opinion is forthright. Private profit, otherwise termed private business, impinges on a public nerve only if the physical health of the community is affected or if a monopoly is threatened. If private business avoids these two dangers it must be allowed to continue without interference by the people of the land. The distress of plenty, the waste of overproduction, the public disaster resulting from uncontrolled competition mean less to these judges than a cold in the head or \$300 an ounce for platinum.

Judge Brandeis at the start seizes on the right of a State to provide licensing apparatus in order to prevent waste. A single courageous State may serve as an experimental laboratory. He points to the analogies of railroads, street cars, motor vehicles, and cotton gins. A city may sell ice, wood, gasoline at retail. It may build warehouses, elevators, packing houses, flour mills. Where and when a private business should be converted into a public one is primarily a matter for each State to determine. If such determination is not capricious or unreasonable, federal courts should not interfere. A State may even adopt foolish remedies, because foolishness is comparative and the federal courts do not possess a monopoly in that product. He piles up the facts thick and fast—data concerning population, temperature, amount of refrigeration, development of dairy business, recent origin of ice business, cost of ice to families with children, refrigeration for marketing purposes, increasing use in consumption, and wastes of uncontrolled overproduction or faulty distribution. Judge Brandeis in effect makes a mighty field-survey of the relation of frozen water to the happiness of people. The evils indicated a situation needing a cure, and the cure desired by the State of Oklahoma was obviously not so fantastic as to force the federal court to override the wishes of the people. In the end he indicates his own judgment that the elimination of waste in the production and distribution of ice might be properly hoped for through the mechanics devised by the State of Oklahoma.

The fight is on. Forces will be aligned behind Sutherland and behind Brandeis. Those who believe in a planned economy will oppose the mandatory anarchy of the majority opinion. Therefore let us hope that the next time a name is sent in to the United States Senate for appointment to the federal bench the Judiciary Committee will confront the nominee with the Sutherland and Brandeis opinions. Let us stop this nonsense of thinking that juristic behavior is a thing apart from personal prejudice. The Senate should reject any candidate who opposes the Brandeis opinion. Moreover, may we not expect that those who commented favorably on the Swope plan will reject the Sutherland philosophy of uncontrollable abundance?

An amendment to the federal Constitution is not on the cards. However, as rugged individualism drives us nearer to economic ruin and revolution, we predict that a similar case will arise, but instead of having to do with the means of keeping milk cool for babies it will concern milk itself. In some such distinction the Sutherlands may find a means of changing their position without the disgrace of admitting error.

The "Clerks" and War

IN a recent issue of the Parisian review *Europe*, M. Jean Guehenno addresses an open letter to that distinguished but none too effectual body which is known as the Permanent Committee on Intellectual Cooperation of the League of Nations. He assumes that its orators mean what they say in their eloquent speeches concerning the function of the intellectuals in promoting the harmony of the world, and he assumes still further that they are as disappointed as the rest of us to discover that they can think of no projects likely to be more generally useful than M. Bela Bartok's request for an international library of phonograph records, or Mr. John Masefield's proposal to endow a traveling company of declaiming poets. To assist them, he tells an anecdote so pointed and makes a suggestion so concrete that we are determined to pass both of them on to our readers in the hope that other learned bodies may also profit.

It seems that when Ernest Renan began to advance in years he was struck by the fear that senility might lead him to retract the propositions which he had always defended. He might even, he realized, be converted by some too skilful priest and leave behind him one of those deathbed retractions of which the church is so proud. And so he took a wise precaution. He set down in black and white an advance retraction of any retraction he might subsequently make, and he requested that the future should consider as his true thoughts those which he had uttered while still possessing the full force and the full liberty of his spirit.

But, says M. Guehenno, these cooperating intellectuals have even more reason than Renan to fear a self-betrayal. However boldly intellectuals may speak now, however international-minded they may be, there is every reason to assume that should any crisis arise they would recant as their equals recanted before, and that all the beautiful internationalism of M. Valéry and Mr. Masefield would be forgotten in the ardent patriotism of each. Pacific sentiments flourish only when they are not of the slightest use, and there is always time between the "strained relations" and the "declaration of war" to discover abundant excuse for bellicose pronouncements all the more effective for the very reason that they come from persons notoriously pacifistic before. But if the members of the League's committee are sincere, let them follow Renan. Let them sign now a statement expressing their present opinions, and let them issue a warning in advance against any concessions which either hysteria or social pressure may later cause them to make. Meanwhile, admirably enough, M. Guehenno, their spokesman, says:

Do you not know, gentlemen, that without you, without us, war is not possible? All our speeches, all our articles, all our songs are necessary before the poor bread-eaters of the world can be led to the trenches and the grave. Only we can lie well enough to make their death seem beautiful. Fifteen years ago we were engaged in this strange task. We became disgusted enough to swear never to participate in it again. It was a politician who said, "As long as I am here, there will be no war." Have you the same courage? Dare you to say that, no matter how long the war lasts, you will not be there?

Taxes with a Vengeance

WITH extraordinary haste, as if driven by genuine fear, the House of Representatives has passed a tax bill estimated to produce \$1,032,400,000. Granted, for the sake of argument, that there was a national emergency, the bill is on the whole as satisfactory a one as could be drawn. The excise taxes voted on automobiles and cosmetics and other luxuries are in line with the recommendations made in these columns, and the bill should certainly satisfy those who have asked high income levies upon the rich and large inheritance taxes. If federal and State taxes together are, in the lower brackets, not so high as those in England, where a man with an income of \$2,000 pays \$106.25 annually, they approach and pass the English surtaxes when the net income goes over \$2,000,000 a year. If there is any American left with an income of \$5,000,000 he will hereafter have to turn over \$3,472,600 of it to the State or the federal government. A less fortunate man with an income of \$200,000 would pay \$141,612 in England, as against \$110,350 under our new tax bill, including State taxes with the federal. Surely these drastic levies will prevent the heaping up of great wealth, especially when coupled with the gift and inheritance taxes. As the bill now stands, a \$10,000,000 estate will pay \$3,116,000 to the government; if the gift taxes are much lower, they are a beginning.

That these levies will actually produce the amount the House of Representatives has reckoned on is hardly to be believed unless there should be a sudden and marked improvement in business conditions. That they will inevitably further demoralize the employment situation and gravely affect many benevolent and philanthropic enterprises, as well as clubs, yachts, athletic associations, and so on, is part of the inevitable price that must be paid for such a radical and advisable social readjustment. It must not, however, be believed that the revenue bill as now drawn is likely to go through the Senate and then pass the ordeal of a conference between both houses without being considerably altered. This is the time when the industries especially affected, like the automotive, will bring all their batteries to bear upon the Senate Finance Committee, which is to grant hearings for the short period of two weeks. That there will be a determined effort to secure the adoption of a limited general sales tax at a low rate is clearly indicated. So great is the pressure likely to be that there are those who believe that the budget will not be passed prior to the Congressional recess or adjournment for the political conventions. It will be a battle of selfish interests against each other; but it cannot be denied that it was just this desire on the part of each group affected to "soak" the other fellow that had a great deal to do with shaping the bill prior to its passage by the House. The unfounded fear of a real catastrophe in the business world was too great to permit of leisurely and scientific framing of the bill.

None the less, as we have said, the result is not bad, however heavily it may bear down upon individuals and individual industries. It does not exhaust all the means of taxation, but it will, if passed in substantially the present form, bring home to larger numbers of citizens than heretofore

what it costs to run a government which has recently participated in a World War, and finds itself sunk in an unprecedentedly deep slough of despond. We must again, however, point out as earnestly as we can that the bill should be reinforced by drastic cuts in the coming appropriation bills, not one of which has as yet been passed by either House. As we go to press it is stated that Mr. Hoover contemplates sending a message to Congress asking it to eliminate some \$300,000,000 from the budget which he himself, and his Cabinet officials, have forwarded to the Congress. This is right and just, and as we have repeatedly urged, we hope that Congress will lay ruthless hands upon the enormous and totally unwarranted \$750,000,000 annual bill for the army and navy, despite the fact that the President last week stated that the defense expenses must not be further reduced. If, as the Treasury says, the House of Representatives bill will not balance the budget by \$250,000,000, the best way to get that money is by savings and not by further taxes. Mr. Hoover has properly recommended a great saving by the ending of the Shipping Board and a transfer of all merchant marine questions to a single body. This should be voted by Congress at once, and it should further lose no time in cooperating with the President to bring about the general overhauling and reorganization of the independent bureaus, some seventy or more, for which he has again and again appealed, and which has been proposed since the beginning of the Harding Administration.

But even this will be of no help if Congress continues to appropriate large sums of money for unnecessary purposes. We refer specifically to the increasing demand that the remainder of the soldiers' bonus, aggregating \$2,240,000,000, be paid at once. It now looks as if this measure would be passed with lightning speed by both houses, and perhaps be passed over the President's veto—on this question Mr. Hoover's record has been excellent. The granting of this sum of money would inevitably disarrange not only the budget balancing, but the whole plan of the Treasury for long- and short-term borrowing. We cannot see an argument in its favor at this time. Nor can we see why the President should be demanding \$150,000,000 at this juncture for his Home Loan banks when his request is in such sharp contradiction to his demand that nothing new be undertaken. The House did well to vote down the \$100,000,000 asked for farm-drainage relief—another raid in the form of a revolving fund, this time intended to help the Western farmer. Still another measure now being urged upon Congress, which has far more merit, is the proposal for a bond issue of \$500,000,000 to enable the government to complete certain waterway projects within a five-year period. Meanwhile the tax battle is half finished. But the fact remains that there is not today the slightest sign of a genuine beginning of economic recovery. Balancing the budget, or even planning to do so, undoubtedly helps to restore confidence, but until drastic reconstruction measures are undertaken, such as the lowering of tariffs and the settling of the question of debts and reparations, we very much fear there will be no turning the tide.

Presidential Possibilities

VII. Newton D. Baker—Just Another Politician*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

JUST another politician and orator without fixed principles, veering to the winds if the necessity arises or there is an opportunity to take office or make money—this is Newton D. Baker. If anybody wishes another and smaller Wilson in the White House, with another great gift of oratory, though usually inferior to that of the late President, let him work for Newton Baker. Mr. Baker's is, indeed, the type of mind and character which is to be found in so many of the recent leading statesmen of the world who have now successfully brought it to the verge of complete disaster. He started out as an idealist of the finest type; he can clothe his ideals in beautiful language and touching generalities, such as "The world needs . . . faith in the moral order of civilization, faith in the common people." Then he can and will forsake them whenever expediency counsels. More than that, like Lloyd George, Ramsay MacDonald, Woodrow Wilson, and Theodore Roosevelt, he has the ability to persuade himself at any moment that the position he assumes at any given time is not only exactly the right one for him to take, even though it may be at the opposite pole from the position which he originally held, but that his taking it is quite consistent with his earlier beliefs and public position. I am sure, for example, that Ramsay MacDonald is convinced that his present place as head of a government of Conservatives, whom he has fought and denounced all his life, is logical, in accord with his earlier beliefs, and a natural and entirely correct crowning of his whole radical career. I am sure, too, that he feels that he saved not only England, when he formed the so-called National Ministry, but other nations as well; and, if he is running true to the type I am trying to describe, he will have very radical doubts as to the honesty of the motives of most of those who disagree with him.

Newton Baker has the same power to rationalize anything and everything that he does. These men are plainly not consciously dishonest or deliberately unstable. They are genuinely sincere in their emotion of the moment, which is so often at variance with their previous emotions. They visualize at once so many arguments for their new positions that they are sure they are right, and to fortify themselves they call to their aid the qualities of the paid advocate, who can identify himself with the case he is presenting or the client he is defending in court. Any and all opposition only strengthens them in their belief that reason and principle are on their side. Such minds, when coupled with grace and charm and the persuasive power of true eloquence, easily carry the multitude with them. Their penchant at first is for the rights of man, the battle for the under-dog, the protest against intolerable wrongs inflicted upon the masses by those who are specially privileged. Then, when victory is theirs

and they are securely installed in office, they begin to slip. Some of the divine-right idea creeps in until—if they rule long enough—they are convinced that beyond all others *they* are fitted to govern; that there is no one qualified to criticize them intelligently, or to succeed to their place. Sooner or later they feel that there is a good deal to be said for working with the privileged. Thus it ~~was~~ that Woodrow Wilson ended his Presidential career at precisely the opposite position to that from which he entered political life; that Ramsay MacDonald, who first achieved eminence as head of the extreme left-wing, unyielding pacifist branch of the Labor Party, has now repudiated the conservative Laborites, jumped over the Liberals, and ensconced himself in the ministerial chair belonging to the greatest Conservative majority in English history, the Tories, the diehards, the imperialists who know nothing and learn nothing of the world's true needs.

To those who like this sort of President, Newton Baker is, as I have said, to be highly recommended. Many of my friends and some of my fellow-journalists plainly do. They have never believed with me in the policy of no compromise where principle is concerned. They often think that compromise is a virtue; they do not see that it steadily puts back or limits all progress. Many of them greatly admired Wilson and some still do. They will work for Newton Baker and, if he is elected, they will be so delighted with him that they will excuse his every twisting and turning and give sound and solid reasons why he has to sell ambassadorships or high appointments, or has to do things that he knows are wrong, as did Woodrow Wilson. Do we not live in a practical world? Would you have a man forever stay outside of the political breastworks? Does not the world progress by give and take and by little steps forward, one at a time?

Plainly there are clashes of philosophy here, and each side will stick to its own. To me, however, the Newton Baker type of political mind is the most dangerous there is. For one of the worst of modern criminals is the man who raises great hopes and idealistic expectations in the hearts of masses of his fellow-men and then lets them down to bitter disillusionment, to cynicism, to welter in blackness. Or the man who encourages a nation to intrust its fate to him on the basis of fourteen points and then compromises those fourteen points away until there is practically nothing left, with no sense of his betrayal of the trust of those who placed their future in his hands. I really prefer a conscienceless political pirate like Matthew Quay, or Boies Penrose, or Reed Smoot. You know where they stand. You know what their reactions will be when any decent, forward-looking measure is presented to them, when anything liberal drifts into their ken. You know just where they are to be found and how they are to be attacked. But when it comes to a Newton D. Baker you do not know where you will find him from one month to another. Think of the gallant young Newton

* An article on Franklin D. Roosevelt, by Henry F. Pringle, will appear next week.—EDITOR THE NATION.

who enlisted whole-souledly under the banner of Tom L. Johnson winding up as the paid attorney for the Van Sweringen brothers, the big-business owners of the city of Cleveland, and helping them to spoil Tom Johnson's vision of a marvelous water-front development by placing the Union Station in the Public Square—right opposite Tom's monument—and not where Johnson had designed that it should go! Think of this man fighting the Van Sweringen battles before the Interstate Commerce Commission, against the spirit and against the opposition of some of his oldest friends and associates of the Tom Johnson days!

If you can tell a man by the associates he keeps, you can also tell him by the associates he has lost. Why is it that the best I have been able to get out of old allies of Newton Baker in his Johnson days in Cleveland is, "Well, Newton is able to rationalize anything that he does." Oh, yes, I know that a lawyer has got to live and to support his family and that the Van Sweringens have done a lot of good things in Cleveland as well as some bad; that Van Sweringens, too, are entitled to their day in court and a lawyer to defend them or to advocate their schemes, just as any wrongdoer is entitled to counsel. All these arguments of compromise or palliation are known to me; I have heard them endless times in thirty-five years of journalism, used equally earnestly on behalf of the worst type of political scoundrel and the Newton Baker type of reformer gone wrong. Thank fortune, there *are* men who will *not* take service when such service means a complete break with their past beliefs and principles; who *will* find another means of support even though it does not mean one of the finest houses in town and fees running into the hundreds of thousands of dollars every year—Mr. Baker's office probably does the largest corporation business of any in Cleveland, representing, for example, the great Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company. He is also the lawyer for the Scripps-Howard newspapers, which, having disgraced their liberalism by supporting Hoover four years ago, are now burning their fingers again by backing their paid attorney for the Presidency, and so enabling their critics to recall that it was Newton D. Baker who, rightly or wrongly, exempted Robert Paine Scripps from the operations of the draft law after he had been selected by a draft board. Perhaps I can best illustrate the change in point of view which has come over Mr. Baker by giving here a hitherto unpublished extract from the stenographic record of remarks by him at a recent hearing before a special master appointed to fix the fees of the lawyers in the Youngstown case:

MR. BAKER: Perhaps I had better dispose of Judge Jenkins, and say all I am going to say about him in this law suit, and say it now. It is a very grave misfortune that this case was tried before Judge Jenkins. In the first place, he was a local judge, and not unsusceptible to local feeling. He had had almost no experience with affairs. He was lifted suddenly from a perfectly respectable occupation as a mill worker to a judgeship in the Court of Common Pleas. Being of a speculative and perhaps discontented frame of mind, he had looked up at his fellow-men from his anvil with envy and suspicion; and when he came to be a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, he looked down on them from his elevation with contempt, and it was part of the misfortune of this judge that he had not had contact with men of affairs, and was unaccustomed to the way large undertakings of this kind are necessarily managed. . . .

According to this philosophy no judge must sit in a case involving large corporations unless he has had contacts with the captains of industry and been familiar with the processes of big business.

On June 28, 1924, Mr. Baker made this speech:

There is no subject on earth, apart from my relations to my God and to my family, which compares remotely with me with the League of Nations. . . . The acceptance of a strange and perverse fate called upon me, who loved the life of the youth, called upon me to come into your houses and ask you to give me your sons that I might send them . . . into deadly places. And I watched them and shivered and shrank with fearful fear . . . and I swore an obligation to the dead that . . . I intended to lift up my voice always and ever until their sacrifices were really perfected. I have one other debt. . . . I served Woodrow Wilson for five years. He is standing at the throne of a God whose approval he won and has received. As he looks down from there I say to him: "I did my best. I am doing it now. You are still the captain of my soul."

I sat three rows from Newton Baker and straight in front of him when he uttered those words at the Democratic Convention of 1924. Only twice in my long service as a reporter have I seen men weep in a public meeting in response to spoken words and this was one of them. I have quoted these words here at some length because they are such a perfect epitome of Newton Baker. Note the eloquence, the exquisite use of words. Note the damnable lie that he came into men's homes "to ask you to give me your sons," when he actually came with bayonets, with the Provost-Marshal General, with handcuffs jingling in his hands, standing behind Baker not to ask, but to *take* without mercy; the records full of men who went to prison because they refused to be drafted to kill. Note his resemblance here to Woodrow Wilson who, with equal falsity, named it the "selective draft" and declared that "it was *not* a conscription of the unwilling" even as hundreds of men were being sent to the hellish tortures of Leavenworth and other prisons. Note Baker's statement that Woodrow Wilson is "captain" of his soul; his assertion that he intended to lift up his voice "*always and ever* until their sacrifices were really perfected"—all of this in the course of a plea that the United States enter the League of Nations *at once*. Then read this from the same lips less than eight years later (January 25, 1932):

I would not take the United States into the League, if I had the power to do so, until there is an informed and convinced majority sentiment in favor of that action by the United States. I do not think that the Democrats should advocate our entrance into the League just because Woodrow Wilson favored it.

The man at the throne of God is no longer captain of his soul!

Newton Baker knows perfectly well that if the successful champions of reform in our history had waited for "an informed and convinced majority sentiment" before acting, there would have been few if any reforms achieved. How were the slaves freed? How was prohibition enacted—for better, for worse? How was woman suffrage accomplished? By demanding a constitutional amendment *at once* and then waiting for "an informed and convinced majority" to appear? Of course not. Mr. Baker, I venture to say, would still be publicly for immediate acceptance of the League were not

the White House in sight. And there you have the man: eloquent, facile, mouthing beautiful ideals, swearing eternal fealty to an institution and to a dead man (who, by some to us unknown wireless, he knows is at the right hand of God), and then throwing them both overboard until such time as other voices and other pens than his have convinced a majority of his fellow-citizens that the League of Nations is a good thing!

I have already been taken to task for saying that Newton Baker's statement of January 25, 1932, as to the League, quoted above, was a change of face. One fellow-journalist for whom I have great affection insists that it was not a change; that Baker has not favored our going into the League since that time when he got his private message from God in 1924. As an offset to that we have Henry F. Pringle's statement in the *Outlook and Independent* for January 13, 1932, that "as recently as September, 1931, Baker wrote in a private letter that '*the Democratic platform of 1932 must reflect a more helpful and cooperative international attitude.*'" A private letter, yes. But publicly? I will wager that very little will be heard of this subject from Mr. Baker from now on. And why, if I was wrong in thinking that the 1932 statement was a *volte-face*, did the press of the country, from one end to the other, so accept it, and the press associations send out dispatches that Baker's hat was now in the Presidential ring? Why, if I was wrong, did Heywood Broun say that this statement of Baker's proved that he "would rather be candidate than candid," and add: "It is the custom for Presidential candidates to avoid all contentious issues and compete in platitudes"?

So with his attitude toward war and peace. Mr. Baker's character is certainly far better than A. Mitchell Palmer's. But when Mr. Palmer was asked by Mr. Wilson to become Secretary of War he promptly refused because he felt that it would be inconsistent with his being a Quaker. Mr. Baker, pacifist that he was, jumped at the chance. Frederick Palmer has just written two volumes to prove that Mr. Baker was a model Secretary of War, chiefly because he placed himself in the hands of the generals, forgetting that the civilian Cabinet head was expressly created in order that civil authority should hold the military men in check. His first act was to ask a general what should be done as to Villa, who had just raided Columbus, New Mexico. The general urged that the pursuit of Villa on Mexican soil be continued and the forces increased. "So be it," said Baker without stopping to consider, or to ask the President, or the Secretary of State, or the Cabinet whether we should invade the territory of a friendly Power in force. Here and there he did overrule the military; in the main he was their man, their proud and happy scholar, eager to do what he was told. It was not the ideal regime which Mr. Palmer would have us believe; Mr. Baker may well say, "Save us from our friends," as he reads these volumes! There were those contracts, for example, "O.K.'ed" by the Secretary, which compelled us to deliver millions and millions of dollars' worth of goods in France *after* hostilities had ceased, later to be sold to the French for a comparative pittance. But above all we have the picture of this erstwhile pacifist proclaiming the draft, deceiving the people as to its true character by making a great "patriotic" event out of it, and doing violence to his earlier creed of freedom of conscience and liberty of belief.

We see him joining in the war-time hysteria, doing his bit to rouse passions of hate and bitterness and rage by the usual falsifications and abuse of the enemy—for them to this day he has expressed no regret, made no apology, though surely so keen a mind knows beyond question what history now teaches about the *facts* of the war as well as the utter failure of every American objective in the struggle save the removal of the seat of a base militarism from Berlin to Paris. He knows that the world was not made safe for democracy; nor war forever ended; nor the rights of small nations safeguarded; nor freedom of the seas assured; while his own ex-beloved League of Nations stands not only deserted by him but exposed as a pitiful pretense, a thing of impotence and jeering, as it looks at Shanghai and moves weeks too late to save the slaughter. What might he not have us believe, to what would he not lend himself, if this time he himself entered the White House? Neither his record nor his character gives us any assurance.

So it is, wherever you probe—the turning and twisting inseparable from this type of mind. There is the municipal electric light and power plant in Cleveland. The paramount issue in Baker's campaign for the Mayoralty in 1911 was the question of issuing \$2,000,000 of bonds for the purpose of building this plant. The Chamber of Commerce opposed and arranged a debate between Baker and the president of the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company in the assembly room of the Chamber of Commerce. Baker opened it with one of his magnificent phrases: "I am in the House of Have, but I am pleading for the House of Want." Two years later he resigned his membership in the House of Have because that House was opposing a bill to permit the cities of Ohio to enter into competition with privately owned utilities. Said Baker to the House: "I must remain free to advocate things which seem to me necessary for the best interests of the people of Cleveland and I cannot while a member of the chamber criticize resolutions which have been adopted . . . as I think I would be justified in doing were I not a member of your organization" (letter of February 5, 1914). On the same day he sent a longer letter to Munson Havens, secretary of the chamber, in which he gave more fundamental reasons for resigning, because "a subcommittee of that body can meet behind closed doors and consider matters of grave public policy without the fact that such a subject is pending before them being known to the members of the chamber and an opportunity to be heard being given to such members," and then act on the policies thus secretly determined. On March 6, 1914, he opened the way for his return by writing: "Were I not Mayor I think the situation would be entirely otherwise so far as my affiliation with the chamber is concerned." But when he returned to the chamber in 1916, when he became a director of it in 1921, and when he was elected president in 1922, the star-chamber proceedings against which he protested had not been changed in any way or any action taken to mollify Mr. Baker's outraged democracy. To this day committees decide on the policies in private without the members having a chance to be heard or publicly take their position.

Furthermore, when Newton Baker became president of the House of Have it was engaged in the popular "big-business" fight of smashing the unions. The House of Have published page advertisements in the newspapers demanding the open shop in Cleveland, and those advertisements were

signed by that great liberal, Newton D. Baker. He was not, however, through with the electric-light plant that he had sponsored. In 1924 a director of public utilities, appointed under the city-manager plan, who was a sworn enemy of the municipal plant, urged that the city buy its current from the private companies and that the plant be shut down. To further his plans this director got out a report attacking the plant. Who wrote the foreword to this pamphlet? Why, the plant's own former sponsor, Newton D. Baker. Here is one paragraph which gives a true picture of the general drift of that foreword:

Municipal enterprises of this sort have some advantages and some disadvantages in the matter of financing. They do not have to pay taxes but are required to set up the equivalent and this equivalent can be invested in plant. On the other hand, they cannot bond the plant facilities as private enterprises do for extensions and betterments. They are thus able to make extensions out of net earnings and such general city bonds as the council or the people find it possible to authorize but they cannot make revolutionary changes in the art by thoroughgoing reconstructions based upon bonds secured by the value of the plant itself.

Mr. Baker was either mistaken as a lawyer when he at this time and subsequently opposed as illegal the mortgage-bond issue to rehabilitate the electric-light plant, or was deliberately playing politics when he wrote that mortgage bonds were not permitted by the Ohio law. It is a simple fact that subsequently the light-plant-expansion issue became a hot political question and both Republicans and Democrats joined in 1931 in putting a \$2,500,000 general bond issue on the November ballot in order to provide for rehabilitating the plant. Did Newton Baker, who wrote that foreword to the pamphlet designed to finish the municipal plant, oppose the issue of the general bonds for the purpose of making it more effective in competition with the private plant? He did not. Ostensibly, at least, he swung around again and supported that bond issue in a weak statement. But the party of which he is the boss made little organized effort to carry the bonds. Under Baker's leadership the party deserted the municipal light plant, for the founding of which Mr. Baker's liberal admirers give him so much credit.

There is much division of opinion in Cleveland in explanation of these and other shifts. One man who has for years studied his course says: "I do not feel toward Baker as many here do. They think he sold out; I am of the opinion that he never believed in those things he claimed he believed, he merely *thought* he believed them while Tom Johnson was alive." I rather think this is in keeping with the type of mind I have tried to describe. But there is another keen observer who writes me: "Baker is simply a true liberal gone wrong. Many here feel that he is just as sincere in his new role of conservative as he was in his Johnson days. I, however, think he was sincere when he was a follower of Johnson and that he is now conscious of the present conflict between the impulses of his moral nature and his reasoned behavior. One cannot study his public utterances during the last ten years without being satisfied that he is always aware of the anomalies and inconsistencies of his career, and that his rationalizing of today is deliberate. Under the spell of a powerful personality like Tom L. Johnson or Woodrow Wilson he will 'emote' to white heat and will act in all sincerity. In the seclusion of his office he will

cool to frigidity, plot to outwit the other fellow in the contest for place and distinction."

The best characterization of Baker yet made is that given to Heywood Brown by a Cleveland woman who knows Baker well. "Newton," she remarked, "is a functioner. Put him at the head of a peace conference and he'll do you a swell job. Make him Secretary of War and he'll swing your conflict for you as well as any man. It doesn't matter where you drop him—Newton will always function." Yes, in the Chamber of Commerce or against it; with the League of Nations crowd or without them. But as to standing *fast*? Oh, no, not Mr. Baker. Knights-errant may do that sort of thing but not the erstwhile Tom Johnsonite, now the real boss of the Cleveland Democratic machine and the chief Cleveland attorney of the great corporations.

Was Baker a great executive? Not when he was Mayor, when he could not delegate power and was swamped by his correspondence and limitless details. Elected by a majority of over 18,000, he was reelected by 3,500—the defections being chiefly from his own Democratic camp—one reason assigned being that they resented Baker's cultivating the friendship of men who had been Tom Johnson's bitterest enemies. As Secretary of War his industry was limitless. His days were incredibly long, his ability to stay sixteen and seventeen hours at his desk, day in and day out, nothing less than marvelous. Then he had to—and did—delegate authority; then he had to—and did—make quick decisions. There he correctly backed Pershing to the limit, giving him complete support. His industry is always phenomenal; his mind, as already said, craves information of every kind and gets it. He reads amazingly much, especially when it is remembered in how many cases he appears and the extraordinary thoroughness with which he prepares himself for his court appearances. He rarely commits a speech to writing before delivery; his phrases are spontaneous.

He is kindly, pleasant to meet, modest, and personally unassuming. He has, moreover, in great abundance what some Frenchman has declared to be "the most beautiful thing in the world—patience." Quite unlike Mr. Hoover, Baker is the philosopher a public man should be when it comes to public criticism. He neither makes a hair-shirt of it, nor has he ever been known to explode with anger. Throughout the war he put up with some of the bitterest and most unjust cartooning and libeling and never struck back. This was one of the finest things about him—that he was too busy as Secretary of War to indulge in controversies—there are only one or two justified exceptions to this rule. He was willing to trust to time for its verdict. His own life is beyond criticism. He exemplifies all the familiar Christian virtues. Indeed, he is so particular as to his associations that when, after promising to preside at the reading of a well-known poetess for the benefit of a college endowment, he discovered that her way of life was not his, he promptly drew the skirts of his rectitude about him and sent word that he could not possibly preside for a woman of her lack of standards!

Today he declares he has always "wanted to fight for idealism and liberalism . . . whether carrying a banner or marching in the ranks." But what kind of liberalism and idealism and on what days of the year, the even or odd? The Woodrow Wilson kind? Heaven forbid any such fresh visitation upon our unhappy country! The Woodrow Wilson

kind has now avenged itself upon us so thoroughly that we do not today feel sure our economic system is going to survive the war to end war, or the debts and reparations, or that abomination called the Treaty of Versailles, which Mr. Wilson so cheerfully signed and approved. I have elsewhere (*The Nation*, January 27, 1931) stated my belief that Newton Baker has in him the makings of a splendid fascist President. Should we drift further upon the economic rocks, if he were in the White House I believe that he would as readily place himself in the hands of Wall Street's financiers—whose failure is now admitted before all the world—as has Herbert Hoover and as did Wilson when war came. Should it be necessary to shoot down hungry Americans, Newton Baker, I think, would do it without turning a hair, and then do a beautiful speech about it with sobs in his voice and a clear message from God in it.

I weep for you, the Walrus said,
And deeply sympathize.

Moreover, he would rationalize his every act and prove,

with incredible skill, acumen, eloquence, and knowledge, on the day that he tore the Constitution to shreds, that this was exactly in the spirit of the Founders, in line with the best decisions of the Supreme Court, and in the best traditions of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

As it happens, the times do not call for this type of man. The emergency is great, the need for a forthright man tremendous—a man with the backbone of a Grover Cleveland, whose speeches were not eloquent but went to the point; whose sentences were interminable, but meant a lot when you had finished them. We have been lured on for years by the silly platitudes of Harding; the incessant, contradictory, meaningless stuff talked by the really verbose Coolidge; and the pitiful twistings and usually entirely false emptiness of Herbert Hoover. The situation has got beyond the talking stage—beyond sob-stuff eloquence. I do not know a thing about Speaker Garner and I have never read one of his speeches, but I think I should vote for him before I would for Newton Baker. Garner, at least, does not seem to know who is standing at the throne of God.

"Limiting" Drug Manufacture

By ELLEN LA MOTTE

THE manufacture of drugs is so far in excess of medical needs that a hundred tons of such drugs as heroin, morphine, and the like have leaked into illicit channels during the past five years. From the international conference to limit the manufacture of dangerous drugs, held at Geneva last June, little emerged but a treaty so cumbersome and intricate that few can make head or tail of it. Some have pronounced it an improvement over existing treaties. No international agreement, however, can achieve anything if there is bad faith in the nations signing it. Fifty-six countries met at this conference, among them those whose factories feed the illicit trade—Great Britain, France, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Japan. Three of these—Great Britain, France, and Holland—do a big business in drugs in their colonies, selling opium to their Oriental subjects. Naturally, when governments frankly engage in this traffic, they rather wink at their own nationals doing the same thing in a private, less flagrant way. Once admit the principle that it is all right to make money from trade in habit-forming drugs and it hardly matters whether this is carried on through a licensed government shop or through an illicit dealer. Profits and damage are equally great. Moreover, the private individuals engaged in the traffic are frequently important and influential and able to exercise great pull "at home."

The story of the Geneva conference is revealing. From the outset it met heavy going. This huge drug manufacture was not to be disturbed, and the delegates from the manufacturing countries were there to see to it. The chief spokesman was the British delegate, Sir Malcolm Delevingne. His original intention had been to push through the "quota plan," under which each manufacturing country—except the United States—was to be allotted a quota, thus forming a cartel in restraint of trade. The inherent difficulty with this plan was that each manufacturing country wished to

make the entire 100 per cent—no less. For three weeks the conference wrangled and fought over this quota plan, finding it impossible to divide the amount among the hungry manufacturers.

The American delegation was a silent witness to these interminable wranglings; we had nothing to suggest as an alternative, having arrived seemingly with but one idea—not to oppose the British. Finally it was the French and Japanese who proposed an alternative scheme, the United States meekly coming in and saying we would support it. At this point our delegation seemed to wake up and to offer some useful suggestions, sticking in little improvements which we were prepared to hold out for, even if it meant encountering British hostility. We encountered it all right, but thanks to the steadfastness of our second, third, and fourth delegates—H. J. Anslinger, Dr. Walter Treadway, and State Senator Young of California—we managed to stand pat. Our chief delegate, J. K. Caldwell, and two of his technical advisers seemed mainly intent on standing well with the British.

The one thing we stood out for was to have codeine "covered," that is, surrounded by the same restrictions and safeguards as morphine. At present codeine is transported as freely as salt, with no certificates required for export or import, no record of its comings and goings. It is a raw material from which more potent drugs can be made, and for years the drug ring has used it in carrying on its hidden trade. Indeed, there is some question of whether codeine is made at all—whether codeine labels are not simply stuck on bottles containing more dangerous drugs. At the first proposal to "cover" codeine the drug ring rose as a man. When this happens, a vital spot has been touched. The fight on this issue raged for days. Thanks to the tenacity of the American delegation, supported by a remarkable speech from Signor Cavazzoni, it was finally won. Even so, there are certain loopholes: the manufacture need only

be reported once a year, instead of every three months as with morphine; its retail sales are unrestricted; preparations containing less than 2 per cent are sent off without certificates; and as contraband it need not be destroyed.

Another fight came over heroin, and again the drug ring, led by Delevingne as spokesman, presented a united, unyielding front. (Heroin is the chief drug of addiction, and a committee of experts brought in a report saying that its social dangers far outweighed its medicinal value. In medicine, substitutes are available. The question before the conference was whether to abolish manufacture, as has been done in the United States. The Swiss put up an impassioned appeal, asking what would become of the thousands of consumptives in Swiss sanitariums if they were deprived of this vital drug. This plea would have carried more weight if on the next breath the Swiss spokesman had not admitted that the medical needs of these thousands amounted to only four pounds a year. The Egyptian delegate said heroin was smuggled into Egypt by the ton; he was in favor of any radical measures the conference might adopt. The upshot was an agreement to continue manufacture, but to export the drug only upon special certificates issued by governments, the importing government itself to receive the drug without the agency of any middleman. This special supervision for heroin is an advance.

The third battle was over seizures—should contraband be destroyed? What, exclaimed Delevingne, destroy these valuable drugs, worth millions of pounds or dollars? Never! In support rose the Japanese, Swiss, Dutch, Germans, French—*Never!* This fight went on for days, in committee and in plenary meetings. One began to realize what these seizures mean—the easy transportation of drugs from country to country without hampering restrictions—a gentlemen's agreement, by which one country tips another off, and "seizures" are made at prearranged points. In the Far East this interchange is doubtless highly organized and efficient. For example: a couple of tons are seized at Hong Kong and brought to England. Four tons made in French factories in Turkey are seized at Marseilles. As the various delegates pleaded not to destroy seizures, one realized their immense importance, and began to understand something of the inner workings of the drug ring.

Twice it was decided that seizures should be destroyed—once in committee, and again in plenary session, at the first reading of the new convention. By a thin margin, nineteen to sixteen, the vote was in favor of destruction. It was interesting to see the British rally their cohorts—to see Egypt, where, admittedly, heroin was smuggled in by the ton, suddenly vote against destruction. But we lost this fight over contraband. Lost it through lack of support by the American delegation. The British introduced a resolution that seizures should be destroyed on condition that Turkey and Yugoslavia would promise not to manufacture drugs. At this critical moment, when everything depended on our aid, our delegate hesitated: "The American delegation is in favor of destroying contraband, for the sudden accession of a ton or half a ton of drugs is a danger . . . but . . . I will support the British proposal . . ." At that moment we lost the fight. Seeing America back down, the countries which had previously supported us were thrown into confusion and dismay. Delevingne then withdrew his proposal, and the vote was hastily taken upon an-

other, by which "Drugs in Group I" (which excludes codeine) might either be destroyed, converted (into codeine), or used for medical purposes. This was carried twenty-three to eight. A few days later we heard what was back of this surrender. It was frankly admitted that a bargain had been struck by the drug ring to cover codeine in exchange for the non-destruction of contraband. A shameful bargain, and no feather in the cap of the League of Nations.

Incidentally, this is rather hard on the decent and honest manufacturer—this competition with illicit drugs. He arranges his purchase of raw material, calculating on the known medicinal needs of his country, and suddenly, overnight, finds his plans disrupted. A seizure of two tons of morphine may leave him with an equal amount on his hands, unsold. He is penalized for the sake of the illicit trade.

The ostensible object of the conference was to limit the manufacture of drugs. Whether this has been accomplished depends on what you mean by "limiting." The Empire State Building is also limited—to a main part, a tower, a mooring mast, and the possibility of a few Zeppelins attached thereto. By the new treaty manufacture is "limited" to what each country thinks it can get away with—to the "estimates" each one may make. These include:

1. Estimates for domestic needs. Estimates for conversion (into codeine). Plus 25 per cent extra—just in case.
2. Estimates for export. Plus 50 per cent extra—just in case.
3. To make all safe, manufacture may exceed these combined estimates by a 5 per cent increase, to make sure there is no shortage.
4. Stocks on hand, when the treaty goes into effect—if it ever does. These are government stocks—quantities unknown. One country is said to have enough heroin on hand to supply the world for 150 years.
5. Besides which, these government stocks may be increased by purchase, manufacture, imports, and seizures. This augmentation may be reported each year, but not the amount on hand, nor what becomes of it.

There are certain checks and balances. An excess in one year is to be deducted from manufacture next year. Quarterly statistics are to be submitted to the Permanent Central Board, which in turn submits them to a supervisory body which meets once a year. This consists of four people—a member of the Permanent Central Board, of the Opium Advisory Committee, of the Bureau of Hygiene in Paris, and of the Health Committee of the League of Nations. This body has no authority, save to examine the figures submitted. If any estimates appear too high, an explanation may be demanded from the country in question. If this is satisfactory, no more is heard of the matter. Statistics may be published—at discretion. Briefly summarized, such are the accomplishments of the conference. The convention was finished and ready for signatures on July 13, 1931; twenty-nine signatures were attached. It comes into force when twenty-five countries ratify, including four of these eight—France, Great Britain, Japan, Holland, Switzerland, Turkey, and the United States. There is a vast difference between signing and ratifying; there may be years of delay before there are sufficient ratifications—years during which the factories will work day and night, piling up drugs to be hidden in secret places ready for shipment into illicit channels.

Balanced and Unbalanced

Congress, Press, and Parties Face the Budget

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, April 2

NOW that the fumigated tax bill is safely in the Senate's hands and the House has purged itself of the twenty-year-old stigma of being a mere Presidential rubber stamp, some recent history should be edifying. No piece of legislation since the World War has evoked so much sophistry, misrepresentation, and downright lying. The Treasury, in its frantic efforts to bolster the argument for a general sales tax (previously condemned by Secretary Mills and Undersecretary Ballantine), published estimates of the probable yield from the new taxes on wealth which often were so low as to be grotesque. Party leaders opposing those levies resorted constantly to the transparent trick of applying the maximum rates on income and inheritance to entire incomes and inheritances, although the very page boys in the cloakrooms knew that the maximum on income applied only to the net portion above \$5,000,000 and that the maximum on inheritances applied only to the net portion above \$10,000,000. House leaders and Treasury officials tore their hair and reiterated the exploded warning that high taxes would cause wealth to take refuge in tax-exempt securities. Supposing that the people who own the country's business should decide to sell out and invest their fortunes in tax-exempt securities, I should like to have someone explain just whom they would sell to. Would they turn the banks, factories, mines, and utilities over to the unemployed in the hope eventually of getting their money and putting it into tax-exempt securities, or would purchasers appear magically from Mars? Moreover, since virtually no new tax-exempt securities are being issued and those outstanding could be purchased only when the present owners consented to sell, what would become of the wealth released by such sales? The answer, of course, is that all such arguments were utterly dishonest and those making them are either wilful prevaricators or they are too ignorant to be trusted with control of government finances.

AT the same time I am constrained to admit that the most flagrant instances of misrepresentation occurring in connection with the tax battle in the House were perpetrated by members of my beloved profession. A brief review of events will make this evident. The formally constituted party leaders reported a bill to remove the Treasury deficit by raising about \$1,100,000,000 in new revenue, of which about \$600,000,000 was to come from a general tax on the consumers of manufactured products. Naturally it aroused profound opposition. Such influential members as La Guardia of New York, Swing of California, and Doughton of North Carolina condemned a consumers' tax as repugnant to American policy and tradition, and insisted the needed revenue could be obtained by other means, including taxes on wealth. As the fight progressed the opposition grew. By substantial majorities the House increased the normal tax

on incomes above \$8,000 a year, increased the surtaxes on large incomes to a level approaching war-time rates, made moderate increases in the taxes on gifts and inheritances, and finally rejected the consumers' tax. Throughout this proceeding most of the metropolitan newspapers denounced the majority as "a disorganized mob," although the only hysteria discernible from the press gallery was that of the "leaders," who suddenly finding themselves without followers burst into piercing shrieks about "communism," "national ruin," and similar nonsense. La Guardia, Swing, and Doughton repeatedly emphasized their desire to balance the budget—and told how they would do it. Over and over they pointed out that the only issue was whether the burden was to fall on wealth or the buyers of the necessities of life. But editors and correspondents simply assumed—at least in print—that a consumers' tax was the last hope of lifting the Treasury deficit, an assumption flatly contradicted by the earlier statements of Mellon and Mills and subsequently demonstrated to be egregiously false. This propaganda proving ineffective the party bosses finally surrendered to the opposition and faced the necessity of finding new sources of revenue—which they promptly did by espousing the opposition substitute with hardly a change! It was evident by now that Speaker Garner's Presidential balloon was coming down even faster than it had gone up, and he acted to halt its descent. In a carefully staged speech which needed only organ music to complete the camp-meeting atmosphere he told the House he had never favored a sales tax and didn't care what taxes the House adopted so long as they were sufficient to balance the budget. It was an exciting show but devoid of significance except as it affected Garner's personal and political prestige. Thereupon the chastened leaders, assisted by the triumphant majority, began systematically enacting the La Guardia program.

* * * * *

YET for days during that process the front pages of the metropolitan press blossomed with strange stories of the "collapse of the revolt." I do not here allude to the Hearst papers. The purpose of the Sage of San Simeon was obvious; indeed, he acknowledged it publicly. He aimed to sabotage the income tax, which chisels so deeply into his own fat purse, and to undermine the traditional American principle of taxing citizens in proportion to their ability to pay. That purpose was not very patriotic, or even respectable, but he pursued it without concealment and his antics were highly diverting—let us hope he does not burst an artery. I allude to such papers as the *New York Times*, which made the astonishing discovery that the House had "reversed its course"; to the *Washington Star*, which mentioned the "chastened mood" of the House and portrayed the prodigal donkey returning to Garner's barnyard; to the *Baltimore Sun*, in which my friend Frank Kent disclosed that the House was "ashamed of itself" and "wanted to get right again with

the country"; to the berserk tirades of the *Chicago Tribune*, the *New York Daily News*, and the *Washington Post*, and to that editorial fishwife who accused La Guardia of having "an alien mind." Ponder that one—"an alien mind"—because he opposed a type of taxation which has never been accepted by this government and which its sponsors repeatedly described in debate as being of foreign origin! The simple truth is that a majority of the House adhered to the same course from start to finish, except for a momentary aberration when a log-rolling trade resulted in the imposition of tariffs on oil, gasoline, coal, and coke. When that folly threatened to become contagious, who rushed to the rescue of the leaders and successfully entreated the members not to wreck the bill by encumbering it with tariff duties? None other than Mr. La Guardia (retired Major, United States Army Air Service), of the "alien mind." Two "reversals" did occur: the party bosses reversed themselves to follow the bank and file; and most of the newspapers* reversed the facts of the situation. The fate of the tax bill in the Senate is not altogether certain; much will depend on how many Democrats listen to the seductive whispers of Barney Baruch and John Raskob. My best guess is that the tax on inheritances will be further increased and that the tariff duties will come out; the Senate can hardly afford to be shamed by the House. As for Garner—well, John, it was a good race until you came to the first hurdle!

THE forecast of early scandal in the operation of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was soon fulfilled. We learn, to put the matter in a nutshell, that this happened: The Missouri Pacific Railroad owed \$11,700,000 to three New York banking houses—J. P. Morgan and Company, Kuhn, Loeb and Company, and the Guaranty Trust Company—of which half, or \$5,850,000, was due April 1. It applied to the R. F. C. for a loan of \$12,800,000, to be used partly in paying off the bankers' loan. Eugene Meyer, Governor of the Federal Reserve Board and a director of the R. F. C., objected to a loan for that purpose, insisting it was the duty of the bankers to carry the railroad in this crisis, especially in view of the money they already had made out of it. But General Charles G. Dawes, the savory functionary who long ago in the *Lorimer* case proved his willingness to help out a banker friend with other people's money, insisted that the loan be granted and took his case to President Hoover. Evidently the President supported it, because the corporation approved the loan without waiting for the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Under what Senator Couzens described as "all kinds of assurance" the commission then "yielded its views" and approved the loan "with some reluctance." It was the first instance in which the corporation had approved a loan to a railroad without first receiving the commission's assent. Commissioner Eastman made the following pertinent comment:

No good reason has been shown for approving a government loan to enable the applicant to make a 50 per cent payment on the bank loans maturing April 1. I would have no difficulty in joining in such approval if there were any evidence that the loan is needed in the public interest.

* There were the usual honorable exceptions, conspicuous among which were the Scripps-Howard papers and Old Reliable out in St. Louis. Probably there were others; I apologize for not having seen them.—P. Y. A.

But no one has made or attempted to make such a showing. . . . Morgan and Company, Kuhn, Loeb and Company, and the Guaranty Trust Company would not, so long as interest on these bank loans is paid, force a receivership by refusing an extension. The repercussions would be much too dangerous in other quarters where the private interests of these financial institutions are involved.

In other words, the loan was as much an accommodation to the banks as it was to the railroad. Incidentally, the Missouri Pacific is controlled by the Van Sweringen crowd, one of whom is Joe Nutt, national treasurer of the Republican Party and charged in that capacity with the arduous duty of raising a campaign fund to reelect President Hoover. Isn't it about time to ascertain whether the government's life is in the hands of the bankers or whether the bankers' lives are in the hands of the government? During debate over the creation of the R. F. C., Congress and the rest of us were told it was imperative for the government to go immediately to the rescue of the banks, and that \$500,000,000 must be appropriated at once. Yet within a month Secretary Mills announced that the bankers had warned the government to balance the budget on pain of having its credit ruined. Who is boss around here, anyway?

THE Senate is going through the novel experience of being "put on the spot" by influences seeking the confirmation of Federal Judge Wilkerson, of Chicago, whose elevation to the Circuit Court of Appeals has been proposed by President Hoover. The methods employed are in the most approved Chicago manner. The Judiciary Committee is told that the real opposition to his Honor comes from the henchmen of Al Capone whom the judge—after some rather curious maneuvers—sentenced to prison. Confronted with the fact that the opposition really comes from labor organizations, the proponents reply that the Illinois unions are controlled by Capone! To the national railway brotherhoods with their vast membership this information was somewhat surprising, and even the Judiciary Committee received it with some incredulity. In fact, Frank Loesch, chairman of the Chicago Crime Commission, and Isham Randolph, head of Chicago's "Secret Six" (whatever that is), have been confronted with an embarrassing request to produce evidence in support of their charge. Thus far the only result has been a telegram from a notorious Chicago organization of strike-breakers stating that Loesch and Randolph are right. Nevertheless, it probably will be easier to produce such evidence than to explain Judge Wilkerson's and Harry Daugherty's injunction against the striking railway shopmen, or the still more remarkable injunction restraining members of the Chicago Musicians' Union from quitting work without the consent of their employers. Like numerous other newspapermen throughout the country, the writer is interested in observing that the *Chicago Tribune* is most vociferous in asserting that opposition to Wilkerson's confirmation originated among gangsters. The newspaper that employed "Jake" Lingle should know what is happening in gangland, but the little matter of the injunctions remains to be explained. Perhaps Bob Lee, who is reported to dominate *Tribune* policy and to whom Lingle reported daily, could explain the whole situation to the Senate Judiciary Committee.

What Shall We Do with Our Banks?

By H. PARKER WILLIS

TO the man who is willing to read financial history "with his eyes and not with his prejudices," it is increasingly evident that the banking question in the United States has reached a turning of the road. For a good while past, the pathway has dipped steadily downward. Our banking system has grown less manageable and less efficient, less solvent, less reliable either as a keeper of money or as a user of it. Our Federal Reserve banks have shown less and less leadership, and have grown more and more dependent upon the wishes and inclinations, expressed or implied, of small cliques drawn from the financial interests of the larger cities. The result has been an individualism exaggerated at times into something approaching chaos. It is foolish to speak of this result as "inevitable" or "irresistible." No other country—not even Austria—has had any such experience as ours, though many have suffered from false financial policies of every sort. We, with the greatest gold stock in the world's history, and with the most wealth and almost the lowest per capita debt, have suffered most from failures, incompetence, inability to regulate either our domestic or our international relationships in banking and money.

The forward path in our banking development now forks sharply. One branch leads further downward to complete disorganization. The other climbs steeply to a level of greater wholesomeness and safety. It will not be easy to pursue this latter. Yet we must follow the more difficult road unless we are willing to let our whole economic order be further disorganized and disturbed. Professor Marshall has said that money and banking are the nucleus around which all economic science clusters. He would also say, we may be sure, that practical, sound management of money and banking is the nucleus around which all successful economic policy intended for the betterment of the community, or even for its protection in present well-being, must cluster, and on which it directly depends. What, then, are the elements of a sound and safe banking development for the welfare of the United States in the early coming years? What must we seek to do during the next four or five years as a practical task?

It has already been seen and admitted by forward-looking men that the first and great commandment of banking soundness in this country will be the ending of the century-long conflict on banking oversight between the States and the central government. Some one self-consistent policy must control; and it requires no sage to see that this policy will be most easily attained through the transfer of power over banking legislation to the federal government. Lacking such a formal transfer, there must be found some means of agreement between the State legislatures and the federal authority whereby there will be uniformity of action and oversight, and whereby all banks will be affiliated with our federal system on terms helpful to them. Without this step we shall go on with the conflict between grades of govern-

ment, with the attempt on the part of the States to tempt banks away from their federal charters, with the effort of national administrators to draw them back by laxity in law or in administration, with the craven fear on the part of the Federal Reserve System lest it lose members through unrightness of administration, and with other elements of profound weakness that must ultimately bring even more complete disorganization than that now existing. We might attain the desired unity by a constitutional amendment that would vest all power over banking in the federal government—this then to be followed by complete revision of present banking enactments—or we might get a similar outcome through some movement headed by a wise and strong President in some future Administration that would bring about identity of organization and identity of action on a code of uniform banking legislation.

To hope and work for some such result is certainly not utopian nor even unpractical, yet it is clear that by hitching our banking-reform wagon to such a star we shall accomplish our ends but slowly. It is hard, in the first place, to educate those who are but moderately interested in banking to the point where they are willing to see the need of any such procedure. It is still more difficult to induce public men to commit themselves to actual steps in behalf of any such far-off divine event. The desired result may be attained, but it probably will be only after much more sad experience and bank misery, unless there shall come some sudden and unexpected illumination of the problem that will convince even the wayfaring man, though a fool, that a major operation would be the shortest way to the relief of what is one of the chief underlying difficulties of contemporary American economic civilization. Moreover, suppose it were possible to get the desired constitutional amendment tomorrow, what should be done under it—what changes should we make?

We shall not be too opportunistic, therefore, if, while awaiting some working out along this indicated line—and it may be added, some change of feeling in Congress that would permit wise legislation after such a constitutional change—that indicated had been effected—we formulate to ourselves some more immediately resultful program as a basis of practical procedure. Suppose, then, we assume, as so many insist upon assuming, that we shall always have to struggle with a condition in which there is a dual control of banking with forty-nine competing jurisdictions seeking to "attract" banks to their "systems" by laxity in law or administration.

If, accordingly, we determine to work along this narrow line, it seems necessary, first of all, to bring about a direct and positive supervision and regulation of banking that will relieve the community from the terrible suffering and danger that has been, and is daily, inflicted upon it by banking mismanagement and failure. Within the past year we have had some 2,300 closings of banks, and we have enlisted into an army of discontent, it is estimated, approximately 6,000,000 persons who were depositors in the banks closed since the beginning of the panic and who are now deprived of the use of their funds. It seems obvious that the adoption of

* The first of a series of articles embodying a practical program for America by outstanding experts in various fields. The other articles will appear in successive issues.—EDITOR THE NATION.

means to correct this crying evil must be resorted to. Frank thought, free of the evasions of selfish economic metaphysics, brings us inevitably to one of two conclusions: (1) since the unprofessional depositor has not the means to judge accurately the soundness of his bank, and since wholesale bank failure is disastrous to both economic and social order, some means of stopping bank failures must be found in governmental provisions that will either guarantee depositors against loss or at least provide them with immediate means of getting the worth of their claims as soon as a bank is closed; (2) there must be such a reorganization of the banking system as to insure—humanly speaking—that failures shall be rare episodes.

There is good reason for rejecting the notion of "bank-deposit guaranty." Not only is it repugnant to those who believe in the soundness and effectiveness of individual choice of banks as possibly the best means of indirectly keeping them in order (despite the lack of criteria of judgment already mentioned), but the experience with the plan that has now been quite extensively had among the States has shown it to be, generally speaking, unsuccessful. The federal government might do better with such a guaranty or it might not. In any case, the presumption is against the project. In lieu of such a resort to extremes, we have the alternative of establishing a banking regime not subject to failures or of applying severe and stringent legislative regulation to the business of banking, of such a nature that there will be an entirely different type of management. What the general nature of this regulation should be we shall presently suggest. The other proposal—that of so reorganizing our banking as to produce a system that is failure-proof—is in some ways more attractive. It has been found entirely possible in such countries as Canada and Great Britain largely to eliminate bank failures, and to lay upon the banks as a body the duty of absorbing those of their number which are on the verge of failure, so as to save the community from suffering. To do that in the United States is nearly out of the question, for the reason that it would imply the very great centralization of our banking system. There are today far too many banks in this country for strength or safety, and they are, in a vast majority of cases, much too weak, with over-small capital and scanty resources. They are not large enough to resist the strain of depression in many cases, even if they have been fairly well managed in times of industrial and economic peace. It seems, however, almost certain that the people of the United States will not self-consciously endure the risk, as they conceive it, of great centralization in banking, even if assured that thereby they may escape a considerable share of the dangers of failure. Branch banking is a way of bringing about concentration and should be tried as fast as the public will permit. This drives us back to the application of satisfactory regulation as the most immediate measure of reform, even though a good deal can and should be done by making access to the banking profession far more difficult for incompetents and exploiters than now.

Given, however, a specified banking structure, the tendency to failure already spoken of is in part the outgrowth and in part the accompaniment or effect of a national vice—the disposition to speculate. Bankers of all classes have found it easier to "make money"—as they thought—by dabbling in the securities markets than by following the slow, painful course of financing business and discounting commercial pa-

per. They have of late years (1) invested too heavily in stock-exchange securities, and (2) over-heavily financed those who were speculating beyond their means in these same issues—and in others. Inasmuch as we have as yet no means of controlling or limiting or regulating the issue of securities, and inasmuch as over-issue will, under existing conditions, probably always continue as a perennial evil of stock-market finance, it is clear that the banks which hold the public's money must in some wise be divorced from stock-market operations. To accomplish such a result apparently means that they must be separated into two groups—one which does not accept deposits but is allowed to finance industry, and a second which accepts deposits and carries on commercial banking but does not engage in market operations or in financing those who do. Moreover, since a study of failures shows that the primary causes of such failures are found, directly or indirectly, in the market operations of banks, we are led once more to the conclusion that the immediate or expedient way of starting the reform of banking for the purpose of prompt relief is through the control of the technique of actual bank operation of which we have spoken above, and a discussion of which was then promised.

What ought this type of control to be? There need be no hesitation in answering such a question. First of all, there is more and more ground for feeling that banking is too hazardous a profession to be left open to any ignoramus or favorite son—or son-in-law—who knows nothing about it. The "Wisconsin idea" of licensing bankers has been ridiculed but has much to commend it. If we license plumbers, engineers, public accountants, lawyers, and doctors, why should we not throw around the banking profession some safeguards of personnel. There is ample reason for so doing.

With qualified men at the head, there is still a need for meticulous regulation of our deposit banks. They ought not to be allowed to apply the depositors' money in any way that will bring it into unreasonable hazard. There is every reason, therefore, for careful specification and regulation of the types and classes of securities they may buy. The desirable thing will be, as soon as practical, to make our deposit banks entirely free, so long as they carry a type of deposit that permits any such purchases, of the business of receiving and caring for savings, and to let them serve only the demand-deposit needs of the community. In such a case, the field of their investments will be narrow, for they will then be bound to deal almost wholly in commercial paper. To make their efforts safer even in that restricted field we should generalize or universalize our false-statement laws and require by law what is now the custom among American banks—the interchange of credit information. We should compel the filing of truthful statements by applicants for loans and in every way we should endeavor to protect banking operations.

It may take a good while to separate deposit banking from investment banking, demand deposits from savings, but there should at least be no serious trouble in introducing departmentalized banking somewhat after the California plan. If, however, even this involves too much social effort, and if we insist on permitting banks to continue to receive savings or time deposits along with demand, pending the more complete change of general policy already indicated, their purchases of securities must follow the already well-developed requirements of savings-bank operations, and the savings or time de-

positor should be given a first lien on the assets which represent his funds, that he may have all possible safety in case of failure.

It seems hardly needful to add that in such a situation as is thus described the banker should in no circumstances be permitted to engage in any "back-door" or "back-stairs" banking. He should not, in other words, be suffered to have an interest in an affiliated concern which may do all those things that are forbidden to him, and to which he freely lends the funds for the carrying on of all those activities in which he himself is technically not permitted to engage. "Affiliates" must be separated from their "parent" banks and discouraged entirely, whenever and wherever possible, under our dual State and federal jurisdiction. The least that can be done for the moment is to end the system of joint ownership or control and to insist that an affiliate shall borrow from a bank only on the same terms and to the same extent as others. It is deeply regrettable that banking opinion has not already thus discouraged them, or made them impossible. Perhaps it may yet do so, as is suggested by some recent cases in which affiliated concerns have been given up, especially in New York City. But while waiting for such a growth of opinion, the law ought not to hesitate. Stock-market operations, underwriting of securities, dabbling in all kinds of undesirable or dangerous schemes must be abandoned by our bankers, whether they act in the bank itself or in some related enterprise.

Above all else, there is needed much more careful protection of the present trust-company operations, in such a way as to insure the safeguarding of the funds of deceased persons or of persons with trust funds to their credit who require the service of a trustee. Present conditions are exceedingly unfavorable to such persons. It is true, as asserted in much of the trust-company advertising of the present day, that a trust company never dies or disappears as may an individual executor or trustee. It may, however, be added that the individual never merges or changes his whole type of being. The trust company does, and it has often happened of late years that a man placed his property in trust and sailed away or retired serene in the confidence that his property was in the hands of conservative men, only to find within a short time the company sold out and combined with another where the men in charge were of a different type and where funds were used for totally new purposes. The practice of making securities in one affiliate of an enterprise and buying them for trust account—directly or indirectly—in another is too common, and must be ended.

We have already noted that, with the changes that have been above suggested, the business of dealing in securities ought to be relegated to another group of institutions. This suggests the desirability of an entirely new type of banking house whose mission it should be to finance long-term obligations, carry on foreign-trade finance, issue securities for purchase by investors willing to take some risks, and generally to finance and serve the capital market. For this purpose adequate, moderate federal legislation is desirable. It should be uniform for the whole country, and should aim chiefly (1) to protect the investor from false representations; (2) to prevent the deposit bank from becoming involved in securities operations; and (3) to prohibit unfair company regulations, control by small cliques through unfair voting arrangements, and the like. It is evident that all companies

doing an interstate trade should be required to keep their books on a uniform prescribed plan, somewhat as do the railroads, and to make full and complete statements to stockholders. Financing in open market should be contingent upon compliance with reasonable requirements of this sort.

Nothing has thus far been said herein of the question of our Federal Reserve banks and their management. The subject has of late been widely and technically discussed. This is no place for the continuation of a purely technical analysis of that important phase of our banking problem. Those who want to pursue the inquiry thoroughly and with evidence for each step toward a conclusion will find in Part VI of the Hearings before the Senate Banking and Currency Subcommittee of 1931-32 the full statement of the current policy of Federal Reserve banks as set forth in their own words. Suffice it to say, for the purposes of this article, that some reserve banks have wandered far from their original purpose, and have become primarily stock-market auxiliaries, discounting but sparingly for their city and larger member institutions, and scarcely at all for country institutions, while the latter get less and less benefit from the system. Their main activities, particularly in the larger cities, and conspicuously in New York City, are those of helping the stock market by letting out funds or adjusting rates, as opportunity seems to require or permit.

This is a situation that gravely impairs the efficiency of our banking system and threatens its solidity and safety for the future. It is also at odds with the conception of a restored soundness on the part of the smaller institutions which, as already explained, are likely to continue as an outstanding feature of the American banking scene for a good while. Probably the fundamental error was made originally when reserve banks were permitted to abstain from dealing with the public, and when they were forbidden the supervision of private stockholders. Their shares ought unquestionably to be thrown open to private subscription, and they should at the same time be compelled to engage in direct dealings with the public. Thereby the business men and the smaller bankers would be encouraged to offer them the right kind of paper, and thus to attract their funds directly into business instead of putting them through the stock-market strainer and perhaps spoiling that strainer in the process. In default of some such far-reaching reform as this—which, after all would merely introduce here something like the system that has lasted more than a century and a quarter in France and far longer in Great Britain, with success—it should at least be possible to revise the system in such a way as to insure a commercial-banking preference on the part of the reserve banks, a degree of independence on the part of the smaller and more remote members, and a better and more professional management on behalf of all.

If we now retrace our steps and sum up the chief point in the program thus set forth we shall see that it shapes up somewhat as follows (although here presented in an order somewhat different from that employed in the preceding discussion):

1. Revise the Federal Reserve Act so as to insure more direct dealings with the commercial banks; and if possible with the actual borrowers of the country.

- (a) Let this be done by restricting the channels of market operation, and broadening those of commercial operation.

(b) Let it be accompanied by a reorganization of personnel such ■ to insure greater ability in charge of the reserve banks and better professional quality in the personnel of all banks.

2. As soon as feasible, secure a constitutional amendment that will permit Congressional legislation on banking for the whole country. When this is attained, compel all banks to join the Federal Reserve System, in one capacity or another.

3. Pending the attainment of such an amendment, lose no time in developing a system of adequate investment-banking regulation that will apply to our commercial banks, members of the Reserve System, the same kind and quality, at least, of restriction in their investment-banking activities that has already been applied to their commercial-paper operations.

4. The chief feature of this regulation should be action designed to render it difficult or impossible for them to continue in the development of stock-market affiliations and operations, and to oblige them to confine their activities to commercial-paper transactions practically exclusively.

5. Non-deposit banking with permission to issue and underwrite securities, to sell and deal in bonds and other evidences of long-term debt should then be encouraged ■ an independent type of organization under federal uniform supervision. Corporate bookkeeping on a uniform basis and truthful public statements of condition should be an essential.

6. "Affiliates" or allied enterprises should by no means be permitted to continue to operate in connection with their "parent" commercial banks.

7. Appropriate improvement of bank examination and supervision, State and national, with additional administrative safeguards, should be at once and thoroughly applied, the object being to prevent bank failures of the wholesale sort from which the community now suffers.

8. Incidentally, let there be provided a suitable organization for purchasing and liquidating bank assets without subjecting the public to the losses and inconveniences inherent in present methods.

This program is moderate. It calls only for the minimum measures of reorganization demanded by existing con-

ditions. Every one of the changes provided is required in the interest of restoration of prosperity. There is nothing extreme, nothing "radical" in any of the notions thus expressed. They are all in line with sound and conservative banking principle—all indorsed at one time or another by most cautious men. They ought to be absolutely demanded and put into effect as the result of the coming Presidential campaign. The only thing new or striking about them would be their incorporation as a general program—interrelated and calculated to be effective.

We have left until the last the problem of the monetary policy of the United States. It is ■ large problem and one on which it will be well to avoid dogmatism. Nevertheless, ■ few major points are certain. We must continue on the gold standard until an unquestionably superior and effective plan shall have made its appearance. If, meanwhile, there should prove to be a possibility of restoring the gold standard throughout the Western world, we should join actively in making it workable. This need not in any way prejudice our deciding to give up the gold standard in the future should we hit upon an admittedly superior substitute. It would merely remedy intolerable conditions pending ■ general decision to change policy. If, while awaiting the time for the development of such ■ substitute, the recession of prices and the suffering thereby caused becomes intolerable, let us remedy it by breaking down excessive prices which are the result of combination and agreement—or failing in that, let us get ■ change of price level if it *must be* (which the present writer does not admit) by changing the gold content of our unit of value rather than by inflating our banking system and tinkering with prices behind the scenes, to the great profits of special groups.

All this may be properly deferred until we have accomplished the duty nearest to our hand—the reorganization of our banking system in the interests of safety, fairness, and equitable treatment of the depositor, investor, and saver. It would not help these groups to have a "managed currency" or any other substitute for our present standard of value if our banking should remain, as now, disorganized, unsafe, and selfish.

Swans and Statesmen at Geneva

By M. FARMER MURPHY

Geneva, March 9

EVERY visitor to Geneva has at some time or other during his stay leaned over the railing of the quais or bridges and watched the swans floating on the blue waters of the lake. As the birds drifted along without apparent effort, he has admired the grace of their movements and the serene dignity of their bearing. Then, while engaged in these reflections on the majesty of the noble bird, he has been startled to see the long curved neck suddenly straighten and the head shoot down to the muck on the floor of the lake, while the tail feathers pointed directly to the zenith. In this upside-down perpendicular position the swan would remain for some minutes. Naturalists probably have an explanation for this eccentricity of the Lac Léman swans, but it would certainly be superficial and technical.

Naturalists would doubtless say the swan saw something to eat on the bottom and dived for it. The real explanation, however, is not so commonplace. Geneva swans have associated so much with international statesmen that they have taken on some of the most striking characteristics of those gentlemen. The swans look impressive ■ long ■ things ■ going smoothly, but when, unknown to the observer, they are abruptly confronted with some bird problem and the necessity of making a decision, they meet the emergency by assuming a perpendicular position with head in the mud. Amateur ornithologists report that since the meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations to deal with Japan's war upon China the practice of this acrobatic stunt has increased among the swans, as if they were responding to some potent but invisible influence.

The behavior of the so-called "great Powers" in the Assembly meetings leads to the conclusion that the general intellectual and economic bankruptcy which has so long been evident throughout the world is to be topped off with a manifestation of complete moral bankruptcy. In the face of a crisis as grave in its implications as the beginnings of the World War, one involving the whole structure of international order and good faith—a situation which would naturally cause men with any convictions whatever to utter burning words—the sessions were opened by Paul-Boncour with a lengthy and florid discourse of reminiscence and attempted justification of the futile efforts of the Council. Even when the Assembly met for real business as a committee of the whole, it sat dumb till roused to a semblance of life by Chairman Hymans. The body at the outset was inert and listless before as clear a case of right and wrong as ever came to a tribunal for decision. By acts which admit of no dispute Japan had flagrantly violated three treaties—the League Covenant, the Nine-Power Treaty, and the Briand-Kellogg Pact—to which it had solemnly subscribed. Not only that, but its military had in quick succession broken various pledges given by its government regarding the extension of operations. Not once in dealing with the League Council had Japan met squarely the fundamental question involved, but had evaded it and replied with quibbling excuses and even insolent equivocation. The challenge to the honor and authority of the League was direct and uncompromising.

Yet nowhere among the great Powers was there evinced the slightest indignation, the faintest sense of being affronted, or any disinclination to associate with a nation guilty of such perfidy. On the contrary, they raised a smoke screen about the "complexity of the problem"; it was "difficult to know the real facts at this distance"; "we must not act hastily." Their mouths were full of "aspirations for world peace," of "mediation," and of "new conceptions of human society." Sir John Simon of Great Britain rubbed his hands one over the other, bowed to this side and to that, smirked, and purred about the "two parties to the controversy for whom we testify our friendship impartially." For "after all" was not the League "an association which had been constituted with a view to seeking with the good-will of the parties and in a spirit of fraternity the best means of effecting a reconciliation"? And finally, "it is not a question of expressing a judgment on any point whatever of the controversy." No, indeed, not if Sir John Simon or the representatives of the other big Powers could help it.

The only ones who as members of the League felt their honor touched by the faith-breaking of Japan were the small nations, and to them was left the defense of the authority of the League and the sanctity of the pledged word of nations. Braadland of Norway said that the League should not confine itself to making recommendations and that "the public opinion of the world expects from the League that if either of the parties does not accept or does not respect those recommendations, the League should take appropriate measures in accordance with the provisions of the Covenant." Ortega of Mexico referred sarcastically to the disguising of armed intervention under names "invented by juridical, diplomatic, or political cunning," and added: "Mexico asks that the League of Nations should insure respect for the whole of the provisions of the Covenant. The League should assert as a fact and not as a theory that it will not condone any

intervention which takes the form of an invasion of sovereignty." "I desire to say," said Löfgren of Sweden, "that in the opinion of the Swedish government the disembarking of troops and the use of those troops for military operation on the territory of another Power is contrary to the provisions of the League Covenant and the Pact of Paris. If it was intended to expand the conception of legitimate defense to such an extent as has been done in the present case, the maintenance of international order would be rendered impossible." Erich of Finland asked: "Is this League, or is it not, a living force—a real guaranty of security—or merely an institution for discussions, platonic resolutions, or at most mediation?" Zulueta of Spain said that the action of the League in the present emergency would determine whether it was "to be or not to be. Article X was its supreme character. Evacuation must precede negotiations. . . . We hope that the League will act and that it will do it thoroughly with all the power that the pact provides and all the energy that the world expects." South Africa and Ireland joined in the demand that the League do something to maintain international morality and to preserve its own self-respect.

These clear statements and logical conclusions were like a draft of fresh air in the fetid atmosphere of a crowded room, but they were met by the big Powers with the sneering observation that it is easy for the small countries to talk because it is the strong nations which would have to carry the burden of enforcing the terms of the Covenant. That may be true, but the obvious reply is that it is nevertheless a justification for hypocrisy. If the big Powers are too cowardly or too disingenuous to assume their responsibilities under the Covenant, the honest thing to do would be to admit it and resign from the League and not attempt by evasion and subterfuge to create the impression that the clear and explicit provisions of the Covenant are not being violated. It may be true that the small nations are bold because they have nothing to lose, but they are at least intellectually honest in the present instance, which is a rare and wholesome thing.

What Japan has learned, China has learned also. In his able and eloquent address before the Disarmament Conference Dr. Yen reviewed the events in Manchuria at Shanghai and asked: "Ladies and gentlemen, what are you going to do about it? Are you going to permit that the Covenant and the Pact of Paris crumble to pieces? Are you going to uphold the sanctity of treaties? Are you willing that the peace machinery built up with such toil and such difficulty be destroyed? Is brute force again to be restored to its throne, from which it was pulled down ten or more years ago?" He believed that China, with a history of more than 2,000 years, would weather this storm, but, he said, "we shall come out of it with a new psychology, a new outlook, a new mental attitude, and a new knowledge of the hard facts of life, and upon these new things will be constructed a new orientation of our foreign policy, for we shall know the place where we exactly stand." Could the meaning of the words be lost on anyone but the deaf and blind? Yet the big Powers of the League are evidently too stupid and shortsighted to perceive this warning and to realize that the denial of simple justice to China now will turn a nation of 400,000,000 people from a policy of peace toward the world to one of aggressive self-defense. Chinese in Geneva say that because of the Japanese invasion China is now more

united than ever before. If this unity persists and finally produces a well-organized government, then China will be able to deal with Japan alone, and the big Western Powers which failed China in its hour of need will also learn "where they exactly stand" in its estimation. Goodby to extraterritoriality, goodby to concessions, goodby to trade!

The big Powers may scuttle the League and betray its weaker members, but in all countries people with a sense of justice can make effective some of the provisions of the Covenant despite the treachery of their representatives. In that way enlightened public opinion can make itself a positive force regardless of governments. There is nothing the matter with the machinery of the League; it is only the manhood that is lacking. If the big Powers succeed in dodging and sidestepping the issue raised by Japan they will of course render the League worthless, but only till such a time as a new generation endowed with character and courage arises to revive it and carry through its beneficent aims.

In the Driftway

NO consideration of the American mind is complete without the comic strip. The influence of that phenomenon is beyond measuring. Not only are comic-strip artists paid larger salaries than any other employee on a newspaper; not only does the presence of certain comic strips enormously increase circulation. But the absence of a strip may very well cause a near panic among newspaper readers. A New York journal omitted, one morning, "Harold Teen," a comic strip depicting the doings of a collegiate young man and his boy and girl friends. Ten thousand letters of protest were received by the next morning; law suits were threatened; the telephone exchange of the newspaper had to suspend its regular business entirely and spend all day answering anxious inquiries. The strip appeared on the front page on the day after. When Little Orphan Annie was depicted as ill, not only were the inquiries after her health numbered by the thousands, but at least one gift of perhaps twenty dollars' worth of American beauty roses arrived to cheer her sick-bed. When a careless artist actually had the temerity to kill off one of his minor characters, an amiable young lady, the protests rose in number and frenzy. Gifts of money, advice, indignant alarm, ecstatic appreciation arrive regularly, as the fortunes of the comic-strip characters rise and fall. No wonder the artists are handsomely paid.

THE Drifter has this information about comic strips from a newspaperman who vouched for its veracity and said only touched the fringes of comic-strip lunacy. If his informant was exaggerating, as newspapermen sometimes do, the Drifter promises to print a correction. But he ventures to guess that here is no exaggeration. So incredible is this tale that it can hardly fail to be true. And if it is true, what is its significance? The comic strip, in its present form, has departed from the old days of Mutt and Jeff, when a slapstick anecdote was told in four or five pictures, ending with Biff! Bang! and a fade-out. Now we have the continued story, the recurrent character. We have dramatic

suspense, human interest, pathos, danger, the happy ending. This is, indeed, the only sort of story that thousands, probably millions of readers ever read. Love, adventure, ambition, the acquisition of wealth or the loss of it, the themes of Laura Jean Libbey, Horatio Alger, and the author of *Diamond Dick*, are combined in a glorious and stimulating melange. From the standpoint of the artist, it is a labor-saving device. He has only to pick his plot from one of a thousand well-worn plots; he has months to tell it, one episode at a time; if it is dull today, no matter—the reader will eagerly wait till tomorrow. Just as innumerable radio owners count the hours until, each night, they can pursue the fortunes of Amos and Andy, so Andy Gump's progress is awaited from morning to morning, and Andy, Min, Chester, Uncle Bim, and the rest are familiars of everyone in the family from the youngest child to the oldest grandsire.

WHAT is the mental age of a nation which gets its literary—one almost said its mental—pabulum from these sources? What chance has an adult, complicated idea, a book that satisfies the classical requirement of the evocation of pity and terror, to make its way in competition so unshakable and so widespread? The Drifter puts these questions not in indignation but as recognition of simple facts. In thinking about America, in attempting to appeal to the reason of Americans, one must remember the comic strip. It is an inalienable part of the American credo.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Hoover or Ritchie

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In boosting Governor Ritchie's Presidential candidacy in *The Nation*, Gerald Johnson omitted mention of Ritchie's principal qualifications for becoming a worthy successor to Herbert Hoover. He said nothing of how the Governor of Maryland has served the Philadelphia Electric Company in turning over to that corporation the State's chief water power at Conowingo. The details of this transaction have been made public by Judson King in a recent bulletin of the National Popular Government League. Mr. King shows how Governor Ritchie, through his pliant Public Service Commission, gave away a natural resource which brings in \$20,000,000 in annual profits to the beneficiary and pays to Maryland approximately \$400,000 in taxes. He shows also how this was done in such a way that the Consolidated Gas, Electric, and Power Company, which holds a monopoly in Baltimore, should not be bothered with competition. Mr. Johnson might have said further that although this Public Service Commission grants to public-utility monopolies practically all they ask, so that street-railway fares in Baltimore are today the highest in the country for probably the poorest service under most parsimonious management, Governor Ritchie has ignored complaints from citizens' organizations, including the Annapolis Chamber of Commerce, which asked with good cause that the present commission be replaced by one with some regard for the public interest.

Those who approve of President Hoover's servility to the power and other monopolistic interests will not need to worry if Governor Ritchie displaces him.

Baltimore, March 16

SAMUEL DANZIGER

A Long Life and a Sane One

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Contraceptives are as unscientific as they are biologically unsound. Evolution seems to be the process by which man is forming from an animal to something almost divine. Evolution has resulted in the growth of the human beard, a feature we should now like to eliminate. Mental effort and prayer through the ages, coupled with heredity, might achieve much, but the daily shave will do nothing to stop the persistent growth. Likewise if we wish to diminish the insistence and frequency of the sex urge we must exercise self-control, prayer, and other mental efforts. The reproductive forces, now excessively parasitical, would come to pay tribute to the life forces of the individual and we should probably live longer, freer, and happier lives.

Of course the use of contraceptives will fail to help us or our descendants, for whom we should try to make life easier. The exciting, warlike life of the savage has gradually yielded to the less exciting but saner life of the civilized being. There has come to be less animal pleasure, but on the other hand less pain. Pleasure and pain are being more and more relegated to the intellectual plane. A long life of usefulness rather than a short life of merriment is the drift of today.

Oxford, England, March 4

H. CRAWSHAY FROST

Contributors to This Issue

ELLEN LA MOTTE is the author of "The Opium Monopoly," "The Ethics of Opium," and other books.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

H. PARKER WILLIS is professor of banking at Columbia University. He was formerly editor-in-chief of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, and served as expert for the House Banking and Currency Committee in the drafting of the Federal Reserve Act.

M. FARMER MURPHY is foreign correspondent for the *Baltimore Sun*.

CARL VAN DOREN, editor-in-chief of the *Literary Guild*, is the author of "Swift."

ROBERT LIDDELL LOWE is an instructor in English at Purdue University, and has contributed verse to various periodicals.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is the author of a biography, "Bitter Bierce."

GRANVILLE HICKS is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

CLIFTON FADIMAN is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER is the author of "The Temptation of Anthony."

ISABEL PATERSON is on the staff of the *New York Herald Tribune Books*, and is the author of "The Road of the Gods."

CLAUDE G. BOWERS is the author of "Jefferson and Hamilton," and "The Tragic Era."

EDA LOU WALTON is associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University, and the author of "Jane Matthew and Other Poems."

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES is an English writer now living in the United States.

Finance

A Foreign Echo of Our Taxes

WHEN Congress defeated the sales-tax proposal and Representatives began to question whether, after all, it was worth while trying to balance the budget next year, a violent advance occurred in the New York rate of sterling exchange; eight cents one day, five the next. Along with this financial phenomenon went a violent break in the prices of a considerable list of internationally owned American railroad bonds. The conclusion was inescapable that a number of foreign owners of American securities had decided to transfer their money to London, despite the fluctuating value of the British currency on foreign markets. Beyond immediate questions of taxation, in the minds of these people, there must have lurked the specter of a possible lapse of the United States from the gold basis. When the House, repenting, agreed to a series of taxes designed to balance the budget, sterling reversed its movement and declined sharply.

We have, nevertheless, had the spectacle of the American dollar, thus far firmly linked with gold, depreciating in value in the world markets. Gold, to be sure, is not depreciating; only the estimated gold value of American obligations was lowered. The incident, coming so soon after we had set up in the Glass-Steagall law, the machinery necessary to provide whatever gold might be required of us, is humiliating. Some time ago the opinion was ventured in this column that England's lapse from the gold standard last September did not necessarily mean the end of London's primacy among the world's money markets; that in an era when capital is subjected to incredible shocks, risks, and losses, London's being forced off gold might be forgiven, as being less than many other evils. The present is no time to make long-range predictions as to where the world's chief banking center will ultimately be located, but the writer has recently seen a careful British study of London's financial position in which the statement is flatly made that London today, more than ever, is the world's banker.

London, however, is in no haste to assume the crown, in the sense of inviting foreigners to send over their surplus capital for investment or safekeeping. British bankers, headed by the officials of the Bank of England, look upon a rapid appreciation in the pound sterling with undisguised dislike. They recognize in the current movement from the United States and some quarters on the Continent, one of those headlong rushes for short-term capital, like a nomad horde, which may leave devastation in their wake. An influx of this sort places upon the recipient banks the obligation of finding a profitable use for the money while it remains, and of maintaining adequate gold reserves against the possibility of its sudden withdrawal—and England, being off the gold basis, no longer receives the metal automatically as a result of capital transfers.

Furthermore, higher values for sterling on foreign markets make it more costly for the outside world to buy British goods, and less costly for the British citizen to buy foreign goods, thereby reducing still further the slender advantages which British trade has derived from a depreciated currency. The possible effect of a rising rate for sterling upon British internal prices is in utter confusion. Such a rise, deliberately brought about by a stiff money policy such as the British enforced when they were in process of resuming gold payments in 1925, made for deflation and lower prices; but a rise which occurs in spite of the discouragement of low English money rates might conceivably have the opposite result.

S. PALMER HARMAN

The Nation

Vol. CXXXIV, No. 3484

Wednesday, April 13, 1932

"It has the beauty and courage that are gravely needed. It has the charm of fiction and the power of truth."

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
in the Book-of-the-Month Club News

KAMONGO

by HOMER W. SMITH

A Tale of Pursuit

Kamongo is a story—a tale of the lung-fish, blind-alley of evolution, left behind in the stream of life. In the sultry heat of a tropic night a scientist tells of his experiences in the pursuit of this strange creature—the fish that drowned. The result is an irresistible blend of knowledge, narrative, travel and mental adventure—a clue to the riddle of the universe.

Chosen by The Book-of-the-Month Club for April

An Adventure in Thinking

In slightly over two hours you can read a book that will stimulate you to mental excitement for months to come. *Kamongo* is an adventure into the science of life—an explanation of Man's place in the universe, the meaning of his emotions, an answer to the question "Why are we here?"

Recommended by The Scientific Book Club

First reviews of KAMONGO

"A fresh and often penetrating comment on matters of fundamental importance."—JULIAN S. HUXLEY.

"A real contribution to Natural History and a lively presentation of the Riddle of the Universe."

—WILLIAM K. GREGORY, *American Museum of Natural History*.

"I was reminded repeatedly of Conrad in some of the vivid descriptions and was charmed by the humor, the humanity and the philosophy of Dr. Smith's writing."—W. B. CANNON, *Harvard Medical School*.

"The best fish story ever written . . . Mr. Smith has brought up most hauntingly and thought-provokingly the mystery of life, which has puzzled thinkers in all ages. When scientists come to write such great books as *Kamongo* it is a sign of the very progress of thought and spirit toward an understanding of evolution."

—ZANE GREY.

"Scientifically sound, unusually well written, and philosophically stimulating."—*The Scientific Book Club Bulletin*.

"It describes the life ashore and aboard ship so vividly that I do not believe it would be possible to improve on it . . . I completely lost myself in the story which is vitally interesting right to the end."—MARTIN JOHNSON.

"A fascinating tale of adventure in a recondite field of natural history."—C. JUDSON HERRICK, *University of Chicago*.

\$2.00 at all bookstores



18 East 48th St. THE VIKING PRESS New York City



by

JOHN DOS PASSOS

\$2.50 everywhere

The Big American Novel of 1932

"Exciting and magnificent . . . As vigorous and sweeping a panorama of twentieth-century America as has ever been done in fiction."—*Forum*.

"As fine as anything that our time has produced."—*Atlantic Monthly*.

"Dos Passos is more imaginative than

Dreiser, more intelligent than Sinclair Lewis."—*Saturday Review*.

"A novel of immense power . . . The kind of book a reader never forgets."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"One vast surging drama that is America!"—*Boston Transcript*.

Fiction**Felix Riesenbergs
PASSING STRANGERS**

"A novel that is disturbing indeed; too bold to consider the usual compunctions. It is a melodrama of the Trade Depression, and in that large scene nothing is too sacred for its teeming mirth. You must recognize in Riesenbergs writing two great gifts for which there can be no substitution—power and pity."—*Christopher Morley*. \$2.00

**Kenneth Burke's
TOWARDS A BETTER LIFE**

"The value of Mr. Burke's novel and the unique excitement that he is able to create in the mind of his reader depend upon the high quality and force of Mr. Burke's intelligence. We are thrown into contact with one of the few original artists of our generation."—*Horace Gregory*, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. \$2.50

**Liam O'Flaherty's
THE PURITAN**

"A murder story that's not a mystery, but a probing into psychiatry, told with O'Flaherty's magic touch of genius."—*Philadelphia Ledger*. \$1.00

General Literature**Matthew Josephson's
JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU**

"The first unbiased book on Rousseau, the man, to appear in England or America."—*Yale Review*. "The best biography on Rousseau in existence."—*Herbert Gorman*. \$5.00

**Henry W. Nevins's
GOETHE: MAN AND POET**

"A simple, persuasive portrait of one of the noblest and most energetic human spirits."—*John Erskine*. \$2.75

Current Publications**Louis Untermeyer's
BOOK OF LIVING VERSE**

"Will be the indispensable handbook of Anglo-American poetry for the next two generations at least; it replaces the *Oxford Book of English Verse* just as Quiller-Couch supplanted Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*."—*Allen Tate*. 647 pages. \$2.50

**John Maynard Keynes's
ESSAYS IN PERSUASION**

Stuart Chase says of this new book by the genial Titan of British economists, "The most lucid exposition of the present crisis . . . the clearest description of inflation and deflation ever penned . . . Like cold water to a man dying of thirst!" \$2.50

**Clive Bell's
AN ACCOUNT OF FRENCH PAINTING**

As art critic of the Bloomsbury Group, as author of *Since Cezanne*, Mr. Bell is a source of edification and delight to readers of art literature. His new book is "almost uninterruptedly amusing", with "a deal of worthwhile information."—*N. Y. Times*. \$2.75

**Shmarya Levin's
THE ARENA**

The third and concluding volume of Levin's autobiography, begun with *Childhood in Exile* and *Youth in Revolt*. "The most complete and intimate reconstruction of Jewish life of the last two generations that has yet been given in literature . . . One of the greatest memoirs of our times."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. \$3.50

**S. Zuckerman's
THE SOCIAL LIFE OF MONKEYS AND APES**

"The complete monkey book, done by a scientist who manages to keep within scientific bounds and yet contrive to make his anthropology fascinating. There are 24 photographs—the tiptop best."—*Laurence Stallings*. \$3.75

**HARLAN
MINERS
SPEAK**

All profits to be turned over by the publishers for relief of the miners. \$2.00

Terrorism in the Kentucky Coal Fields

The report prepared by the Dreiser Committee—the story of the lives of the miners as they told it themselves, with special reference to last summer's strikes, the attempts of union organizations to fight impossible conditions, and the attempt of operators to crush the

spirit of the miners through starvation, legal and illegal terror. Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos, Anna Rochester, Charles R. Walker, Melvin Levy and others who investigated conditions in Kentucky contribute chapters on various phases of the situation.

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY

383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Spring Book Section

Toward a New Canon

By CARL VAN DOREN

THE canon of American literature refuses to stay fixed. Thirty, even twenty, years ago it seemed to many observers that the end of a literary epoch had been reached and that the elder classics were secure on solid thrones. Bearded and benevolent, the faces of Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, and sometimes (rather oddly) Whitman, looked down unchallenged from the walls of schoolrooms. Emerson was the American philosopher, Irving the American essayist, Cooper the American romancer, Hawthorne the American explorer of the soul, Poe the American unhappy poet (unhappy on account of his bad habits), Thoreau the American hermit, Mark Twain the American humorist (barely a man of letters), Henry James the American expatriate, and Howells the American Academy. Here were fifteen apostles set in a rigid eminence, braced by minor figures grouped more randomly about them.

Where is that accepted canon now? Emerson and Hawthorne and Thoreau, risen dramatically above Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell, stand in the rarer company of Poe and Whitman. Irving and Howells have shrunk and faded. Cooper has scarcely held his own. Mark Twain seems a great man of letters as well as a great man. Henry James seems a brilliant artist whatever nation he belongs to. Herman Melville has thrust himself by main strength, and Emily Dickinson has gently slipped, into the canon. Several writers of the past forty years now mingle on virtually even terms with the sacred band.

There is no use trying to calculate how much the rank of some of these elder classics was due to the vested interest of publishers who had issued collected editions, or of teachers in schools and colleges who knew how to "teach" Longfellow but not Emily Dickinson, Howells but not Dreiser, Irving but not Mencken. Vested interests were not all. A good many men and women taught to read in the nineteenth century could not endure to read about the twentieth when they saw it bared in literature. Patriotism and propriety had a hand. So, of course, had the natural inertia with which each age resists the age that follows it. But all these vested interests, this provincialism and patriotism and propriety and inertia, have been threatened. They would be overwhelmed if they were aware of their defeat by the rush with which the literature of the United States has advanced in two or three decades from a point of relative inferiority to a point where it is on the whole equaled only by the literature of Germany among its present contemporaries.

No doubt a good many years will have to pass before the traditional canon is thoroughly revised and Americans are ready to distinguish between their major and their minor prophets. Not much help can be expected from the American Academy or from the universities. They will do no more than wait till the work has been done by actual workers. Then they will hold on to the revised canon with stubborn opposition to any further changes which some later age may have to insist upon.

When the new canon has been arrived at, and before it has in turn been superseded, Ludwig Lewisohn* will be seen to have done as much for the revision as any single man. His "Expression in America" is a critical milestone. He has done what was most needed to be done. Detaching himself from the more myopic controversies which go on in the United States, he has from the distance of his exile looked back with a commanding eye. His point of view is high as well as distant. He has not even mentioned the numerous ephemerides with which most historians of American literature clutter their pages. He has put down the previously mighty and exalted the previously humble without self-conscious argument. And this he has done not in literary contentiousness but in obedience to the most rigorous and lofty principles by which the whole course of American literature has ever been estimated.

Literature he regards as "the fullest and most continuous expression of the totality of man's life." It is "part of the biologic process. Man is, to put it on the humblest plane, a speaking and singing animal." Literature may formerly have been "an elegant diversion or an illustration of the foreknown and fixed," but it has become "moral research, a road to salvation, the bread of life." Ancient authority having disappeared, literature "must teach and deliver in a new and flexible sense or it is meaningless. Scripture, I may repeat, having become literature, it was necessary for literature to become scripture." The man of letters cannot be overlooked or undervalued. He "lives with the highest awareness his day in human history; unconsciously or consciously he shapes his experience into a work which implies such a universe as he dreams or can endure, or else implies the repudiation of the world and the triumph, however pessimistic, of man's spirit over the hostile gods." The man of letters, having this responsibility, must be held strictly to account. "Nothing avails except stringent veracity or the sovereign creative imagination."

Other historians of American literature might perhaps have agreed with these strong doctrines if they had heard of them. In a sense, all general statements are true. It is the application of them to special instances that matters. Mr. Lewisohn has not held back his hand when it comes to his applications. On many points he may be disagreed with. He is, after all, himself only one man with passions, susceptibilities, prejudices. But he has here freed himself as far as it is perhaps possible from idiosyncrasies of taste and opinion. He has with astounding learning and sympathy brought the whole of American literature before the bar of his own judgment, and there has handed down his verdicts with the most scrupulous judicial austerity.

Mr. Lewisohn admits so little divorce between literature and life that his book is naturally more than a study of the literary production of the United States. "All men,"

* "Expression in America." By Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

he quotes from Emerson, "live by truth and stand in need of expression. . . . The man is only half himself, the other half is his expression." "Expression in America" amounts consequently to a kind of spiritual history. Here, studied with a force and range and point and beauty rarely found in literary historians, are the successive steps which the United States has taken in the process of becoming aware of itself, of overcoming its hesitant, polite beginnings at self-expression, of admitting to the record the world of consciousness outside the genteel tradition, of engaging in a violent critical debate between decorum and candor, of at last standing up among the literary nations of the earth. The book, inci-

dentally a superb history of American literature, is primarily a moral epic of America. It could hardly have been written before 1929. As much as any single book is likely soon to do, it sums up the intellectual achievements of the United States in a time of drastic change.

If Mr. Lewisohn is proved by events to have been a bad prophet, it will be because his country either could not or would not hold itself up to the level of his prophetic demands. They are simply the true demands of great literature anywhere. Without attention to them the United States will not have a great literature or recognize it when it has come.

The Critic's Dilemma

III. Pure Criticism

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE two previous articles in the present series discussed the dilemma of the critic who is obliged to pronounce judgments at the same time that he distrusts the only basis upon which such judgments can be made. Literary history reminds him that mutually destructive theories of the nature of art have been held by the most distinguished critics of the past, and introspection makes it clear that when he pretends to discuss a work of literature as though it were an objective fact he is, in reality, discussing an apperception of it which is, in no small measure, influenced by his own experience and temperament. Yet he must strive for some sort of objectivity, for some degree of detachment, unless he is willing to sink to the level of the most arbitrary of impressionists and to rest content with so-called critiques which are, in fact, no more than mere reveries suggested by the theme of the work he is pretending to criticize. The purpose of this concluding article is to ask to what extent the critic may function without too obviously impaling himself on the horns of his dilemma. It will suggest some of the things which he may undertake to do while preserving himself from mere impressionism on the one hand and mere dogmatism on the other, and it will then offer some apology for those divagations into the personal which cannot be avoided entirely.

Granted, then, that literary criticism must stop short of the plainly dogmatic, there does, nevertheless, remain a considerable field over which it may speculate with relative detachment as well as with some profit, and certain portions of that field may be described very briefly. In the first place, criticism may very legitimately concern itself with general theories of the nature and function of art—provided only that these theories are sufficiently general to make room for all the variety which the corpus of literature actually includes and do not, like some, churlishly rule out Shakespeare because he has no social doctrine or Mr. Shaw because he has. In the second place, it may, when it leaves inclusive generalization to deal with either particular works or groups of work, certainly concern itself with what may be called "discrimination," in contradistinction to "judgment." It may, that is to say, seek to distinguish between various styles of literature and to aid the reader in his effort to enter into a work—both by analyzing the particular kind of satisfaction

which it proposes to give and by investigating the premises upon which its structure is erected. Thus Racine's excellence may usefully be discriminated from Zola's. Finally, the critic may, still without ceasing to maintain a relative detachment, judge a work, not absolutely, but in accordance with what we shall call its functional effectiveness. He may, that is to say, seek to discover how successfully it achieves what appears to be its purpose—how thrillingly a melodrama wreaks our hate upon its villain, or how vividly a work of another class makes us aware of those sights, or sounds, or emotions the sensitivity to which it is trying to cultivate.

Even such processes as those which have just been described are, moreover, only relatively impersonal, for it is obvious that even they involve the personal experience of a critic whose knowledge and susceptibility are individual, and who can judge of the effect which may be produced upon another only by the effect produced upon him. Literature differs from geometry by the fact that it inevitably deals with materials which have a human significance, and hence the criticism of it cannot wholly detach itself from the influence of those materials and the critic's attitude toward them. The latter is most nearly impersonal when he is "discriminating" rather than evaluating, or when he is attempting to judge the effectiveness rather than the worth of any particular work, but he is not absolutely impersonal even then, and criticism rarely has—or rarely should have—confined itself exclusively to those processes which may be carried on in even this relatively impersonal way. It passes almost imperceptibly to matters which more and more intimately involve the personality of the critic.

Consider, for example, the fact that both language and literature are in their very nature allusive. To the extent that the former is so, even the dictionary undertakes a kind of interpretative criticism when it endeavors to define the meaning of a word, and in so doing is obliged to indicate those associations and connotations which have grown up in the minds of various individuals and gradually been generalized to such an extent that they may fairly be called a part of the word's meaning, even though they are not so clearly defined or so inevitably understood as its primary significance. In a similar fashion the author of those ex-

planatory notes which accompany the school text of a classic is doing the same sort of thing when he takes something out of his own mind and puts it into the mind of the pupil by explaining that Horace's "ab ovo" refers to the strange birth of Helen, or that Shakespeare refers to a "wooden O" because some Elizabethan theaters were oval. No one could accuse the lexicographer or the editor of mingling too much of himself in his exegesis or of mistaking what T. S. Eliot calls "a weak creative impulse" for a critical one. Yet the lexicographer is attempting to prepare the mind of the consultant by furnishing it with associations which will render its apperception identical with his own, and since the associations of all words are not fixed and unvarying, he is beginning to impose upon another "interpretations" which have some elements of the personal. What is true of words is, moreover, true to a much greater extent of all allusions to historical characters or familiar situations. Phrases like "the glory that was Greece" or "I fling my cap for polish and for Pope" actually have a content which varies from ear to ear, and yet it is, notoriously, upon such imperfectly defined contents that the effect of the more imaginative kinds of literature depends. In poetry, as Santayana has so brilliantly remarked, "feeling is transferred by contagion," and under its influence "minds radiate from a somewhat similar core of sensation, from the same vital mood, into the most diverse and incommunicable images."

Surely the most determined of impersonal critics could not stop short of the effort to describe what the phrase "the glory that was Greece" meant to the poet who wrote it, but it is nevertheless difficult to see how he can always be sure that he is distinguishing what it meant to its author from what it means to him. He might compile a list of the books which Poe is known to have read, and he might, by considering all the latter's knowledge of Greece in connection with all the circumstances under which he acquired it, seek to form some conception of just what—for Poe—this "glory" was. But he would nevertheless be compelled to feel the influence of his own associations, to describe—in part at least—what the phrase meant to him as well as what it meant to Poe. And once he had done that, the road, entirely deprived of landmarks, would lie open to the most personal of interpretations. If any book that is read becomes inevitably a kind of collaboration between author and reader; if the thing which happens in the reader's mind is the result of the associations formed between the words of the book and the ideas in his mind; if—in a word—the aesthetic experience is the result of an apperception rather than of a perception, then any attempt to describe it must involve something personal, and what we must have is, after all, that now so much despised something which was once admiringly described as "the adventures of the soul among masterpieces." All that a repudiation of it can amount to is a determination not to cultivate too extravagantly the idiosyncratic, a determination to keep as close as one can to the mind of the author and to concern oneself as far as possible with those associations which appear to be common to a considerable number of persons. And that is, indeed, all that can possibly be the result of attempting to heed the rhetorically effective pronunciamientos of that new school of critics who declare that a work of literature must be considered purely for what it is rather than for what it is capable of suggesting in the mental context of the critic. Actually it can never be de-

tached from that context, and the difference between impressionism and "objective criticism" is merely the difference between a criticism which struggles against and a criticism which yields itself to the influence of the purely personal element in our reaction to any work of art.

Nor does it seem possible, once we have gone this far, to assert that a critic becomes worthless just as soon as his opinions are seen to be influenced in even the slightest degree by his moral, social, or even political opinions. They inevitably influence his judgment of a literary work because they inevitably influence the effect which it has upon him, and, accordingly, help to determine what—for him—it is. How, to return again to a simple example, can the effect which a melodrama has upon us fail to be influenced in some degree by the things for which the hero and the villain stand, how can we possibly raise ourselves above the fact that the downfall of the latter will be more satisfying, more "right," and more "beautiful" if the hero happens to be "on our side"? And what is true of melodrama with its crude appeal to gross convictions is true to a less extent of those other forms of literature which make their appeal to more refined and less easily analyzed passions and preferences.

A "pure" aesthetic emotion—if it still remains aesthetic at all—is doubtless possible in contemplating the purely formal perfection of a mathematical demonstration which, because it is mathematical, is wholly without content. Perhaps also, and for the sake of argument, we may admit that such a "pure" aesthetic experience is also possible in the presence of certain kinds of music and certain very abstract forms of painting. But as long as literature uses words, and as long as words refer to things which awaken desire or disgust or hate or love or fear, then just so long must the experience which it produces fall to some degree short of the "purely" aesthetic. Just so long also will the criticism of it fail to achieve that "purity" of which the more fastidious critics often speak; and there is only one thing which we can reasonably expect. We can ask only that the critic shall be aware of the personal nature of his reactions as well as of the arbitrary character of his standards, and that, just in proportion as he fails to maintain an absolute detachment, he will cultivate that underlying skepticism which softens the dogmatism from which we cannot escape so long as we undertake to say anything at all.

Kings Bow Their Heads

By ROBERT LIDDELL LOWE

Death's hands, fastidious and thin,
Immaculate as bone,
Do more than scrupulously ravel skin
From skeleton.

These hands, diminishing the pulse,
Do more than snap the sense
Or dry the dream within the pallid skull's
Circumference.

Such gifts of dignity they bring—
The inelastic dead
Though strengthless now command the proudest king
To bow his head.

Books

Emerson

The Life of Emerson. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

THE present biography represents the completion of a task begun by Van Wyck Brooks several years ago. It is more than three times as long as the torso ("Emerson and Others") published in 1927, and the parts duplicating that have apparently been extensively rewritten. What is most interesting about it is its method. Mr. Brooks has evidently worked his way through the whole calendar of Emerson's writings, particularly the letters and the "Journals," and woven them together into a fresh and harmonious pattern. To only a slight extent has he used material to be found outside of his subject's own written word. The result is in many ways happy. Emerson's strength, even in his shortest essays, was in the sentence, in the quality of the separate bits of mosaic, and not in the pattern that they formed. "What I write to fill up the gaps of a chapter," he once observed, "is hard and cold, is grammar and logic; there is no magic in it; I do not wish to see it again." And one result of this feeling was a frequent refusal to supply connective tissue, so that the logical link between his ringing aphorisms is often obscure, and sometimes non-existent. Mr. Brooks supplies this connective tissue, and his selection and arrangement are adroit. The effect is much as if an Emerson grown more lucid, less apocalyptic and sententious, had written an autobiography in the third person.

Mr. Brooks's volume, in short, has the virtues of the "new" biography and escapes its leading vices. There is no apparatus of scholarship—no footnotes, citation of authorities, hints of the biographer's own difficulties or research. When Mr. Brooks's building was completed, the scaffolding, as Matthew Josephson would put it, was removed. Nor need one on that account doubt the authenticity of the reveries and moods, the inner stream of thought, attributed to Emerson, for in every case, so far as this reviewer is aware, these passages are drawn almost verbatim from the subject's own writings.

Yet though such a method has very real advantages, it has also its insurmountable limitations. One gets an admirable picture of Emerson's life as it probably seemed to the man himself; one gets a much vaguer idea of what it looked like from the outside. The method virtually condemns the biographer to immerse himself in his subject's mind, to take a view that is more than "sympathetic," that is, indeed, empathetic. To move outside of Emerson, to shift now and then to a viewpoint that was critical or alien, would have been, with this method, merely confusing. Mr. Brooks has avoided this artistic error, but he has not done so without paying a price. The chief criticism made of his "Ordeal of Mark Twain" and "The Pilgrimage of Henry James" was that, if they were not too hostile toward their subjects, at least each rode a particular thesis too hard. It is now as if, sensitive to these criticisms, Mr. Brooks were afraid of having any thesis at all, and certainly of having any invidious one. The general impression one carries away from this volume is of a portrait too pious, and hence blurred. You cannot leave out the warts, as Boswell knew, without taking something characteristic out of the face, and the chief weakness of Mr. Brooks's volume is that it does not give the reader a sufficiently definite sense of Emerson's limitations. It is not as if Mr. Brooks did not know what these limitations were. In his earlier volumes he even overstated them. In "The Wine of the Puritans" (1909) he hinted that Emerson was "a lofty and inspired sophist who begs the

whole question of life, and whose sophism is the direct result of a provincial training." In "America's Coming-of-Age" (1915) he spoke of Emerson's style—"that strange fine ventriloquism, that attenuated voice coming from a great distance, which so often strikes one as a continual falsetto." And other comments were just as harsh: "It would be hard to say whether Emerson more keenly relished saintliness or shrewdness. . . . He never dreamed of molding society, and he was incapable of an effective social ideal. . . . The truth is that Emerson was not interested in human life; he cared nothing for experience or emotion, possessing so little himself." And in "Letters and Leadership" (1918) he remarked how closely Emerson's doctrine of private perfectibility and self-reliance was connected with the "spontaneous man" of Rousseau. To these limitations of doctrine we should add certain personal limitations—Emerson's coldness; his strains of puritanism; his comparative anaesthesia to music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and other beauties apart from those of literature, character, and nature—of all of which we get only the faintest hints from the present volume.

Yet Mr. Brooks has produced, in spite of this defect, one of the notable biographies of the last few years. No one can question the success with which he has conveyed the nobility and serenity of the man himself, and the essence of all that was most inspiring in his thought. For Emerson, as Santayana has so justly concluded, if not a star of the first magnitude, is certainly a fixed star in the firmament of philosophy: "Alone as yet among Americans, he may be said to have won a place there, if not by the originality of his thought, at least by the originality and beauty of the expression he gave to thoughts that are old and imperishable."

HENRY HAZLITT

Autobiography of an Idealist

American Outpost. By Upton Sinclair. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

THIS is the first instalment of Mr. Sinclair's autobiography, and it carries him up to his second marriage on the eve of the Great War. It is not a profound book either by accident or intention, but it tells of a unique American career, and one which, in these dismal days, is coming to seem more significant than it has at any time since it became a matter of public interest. The tone of the book, lightly humorous, will rather surprise many of Mr. Sinclair's readers, and it is a pity that he could not have adopted it on some earlier occasion. It shows us Upton Sinclair as a likable human being and one who has not taken his difficulties too heavily. Too frequently the uninformed have figured him to themselves and the world as a solemn, priggish chap who gets no fun out of life and certainly never provides any for other people. Yet as Charlie Chaplin says, Sinclair habitually talks through a smile.

Sinclair is a more American American than many of those who boast about their hundred-per-centism. He is, moreover, and most delightfully, a Southerner. His ancestors were all people of substance, and many of them, on the paternal side served their country as naval officers. (We are shortly to be treated to a historical account of these people, written by Alber Mordell.) Upton himself came from a branch of the family that had gradually petered out, and his father was a traveling salesman and a drunkard, although by his son's account a decent sort of man withal. The sense of family loyalty which is characteristic of Southerners made it possible for Upton to alternate during childhood and youth, between abject poverty and the fleshpots of capitalistic luxury. He finds in this circumstance the origin of his acute sense of the injustice of maldistribution of the social income. I have been told by persons who knew them that Sinclair's Baltimore relatives were complete Babbitts

and Sinclair's own account confirms that verdict with the qualification, so often to be made, that they were generous and indulgent of eccentricity in a relative. In spite of the fact that he tries to exculpate himself from the charge of snobbery in dealing with his high-toned connections, it seems to me that Sinclair takes a rather naive delight in dwelling upon the respectability of his connections. And I recall that when introducing Bertrand Russell to a Los Angeles audience recently, he dwelt with pleasure on Russell's possession of a title.

As he honestly says, he had all the makings of an insufferable snob in him as a youth, and I venture the speculation that his annoying attitude of didactically giving instruction to his readers about the meaning of social phenomena is an unconscious hangover of his feeling that he is just a little better than his readers. This quality detracts fatally from the charm of his work except in this book, where he hints at the genesis of the peculiarity. For essentially Sinclair is a charming man. Once you have met him you always feel a warmth of regard for him. One of the principal merits of this book is that it will make people predisposed to be hostile to him for his intellectual principles see him as he really is—though if you really want to quarrel with him he provides plenty of material even here!

There is surprisingly little in this book that he has not told in bits and pieces elsewhere in his numerous novels and pamphlets. Moreover, Floyd Dell made good use of much of it in his monograph. But when it is presented as a consecutive story, we are able to see it at better advantage than ever before; this extraordinary story of poverty, hack writing, blind idealism, scandal from publications without accompanying money success, scandal in his private life, utopian activities, etc. Numerous Sinclairian portraits are scattered through the book: of people as different as Walter Hines Page, Theodore Roosevelt, George Herron, George Sterling, Edward MacDowell, Paul Elmer More, and many more. From his record it appears that Sinclair was always a romantic idealist. His rebellion stemmed not from Marx but from Shelley. His first aspiration was to be a lyric poet! But his form was not to be verse; it was to be the novel. It is perfectly plain that he could have had a typical, successful, literary career had he not, by an accident, been introduced to socialism. He had had a fair success with romantic novels, and had done one historical novel of unusual excellence, "Manassas," when it was suggested to him that he turn from chattel slavery to wage slavery. The result was "The Jungle" and fame. But the curious thing is that from this autobiography no one can find out when and where Sinclair became a Socialist in the sense that he became a master of radical economics. He was early aware—but how he arrived at the position he does not make clear—of the economic genesis of opinion and similar doctrines which have until the last ten years or so been the peculiar property of Socialists. But he remained for a long time—and even today remains so to a very great extent—a romantic idealist who dressed himself up in the garments of socialism.

In many ways his intellectual history is like that of Lincoln Steffens, with the difference that he always had formulae to explain the materials he handled as a muckraker and a scheme for rearranging society according to a more desirable pattern. But as a thinker he was no deeper nor any more cogent. He was fooled in about the same ways and quite as often as Steffens. Indeed, his susceptibility to idealistic appeals frequently led him astray farther than Steffens ever went. I refer to his seduction by the war propaganda. And it is the fact that he can be herded along with Steffens that makes him distinctly a figure of a generation now rapidly passing. It explains why the younger writers of a radical tendency find almost as much fault with him as his bourgeois opponents. They admire him for his past record of rebellion. They read his books not as literature but as pamphlets. But it can hardly be said that they follow

him as a master, which should be his fate at this time in his life.

When he gets around to telling the rest of his story, Sinclair will have recorded one of the strangest of American careers. I should be disappointed indeed did he not undertake a second volume, for it is more than likely that the complete record will be one of his most enduring books. Without abandoning any of his charming humor, he might profitably, in future volumes, indicate his capability of experiencing deep emotions in the crises of his career. Or does he lack deep emotions?

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

A Transient Sickness

Thurso's Landing. By Robinson Jeffers. Horace Liveright. \$2.50.

THE problems of suffering and death and of the ultimate extinction of humanity will, so far as one can see, be problems in any society; but the extent to which they occupy men's minds, as well as the attitudes men take toward them, may, as history shows, vary with changes in the social structure. No one can doubt the depth of Robinson Jeffers's despair, but it is, as Newton Arvin once pointed out in the *New Freeman*, a strange fact that, whenever Jeffers ventures to make a specific indictment of the civilization he hates, he makes it in terms very similar to those in which other men express, not a cosmic despair, but a recognition of the destruction that must be done before a better society can be created. In this book, for example, there is a poem on Edison:

A great toy-maker, light-bringer, patient
Finder of powers that were promptly applied to foolish
and mean
Purposes; a man full of benevolence,
Eager for knowledge, has dropped his tools and forgotten
contrivance.
Why must the careful gifts of good men
Narrow the lives and erode the souls of people, a trader's
Whiskey unravels a run of savages?

There are at least two answers to the question Jeffers asks; he has seen only one of them. A man of his caliber could, obviously, be satisfied with no easy solution. Unable in the years when his creative powers were taking shape to find any purpose in whose service they might be employed, he concluded that "civilization is a transient sickness." To express that conviction he has used in his poems the most violent symbols he could invent. Of human nature he here says:

It is rather ignoble in
its quiet times, mean in its pleasures,
Slavish in the mass: but at stricken moments it can shine
feebly against the dark magnificence of things.

As a matter of fact, human nature does not shine feebly in Jeffers's poems. It flames in terrible heroism. "Thurso's Landing" is perhaps the most human poem he has written, in the sense that its characters act from comprehensible motives. It is the story of Reave Thurso's determination, senselessly cruel in the small affairs of life but wholly majestic when matched against agony and the certainty of death. It moves swiftly, in lines terser and firmer than those the poet has hitherto composed, sweeping forward on the wings of an imagery even nobler than that we have known.

There is, one cannot deny, a kind of validity in this and all of Jeffers's poems; such power was not born of self-deceit. But the validity is there, not because his vision is inevitably true, but because it is a possible truth. He sees only the way of death, and there is a possibility that men may take the way of death. But men are not likely to go that way without struggle. Even Jeffers struggles, though he does not wish to. There

is a parable of the real Jeffers in his own Margrave, who tries to examine his heart-beat while he thinks of his approaching hanging, but whose scientific objectivity yields to his fear of death. In Jeffers it is his passion for life that overcomes the calmness with which he endeavors to contemplate the annihilation of the race. But that passion serves only to lend the vision of annihilation power and beauty. If that passion had been, at the outset, directed into other channels, what might it not have accomplished? Helen says of Reave Thurso:

... he was like a king in some ways, and if he
had found any great thing to do

He might have done greatly.

That, one feels, might be Robinson Jeffers's epitaph.

GRANVILLE HICKS

The Street as Hero

Magnolia Street. By Louis Golding. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

THE novel of the future, an English reviewer recently observed, may do without characters. Individuals will no longer be the narrative's focal points. Instead, the group—social, ethnic, geographic—will be treated, not as an aggregate, but as an organism whose development will furnish the backbone of the story. The reviewer selected a few books of today as straws showing the direction of the wind. Among them were Huxley's "Brave New World," Priestley's "The Good Companions," and Golding's "Magnolia Street." There may be something in this contention, even though two of the examples chosen are hardly relevant. Mr. Huxley, for instance, creates in "Brave New World" a novel in which the individual is *designedly* absent. Thus it becomes a satire on, rather than an example of, the characterless novel. As for "The Good Companions," it is such a twopenny piece of work that it can hardly be said to show a trend toward anything, unless it be Mr. Priestley's increasingly shrewd awareness of what the public wants.

But "Magnolia Street" is a different story. In a very real sense it is a characterless novel. True enough, it contains some half a hundred characters, all carefully though not deeply studied; but it has no hero, no heroine, no villain. As the title implies, it tells the story of a street, Magnolia Street in Doomington, England, and of its Jewish and Gentile dwellers. (Mr. Golding's hand with Jewish characters, by the way, is far more dextrous than that of Israel Zangwill, to whom he has been compared.) The fortunes of the characters are followed in some detail from the year 1910 to the year 1930, when the Magnolia Street party finally reunites them; but the reader's attention is carefully led away, by the cleverest kind of stage management, from any individual character that might happen to strike his fancy; and it is the Street itself, with all its jealousies and loves and vicissitudes, that gradually begins to take possession of the imagination. This is Mr. Golding's aim—to evoke a community, all of whose component members, from Battling Kid Shulman down to Wilfred Derricks, the Doomington Nightingale, are created equal and remain so; while the community itself undergoes a series of shifts and reversals and changes of all kinds. Mr. Golding manipulates his Poysers and Emmanuels and Derrickses and Coopers and Bermans and Seipels and Winbergs and Billigs and Wrights and Hubbards and Edelmans and Stanleys and Carters and Shulmans and Feivels with the most amazing skill, as if he had learned the string-and-finger art from those marionettists so brilliantly described in his "Sicilian Noon." But "Magnolia Street" is more than a mere triumph of manipulation. Despite the kaleidoscopic technique which shuttles back and forth the most complicated

array of individuals in pairs and trios and families, the story of Magnolia Street itself pushes ahead with terrific drive and rapidity. One is astonished to note that the book contains 525 pages; its tempo is that of a much briefer narrative. And the story is not merely interesting. It is moving, humorous, and pathetic; and, though they are rare, it contains moments of real beauty. Few novels of the past ten years have been more successful in recapturing that unique emotion we all feel for the place in which, as children, we grew up. No matter how illustrious our later careers may come to be, the street of our childhood retains a certain superiority, a secret glamor—even though we may hate its very memory—which arises partly from sentiment but also in part from a realization that the deepest roots of our being were formed there.

"Magnolia Street" is at present enjoying a deservedly popular success in England, and it should be widely read here also. It will be the first of Mr. Golding's books to enjoy anything like a moderate-sized audience. This is a good opportunity, therefore, to refer readers back to the author's earlier books, particularly "The Miracle Boy" and "The Prince or Somebody." They are very different from "Magnolia Street"—Mr. Golding is one of the most genuinely versatile of living novelists. They are as strange as "Magnolia Street" is normal; their humor is as esoteric as that of "Magnolia Street" is hearty and jovial; their characters are as eccentric and knotted as those of "Magnolia Street" are simple and comprehensible. Some of Mr. Golding's admirers (the writer is one) will hope for a return to the brilliance and the baroque beauty of these earlier books. "Magnolia Street," though by no means a great book, is a remarkable achievement; yet it may turn out that Mr. Golding's deeper talents exert themselves best in a peculiar kind of intense tragical farce, as in "The Miracle Boy," rather than in the crowded community-narrative of "Magnolia Street."

CLIFTON FADIMAN

Arabian Desert

Arabia Felix: Across the "Empty Quarter" of Arabia. By Bertram Thomas. With a Foreword by Colonel T. E. Lawrence. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.

THEIR long financial and industrial supremacy, which provided leisure and means for travel, and their enormous empire, which provided occasions, space, and complex motives, combined to turn Englishmen into the farthest ranging, the most purposeful and persistent travelers of modern time. With what might be called an extra-imperial arrogance they have felt challenged by the blank spots on the world map, and those marked dangerous. The excitements of these journeys, since the traveler was likely to be by self-selection an inquisitive, observant, note-taking sort of man, provided the materials for the richest travel literature any people has produced. Egypt, equatorial Africa, South Africa, Persia, Turkey, South America, the archipelagoes of the Pacific, Malaysia, Arabia—each has at least one good English book for a witness of its special charm.

But Arabia has been blessed above the others. So many are the fine books devoted to it—Doughty, Burton, Palgrave, T. E. Lawrence at once come to mind—that one may think of Arabia as a province of English literature. Doughty, indeed, could be added to the scriptures of Arabia; but in each of them there is in varying degree the same quality of Biblical impressiveness, evoked perhaps by the religion of the land, which interjects ritual gestures into the conduct of each Arab day, and blessings and fragments of prayer into daily speech; or by the language itself, which sets naturally into poetic molds; or by the tragic landscapes, which make infinity and eternity almost palpable to the senses.

Mr. Thomas's book, though it is determinedly modest and unpretentious, also has this quality, and his work may be accepted as fit for the great company of English books on Arabia which it joins. It is, moreover, the account of a heroic enterprise, as travel in Arabia must needs be, of an exploration that brings an enormous, unknown area into the ken of geography, and has served several other sciences as well.

The Rub Al Khali is a vast extent of the South Arabian desert which has never been crossed before by an Occidental and never perhaps in its whole extent by any human being. Its Arabic name is also its description, the "empty quarter," the most desert part of the desert. Mr. Thomas had been baffled in an earlier expedition. This time he attempted it without making his plans known, from a new starting-place, a small port on the Arabian Sea. He traveled with relays of men and camels. The hardships were heavy. He had to endure even more than his Arab camel men, for while they rested he made geological and geodetic surveys, filmed and photographed, collected plants, and mounted biological specimens; and made anthropological observations which provided Sir Arthur Keith with enough data for interesting speculations on the racial identity of the South Arabian tribes, ethnologically a distinct variant from the tribes to the north. The expedition was carefully planned and organized and ably led, but it would have failed, as Mr. Thomas admits, had not the authority of Ibn Saud extended to this region and imposed peace where peace was never known before.

Mr. Thomas gives us not only the incidents of the expedition but the personalities of his Arab escort. Through them, through their peculiar obsessive sense of religion, their naive incapacity to understand that there is a world outside in which there are no nomads, through their affection and anxiety for their camels, their stories of crafty warriors, their ribaldry, and their fears, we have created for us the human climate which makes it possible for us to participate imaginatively in the adventure. The author honors his readers. There is no faking of excitements in his book. Rather, one feels the unconscious assumption on his part that what has interested one intelligent man will interest others. For the studious, Mr. Thomas has provided full appendixes detailing the scientific elements of the adventure.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

The Man with One Idea

The Tragedy of Henry Ford. By Jonathan Norton Leonard. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.

TRAGEDIES that provide almost continuous laughter are rather rare. Yet this book, on the whole, justifies its title; though opened at random it will evoke a smile, and several episodes are as uproariously comic as the broader farce scenes of "Penguin Island." And nowhere has the author striven for comic effect. On the contrary, he has exercised commendable restraint, realizing that it would be impossible to invent Henry Ford and injudicious to touch him up. The tragedy, as well as the humor, is in the immense disproportion between the man and the events which produced him.

Mr. Leonard confesses that he was moved to begin this study of Henry Ford by burning moral indignation. He saw Ford as the "evil genius of twentieth-century America, a first cause" of all that is cheap and ugly in our era, from "rusty tin cans" to the hypocrisy of prohibition and the worship of standardized ignorance. He was horrified by the inhuman processes of speeded-up mass production in the great factories; and by the Ford by-product of petty tyranny over private lives through the system of espionage and arbitrary interference, inevitably producing sullen, cowed resentment.

Just Published

in the

**MODERN
LIBRARY**

William Faulkner's
SANCTUARY

with a new introduction by
the author. (No. 61)

95¢ A COPY

New
Titles
in the

MODERN LIBRARY

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

By Thomas Hardy —72

SISTER CARRIE

By Theodore Dreiser —8

DRACULA

By Bram Stoker —31

THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN

By Thomas Mann —200

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

By Dostoyevsky —199

THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO

—196

DROLL STORIES

By Balzac —193

THE DECAMERON

By Boccaccio —71

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED

AT 95 CENTS A COPY

MODERN LIBRARY GIANTS

Complete and Unabridged—Full Library Size

COMPLETE POEMS OF KEATS AND SHELLEY

With Mrs. Shelley's notes —G4

PLUTARCH'S LIVES The Dryden Translation—G5

TOLSTOY'S WAR AND PEACE —G1

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON —G2

VICTOR HUGO'S LES MISERABLES —G3

ONE DOLLAR A COPY

THE MODERN LIBRARY, INC. · 20 E. 57 St., New York City

As Mr. Leonard gathered his material and began to compose it, the emphasis shifted. At the last he found himself pitying the man Henry Ford, deciding that Ford was no worse than other captains of industry, perhaps not so bad as some. "His motives were often benign . . . He really wanted to use his unprecedented wealth to help humanity, point out the various errors of which it was guilty . . ." Yet Ford's altruistic endeavors merely exposed him to the onslaught of "cranks, fanatics, even criminals." He became a national and then an international joke. As a secondary consequence he grew embittered, and once at least he sought revenge for his disappointment—when he was defeated for the Senate. Again the result was pure farce. Finally and tragically, he was passed by the procession he had led so long. He lost his place at the head of the long industrial assembly line; and the line goes on. And still he does not know what it was all about, any more than the fabled fly on the wheel.

Mr. Leonard gives the bare facts of Ford's early life briefly, regarding amplification as an unfruitful task. Ford was born in 1863 on a farm near Dearborn, Michigan. His father was an Irish immigrant, his mother of Pennsylvania Dutch stock. Like all boys, he tinkered with mechanical contraptions. Drifting naturally to Detroit, he found intermittent employment in its machine shops. When out of work he retreated to the paternal farm. He built the first Ford in 1893, drove it for three years, then sold it for \$200 and built some more, one at a time, privately. At forty he had saved no money, and had resigned from his one important job as chief engineer with the Detroit Automobile Company. He had acquired a wife and son; "he made an unfortunate personal impression and had few friends." Nevertheless, in 1903 he managed to collect, "in dribblets," the \$28,000 capital for the Ford Motor Company. The money was put up by the Dodge brothers, the savings of their machine shop; by a coal-dealer named Malcolmson, and others unknown to fame. Ford contributed his one idea, to make a cheap car for the large public. He stuck to that like glue, breaking successively with his backers and associates, and buying up a majority of the company's stock. Within five years he had the control. Within ten years he was a billionaire.

Mr. Leonard thinks it was the unproductiveness of war that stirred Ford to his first large effort toward benefiting humanity. But he had achieved his only original objective. He had nowhere to go from there. He could make his car a little cheaper, perhaps; but otherwise he dared not entertain any thought of change, because that would have entailed abandoning the great idea. The money came pouring in, and what was he to do with it? One day the door to his office was left open for a few minutes, and the eloquent and undoubtedly well-meaning Madame Rosika Schwimmer entered. Ford embarked on the Peace Ship, in one sense his first flivver.

The chapter on the Peace Ship is brilliant selective rewriting. Every detail is incredible and precious. The loading of Noah's ark must have been tame compared to the scene of the sailing of the Oscar II. A mob of curious idlers had gathered at the dock. Reporters fought their way through. Stowaways were forcibly ejected at intervals. "The proportion of actual lunatics was probably small," Mr. Leonard summarizes judiciously, "but the general impression was that of a revival in a psychopathic ward." The ship's saloons were decorated with olive branches and stuffed doves. Various enthusiasts made speeches over the rail. Berton Braley, one of the special correspondents, was getting married in a space hastily cleared of baggage. Dr. Pease, the anti-tobacco crusader, was among those present. William Jennings Bryan came aboard, was presented with a squirrel in a small wire cage, and carried it under his arm until the ship sailed. Other squirrels were released. Judge Ben Lindsey exclaimed: "Oh,

God, why am I here?" And after the ship had actually started, in a deafening uproar of cheers, whistles, and peace hymns, Urban Ledoux, "Mr. Zero," dived off the dock and swam after it. He was rescued and brought back to shore.

So was Ford, though not until he had reached Norway. His friend and adviser, Dean Marquis, went along expressly to get him back.

The Peace Ship was Ford's most spectacular blunder. But every time he has gone off his own lot he has come to grief in some absurd way. He really might have been President, Mr. Leonard thinks, if he had had the slightest notion of what the President is, what powers and duties attach to the position. Mr. Leonard gives Calvin Coolidge the credit of sidetracking Ford from the route to the White House with the bait of Muscle Shoals; which of course was not in the President's control, though Ford supposed it must be. Perhaps he imagined that the President ran the country in the same sense that he ran his factory. But Ford defeated himself for the Senatorship, when he ran in 1918. He had talked a little too much, in the first flush of enthusiasm at finding himself a national figure. The things he said needed only to be quoted. And he had rashly got himself involved in a libel suit with the *Chicago Tribune*. That was almost as funny as the Peace Ship. His counsel could not keep Ford off the stand. Thus he was forced to reveal that he did not know the difference between Benedict Arnold and Arnold Bennett; that he thought the American Revolution had occurred in 1812; and that he "could read, slowly," but not well enough to risk reading a paragraph aloud in court.

Since then Ford's career has been a slow diminuendo. His Wayside Inn, with its collection of relics of the pre-motor age, Mr. Leonard finds pathetically significant. It is Ford's retreat from reality, from the desolation of the industrial centers. And so his biographer sums up Ford as "a man in some ways friendly, simple, kindly," possessed of "a billion dollars—more or less—which he had come into partly by accident, partly by ruthlessness, partly by a strange sort of non-rational intelligence," an incalculable fortune he was anxious to spend for the benevolent purpose that "all men should have the happiness that comes from living correctly." Hence the anti-cigarette and prohibition propaganda, the inquisition of private spies into the private lives of employees, and even the impracticable projects linked up with Muscle Shoals.

Henry Ford's idea of the Good Life, Mr. Leonard concludes, was formed by his rural or small-town environment, which had preserved the tradition of the frontier. "Ford had grown up under the influence of this point of view, and had absorbed it into his very soul. . . . The leisurely, non-productive pleasures are not in favor where the memory of the frontier still lingers. Nor is anything else which does not contribute to the gathering of things, more things." In prescribing a life devoid of variety, delight, or intellectual stimulus, narrowed down to work and sleep and paced by clockwork, Henry Ford, Mr. Leonard believes, was absurdly and illogically trying to perpetuate the small town. I regret that I cannot follow Mr. Leonard on this point. I can only suppose that he never lived on the frontier. His own picture of Ford's early life, drifting, tinkering, idling, suggests precisely the opposite of the regulated routine of the ideal Ford factory workers. No, a small mind is a small mind anywhere. Barring his narrowly specialized organizing ability, Ford is remarkably like Philip II of Spain, or the last Czar of Russia. The unfortunate Czar had no brains whatever. So it is idle to speculate whether or not he meant well. He really didn't mean anything. But while I disagree with Mr. Leonard on this particular deduction, I heartily recommend his book for its general sanity, excellent writing, and rich entertainment value.

ISABEL PATERSON

The Gilded Age, and Since

The United States Since 1865. By Louis M. Hacker and Benjamin B. Kendrick. F. S. Crofts and Company. \$5.

ANY attempt to tell the story of America in all its controversial phases from 1865 to the present hour is apt to be highly provocative and superficial. It challenges the critical instinct even before the book is opened. "The United States Since 1865" needs no higher compliment than this—it meets the challenge. Here and there one may differ with an interpretation; occasionally one may have reason to question a statement of fact; but every page bears evidence of an intent scrupulously to write with detachment and fairness. The purpose of the authors is to recreate and explain the America of the last sixty-seven years in all its phases. This brings within their scope politics, economics, literature, art, amusement, science, and foreign relations. A chaotic mass, one would think, and yet the story is made to march with quick-step and with the animation of a parade. There are no dull pages, no deadly pauses, and yet there are no pretentious attempts at mere embroidery. And there is no propaganda—something difficult to escape in appearance in dealing with the events of the last ten years. Every page bears evidence of meticulous research and scholarly effort.

Nothing of significance in government, economic change, finance, industry, science, art, literature has been overlooked; and while condensation has been necessary, nothing has been treated superficially. Here we have the tragic story of the Humbling of the Farmers—who were not humbled by inevitable economic forces, but by the deliberate design of men using the instrumentalities of government to create unnatural conditions for their own profit. Here, too, the thus far futile attempt to curb human greed is set forth. The authors might well have called their book "The Hamiltonian Age," for this period began with the close of the Civil War, just as Hamilton had expected. "There will come a crisis in events," he said, complacently contemplating the Jeffersonian triumph. The crisis came; we emerged with a privileged industrialism in the saddle and high finance holding on behind. They have ridden roughshod ever since, as this record shows.

There are numerous chapters on special features, such as The New Industrialism, Money and Trade, Mechanization, The Condition of Agriculture, that are invaluable to the student of present-day problems—problems which apparently have paralyzed the brain of statesmanship. The chapter on the debts furnishes the reader with an illumination for his daily reading. And that on Challenges to Our Industrial Order sets forth the perils of the times fairly. Privileged industrialism and then imperialism and the development of an embryo plutocracy are the outstanding departures of the last sixty-seven years—and here we have the drama of their development and their significance. It is a moving story told in a sprightly style, and with just enough of the humorous and satirical to relieve our feelings.

Especially interesting is the chapter on Life, Letters, and Art, with its estimates of the novelists, poets, artists, and their significance. In these days when it is fashionable in the more precious literary circles to jeer at Dreiser, it is interesting to have a historian's forecast of his historic status. When pretty stylists without depth of thought or feeling or a real grasp on the fundamental meaning of our times are forgotten, Dreiser will live in the books wherein he has interpreted with pity and comprehension what life means to the average man today.

Messrs. Hacker and Kendrick have produced not only the best story of our own times possible from sources now available, but a reference book that is valuable in the interpretation of the daily news.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

And now—

The autobiography of

UPTON SINCLAIR AMERICAN OUTPOST A Book of Reminiscences

IN a manner as frank and piercing as his novels, Upton Sinclair traces his life from a strange childhood, showing the dramatic incidents and moods that resulted in the revolutionary "Oil," "The Jungle," and "The Wet Parade," books which have made him America's most famous social novelist. *American Outpost* is an explanation of his attitude and of himself; it is honest, forthright, the fearless record of a life spent battling for causes which seemed important, and many of which have won world-wide recognition. \$2.50

Edited by DEVERE ALLEN ADVENTUROUS AMERICANS

BRIEF, biographical sketches of two dozen Americans who have emerged as the universally recognized leaders in the fight for a new social and economic order in the United States. They are people like Oliver Wendell Holmes, Margaret Sanger, and Norman Thomas; and these full-length portraits tell you the facts about their careers that you want to know. Illustrated from etchings by Bernard Sanders. \$3.00

Three timely books about important world affairs

THE GERMAN CRISIS by H. R. Knickerbocker

CAN Germany pay her debts? Will Hindenburg's victory stave off revolution? These and a hundred other questions are answered in this timely and brilliant presentation of facts that vitally affect America and the world. "As a reporter who applies the technique of social analysis intelligently he is not excelled."—*N. Y. Post*. Illustrated, \$2.50

I SAW HITLER! by Dorothy Thompson

HITLER! Who is he? What is he trying to do? A devastating summary, based on personal observation, that explains Hitler's power and tells how far it is likely to go. "Dorothy Thompson has the gift of making the reader, too, see the man she saw."—*Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald-Tribune*. Illustrated, \$1.00

The World's Danger Zone by Sherwood Eddy

"BOTH Japan and China have a strong case in Manchuria, if it could be laid before an impartial tribunal." The author of *The Challenge of the East* has just returned from the war zone in China, and has written a concise, analytical account of Sino-Japanese hostility and what it means to the world. \$1.00

FARRAR & RINEHART
9 EAST 41st STREET, NEW YORK
128 University Ave., Toronto

A Poet of Distinction

Poems. By Geoffrey Scott. Oxford University Press. \$1.75.

THIS is a volume of rarely beautiful lyric poetry—poetry which combines perfect economy and craftsmanship with spiritual intensity, constrained and intellectual in its communication. Geoffrey Scott, whose “Architecture of Humanism” has become a minor classic in its field, and who, until his recent death, had made a brilliant beginning as editor of the newly discovered Boswell papers, has left behind him in poetry only this slender volume, but it is enough to prove him a poet of distinction. His theme is

The tender, the defined
Stones of the mind
Carved by the hard
Cold chisel of dream

and the awareness always of death coming down upon him. With no excess of ornamentation, with entire clarity, and with a restrained passion more powerful because it is held in check, this poet gives us lyric after lyric in which the emotional impulse and the intellectual awareness of its significance are one and the same. Here, in other words, is a modern poet in the best sense. Mr. Scott is

Lost in the landscape of the mind,
A country where the lights are low
And where the ways are hard to find

but he has made this country significant, not desolation only, but a rare landscape, darkly though very delicately indicative of greater explorations than the human spirit has heretofore undertaken. Such a subject and such a vision mean that we have in Mr. Scott's lyrics the best romantic intensity combined with classical perfection of expression. Mr. Scott had a fine lyric gift and an individual outlook on life. His death is a great loss to modern English poetry.

EDA LOU WALTON

Mr. Dennis's Novels

The Red Room. By Geoffrey Dennis. Simon and Schuster. \$2.

THE scene of this novel is a small English town, and the time 1890. A young man, assistant in a chemist's shop, who happens through his wife to be the owner of a valuable old house, commits adultery with the wife of his employer. Found out by the husband, he kills himself; the house is then sold by auction. The theme of the book is the heartlessness of the old ladies who try to ferret out the cause of the suicide and of the relatives of the dead man's wife who compete with each other for possession of the house. The central character is the auctioneer, who takes advantage of the episode to exhibit his showmanship and to line his own pockets. As in all Mr. Dennis's books, the characters are lower-middle-class non-conformists, and the author accepts without irony their belief that God is directly interested in the welfare of their souls.

In Mr. Dennis's first two books, “Mary Lee” and “Harvest in Poland,” the plot was melodramatic and the characterization unreal; he communicated, on the other hand, a powerful sense of the reality of supernatural things which suggested that if he found a more appropriate medium he could be a writer of importance. “The Red Room” has the same faults as its predecessors and few of their merits; the feeling for the other world has almost disappeared. One is driven to the conclusion that Mr. Dennis was never intended to be a novelist. He is interested in sin, in eternity, in the love of God; he tries to embody

his intuitions in stories about English chapel-going shopkeepers and small-town professional men. His own religious feelings are markedly Protestant, as is shown by the undisciplined, half-crazy mysticism of “Harvest in Poland”; but when he reads the same religious feelings into the prosaic and apathetic English petite bourgeoisie his characterization becomes incredible. From beginning to end “The Red Room” seems to be fancy masquerading as observation: conversations and episodes are presented not as Mr. Dennis knows they must have been, but as he fancies they might have been. The chatter of the gossips and the magniloquent speeches of the auctioneer are obvious literary inventions. Most of the events in the book, from the adultery, detection, and suicide at the beginning to the marriage of the auctioneer and the widow at the end, are intrinsically improbable; the reader never believes that they happened, and nothing is said to explain why they happened. The style is diffuse and inexact; Mr. Dennis has an old-fashioned Victorian method of telling a story which will irritate most modern readers, accustomed to a direct rendering of sensation, not to a mere description of it. Moreover, in “The Red Room” he strains after simplicity, and his characters thereby lose that impression of psychological depth which his unwieldy sentences and recondite vocabulary formerly gave to them.

Mr. Dennis has been hailed by several of his elders as one of the best of the younger English novelists. It is obvious that no work of genuine importance will come from a writer who so resolutely refuses to abandon the clichés of the old technique or to restrain his fancifulness in order to reach a closer contact with reality.

HENRY BAMFORD PARKES

An Adventure with Death

Unclay. By T. F. Powys. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

THERE must by now be a rather large group of readers who look forward eagerly to the next book by Mr. T. F. Powys. He has a quality which is unique among modern novelists, an insight into the reverse side of the medal of life as well as its face, a kind of super-realism which is unfailingly aware that in the midst of life we are in death. If other novelists, rushing to their own defense, would arise to say that they, too, were not unaware of this momentous fact, one can only answer that no one of them seems so profoundly conscious of its implications as does Mr. Powys.

For his scene he chooses a small village set nominally in rustic England, and actually existing only in the mind of its creator. For his people he chooses the simple countrymen whom also he creates. No man or woman alive is so cruel as they can be, or so good, or so simple, or so entirely without surprise. If Death comes among them, calling himself Mr. Death, then Mr. Death he is, and himself and his scythe, which hourly he whets, cause no consternation or amazement among the villagers. Susie, who is young and fair, finds herself in love with him instead of with her farmer sweetheart, and watches him dig the grave they are to lie in together until eternity. But Death, who is living in the village because he has temporarily mislaid the order given him by his employer, is prevented from carrying out this pretty romance, which would incidentally have deprived him of both divine favor and his own character, by finding the lost parchment. On it Susie's name is written, but not his own. Susie must die, and Death must go on to the execution of fresh commands. Around Death and Susie the other characters of the tale live their lives: twelve-year-old Winnie Huddy, betaking herself to live with Mr. Solly, who “regarded women as a kind of wurzel,” against the day, five years hence, when she will be duly wed to him; Daisy, her sister, turned from whoring by the power of the poor clergyman, Mr. Hayhoe, using as bible

"Northanger Abbey" and "Pride and Prejudice"; Mr. Dawe and Mr. Mere, two old men who buy and sell Susie, but by whom and to whom she never is bought or sold; Miss Bridle, who fancied herself a camel, and who was the more patient, drudging, and willing for it. A strange crew, with a strange mixture of earthly and unearthly qualities, moving through the milieu of the village and the compelling mass of Madder Hill above it with a portentous calm. Skirting death, tolerating it, courting it; accepting it as they accept life and love and madness and deprivation, because it and these are in their midst and must be reckoned with.

One tends rather to fall into Mr. Powys's own tone while writing of him. Nor do I see any reason why he should change his tone, why he should discard his symbolism, as has been suggested, and write plainly of men and things. There are plenty of persons who can write plainly. There are none with whom I am acquainted who can combine realism and what is beyond realism in quite this mysterious and powerful way. And in truth, when Mr. Powys tries to explain his meanings he is likely to fall into a rather sentimental supernaturalism. In "Unclay," however, this pitfall seldom yawns for him. His tone in it is fateful and fresh and strange; he is master of his locality as he is of his style. In short, he is a very fine novelist, and "Unclay" is one of his better novels.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Books in Brief

Ben Jonson. Volume IV. Edited by C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson. Oxford University Press. \$7.

The fourth volume of the new edition of the Works of Ben Jonson brings us to "Cynthia's Revels," "Poetaster," "Sejanus," and "Eastward Ho." The great comedies are still to come. At this stage we have to drive heavily through the conscientious exhibition and satire of outmoded and preposterous futilities before we reach, at the close of "Poetaster," the self-portrait of the serene high poet who, "safe from the wolf's black jaw and the dull ass's hoof," is contemplating a tragic theme. The fruit of his contemplation is "Sejanus"; and when we have read that play we are on the threshold of Jonson's great period. Meanwhile we have also the satiric comedy in which he collaborated with Chapman and Marston, "Eastward Ho." The design of this edition has relegated the commentary (for which these overcharged plays afford ample opportunity) to the concluding volumes. We have here only the texts and textual notes with succinct introductions that deal solely with the problem of the text. Professor C. H. Herford, one of the editors, has died since the publication of this series began; fortunately his share of the task was completed with the two preliminary volumes of biography and general criticism. Dr. Percy Simpson is alone responsible for texts and commentary. To this volume he adds a foreword in memory of his distinguished and learned collaborator. This "In Memoriam" is a model of what such tributes should be, succinct and restrained yet evincing deep feeling and a profound admiration for Herford not only as a scholar but as a personality.

Great Spanish Short Stories. Translated by Warre B. Wells. With Biographical Notes by J. C. Gorkin and an Introduction by Henri Barbusse. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

The Introduction by Barbusse would lead us to believe that these tales representing the work of the leading Spanish writers of the day deal, if not with revolution itself, then with the spirit of revolt. The collection itself makes it clear, however, that in spite of the fact that most of the writers have

SPRING BOOKS FROM CHAPEL HILL

SOUTH CAROLINA DURING RECONSTRUCTION

by F. B. SIMKINS and R. H. WOODY

This is the first volume which attempts to give a complete picture of the important social and economic as well as political forces of this most trying and momentous period. Copiously illustrated, over 600 pages. Size 6½" x 9½". Only 1000 copies printed. Price \$8.

FROM FRONTIER TO PLANTATION IN TENNESSEE

by T. P. ABERNATHY

Early Tennessee politics, land speculation, religion, living conditions, Indian wars, and leading personalities, the central theme being the question of democracy. The author's conclusion is that "Democracy was never applied in politics, but it was applied in things of the intellect. The uncultured frontier accepted political leadership, but repudiated intellectual leadership and made one man's opinion as good as that of any other. Our civilization has been coarsened and cheapened as a result." About 320 pp. Size 5½" x 8½". Price \$3.

HOMICIDE IN THE UNITED STATES

by H. C. BREARLEY

The first comprehensive study of this important subject. About 250 pages. Size 5½" x 8½". Price \$2.50

TIECK'S ROMANTIC IRONY

by ALFRED E. LUSSKY

The greatest riddle left to posterity by German romanticism is the concept of romantic irony. Professor Lussky, author of two other Tieck studies, goes far in this volume toward solving this riddle. About 250 pages. Size 5½" x 8½". Price \$3.00

STARS, ATOMS, AND GOD

by HARRIS E. KIRK

An account of trends in contemporary scientific thought, with special reference to the work of Einstein, Millikan, Eddington, Jeans, and others, showing the breakdown of materialistic determination and the movement of scientific thought "in the direction of a belief in one supreme and controlling mind." About 120 pages. Size 4½" x 7½". Price \$1.00

COLOR OF STEEL

by LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY

A thoughtful and sincere volume of verse, compounded of the color and glamor of Alabama hills and valleys, Indian mounds and steel plants. About 80 pages. Size 5½" x 8½". Price \$1.50

A complete descriptive list of new and recent titles will be sent on request

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

It's Important!

RECOVERY

THE SECOND EFFORT

By SIR ARTHUR SALTER

How can a sick economic world be cured? The very best minds of our day are applying themselves to that problem, and there is none more qualified to speak than Sir Arthur Salter, until recently Director of the Economic and Finance Section of the League of Nations.

His intimate knowledge and experience are in this book which is certain to mark a turning point in our methods of dealing with the current crisis. No one with a stake in Western Civilization can afford to miss his penetrating analysis and clear-sighted suggestions.

RECOVERY

At all bookstores, \$3.00

THE CENTURY CO.

NEW YORK

The Paradox of Plenty

By HARPER LEECH. "I heartily recommend this book to anyone who wants to read a criticism of the present depression, which will hold, intrigue and shock."—*John F. Sinclair, in N. Y. Herald Tribune*. "One of the brightest spots in this period of financial melancholy."—*H. V. O'Brien, in Chicago Daily News*. \$2.50

The Shadow of the Pope

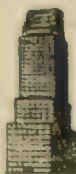
By MICHAEL WILLIAMS. The story of the anti-Catholic movement in America. "This is such a book as should be in the library of every good citizen, whether he is a Catholic or not."—*William Allen White*. \$3.00

A Primer of Money

By DONALD B. WOODWARD and MARC A. ROSE. What everybody needs to know about the whole monetary system and its complications, told in plain English by two editors of *The Business Week*. \$2.00

Ding Goes To Russia

By J. N. DARLING. "I got more information, more understanding out of Darling's book than from any other source."—*Mark Sullivan*. With 65 drawings by the author. \$2.50



WHITTLESEY HOUSE

Publishers Mc-GRAW-HILL BLDG. New York

actively participated in the revolt—some of them, indeed, have been in exile or in jail—their creative efforts may be said to be only vaguely connected with revolutionary experience. They are—if we are to judge them by these stories—artists first, revolutionaries afterward. On the other hand, the biographical notes supplied by Mr. Gorkin indicate that they have been in the very forefront of the struggle of liberation. The oldest, and in point of indefatigability the youngest of them, Miguel de Unamuno, contributes an allegory called *Solitude*; there is genuine pathos in this story of a woman ignored by her father, maltreated by her brother, and abandoned by her betrothed. There is some fine satire in Ramón del Valle Inclán's *The Golden Rose*, which is a scene from the court life of Isabel II, "the perfect Queen," grandmother of the future Alfonso XIII; it is by far the most "revolutionary" story in the book. *The Abyss*, by Pío Baroja, best known to us through his novels, is a terrible indictment of superstition and, like *The Golden Rose*, a perfect little story. Ibáñez, whom the English-reading public knows by his poorest novels, is represented by a story of a drunken flutist which is in its way a gem. *The Assistant Professor*, by Ramón Pérez de Ayala, now Spanish Ambassador to London, has charm. These, together with *Saint Alexis*, are the best of the fifteen stories which make up the distinguished collection.

Manhattan Side-Show. By Konrad Bercovici. The Century Company. \$4.

Bercovici tells more tales of New York people and restaurants and streets in this successor to "Around the World in New York," illustrated with a profusion of pen-and-ink sketches by Norman Borchardt. He intersperses pathetic little made-up stories with accounts of dinners and conversations with celebrities, and mingles tales of real people under their own or fictitious names with obscure dramas of mean streets. There is a good chapter on "Sheriff" Bob Chanler. There are also chapters on Dreiser, Harlem, and the speakeasies; on Charles Edison, "the Son of a Great Man," and Saul Elman, "the Father of a Genius"; on famous radicals and labor leaders, theatrical managers and actresses, restaurants and amusement places. The book offers good entertainment for an evening. And since there is no continuity one may have the pleasure of skipping about in it, looking at the pictures, and skimming off the cream—even though the milk underneath runs a bit thin.

Adventurous Americans. Edited by Devere Allen. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

The title of this book suggests Daniel Boone, Zebulon M. Pike, or Kit Carson. So it is disconcerting to find biographies of John Dewey, Carrie Chapman Catt, John Haynes Holmes, Sidney Hillman, Norman Thomas, Sherwood Eddy, Judah L. Magnes, and a score of their contemporaries. Of course a moment's reflection justifies the characterization of the champions of unpopular beliefs and causes as the genuinely adventurous Americans of today. Our physical frontier has been tamed and colonized; the supreme adventure of this century is the assault upon the intrenched greed, ignorance, and bigotry which are obstructing the entrance of humanity into a new world of cooperation. The only exception to be taken, therefore, to the choice of persons for "Adventurous Americans" is that they represent too extensively the respectable right wing of reform and too little the persecuted left of revolution. It is true that the volume contains sketches of such militant rebels as Margaret Sanger and Scott Nearing, but place is not given to a single present member of the Communist Party or the Industrial Workers of the World. Ex-Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, and Grace Abbott are included; William Z. Foster, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, and Emma Goldman are ignored. But it would be unfair to press this point

too far. The biographies originated as a series for the *World Tomorrow*, and they are representative of a fairly cohesive and decidedly important group in American life. The title chosen for book publication was an afterthought. The biographies are contributed each by a separate writer, to whom freedom of expression is given by anonymity. But in every instance the writer is frankly an admirer of his subject, and although the sketches are informative, readable, and in some cases inspiring, they are in no strict sense critical.

The Dream Life of Balso Snell. By Nathanael West. New York: Moss and Kamin. \$3.

The *mise en scène* of this fantasy is the entrails of the Trojan horse, and of course no scatological detail is missed. The intention is probably to be fantastically humorous, perhaps profoundly humorous. The intention is not realized.

August. By Knut Hamsun. Translated from the Norwegian by Eugene Gay-Tifft. Coward-McCann. \$3.

August was a character in an earlier Hamsun novel, "Vagabonds." After twenty years of roaming he returns in middle age to the Norwegian fishing village of Polden. He has been in America and brings with him the ferment of industrialism. Without motive, simply because he believes in "progress," he sets about to transform Polden into a modern community, to give it new houses, a post office, a bank, a factory. At first his plans succeed, but before he is through he has ruined and starved a good many simple peasants. Of his symbolical significance the best analysis is made by one of the characters:

If you take him as a tool of the modern age, then he had some grounds to be like he was: he was a missionary. Personally, he was a hustler and a fiend for work. He could drop one thing and take up another right then and there, and he was able, too, in his way—he was the most irresponsible fellow in the world but there was no end to his good-will, either. When he was sick last winter, he lay in bed worrying because he had never learned to walk the tight-rope. . . . He was a wild one . . . he brought us many things and . . . he gave everything away bravely and without scruple. He made everything alluring and lots of fun; he was a joker and a terrible liar, and that was the modern age, the age of mechanics, the Americanism that was in him.

More than once Hamsun seems to be portraying August in order to speak to the rest of Norway his own patriarchal mind on the subject of progress; but always August is a flesh-and-blood character. Hamsun's genial mastery makes him entertaining and individual throughout. The story is told for the most part in a simulation of peasant dialect, simple, wise, and humorous.

Architecture

What the Man About Town Will Build

A HOUSE that is a sort of box or aggregation of boxes—flat top, flat sides with plenty of glass in them, color generally white, and the whole thing preferably raised on stilts—this, loosely described, is what you were given to see at the Museum of Modern Art. Under the title "The International Style" it will travel thence through the leading museums of the country, on a tour of three years. Whether "style" or not, what the show centers on is certainly the most advanced Continental technique. And, considering events, we can be

SIGNIFICANT SPRING BOOKS

PHILIP II OF SPAIN

An important and colorful biography about the most mysterious and powerful figure of the Elizabethan Age, Philip II—half-saint, half-devil. \$3.75

by David Loth

WHAT I REALLY WROTE ABOUT THE WAR

For the first time Shaw collects his much-criticized war utterances and reviews them in the light of present day conditions—a fascinating, pertinent book. \$3.75

by Bernard Shaw

BREAKDOWN

The Collapse of Traditional Civilisation

Does our present civilisation contain the germs of its own inevitable decay? There is dynamite in these theories of a foremost anthropologist. \$2.50

by Robert Briffault

CAN MAN BE CIVILIZED?

The first historian to question Allied motives in the World War, here writes brilliantly on man's present chances for happiness. \$2.50

by Harry Elmer Barnes

BRENTANO'S • PUBLISHERS

the new book by

Edmund Wilson

The American Jitters

A Year of the Slump

Twenty-nine vivid pictures of various phases of the American scene during the Great Depression. Mr. Wilson's observations are accurate and unequivocal. His range of subjects covers the entire country. Here is the tremendously significant drama of daily American life brilliantly depicted.

313 pages. \$2.50

Recent Books Worth Owning

Arabia Felix

Across the "Empty Quarter" of Arabia

by Bertram Thomas

397 pages, 60 illustrations \$5.00

The Story of My Life

by Clarence Darrow

465 pages, 16 illustrations \$3.50

Mozart

by Marcia Davenport

400 pages, 16 illustrations \$3.50

at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

NEW YORK

RACE, CLASS, AND PARTY

By PAUL LEWINSON

What are the present facts of Negro disfranchisement? Does the Hoover victory of 1928 portend the breakup of the "Solid South"? The first complete and detailed account of Negro suffrage in the South, carried down to the present. \$3.75

The Spirit of BRITISH POLICY and the Myth of the Encirclement of GERMANY

By HERMANN KANTOROWICZ

An absorbing and authoritative book, one which will always be referred to as outstanding in the literature of war guilt. The myth of "encirclement" was, says the author, the fundamental cause of the War. \$6.50

Send for the Complete Spring List
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, NEW YORK

We are proud to announce the
publication of

THURSO'S LANDING

by

ROBINSON JEFFERS



This long narrative poem is probably Jeffers' finest work. Included in the volume are "Margrave" and several shorter poems. \$2.50

Limited, autographed edition of
185 copies. \$7.50

"Jeffers tells a story in verse in such a way that the reader is held — fascinated and reluctant as the 'Wedding Guest'."—Allen Reynolds Thompson in *The Bookman*.

quite sure that houses more or less like these are what the man about town will build.

That their character is daring or advanced is not against them but on the contrary quite in their favor. The adventure is attractively new because really not unsafe. The "style" comes attested, it has a history, and the book about it by Henry Russell Hitchcock and Philip Johnson, and others, issued in conjunction with the show, is in itself a valuable architectural record.* Elegant, recherché, the new forms appeal to the aristocrat of modern taste.

What gives the last decade such a show of strength is that during its course four paths have met. From study of factories, bridges, and ships came men who for the first time carried into architecture the idea of radical science. For them the layout of a town is an exercise in practical hygiene; physics and chemistry they ransack for possible devices to decrease clumsy bulk and weight; and they will permit no interference with efficiency or speed. Such sciences left strictly alone, so they believe, will lead of themselves to the finest possible building. They want no art. They are simple.

The second group of men came by devious routes out of Paris—Montparnasse. Without the painter van Doesburg no architect Oud; and without Ozenfant no architect Le Corbusier in whose own person in turn is the painter Jeanneret. Cubism, Purism, Neo-plasticism. Their deep respect for "function"—for the science of the first group—they subject to psychological arrangement, to art. And the abstract art of Paris was extremely useful to them. It dealt in simplification.

Now comes from the rolling hill lands of Wisconsin the figure of a single man—Frank Lloyd Wright. He, too, an engineer; he, too, interested in abstraction; but his ideal country-fashion, the tree—"organic" or "natural" simplicity.

All are in the decade and in the show, not forgetting, too, the talented opportunist, such as Raymond Hood, running in at the last minute by the side door. Will they all stay together? Are the paths to constitute a highway?

Appearances say yes. Never have the various products looked so similar. To those who love uniformity, order, discipline, the result is a triumph. Even the "rebel" Wright, some of the sponsors exultantly declare, begins more nearly to "fit." Fit what? The new "international style." A classical one, with a "definite aesthetic," and, we may add, a still more definite limited technique. Athens, Rome, Paris. But Wright the individual, remains a stumbling-block. Certain others among the internationalists say he never was and never will be orthodox. A romantic—the last, so it is hoped.

I, too, believe, and with still more emphasis, that the path will diverge. Nothing is established yet, except possibly the common victory over copying the periods and adapting ancient methods. We are at the beginning, not the end, of modern imagination. Technology is far more resourceful than this technique, and the Paris-painting base is not broad enough for more than a school and a couple of decades. Study the models more closely—Wright's House for the Mesa, Miës's Tugendhaus House, and the Savoye House of Le Corbusier—and you will see implicit differences leading to great new variety and change. You will even see diametric oppositions of attitude and character. All modern.

But such considerations mean nothing, or next to it, for the man about town. Did I once write about the up-to-date woman, telling what it was she thought "awfully good for America"? Well, Paris gives pedigree for the man also, and the new discipline gives the game its necessary rules. See him take the high sign. Watch his architect strain in the discipline. See him throw overboard—ah, no, you can't. The photographs are too good for you to see that. His houses, too, appear to

* "Modern Architects." Edited by Alfred H. Barr, W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.

the proper cut: flat top, flat sides with plenty of glass, or generally white, and the whole thing preferably raised stilt.

The housing exhibit was separately handled, and so, unfortunately, constitutes a separate subject. It is superb. Comparative photographs and forthright analytic tables show why Europe has housing and we next to none. Indeed, the method of display throughout the exhibition is magnificent—again opening up a subject! Among American architects besides Wright, whose given emphasis are Neutra, and Howe and Lescaze. The housing project of the latter for Christie and Forsythe streets is a challenging innovation, but certain aspects are highly debatable. Thompson and Churchill, represented by a small office building at Fifty-seventh Street, deserve a note, having over a period of years done more consistently competent modern work, though on a modest scale, than most of the big noises.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Drama

Concerning Obstetrics

THE more conservative critics of contemporary literature sometimes object that it is unnecessarily "obstetrical."

Yet no one, so far as I was able to observe, seemed particularly shocked by "Life Begins," even though that play does turn the stage of the Selwyn Theater into the maternity ward of a hospital, and even though it is concerned exclusively with the various aspects, both sentimental and medical, of the more modern methods for the mass production of babies. Two nurses constitute the only female members of the cast who are not, at once or immediately, "expecting." All possible attitudes to the forthcoming event are discussed at some length. And when one sees a whole stage full of pregnant women one is compelled to realize that times have changed since the days when even a father was expected to learn only by accident—or by the delicate innuendo of unwonted needlework—the interesting condition of his wife. I would, however, be the last to suggest that the morality of the play leaves anything to be desired. Most comedies end when the heroine is brought to bed for less obviously laudable purposes, and only three of the many prospective infants referred to are putatively illegitimate—proportionately fewer than would be found to be similarly unfortunate in statistics were compiled concerning the births which have taken place in the American drama during the past decade.

On the program the author of this odd but entertaining play is described as "ex-nurse, ex-newspaperwoman, and mother." Nor is it difficult to see how each of these varied disciplines has contributed to the work in question, though I must confess that it is the newspaperwoman who seems to have had the greatest influence. Thus I failed to observe that much was accomplished so far as the avowed purpose of touching the audience with a sense of the divine mystery of motherhood is concerned; but I did find an amusing comedy-drama, half sentimental, half satiric, which is written with some of the simple vividness and hard-boiled humor of a feature story. Such plot as there is, is relatively unimportant, and the interest centers in the topical details of hospital life. Various women come and go, and each is typical of some attitude toward the experience which has brought them all—Irish broodmare, flapper, and night-club hostess alike—to the same standard lightgown and the same little white bed. Some go exultant and some go resentful. Some return triumphant and some return on a stretcher. But though they are diverse before they go into the delivery room and diverse when they come out, there is the one incident which reduces them for the moment to ex-

PLAYS □ FILMS □ LECTURES

THE THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

REUNION IN VIENNA

a comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

MARTIN BECK THEA., 45 St. & 8 Ave. P.Ean. 6-6100
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

THE THEATRE GUILD presents

TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD

A New Play by BERNARD SHAW

GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of B'way
Evenings 8:30 MATS.: Thurs. and Sat., 2:30

GILBERT MILLER Presents

EDNA

HERBERT

BEST MARSHALL in THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET

A Comedy by John van Druten

"Utterly delightful."—John Mason Brown, Post.

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd St.
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

GILBERT MILLER AND LESLIE HOWARD Present

LESLIE HOWARD

in PHILIP BARRY'S New Comedy

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

"The season's most gratifying adventure."

—Percy Hammond, Herald-Tribune

Staged by Gilbert Miller

EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway and 40th Street.
MONDAY PERFORMANCES OMITTED.

Three Matinees Weekly: Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, 2:30



"Sparkles with originality . . . charms the most exacting person."
Mordaunt Hall, Times

"Profoundly witty . . . finely ironic . . . riotously funny"
John Cohen, Jr., Sun

"Acted to perfection . . . extraordinary beauty . . . music most impressive."
Wm. Boehnel, Telegram

"THE THEFT OF THE MONA LISA"

German Musical Film Comedy Drama with ENGLISH TITLES
Easily understood without a knowledge of German

EUROPA 154 W. 55th St. 35c 11 a. m. Continuous
Cir. 7-0129 Noon to Midnight

LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL—2nd Ave. and 14th St.

Director, DR. G. F. BECK

JOHN COWPER POWYS

(Farewell lecture)

FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 8:30 P. M.

The Psychology of Modern Literature

ADMISSION 50 CENTS

THE GROUP

Meets at Auditorium—150 West 85th Street

Tuesday Evening, April 12th, at 8:30 P. M.

DR ALFRED MARTIN, will speak on:

"International Mindedness—The Key to World Peace"

This Sunday Afternoon (April 10th) at 4:30 P. M.

Symposium: "The Actor, The Theatre and the Audience"

Speakers: Mary Morris, Harold Clurman, H. Weinberger

□
WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT
□

PLAYS TO SEE

Alice Sit-By-The-Fire—Playhouse—48 St. E. of B'way.
 Blessed Event—Longacre—48 St. W. of B'way.
 Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
 Cynara—Shubert—44 St. W. of B'way.
 Child of Manhattan—Cort—W. 48 St.
 Face The Music—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
 Hot-Cha—Ziegfeld—6 Ave. at 54 St.
 Mourning Becomes Electra—Alvin—52 St. W. of B'way.
 Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.
 Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
 Riddle Me This—John Golden—W. 58 St.
 Springtime for Henry—Bijou—45 St.
 The Animal Kingdom—Empire—B'way. & 40 St.
 The Laugh Parade—Imperial—W. 45 St.
 The Left Bank—Little—W. 44 St.
 The Warrior's Husband—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way.
 There's Always Juliet—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.
 Trick for Trick—Geo. M. Cohan—B'way. & 43 St.
 Too True to be Good—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
 Whistling in the Dark—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.

IN THE NATION NEXT WEEK

Presidential Possibilities VIII

Franklin D. Roosevelt:

Perched on the Band Wagon

by Henry F. Pringle

"He is all things to many sections of the nation. In the East he is wet and not radical. In the West he is Progressive. In the South he is not very wet, after all, and is—thank God—a Protestant . . . He is a gentleman."

actly the same status, and it is with the time during which the converge toward it that the playwright is concerned. She regards them all with an eye half reverent, half amused, but it as a comedy of humors that her play can best be regarded. Most of the characters are frankly types. They lack any great individuality and any great originality. But they do constitute an amusing gallery of women drawn with broad though effective strokes.

I could not, however, keep myself from wondering just what a future age would make of such a play, should it even happen to be unearthed by a curious student of twentieth-century ideology. Could any other age, I asked myself, possibly know what to make of this particular blend of traditional sentiment and rather self-conscious objectivity which we take more or less as a matter of course? And I concluded that my future student would have the key if he would only remember two things about the vocabulary of the twenties and thirties: first, that it was then that love ceased to be either a sin or a sacrament and became "sex expression"; second, that though married women of the time seldom spoke of wanting children, yet it was quite common for them to remark that they thought they "owed it to themselves to have the experience of motherhood."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Cagney Again

JAMES CAGNEY'S latest picture, "The Crowd Roars" (Winter Garden Theater), is superficially undistinguished. Its story is simple and concerns very ordinary people. Joe Greer, who has become a famous racing driver, returns to his home town to find that the "kid brother" has the same inexplicable passion as himself. Since he cannot persuade Eddie that the life of a racer is not glorious, he takes him back to the city to make a good driver of him. From there on the rather feeble plot describes Joe's attempt to keep the boy away from "women and booze." He "gives the air" to the sweetheart with whom he has been living and who loves him most respectfully; his fondness for liquor is not so easily got rid of, and accounts for most of the melodramatic sequences of races, wrecks, and reconciliations which need not be reviewed. The picture is weakened by a mistake in casting and inferior dialogue. Arlene Dvorak, who plays Joe's sweetheart, neither looks nor acts the part. In both gesture and speech she is amateurish and flamboyant when she should be knowing and restrained. Joan Blondell, who is much nearer the required type, plays instead, as very well, the minor part of Eddie's deliberate seducer—and subsequent loving wife. The dialogue is not by any means as telling as Glasmon and Bright are in the habit of providing, though it must be said that they are dealing here with more difficult situations than usual. Finally, to one who has always considered automobile racing one of the minor insanities, the mad whirl around the track while the crowd roars—for block as Joe's girl says—is more depressing than exhilarating.

But automobile racing is an indigenous, popular American sport and the ambition to drive a race at Indianapolis is fairly common among small boys—it could hardly be otherwise in the land of Henry Ford. That being so, it is fitting material for the movies and particularly for James Cagney, who portrays so well the hard but sentimental American youth who has strict and formulated definitions of honor and virtue for which he is willing and anxious to fight, especially where a younger brother or sister is concerned, and whose cocksureness is an amusing and pretty effective disguise for the adolescent inferiority beneath.

The interest of "The Crowd Roars"—and it is considerable lies in Cagney's characterization and in the background against which the story is played. Throughout there is excellent and imaginative camera work. For instance, the opening episode of a train arriving by night in Joe's home town is profoundly convincing: the bags packed and waiting in the Pullman seats, the flashes of light from the locomotive revealing at intervals the countryside at once familiar and strange, the platform reception of the boy who has made good, the proud unloading of the car, and the homecoming which takes place in the family garage rather than the house; all are informed with that poignant eagerness known as homesickness which is a typical and universal experience in this country of magnificent distances and restless humanity. Again, the relationship of the brothers, though crudely handled, is truly conceived. In "The Crowd Roars," Cagney and his collaborators succeed once more in capturing irony and pathos as well as humor that are essentially American. Human beings are pathetic in so far as they are helpless; the pathos is intensified when they proceed as if they were in control of their lives—as if a blind man did not know that he was blind. In America, where fast and intricate tools have created an unparalleled illusion of power, the disparity between the possibility of control and the capacity of the individual is especially wide, the irony correspondingly deep. It is this irony that Cagney exploits, perhaps without conscious intent, in all of his pictures; and they are invariably interesting when, like the present one, they do not qualify as finished entertainment.

For finished entertainment there is "One Hour with You" (Rialto Theater), directed by Ernst Lubitsch and charmingly played by Maurice Chevalier. Chevalier's peculiarly French character, which has been dimmed by too many American "personal appearances," is completely restored in this picture. His satirical and ingratiating acting, along with two other excellent performances by Roland Young and Charles Ruggles, offsets the rather affected playing of Jeanette MacDonald and Genevieve Tobin; it almost dispels the artificial effects of operetta numbers which require scientific breathing and can therefore never be casual.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Some Notable Spring Books

ART, ARCHITECTURE

Clive, Clive. An Account of French Painting. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.75.
 Magdon, Claude. The Frozen Fountain. Knopf. \$3.75.
 Frankl, Paul T. Machine-made Leisure. Harper. \$3.50.
 Hitchcock, Henry-Russell and Johnson, Philip. The International Style: Architecture Since 1922. Norton. \$5.
 Read, Herbert. The Anatomy of Art. Dodd, Mead. \$3.
 Simonson, Lee. The Stage Is Set. Harcourt, Brace. \$5.
 Wölfflin, Heinrich. Principles of Art History. Holt. \$5.

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS, LETTERS

Madame, Louis. Laughing in the Jungle. Harper. \$3.
 Allen, Devere, Ed. Adventurous Americans. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.
 Allison, John M. Monsieur Thiers. Norton. \$3.
 Therton, Gertrude. Adventures of a Novelist. Liveright. \$5.
 Huxley, Clarence. Huxley. Norton. \$3.
 Benson, E. F. Charlotte Brontë. Longmans, Green. \$4.
 Kent, Silas. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. Vanguard. \$4.50.
 Leslavski, Richard and Woodward, Helen. Way of the Lancer. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.
 Bradford, Gamaliel. Saints and Sinners. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50.

SOCIAL STUDY TOURS

In the Soviet Union

Visit this land of living interest. Observe the process of the destruction of an old society and the creation of a new one. Spend your vacation seeing Leningrad, Moscow, Ivanovo - Voznesensk, Nizhni - Novgorod, Volga River, Stalingrad, Rostov, Kharkov, Kiev and Dneprostroy in Soviet Russia. 26 days of glorious travel.

\$335 up

Shorter Tours (23 days) for

TEACHERS — STUDENTS — PROFESSIONALS

\$285 up

SAILINGS AND STEAMERS

S. S. AQUITANIA JUNE 29th

S. S. NEW YORK JULY 7th

S. S. EUROPA JULY 19th

Shorter Tours as low as \$140.

Special May 1st Celebration Tours

Write for information about tours in the Soviet Union

WORLD TOURISTS, Inc.

175 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

Phone AL 4-6656-8797



RUSSIAN TRAVEL MADE EASY

IN visiting Russia, you want to travel as widely as you can, gain as many first hand impressions as you can, and know what your expenses will be. The Open Road has devoted five years to perfecting its organization in the U. S. S. R. Open Road representatives in Moscow and Leningrad know the travel facilities of the country, and the things worth seeing. They save you time and money. They help you to see what interests you most.

When inquiring for rates, please indicate whether you prefer to travel alone or in one of many specially constituted Open Road groups. Also, state what phase of Russian life interests you most. Round trip rates as low as \$198, based on new reduced steamship tariffs in effect April 4, 1932.

The OPEN ROAD

Salmon Tower, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City

Cooperating in U. S. S. R. with INTOURIST

- Brooks, Van Wyck. *The Life of Emerson*. Dutton. \$3.
 Burns, Robert E. *I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang*. Vanguard. \$2.
 Cohen-Portheim, Paul. *Time Stood Still: 1914-1918*. Dutton. \$3.
 Craig, Edward Gordon. *Ellen Terry and Her Secret Self*. Dutton. \$3.50.
 Darrow, Clarence. *The Story of My Life*. Scribner. \$3.50.
 De Nogales, Rafael. *Memoirs of a Soldier of Fortune*. Harrison Smith. \$4.
 Dobree, Bonamy, Ed. *The Letters of Lord Chesterfield*. Viking. 6 vols. \$50.
 Dudley, Dorothy. *Dreiser and the Land of the Free*. Cape and Smith. \$3.
 Fletcher, Ifan Kyrle. *Ronald Firbank: A Memoir*. Brentano's. \$2.50.
 Ford, Ford Madox. *Return to Yesterday*. Liveright. \$4.
 Fuess, Claude Moore. *Carl Schurz, Reformer*. Dodd, Mead. \$3.75.
 Gold, Michael. *John Reed*. Coward-McCann. \$3.
 Grand Duke Alexander of Russia. *Once a Grand Duke*. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.50.
 Greig, J. T. T., Ed. *The Letters of David Hume*. Oxford. 2 vols. \$14.50.
 Henderson, Archibald. *Bernard Shaw, Playboy and Prophet*. Appleton. \$7.50.
 Hogue, Wayman. *Back Yonder: An Ozark Chronicle*. Minton, Balch. \$3.
 Hltis, Hugo. *Life of Mendel: Pioneer in Heredity*. Trans. Eden and Cedar Paul. Norton. \$5.
 Josephson, Matthew. *Jean Jacques Rousseau*. Harcourt, Brace. \$5.
 Lawes, Lewis E. *Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing*. Long and Smith.
 Lengyel, Emil. *Hitler*. Dial. \$2.50.
 Lenrow, Elbert, Ed. and Trans. *The Letters of Richard Wagner to Anton Pusinelli*. Knopf. \$5.
 Leonard, Jonathan Norton. *The Tragedy of Henry Ford*. Putnam. \$3.50.
 Levin, Shmarya. *The Arena*. Trans. Maurice Samuel. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50.
 Lodge, Oliver. *Past Years*. Scribner. \$3.50.
 Luhan, Mabel Dodge. *Lorenzo in Taos*. Knopf. \$3.50.
 Lynch, Denis Tilden. *Grover Cleveland*. Liveright. \$5.
 Maclean, Catherine MacDonald. *Dorothy Wordsworth*. Viking. \$5.
 Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia. *A Princess in Exile*. Viking. \$3.50.
 Neff, Emery. *Carlyle*. Norton. \$3.
 Neihardt, John G. *Black Elk Epeaks*. Morrow. \$3.75.
 Nevinson, H. W. *Goethe*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.75.
 Peterson, Houston. *Huxley: Prophet of Science*. Longmans, Green. \$3.50.
 Pound, Arthur. *The Penns of Pennsylvania*. Macmillan. \$5.
 Rothenstein, William. *Men and Memories*. Coward-McCann. Vol. II. \$5.
 Petrie, Flinders. *Seventy Years in Archaeology*. Holt. \$4.
 Schirokauer, Arno. *Lassalle*. Century. \$5.
 Sinclair, Upton. *American Outpost: A Book of Reminiscences*. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.
 Tate, Allen. *Robert E. Lee*. Minton, Balch. \$5.
The Memoirs of Glückel of Hamelin (1646-1719). Trans. Marvin Lowenthal. Harper. \$3.50.
 Trevelyan, George Otto. *A Memoir*. Longmans, Green. \$4.
 Tschuppik, Karl. *Ludendorff*. Trans. W. H. Johnston. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.
 Von Bülow, Prince. *Memoirs of: The World War and Germany's Collapse, 1909-1919*. Little, Brown. Vol. III. \$5.
 Wright, Frank Lloyd. *An Autobiography*. Longmans, Green. \$5.
 Ybarra, T. R. *Hindenburg*. Duffield and Green. \$3.
 Zweig, Stefan. *Mental Healers*. Trans. Eden and Cedar Paul. Viking. \$3.50.
- ECONOMICS, SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, LAW
- Adams, Benjamin P. *Normalcy: The Harding Administration and Its Heritage*. Dial. \$4.
 Angell, Norman. *The Unseen Assassins*. Harper. \$3.
 Barnes, Harry Elmer. *Can Man Be Civilized?* Brentano's. \$3.
 Beals, Carleton. *Banana Gold*. Lippincott. \$3.
 Beard, Charles A., Ed. *America Faces the Future*. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.
 Beard, Charles A. *The Navy: Defense or Portent?* Harper. \$2.
 Borchard, Edwin M. *Convicting the Innocent*. Yale. \$3.75.
 Boudin, Louis B. *Government by Judiciary*. Godwin. 2 vols. \$10.
 Brearley, H. C. *Homicide in the United States*. University of North Carolina. \$2.50.
 Briffault, Robert. *Breakdown: The Passing of Traditional Civilization*. Brentano's. \$2.50.
 Broun, Heywood. *I Believe*. Century. \$2.50.
 Butler, Nicholas Murray. *Looking Forward: What Will America Do About It?* Scribner. \$3.50.
 Campbell, Thomas D. *Russia: Market or Menace?* Longmans, Green. \$2.
 Cantor, Nathaniel. *Criminology*. Holt. \$3.50.
 Clark, Evans. *A Way Out for Medicine*. Harper. \$4.
 Corey, Lewis. *The Progress of Prosperity*. Godwin. \$3.
 Counts, George S., Villari, Luigi, Rorty, Malcolm C., and Baker, Newton D. *Bolshevism, Fascism and Capitalism*. Yale. \$2.50.
 Dennis, Lawrence. *Is Capitalism Doomed?* Harper. \$3.
 Dreiser Committee, The. *Harlan Miners Speak*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.
 Dreiser, Theodore. *Tragic America*. Liveright. \$2.
 Finer, H. *The Theory and Practice of Modern Government*. Dial. 2 vols. \$10.
 Foster, William Z. *Towards Soviet America*. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.
 Frank, Glenn. *Thunder and Dawn: America's Appointment with Destiny*. Macmillan. \$4.
 Frankfurter, Felix, Ed. *Mr. Justice Brandeis: A Collection of Essays*. Yale. \$2.
 Hansen, Alvin H. *Economic Stabilization in an Unbalanced World*. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.
 Harding, T. Swann. *The Joy of Ignorance*. Godwin. \$2.
 Hocking, W. E. *The Spirit of World Politics: A Search for the Near East for Principles of World Order*. Macmillan. \$5.
 Jacks, L. P. *The Use of Leisure*. Harper. \$2.
 Keynes, John Maynard. *Essays in Persuasion*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.
 Knickerbocker, H. R. *The German Crisis*. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.
 Laski, Harold J. *Studies in Law and Politics*. Yale. \$3.
 Levine, Isaac Don. *Red Smoke*. McBride. \$3.50.
 Lewinson, Paul. *Race, Class, and Party. A History of Negro Suffrage and White Politics in the South*. Oxford. \$3.
 Lippmann, Walter and Scroggs, William O. *The United States in World Affairs*. Harper. \$3.
 Northrop, William B. and John B. *The Insolence of Office: The Story of the Seabury Investigations*. Putnam. \$3.
 Norton, Henry Kittredge. *The Coming of South American Day*. \$3.50.

wak, Karl Friedrich. Germany's Road to Ruin. Trans. E. W. Dickes. Macmillan. \$3.50.
 fer, Nathaniel. Education in Industry. Macmillan. \$2.50.
 ushenbush, Stephen. The Power Fight. New Republic. \$1.
 natus, Kuno. The Twelfth Hour of Capitalism. Trans. E. W. Dickes. Knopf. \$2.50.
 gel, Fred J., Ed. America as Americans See It. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50.
 binson, E. A. G. The Structure of Competitive Industry. Harcourt, Brace. \$1.25.
 rem, C. Rufus and Rischelis, R. P. The Costs of Medicine. University of Chicago. \$2.50.
 keyser, Walter Arnold. Working for the Soviets. Covici-Friede. \$3.
 ter, Arthur. Recovery. Century. \$3.
 bury, Samuel and Moley, Raymond. The Magistrates' Courts: The Official Report of the Seabury Investigations. Yale. \$2.
 n, Prosanto Kumar. From Punishment to Prevention. Oxford. \$3.75.
 aw, Bernard. What I Really Wrote About the War. Brentano's. \$3.75.
 burg, Friedrich. Who Are These French? Trans. Alan Harris. Macmillan. \$2.50.
 ith, Alfred E. The Citizen and His Government. Harper. \$2.50.
 uler, George. A Planned Society. Macmillan. \$3.
 omas, Norman. As I See It. Macmillan. \$2.
 ompson, Dorothy. "I Saw Hitler!" Farrar and Rinehart. \$1.
 ilson, Edmund. The American Jitters. A Year of the Slump. Scribner. \$2.50.
 oodward, W. E. Money for Tomorrow. Liveright. \$2.

ESSAYS, CRITICISM, LITERARY HISTORY

bbitt, Irving. On Being Creative. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.
 bell, Branch. These Restless Heads. McBride. \$2.50.
 lverton, V. F. The Liberation of American Literature. Scribner. \$3.
 esterton, G. K. All Is Grist. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.
 bree, Bonamy. A Variety of Ways. Oxford. \$1.75.
 uglas, Norman. Paneros. McBride. \$5.
 olloway, Emory and Schwarz, Vernolian, Eds. I Sit and Look Out. Selected Editorials from the Brooklyn Daily Times by Walt Whitman. Columbia University.
 wrence, D. H. Apocalypse. Viking. \$3.
 wisohn, Ludwig. Expression in America. Harper. \$4.
 aurois, André. A Private Universe. Appleton. \$2.50.
 illican, Charles B. Spenser and the Table Round. Harvard University. \$2.50.
 orley, Christopher. Ex Libris Carissimis. University of Pennsylvania Press. \$2.
 léry, Paul. Eupalinos, or the Architect. Trans. W. McStewart. Oxford. \$3.50.
 n Vechten, Carl. Sacred and Profane Memories. Knopf. \$3.
 escott, Glenway. Fear and Trembling. Harper. \$2.
 olfe, Humbert. George Moore. Oxford. \$1.50.
 oolf, Virginia. The Second Common Reader. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50.

FICTION

lington, Richard. Soft Answers. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.
 plegate, Frank G. Native Tales of New Mexico. Lippincott. \$2.50.
 l, Neil. Life and Andrew Otway. Putnam. \$2.50.
 anett, Arnold. Stroke of Luck and an unfinished novel, Dream of Destiny. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.

SOCIAL ENGINEERING

To the trained social worker, social engineering is not a phrase, but a daily opportunity and inspiration. The social worker whose work is with the Jews of America must be trained to grapple successfully with the peculiar problems that spring from the distinctive character of the Jewish individual and community in relation to the American environment.

College graduates and those about to be graduated should look carefully into the advantages, both tangible and intangible, of

Jewish Social Work as a Profession

A number of scholarships and fellowships ranging from \$150 to \$1000 for each academic year are available for especially qualified candidates. The school grants the Master's and Doctor's degree.

April 29 is the last date for filing applications for the maintenance fellowships.

For full information write to
The Director

The
Graduate
School



For
Jewish
Social Work

71 W. 47th St., New York City

The Greatest TRAVEL VALUE

30 DAYS
of delightful travel
\$191.00

Tour
to
RUSSIA

Includes: Ocean passage in Modern Third Class, FORMER TOURIST CLASS SECTION, fare to Russia via England or Germany and Finland, hotels and meals en route to Russia and during 7 DAYS IN LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW, with sightseeing, entertainment, conductor's and interpreter's services, visas, etc.

Witness the enormous
MAY DAY
CELEBRATIONS

in Moscow on May 1st
A variety of trips at surprisingly low rates offered in our booklet "N"

RETURN PASSAGE ON
CUNARD LINE STEAMER
INCLUDED.

AMALGAMATED BANK

11-15 Union Square

New York City

We Just Wanted You to Know

that every year people sublet their apartments for the summer by advertising in The Nation.

Rates: 1/2-inch (30 words) minimum \$3.08
Additional lines of 6 words, each .62

THE NATION

20 Vesey Street, N. Y.

CO rllandt 7-3330

- Bodenheim, Maxwell. *Run, Sheep, Run. Liveright.* \$2.
 Boyle, Kay. *Year Before Last. Harrison Smith.* \$2.50.
 Brinig, Myron. *This Man Is My Brother. Farrar and Rinehart.* \$2.50.
 Bromfield, Louis. *A Modern Hero. Stokes.* \$2.50.
 Buck, Pearl S. *The Young Revolutionist. Day.* \$1.50.
 Burke, Fielding. *Call Home the Heart. Longmans, Green.* \$2.50.
 Burke, Kenneth. *Towards a Better Life. Harcourt, Brace.* \$2.50.
 Caldwell, Erskine. *Tobacco Road. Scribner.* \$2.
 Cannery Boat: Proletarian Short Stories by Modern Japanese Writers. International. \$2.50.
 Chapman, Maristan. *The Weather Tree. Viking.* \$2.50.
 Colette. *A Lesson in Love. Trans. Rosemary Benét. Farrar and Rinehart.* \$2.50.
 Colette. *The End of Chéri. Putnam.* \$2.
 Christiansen, Sigurd. *Two Living and One Dead. Trans. Edwin Bjorkman. Liveright.* \$2.50.
 Cournos, John. *The Devil Is an English Gentleman. Farrar and Rinehart.* \$3.
 Cronin, A. J. *Three Loves. Little, Brown.* \$2.50.
 Cullen, Countee. *One Way to Heaven. Harper.* \$2.
 Dennis, Geoffrey. *The Red Room. Simon and Schuster.* \$2.
 Dos Passos, John. 1919. *Harcourt, Brace.* \$2.50.
 Dreiser, Theodore. *The Stoic. Liveright.* \$2.50.
 Ehrenbourg, Ilya. *A Street in Moscow. Trans. Sonia Volochiova. Covici-Friede.* \$2.50.
 Faulkner, William. *Light in August. Harrison Smith.* \$2.50.
 Fineman, Irving. *Lovers Must Learn. Longmans, Green.* \$2.
 Freeman, H. W. *Fathers of Their People. Holt.* \$2.50.
 Gabriel, Gilbert W. I, James Lewis. *Doubleday, Doran.* \$2.50.
 Gibson, David. *Brief Contacts. Long and Smith.* \$2.50.
 Golding, Louis. *Magnolia Street. Farrar and Rinehart.* \$2.50.
 Green, Paul. *The Laughing Pioneer. McBride.* \$2.50.
 Hall, Radclyffe. *The Master of the House. Cape and Smith.* \$2.50.
 Hanley, James. *Boy. Knopf.* \$2.50.
 Hauser, Heinrich. *Fair Winds and Foul. Trans. Bertha Szold Levin. Liveright.* \$2.50.
 Heltai, Jenő. *Czardas. Houghton Mifflin.* \$2.50.
 Herrick, Robert. *The End of Desire. Farrar and Rinehart.* \$2.50.
 Heuser, Kurt. *The Journey Inward. Trans. Willa and Edwin Muir. Viking.* \$2.50.
 Hull, Helen. *Heat Lightning. Coward-McCann.* \$2.50.
 Huxley, Aldous. *Brave New World. Doubleday, Doran.* \$2.50.
 Jerusalem, Else. *The Red House. Macaulay.* \$2.
 Kay-Smith, Sheila. *Summer Holiday. Harper.* \$2.
 Kirstein, Lincoln. *Flesh Is Heir. Brewer, Warren and Putnam.* \$2.50.
 Leonov, Leonid. *Soviet River. Dial.* \$2.50.
 Levin, Meyer. *The Golden Mountain. Cape and Smith.* \$2.50.
 Lewis, Janet. *The Invasion. Harcourt, Brace.* \$2.50.
 Lewis, Wyndham. *The Apes of God. McBride.* \$3.
 Long, Ray, Ed. *The Twenty Best Stories. Long and Smith.* \$3.
 McFee, William. *The Harbourmaster. Doubleday, Doran.* \$2.50.
 McKay, Claude. *Gingertown. Harper.* \$2.50.
 Morgan, Charles. *The Fountain. Knopf.* \$2.50.
 O'Flaherty, Liam. *The Puritan. Harcourt, Brace.* \$2.50.
 O'Faoláin, Seán. *Midsummer Night Madness and Other Stories. Viking.* \$2.50.
 Peterkin, Julia. *Bright Skin. Bobbs-Merrill.* \$2.50.
 Powys, John Cowper. *A Glastonbury Romance. Simon and Schuster.* \$2.75.
 Powys, T. F. Unclay. *Viking.* \$2.50.
 Proust, Marcel. *The Past Recaptured. A. and C. Boni.* \$2.50.
 Quennell, Peter. *The Phoenix-Kind. Viking.* \$2.50.
 Radiguet, R. *The Devil in the Flesh. Trans. Kay Boy Harrison Smith.* \$2.
 Rogers, Samuel. *The Birthday. Cape and Smith.* \$2.50.
 Sinclair, May. *The Intercessor and Other Stories. Macmillan.* \$1.50.
 Spencer, Claire. *The Quick and the Dead. Harrison Smith.* \$2.50.
 Strong, L. A. G. *Brothers. Knopf.* \$2.50.
 Szabófi Pál. *People of the Plains. Trans. George Halas Little, Brown.* \$2.
 Tarasov-Rodionov, Alexander. *Chocolate. Trans. Charles Malamuth. Doubleday, Doran.* \$2.50.
 Thurman, Wallace. *Infants of the Spring. Macaulay.* \$2.50.
 Undset, Sigrid. *The Burning Bush. Trans. Arthur G. Chat Knopf.* \$2.50.
 Wassermann, Jacob. *Doctor Kerkhoven. Trans. Cyril Brooks. Liveright.* \$3.
 Wells, Warre B., Trans. *Great Spanish Short Stories. Houghton Mifflin.* \$3.
 Williams, Charles. *The Place of the Lion. Norton.* \$2.50.
 Winter, J. Keith. *The Rats of Norway. Doubleday, Doran.* \$2.50.
 Zastrow, Erika. *Broken Arcs. Holt.* \$2.50.
- ### HISTORY
- Etherton, P. T. and Tiltman, H. Hessel. *Manchuria: The Cockpit of Asia. Stokes.* \$3.
 Frank, Tenney. *Social Behavior in Ancient Rome. Harvard.* \$2.
 Hacker, Louis M. and Kendrick, Benjamin. *The United States Since 1865. Crofts.* \$5.
 Kohn, Hans. *Nationalism and Imperialism in the Near East. Harcourt, Brace.* \$5.
 Lasker, Bruno, Ed. *Problems of the Pacific, 1931. University of Chicago.* \$5.
 Lattimore, Owen. *Manchuria, Cradle of Conflict. Macmillan.* \$4.
 Quinn, Arthur Hobson. *The Soul of America. University of Pennsylvania Press.* \$3.
 Robinson, Geroid Tanquary. *Rural Russia Under the Czarist Regime. Longmans, Green.* \$4.
 Sansom, G. B. *Japan: A Cultural History. Century.* \$7.
 Seibert, Theodor. *U. S. S. R. Today. Trans. Eden and Cedar Paul. Century.* \$3.
 Simkins, F. B. and Woody, R. H. *South Carolina During Reconstruction. University of North Carolina.* \$8.
 Stalin, Joseph. *The Road to October. International.* \$2.
 Trotzky, Leon. *The History of the Russian Revolution. Simon and Schuster.* \$4.
 von Valentini, Rudolf. *The Front Behind the Front. Trans. Jennie Covan. Liveright.* \$3.
- ### PHILOSOPHY, PSYCHOLOGY, RELIGION, EDUCATION, SCIENCE, ANTHROPOLOGY
- Boas, Franz. *Religion of the Kwakiutl Indians. Columbia University.* 2 vols. \$10.
 Daglish, Eric Fitch. *How to See Birds. Morrow.* \$1.50.
 Haggard, Howard W. *Quacks, Cures and Doctors. Harper.* \$4.
 Haldane, J. B. S. *Causes of Evolution. Harper.* \$2.50.
 Hale, William Harlan. *Challenge to Defeat. Harcourt, Brace.* \$3.

SUMMER

FOR RENT

AN IDEAL RETREAT

a number of artistically furnished studio bungalows, available at moderate rentals. counsellors—social director will help make summer delightful for parents and children. modern plumbing—open fireplaces—electricity. tennis courts—handball courts—children's playground—social hall—fresh water swimming—property. salt—bathing and golf courses nearby. convenient commutation from Grand Central. season June 1—Oct. 1.

stonybrook—westport, conn.
lex. 2-7224 171 madison ave., n. y. c.
room 1612

**IN THE ADIRONDACK WOODS
CLOSE BY A TWO MILE LAKE**

20 small furnished camps, scattered over an extensive private estate, surrounded by State lands, are offered for rent to those who enjoy vacationing where Nature's beauties remain unspoiled. Cooking facilities at all camps, but meals may be had at camp headquarters when desired. Tennis, boating, canoeing and swimming. Five miles from State highway, and accessible only by well kept county road. Rentals moderate. For details write owner, Frank C. Hooper, Big Shanty Camps, North River, N. Y.

PEEKSKILL station. 4 miles. 2 roomy cottages, attractively modernized, and furnished. Brook, waterfall, pool. Fine tennis court. Garden space. Beautiful wild country. \$300. Box 623, or tel. Butterfield 8-8482.

MANHATTAN BEACH—five room bungalows, completely furnished, a few minutes from the beach, sunny, light, airy and reasonable. Telephone Mrs. S. Hess, Sheepshead 3-4144.

FOR RENT—In Hanover, New Hampshire. Furnished eight room house, electric range, garage. June to October. Apply, Mrs. Frank C. Doan, 14 Sargent St., Hanover, N. H.

FOR RENT—APARTMENTS

FOR RENT—for fourteen months, from July 1, 1932, to September 1, 1933, or the major part of that time; furnished or unfurnished; six or seven room duplex apartment, two baths, large community garden, roof playground; convenient downtown neighborhood. Mechanical refrigeration. Moderate rent. Box 628, % The Nation.

FOR RENT: Attractively furnished apartment: large living room with fireplace; kitchen, and bath; West 19th Street. \$50.00 a month. Phone Mr. Zigrosser, REgent 4-1916.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING—MIMEOGRAPHING
Plays, Books, Scenarios, Reports.—Lowest Rates, Expert Dependable Service. Absolutely Confidential.—EXCEL TRANSCRIPT BUREAU, 251 West 42nd Street, Room 510-A, New York City. Wisconsin 7-2080, Evening—Esplanade 5-3216.

POSITIONS WANTED

WRITER who has taught in two of the larger universities wishes position in progressive private school near New York or in France. Literature, composition, history. Box 633, c/o The Nation.

YOUNG LADY, college graduate, teaching and camp experience, wishes summer position. Kindergarten, counsellor, receptionist, clerk. Box 634, c/o The Nation.

YOUNG MAN, 26 years old, seeks position for summer or longer. Is second year student of accountancy at N. Y. U. Can do bookkeeping or office work. Can drive car. Box 637, c/o The Nation.

YOUNG woman desires position with family living in country. Fond of children. Can do typing. Box 639, c/o The Nation.

CULTURED Jewish woman would act as useful companion to liberal minded middle-aged woman in return for comfortable home. Understands nursing. References. Box 640, c/o The Nation.

EXPERIENCED bookkeeper - stenographer; working knowledge of every type of office routine, desires position for the months of July and August at adult or childrens camp. References. Box 638, c/o The Nation.

TOURS

THIS SUMMER VISIT

**SOVIET
RUSSIA**

**COOPERATIVE GROUPS
TEACHERS, STUDENTS, ARTISTS
AND SOCIAL WORKERS**

COMPETENT LEADERSHIP

Sailings — the "Bremen" and "Europa"
June 7, 15, July 9 and August 13

LOWEST INCLUSIVE COST

For Booklet No. 1 Address
PHILIP BROWN, Director

FIENDSHIP TOURS

106 BECKETT PLACE • SOUTH 8-5315 • BROOKLYN N.Y.

Tours to the Soviet Union

Soviet Visa **\$145** up All Expenses
Free Included

Special Attractive Offer for the May 1
Celebration Groups

**TRAVEL BARGAINS
TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD**

For particulars apply

GUSTAVE EISNER

1133 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY
Chelsea 3-5080

LECTURES

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

AT COOPER UNION

8th Street and Astor Place, at 11 o'clock

Admission Free

Friday, April 8

DR. E. G. SPAULDING

"Reason Bound: Medieval Thought."

Sunday, April 10

DR. MARK VAN DOREN

"Poetry and Music."

Tuesday, April 12

DR. MICHAEL HEIDELBERGER

"The Chemical Nature of Immune Substances."

MUHLBERG BRANCH LIBRARY

209 West 23rd St., 8:30 o'clock

Thursday, April 14

PROFESSOR E. G. SPAULDING

"Scientific Orthodoxy Overturned."

EDUCATIONAL

FRENCH Spanish, Italian, German,
Russian, Conversational.

Native teachers. Private lessons. 75c. Daily 9-9.
Fisher School of Languages, 1264 Lexington
Av. (bet. 85-86 Sts.) Est. 1905. ATwater 9-6075.

CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH

Spanish - Italian - German

Private lessons 75c (Daily 9-9). Native teachers.

UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES

1265 Lexington Ave., Northeast Cor. 85th St.

NATURE STUDY CLASSES

For adults—week days.

For children—on Saturdays.

Address

MARY GREIG

523 West 121st Street New York City
Cathedral 8-2831

CUNARD

sends the

LANCASTRIA

on the first sailing
of a great Cunard
transatlantic liner to

RUSSIA

From New York June 1st, from Boston
June 2nd . . . to LENINGRAD.

To those who follow with keen interest the shaping of world events . . . to all students of economics and world developments...this announcement is supremely important. Now, on the Lancastria, you can reach Russia speedily, economically, conveniently. And you will begin your unique travel experience with an enjoyable ocean voyage in true Cunard fashion.

A visit to Russia at this time is a rich experience of infinite possibilities. You will observe at first hand conditions in modern Russia. You will see LENINGRAD, long famed for the harmonious beauty of its "prospects", its museums, its great palaces. And you will visit MOSCOW, the city unique, with its huge and splendid Kremlin. The Old Russia viewed through the New . . . an intriguing study!

Your local agent or the Cunard Tour Department will arrange all details of your tour in Russia itself, which includes entrance and exit visas, capable guides, hotels, sightseeing, auto and rail transportation. The ocean fare to Leningrad, Cabin Class, is \$186 up; Tourist Class, \$131.50.

Literature and full information from your local agent or The Cunard Steam Ship Co., Ltd., 25 Broadway, New York.

SEE RUSSIA FOR YOURSELF!

Herskovits, Melville J. Anthropometry of the American Negro.

Columbia University. \$4.

Huxley, Julian S. Problems in Relative Growth. Dial. \$3.

Langdon-Davies, John. Man Comes of Age. Harper. \$3.50.

Lewis, Wyndham. The Doom of Youth. McBride. \$3.

McDougall, William. World Chaos: The Responsibility of Science. Covici-Friede. \$1.25.

Martin, Everett Dean. Conflict of the Individual and the Mass in the Modern World. Holt. \$2.

Meiklejohn, Alexander. The Experimental College. Harper. \$2.50.

Neilson, William Allan, Ed. Roads to Knowledge. Norton. \$3.75.

Reed, Louis. The Healing Cults. University of Chicago. \$2.

Singer, Charles. The Story of Living Things. Harper. \$5.

Smith, Homer W. Kamongo. Viking. \$2.

Thomson, J. Arthur. Riddles of Science. Liveright. \$3.50.

Westermarck, Edward. Ethical Relativity. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.75.

Williams, Michael. The Shadow of the Pope. Whittlesey House. \$3.

Woolf, Leonard. After the Deluge: A Study of Communal Psychology. Harcourt, Brace. Vol. I. \$3.50.

Zuckermann, S. The Social Life of Apes and Monkeys. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.75.

POETRY

Black, MacKnight. Thrust at the Sky. Simon and Schuster. \$2.

Coffin, Robert P. Tristram. The Yoke of Thunder. Macmillan. \$1.50.

Colum, Padraic. Poems. Macmillan. \$2.50.

Jeffers, Robinson. Thurso's Landing. Liveright. \$2.50.

MacLeish, Archibald. Conquistador. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.

Scott, Geoffrey. Poems. Oxford. \$1.75.

Tate, Allen. Poems, 1928-1930. Scribner. \$2.

Tennyson, Alfred. Unpublished Early Poems. Macmillan. \$5.

Untermeyer, Louis. Food and Drink. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.

Untermeyer, Louis, Ed. The Book of Living Verse. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.

Wylie, Elinor. Collected Poems of. Knopf. \$3.50.

TRAVEL, GEOGRAPHY, ARCHAEOLOGY

Beebe, William. Nonsuch. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$3.50.

Darling, Jay N. Ding Goes to Russia. Whittlesey House. \$2.50.

Thomas, Bertram. Arabia Felix. Scribner. \$5.

van Loon, Hendrik Willem. Van Loon's Geography. Simon and Schuster. \$5.

OPEN SHELF

"When we talk War, this is what we mean."

THE HORROR OF IT

THE HORROR OF IT is an unforgettable camera record of war's gruesome glories, official photographs taken on the battle-fields of Europe. It is a ghastly and true delineation, a book whose pages should be turned slowly, thoughtfully, by every intelligent man and woman.

\$1.50 at bookstores

BREWER, WARREN & PUTNAM
6 East 53rd Street New York

CURIOUS BOOKS

Send for Catalogue of Privately Printed Unexpurgated Items Exotically Illustrated Limited Editions

THE FALSTAFF PRESS
Dept. N, 260 Fifth Avenue, New York

BOOKS TO SUIT EVERY COLLECTOR:
Rare books, First Editions, Sets of Authors, Books on Art, China, and all conceivable subjects. Catalogues free. Outline requirements and interests. Two million volumes in stock in English prices. Foyles, Charing Cross Road, London, England.

THE ARYAN PATH Magazine

A symposium of what the leading minds of the Race—who have freed themselves from the shackles of orthodoxy and dogmatism—really think.

Per Annum...\$5.00, Single copies 50c

119 West 57th Street
New York City

INDEPENDENT WRITERS!

Does control over books, press, tabloids, movies, theater, radio, impose on us the ideals in marriage, love, practical life—we try to copy? Does Cheney publishing survey aim to extend it? 6 pg. folder digest—How above is controlled, 10c. Write—NAPOLEON BERNARD, 3640 Waldo Ave., N. Y. C.

RESORTS

Recreation at THE CRYSTAL VILLA

Woodcliff Lake, N. J.

23 miles from N. Y. Fare 90c. Combines country pleasure with city conveniences. Ideal for convalescents. Cater to diets. Bracing walks, wholesome Jewish-American table. Refinement. Congeniality. Rates considerably reduced. Make reservations for Passover Week. Phone, Park Ridge 404.

ZINDOREST PARK

Monroe, N. Y. Phone 300
A country resort of 150 acres in real country environment. Ideal for HEALTH, REST or RECREATION. All outdoor and indoor sports including indoor RAND BALL COURT. 1½ hours on Erie R. R., Bus en route 17. OPEN ALL YEAR

MR. and MRS. ARTHUR HYATT MORSE offer English hospitality to few discriminating guests. 100 lovely acres. Delightful hiking country. Daily rate \$4; Public Holidays \$5. Trains met. Erewhon, Box 547, Monroe, N. Y.

SPEND your Spring vacations and weekends at the seashore. Good bracing walks, or complete rest. Very comfortable accommodations and the very best food tastefully prepared. Specially reasonable rates for Passover holidays. Reibers Cottage, Belle Harbor, L. I. Bell Harbor 5-0089.

PERSONAL

LETTER WRITING is an Intellectual Pastime is again coming into vogue. Contacts, only correspondence club for the mentally marooned, connects you with versatile liberals. Rare books loaned. Send 2c stamp. Contacts, 211 East 11th St., N. Y. C.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISERS:

Mail your classified ads as they reach us Friday, to insure their appearance in the issue of THE NATION on the stands the following Thursday.

RESORTS



PASSOVER WEEK

Observe it in accordance with the tradition. A real old time Passover at the Lodge, in company with friendly people. Just like one large family celebrating the Holiday together. First Passover feast April 20th.—Better accommodations early. By railway: N. Y. Central to Harmon Station.

BLUE MOUNTAIN LODGE

FURNACE DOCK RD. PEEKSKILL, N. Y.
PHONE PEEKSKILL 1403

FOR delightful vacations — or week-end TOPSTONE FARM, in the Connecticut hills, restful, secluded. We keep our own saddle horses and provide instruction. Address: R. F. D. Ridgefield, Conn. Phone Ridgefield 648.

WESTERN VIEW FARM

Hospitality that is unique. Send for 1932 Catalogue Booklet. Address Edward G. Ohmer, New Milford, Connecticut. Phone: New Milford 4-1111.

CHILDREN BOARD

A FEW children from 2 years up can be accommodated in private country home with every modern convenience. Expert care with properly balanced diet and home atmosphere. References exchanged. Reply Box 636, c/o The Nation.

PARTNER WANTED

PARTNER WANTED FOR VEGETARIAN RESORT. DR. ISRAEL SHMID, MOUNT BETHEL ROAD, PLAINFIELD, N. J. Phone PLAINFIELD 6-1474-J1.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1932

No. 3485

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	451
EDITORIALS:	
Saving Our National Honor	454
Hitler Versus Prussia	455
Free Speech at Columbia	455
Aboriginal Courtship	456
BLOODY WILLIAMSON IS HUNGRY. By Mauritz A. Hallgren..	457
CAN THE AMERICAN FARM BE SAVED? By E. G. Nourse....	460
HITLER. By Karl Radek	462
PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES: VIII. TEXAS JOHN	
GARNER. By Paul Y. Anderson	465
THE DRAMA AS A SOCIAL FORCE. By Joseph Wood Krutch...	467
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	469
CORRESPONDENCE	469
FINANCE: "SOAKING" THE STOCK MARKET. By S. Palmer	
Harman	470
BOOKS, ART, MUSIC, DRAMA:	
Bar of Shade. By Marie De L. Welch	471
Daugherty Explains All. By Oswald Garrison Villard	471
Sainte-Beuve. By Lionel Trilling	471
An Immigrant's Discoveries. By Horace Gregory	472
Systems of Criminal Law. By William Seagle	473
Pueblo Life. By H. B. Alexander	473
A Modern Cycle of Chivalry. By Ferner Nuhn	474
Art: The Passion of Sacco-Vanzetti. By Walter Gutman.....	475
Music: Making Handel Louder. By Arthur Mendel	475
Drama: Alas, Poor Yorick! By Joseph Wood Krutch	477
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	478

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER
DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$6.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE SOUNDEST, most outspoken, and most realistic statement of international policy by any leading nation in the present crisis has come, of all places, from the Grand Council of Fascism. The council has put Italy on record with five demands: (1) complete renunciation of reparations and cancelation of war debts; (2) the modification or abolition of oppressive customs barriers; (3) the remedying of conditions in the Danubian and Balkan states; (4) the revision of the peace treaties that are creating the present unrest and may provoke future war; (5) an end to too frequent international conferences. Whether Italian Fascism's concrete future policies will resolutely support these demands remains to be seen, but it is at least to be congratulated upon the clarity and courage of its statement of aims. Unfortunately, the two nations upon which the world must chiefly depend for putting these policies into effect are France and the United States. Mr. Hoover has so far studiously avoided the discussion of any fundamental solution, and is anxiously wondering, instead, how much the government could save if it suspended sick-leave benefits for federal employees when such leaves exceed two weeks.

SECRETARY MILLS'S COMMENTS on the House revenue bill, before the Senate Finance Committee, were moderate in tone and well reasoned. On nearly every minor issue his criticisms seem justified. This applies to his

objections to compelling corporations to pay higher income-tax rates for the privilege of making a unified report; to his criticisms of the concealed double tax involved in discontinuing the exemption of dividends from normal tax; and to his objection to the complete doing away with the privilege which enabled a corporation before paying taxes to deduct a net loss in the preceding year from a net profit in the current year. While we approve of taxes on stock transactions much higher than those now in effect, and while the new rate incorporated in the House bill would not seem to us excessive in more normal times, we believe that serious consideration should be given to Secretary Mills's objection that it would be harmful to impose such a drastic increase in this tax in the present disorganized state of the security markets. On major issues, however, Mr. Mills's protests seem less convincing. This applies particularly to his strong objections to the very moderate increase in the corporation income tax from 12 to 13½ per cent. Though we recognize the double taxation technically involved, we do not think it would be particularly harmful to raise this rate to as high as 15 per cent. Weight should certainly be given to the Secretary's objection that the higher inheritance taxes may lead to the sacrifice of capital values and the disruption of business; but the conclusion to be drawn from this is not necessarily that the rates should be lowered; much may be done by more care in drawing up administrative provisions.

CANDIDATE ROOSEVELT, to his credit be it said, has spoken on the tariff. He stated in his nation-wide radio talk on April 7 that it is time "to provide a tariff policy based upon economic sense rather than upon politics, hot air, and pull." He placed upon the United States the odium of compelling "the world to build tariff fences so high that the world trade is decreasing to the vanishing-point." He pointed out that there can be no international trade if nations cannot pay each other by exchanging their own goods or raw materials, and he had this to suggest:

What we must do is this—to revise our tariff on the basis of a reciprocal exchange of goods, allowing other nations to buy and pay for our goods by sending us such of their goods as will not seriously throw any of our industries out of balance, and incidentally making impossible in this country the continuance of pure monopolies which cause us to pay excessive prices for many of the necessities of life.

This is hopeful—but only hopeful. It does not place the Governor in the historic Democratic position of "a tariff for revenue only," and he enunciates something impossible when he tries to limit importations so as not to "seriously throw" any industries out of balance. If the Governor will go farther and take a radical position against import duties he will find he has got hold of an issue that will really arouse public support. But pussyfooting will get him nowhere. Nor will it avail much merely to castigate the "shallow thinkers" in the Hoover Administration who "have totally failed to plan ahead in a comprehensive way." Has Mr. Roosevelt any adequate and specific plans? If so, what are they?

THE NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY has been passing its charity bills on to the telephone users. In the last three years it has donated \$233,000 to charity and charged this amount to operating expenses. Benjamin Young, accountant for the company, has admitted, according to Paul Blanshard, executive director of the City Affairs Committee, that "his company's contributions to charity have been used as a part of operating expenses in rate exhibits." This means, Blanshard added, in attacking the practice before a meeting of the telephone company's stockholders, "that the consumers are asked to pay for these contributions in higher rates." Blanshard introduced a resolution at the meeting calling upon the corporation to charge charitable donations hereafter to surplus. His resolution was referred to the board of directors. Blanshard particularly criticized Walter S. Gifford, president of the company and chairman of President Hoover's Committee on Unemployment Relief, declaring that "Mr. Gifford is in an absolutely indefensible position as head of a telephone system which foists its charity bills upon the consumers." In a letter to *The Nation* Blanshard declared: "When I made the resolution I was permitted to discuss it, but Mr. Gifford blandly informed me that whatever action the stockholders took, the directors always managed the company. This 'industrial democracy' in practice gives the stockholders no control over company policy except through the election of a new board of directors."

UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF funds are everywhere running low. The latest community to report that unemployment relief must be discontinued unless financial assistance is immediately forthcoming is New York City. In that metropolis a shortage of funds would present a truly grave situation because of the immensity and complexity of the problem of feeding and clothing nearly a million needy persons. Frank J. Taylor, Commissioner of Public Welfare, declared in a letter to Mayor Walker that it was the opinion of municipal and private agencies that "unless the city can provide the money required to continue and supplement the work of these agencies, hundreds of thousands of people dwelling in the city of New York will be faced with starvation during the summer and fall of this year." Never in the history of the city, his letter continued, "has there been so much poverty and misery appealing for public aid. Never have so many families reached the end of their resources. Never have so many been threatened with eviction, illness through lack of nourishment, and even starvation as at the present time." The city and the Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee have raised and now all but spent the sum of \$30,500,000 in this work. According to Mr. Taylor, another \$20,000,000 must be available before June 1, and even this fund, he added, must not be expected to last beyond November. And there are scores of other communities throughout the country that are today in an equally unfortunate plight.

WHAT IS THE SIGNIFICANCE of the latest French attack on the dollar? When a similar campaign was at its height last fall Premier Laval, during his visit to Washington, agreed with President Hoover that the gold standard should be protected in both the United States and France. The attack on the dollar ceased immediately

upon publication of the Hoover-Laval agreement. But by way of a *quid pro quo* M. Laval obtained from Mr. Hoover a promise that the United States thereafter would leave the initiative in the reparations question to Europe. Now the subversive campaign against our currency has been resumed. A section of the Paris press has taken to publishing lengthy articles purporting to reveal the weakness of the American financial and industrial structure. Nor has the drive stopped there. The Paris *Ordre*, organ of the industrialists, printed the false statement that the National City Bank of New York had suspended payments. The attack on the dollar is no sporadic affair; it has all the earmarks of being prearranged and well organized. It is inconceivable that the French believe they can profit by forcing the United States off the gold standard, if that is their aim, for such action would hurt France no less than us. President Hoover will not have the free hand in arranging a new debt settlement that he had last summer in declaring a moratorium. Congress will insist upon exercising its rightful authority in this connection, and the attack on the dollar has not served to check the present anti-European sentiment of Congress.

SECRETARY STIMSON has left for Europe to attend the sessions of the Disarmament Conference in Geneva. Mr. Hoover has explained that "there will be no discussion or negotiation by the Secretary on the debt question" while he is abroad. Perhaps so. But everywhere Mr. Stimson goes, and he is planning to visit a number of countries, he will come into contact with government officials who are looking with anxiety toward June 30, when the Hoover moratorium expires. How he is to avoid at least informal discussion of this urgent question is difficult to see. The new German budget makes no provision for resumption of reparations payments. The government leaders in France are suggesting that their country will take a more lenient attitude toward Germany on reparations—though their hint may be intended only for domestic consumption in view of the coming election. From Berlin comes the report, not yet confirmed, that the European Powers already have agreed to suspend reparation payments. If this is true, the Power very likely would at the same time repudiate their obligation to the United States. No one knows better than President Hoover and Secretary Stimson that the attitude of Congress on the debt question has not changed. And although it is generally expected that debt payments will not be resumed these two gentlemen are equally well aware of what a terrific blow it would be for American economy were the European Powers directly and without any preliminary formalities to announce that they were repudiating the debts. It is impossible to believe that Mr. Stimson will not concern himself with the debt question during his stay in Europe.

WITH AUSTRIA ACTUALLY, if not yet formally bankrupt, and with Hungary literally breaking down in full view of a still apathetic Europe, the four leading Powers of Europe have confessed their inability to agree upon a plan to save the Danube countries. The refusal to make the necessary national sacrifices and the old French game of blocking Germany wherever possible have wrecked the London conference. Nothing else is to blame for the failure to reach an agreement. In *The Nation* for March 16 we spoke

of the political dangers hidden in the French plan for erecting a Danubian tariff bloc, and have since suggested that, unless the Powers were found willing to sacrifice some part of their political aspirations to the common good of Europe, the effort to begin the reconstruction of Europe in the Danube valley was doomed to failure. But more than the reconstruction of Europe is at stake in their negotiations; the present political system itself is hanging in the balance. Informed opinion in London holds that the bankruptcy of Austria is now inevitable, while the situation in Hungary is unquestionably ominous. The strike of the printers and other workers in Budapest was called off by the Socialists only because they saw it taking on revolutionary proportions. The Budapest disturbances should serve ■ a warning to the nationalists in France and elsewhere who insist upon maintaining the status quo without regard to the price Europe may have to pay.

FROM ALABAMA comes the news that the State Supreme Court overruled ■ application for rehearing the appeals of the seven Negro boys convicted of rape and sentenced to electrocution on May 13. This, of course, is ■ not unexpected step in the progress of the case. The next step, which is being made at once, is the application for a stay of execution followed by an appeal for a writ of certiorari which will take the case to the Supreme Court of the United States. It is encouraging to know that in the appeal to the court of last resort Walter H. Pollak of New York, one of the most able and distinguished members of the bar, will associate himself with the case. Meanwhile the boys, all of them under twenty-one years of age, have been for ■ year in the death house at Montgomery. The Alabama courts have denied them the opportunity for ■ new trial, although there is ample evidence that public sentiment at their original trial was such as to influence the jury. Alabama, in short, no longer troubles itself with the unpleasant features provided by an old-time lynching; but the result for seven young Negroes accused of rape on the unsupported testimony of a white woman of highly questionable reputation will, unless the federal Supreme Court intervenes, be substantially the same.

THE BALTIMORE SUN, on March 20, published an editorial regretting the decision of the Maryland grand jury which investigated the Salisbury lynching case, and said: "The State of Maryland [because of the grand jury's failure to act] stands helpless with the disgrace written across its name." In addition to this admirable statement, which fully upheld the Sun's traditions of liberalism, the editorial went on to demand ■ State-wide anti-lynching law, "under which the State authorities could move swiftly and surely to investigate and to punish such outbreaks, regardless of the action of county officials." An excellent series of protests against this lynching was published also by the Baltimore Post. The Sun's suggestion for a State law is an excellent one; such a law, before the even more desirable federal anti-lynching legislation is enacted, would greatly stimulate the lethargy of counties wherein a lynching grand jury refused to indict. We are glad to repeat the Sun's proposal for its own sake and as a rebuttal of our erroneous charge, in The Nation for April 6, that the Sun had made no comment in the Salisbury grand jury's report.

FIFTEEN YEARS after we entered the World War official Washington celebrated the anniversary with ■ military demonstration in which 30,000 troops took part. Senator Norris protested and was not moved by the pretense that the parade had something to do with the George Washington Bicentennial. For ourselves we rather liked the parade—it gave the lie so clearly to the Great Hypocrisy that we won the war to end war; it emphasized so plainly how thoroughly we have become militarized since we went to war to punish Germany for being so militarized. For the thoughtful, too, it enforced the lesson of the terrible misfortune to the United States our entry into the World War has been. We now have nearly \$17,000,000,000 of debt due entirely to our participation in the war; our debt service is more than \$1,000,000,000 ■ year. We are expending more than \$1,000,000,000 for the Veterans' Bureau. We have millions of unemployed, most of whom would be at work had we not gone to war. Our army and navy have ■ stranglehold on Congress and the government, and have successfully defied all efforts radically to reduce their expenses. Leaders in Congress declare that we are bankrupt. We have earned the hostility of Europe. The only people who speak well of us in Europe are the Germans we fought. All this is what we have harvested for our 50,000 dead. Oh, how wise and farsighted we were to go into that war!

MR. FRANCIS P. GARVAN, best known as alien-property custodian and now president of the Chemical Foundation, has ideas on the subject of professorial salaries which he has been pleased to print in the Yale News. Instead of subscribing to ■ fund that would keep the underpaid Yale professors on salaries which do not pay the living expenses of ■ cultivated man who happens to have a wife and two or three children, he proposes that the university reduce the already insufficient salaries by 25 per cent. He even thinks that an extremely interesting and illuminating book by Professor Yandell Henderson on the subject was worthless "to we men out in the world." We are inclined to admit that if Mr. Garvan learned his declensions at Yale, his contention ■ to the value of his professors in that particular subject may be correct; but one piece of bad English is really not sufficient evidence upon which to sentence the Yale faculty to still further privations. One wonders whether as a matter of fact the members of the Yale faculty do not contribute to the common good as much as Mr. Garvan and, if they do, what logic can justify the cut in the Yale salaries while Mr. Garvan reports to the "Social Register" that he is a member of the University Club, the Racquet and Tennis Club, the Riding Club, the Nassau Country Club, the Creek Club, the Links Club, the Piping Rock Club, the Rockaway Hunting Club, the Meadow Brook Club, the Metropolitan Club of Washington, and one or two others, with a home at Roslyn, Long Island, and according to the New York Telephone Directory of 1932 a New York City residence also. Just what has Mr. Francis P. Garvan done or what is he doing to justify society in contributing so handsomely to his club and domestic life? It might really be better for the future of American civilization and culture if Mr. Garvan and his like belonged to fewer clubs and had fewer residences, provided that at the same time the members of the Yale and other faculties participated more largely in the amenities of existence.

Saving Our National Honor

THIS is what the House of Representatives did on April 4, when, by an overwhelming vote of 306 to 47, it put through the Hare bill to grant complete independence to the Philippines eight years after the inauguration of a Philippine Government. From the inception of our Philippine adventure the United States pledged its solemn word, its national honor, to bestow freedom and independence upon the people it conquered by brute force between 1899 and 1900. We believe we are correct in saying that every President since then has in one way or another reaffirmed our pledge, sometimes with tongue in cheek, all, save Woodrow Wilson, who earnestly labored to free the islands, repeating at the same time the parrot phrase that independence would come when the Filipinos, in our judgment, were ready for it. We are well aware that the motives of the 306 who voted independence to the Philippines were by no means all altruistic, that the majority were most concerned in protecting certain favored industries from the growing Philippine competition; we have not forgotten the sugar interests whose powerful lobby desires freedom for the Philippines so that the American beet-sugar growers and the Southern cane growers may compete on a favored basis against Philippine sugar; we are cognizant also of the large part the existing industrial depression has played in converting Congress to speedy action. But we are none the less grateful that the right step has now been taken.

The action of the House is yet to be confirmed by the Senate; but passage of the act seems assured there also, after some compromises and a lengthening of the time the Philippines are still to remain under our tutelage. Of course, there were protests at once from militarists, imperialists, all our advocates of the white man's burden. Their chief spokesman was the Secretary of State. Mr. Stimson was at his worst, and that means a good deal. The Philippine Islands, so he wrote to Senator Bingham, are a "physical base for American influence—political, economic, and social—in the Far East. There we demonstrate before the eyes of all Far Eastern people, and of all governments who exercise authority or influence in the Far East, American ideas, ideals, and methods." He felt that our "abandonment" of these wards "would be a demonstration of selfish cowardice and futility" on our part. "No matter under what verbal professions the act of withdrawal were clothed . . . such a change would be an irreparable blow to American influence." It would profoundly disturb the "new political equilibrium [so well illustrated in Manchuria and Shanghai!] throughout the area of the Western Pacific and Eastern Asia." Finally, he declared that "agitation of a change in the status of the Philippine Islands at this moment can only inflame most dangerous possibilities." As an ex-Governor General of the Philippines his is the "sincere conviction" that, given patient effort by the United States, "a solution of the Philippine problem could ultimately be achieved, with the full consent of the Filipino people, which would not only satisfy their aspirations for self-government, but honorably and justly safeguard the interests of the United States both at home and in the Far East."

If we withdraw American guidance and the free markets of the United States he declares it to be the "almost unanimous consensus of all responsible observers that economic chaos and political and social anarchy" will result, "followed ultimately by domination of the Philippines by some foreign Power, *probably either China or Japan*" (italics ours). There you have diplomacy and tactful statesmanship with a vengeance. At the moment when, as he says, our relations with the Far East are exceedingly difficult and dangerous, he goes out of his way to accuse China and Japan of wishing to gobble up the Philippine Islands. There is, of course, not one word in this counsel of despair that has not been voiced the world over whenever a subjugated, and especially a colored, population has sought to stand on its own feet. Your overseas administrator of the white-man's-burden type never can see the time when his wards are fit for self-government. Their ways of life are different; their culture and their point of view at an opposite pole; their standards of government and personal morality low; and so the white man is always sure that the time for the exploited to walk alone is just fifty or one hundred years away. Mr. Stimson, of course, has forgotten Abraham Lincoln's saying that "no man is good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent"; he looks upon our promises as not being sacred obligations, but as only something to be lived up to if and when in our judgment the Filipinos are ready for self-government, and if the change will not influence any policies that our State Department may be embarked upon at the moment. Like all Americans he assumes—in the face of overwhelming facts to the contrary—that our government, in contrast to the government inevitably to be set up by the newly freed race, is efficient, honest, economical, free from all graft and misgovernment.

More than that, it does not occur to him that this country should not thus be mixing into Far Eastern affairs; that he is talking the language of a diplomacy which ruined itself and pretty nearly the whole world in 1914; that it is the duty of the statesman in these circumstances to find a way out, but above all else, to honor the Filipinos' desire and their human right "to seek their own way of life." Whether that way of life is ours or not, whether it is good or bad, for better or for worse, is not our business. If, however, Mr. Stimson wished to make a great contribution to the safety and peace of the world he would immediately initiate the neutralization of the Philippines—dispatches from Tokio say that Japan would heartily cooperate in this plan. The advancement of the principle that other countries besides Switzerland may officially or unofficially be neutralized would be of enormous benefit to the world at large. But the imperialists and the militarists want nothing of the kind. They want holdings abroad to justify fleets, and overseas bases, and garrisons, and all the rest of the paraphernalia of "being a world Power." There never was a moment when this sort of thing was in worse taste, for the simple fact is that every one of the great imperialist Powers is today struggling in deep waters, and most of them have long since been morally bankrupt.

Hitler Versus Prussia

ADOLF HITLER, to the immense relief of the rest of Europe, failed in his effort to win the German Presidency. In the run-off election held April 10 President Hindenburg, as was to have been expected, received not only the necessary plurality of the votes cast, but a clear majority of 2,235,794. The long-suffering but patient republicans of Germany have triumphed again. We wish we could say that their patience has now been permanently rewarded. But the defeat of Hitler does not mean that the threat of Hitlerism has been averted, that Germany is now insured forever against fascist rule or a fascist *Putsch*. It must be stated again that until there is some semblance of economic recovery in Germany, until its people once more begin to feel secure, there will remain a constant danger of trouble from the right or the left. There are millions of Germans who today feel they have nothing left to live for, and who therefore would hardly hesitate to tear down existing institutions in the vague hope that a better order would somehow or other take their place. It is upon this feeling that Hitlerism has been feeding. And Hitlerism continues to grow—as witness the increase of more than 2,000,000 in the Hitler vote over that of March 13, in spite of the fact that only the Hindenburg speakers were allowed to use the radio in the campaign, and despite the action of the Bavarian authorities in suppressing the two meetings in Munich at which Adolf Hitler was to have wound up his campaign.

A more pertinent test of fascist political strength will come on April 24, when Prussia is to elect its new Diet. It may be that Hitler actually believed he could win the Presidency of the republic. But the more realistic of his followers, as well as many neutral observers, saw the heat and oratory of the national campaign merely as an important prelude to the Prussian elections. If the National Socialists can win a sufficient number of seats in the Diet to give them one or more portfolios in the Prussian government, they will undoubtedly insist upon having the Ministry of the Interior. That would give them control of the Prussian police, and the significance of this control may be seen from the fact that Prussia has two-thirds of the territory and three-fourths of the population of Germany. In short, the fascists would then come close to being the real rulers of Germany. It is hardly to be imagined that with his authority thus directly challenged Chancellor Brüning would remain in office. His resignation would almost automatically necessitate new Reichstag elections—unless President Hindenburg were willing to invite the National Socialists into the federal government, which does not seem at all likely. Thus it appears that the Prussian Ministry of the Interior rather than the German Presidency has all along been the primary objective of the Hitlerites.

The fascists admittedly have a much better chance of gaining their point in the Prussian campaign than they had in the Presidential election. First, they will not have to contend with the tremendous personal popularity of Hindenburg. Second, the republican parties will not be united as they were in the Presidential campaign, but will each put forward candidates. Third, the Hitlerites need not win a

majority of the seats, but only enough to prevent the Social Democratic-Catholic coalition from holding its present majority. Should the fascists take 35 per cent of the seats, many disinterested political students believe they will, they will almost certainly have reached their goal. It appears probable, judging by the results of March 13, that the Communists will have 15 per cent or more of the seats in the Diet, which will make it impossible to form a majority government without including one or the other of these extremist parties. In such event the chances are that all the parties to the right of the Social Democrats, in other words, the non-Marxian parties, including the Hitlerites, would attempt to set up a conservative, right-wing government. And this could only mean that the fascists would get what they want—control of the Prussian police. It is, of course, by no means certain that the Socialist-Catholic combination will be upset. The republican leaders have demonstrated that they are shrewder in politics than the extremists, and they may very well again carry the day for moderation and the present republic.

Free Speech at Columbia

LAST week we commented briefly upon the expulsion from Columbia University of Reed Harris, editor of the daily *Spectator*. Since then the storm of protest has grown to unexpected proportions both in the university itself and in the daily press. On April 6 about 65 per cent of the students are said to have participated in the one-day strike of protest, and a few members of the teaching staff—all honor to them!—openly expressed their sympathy with the strikers. President Butler has taken a stand behind Dean Hawkes, upon whom responsibility directly rests, but it seems to be generally recognized by the faculty that a hideous blunder was made, and one professor, at least, privately expressed the opinion that an "irreparable damage had been done to the reputation of Columbia University."

With this opinion we fully agree, and the damage is done whether Mr. Harris himself was guilty or innocent of any misconduct. Dean Hawkes, of course, stresses his contention that Harris had made unsubstantiated charges against the management of the student dining-hall, but that has nothing whatever to do with the case. The fact remains that no effort was made to prove his guilt and that the expulsion was effected by the authority of one man without the formality of a hearing before even a faculty committee. If Mr. Harris can be dismissed in such a manner, even for due cause, then there is no reason why another might not be dismissed, in exactly the same way, for no crime beyond disagreement with the Dean. The integrity of one man is not sufficient guaranty of that liberty of expression which President Butler has so often declared to be a distinguishing feature of life in the university of which he is the head.

Nor is it, indeed, hard to understand why Mr. Harris's defenders should cherish the suspicion that the alleged cause for his dismissal was not, in fact, the only cause. He had repeatedly attacked certain sacred institutions of the college, particularly the athletic oligarchy, and had raised powerful enemies among officers and alumni whose attitude gave every reason to suppose that they were only waiting for an oppor-

tunity to take their revenge. He had, for example, charged that desirable athletes were subsidized, and to this charge he had received only two replies—first, the flat refusal of the powerful Athletic Council to permit that examination of their books which would have proved or disproved his charge, and, second, the open threat from one member of the football team to “beat him up” if the attacks were repeated.

The university authorities took no cognizance of his charges, and tacitly sided with the Athletic Council in its defiance of public and student opinion. Under the circumstances the Dean certainly owed it to himself as well as to the university to use the greatest circumspection in dealing with any other offense which Mr. Harris might be alleged to have committed. But circumspection is the last thing that is evident. The man who was known to have made powerful and not too scrupulous enemies was dismissed without even the pretense of a trial, and it is natural that the issue should be drawn, as by now it has been drawn, between the liberal intellectual element and the conservative rah-rah boys. Whatever may have originally been involved, it is evident to anyone who will mingle with the students that the issue at present is between those who stand for some semblance at least of a liberal proceeding and those who, like the athlete who spoke at the mass-meeting, are content to say that a rational student interest in student affairs is “a lot of bull.” As Heywood Broun remarked, the day of the strike saw the Phi Beta Kappa members staying away from their lectures while the members of the football squad determinedly fought their way into the calculus class. And surely the authorities of the university must be distressed to find that they are on the side of the least serious, the least intellectual, and the least articulate of the student body.

Just a few weeks ago we published in our columns a highly laudatory review of a book by President Butler. In that review the critic expressed the opinion that the author was sincere in his profession of liberal principles and that he had actually undergone a change of heart since those war days when he violated the principles which he has since so insistently preached. With this opinion we were ourselves inclined to agree, and in fairness it must be said that during the last ten years Columbia's record has been conspicuously clean. But critics now have a right to say that its liberalism failed in the first test which, so far as the general public knows, it was compelled to meet. Is it possible that, after all, President Butler is still only a fair-weather liberal and a peace-time pacifist?

We believe that he honestly desires a better reputation. We even suspect that he is personally distressed by the incident at present under discussion. But if so, we wonder what effort he will make to correct the impression which it has certainly made. The very least that he can reasonably do is to take some steps to revise the regulations of the university in such a way that in the future it will be impossible for any student to be dismissed in this purely arbitrary fashion, and we respectfully recommend to his attention the disciplinary organization now operating in the German universities, which provides for a formal trial before five professors, with counsel for the defense, and an appeal to a higher tribunal. Certainly the student in a liberal university has a right at least to those safeguards accorded even a private soldier in every army of the civilized world.

Aboriginal Courtship

NOW and then, when something important for white persons is at stake, we are reminded that the American Indian is, of course, a primitive person, capable no doubt of picturesque ceremonial, but thoroughly unable to understand white civilization and therefore one who is to be “educated” as far as possible in “Americanism.” The Smithsonian Institution has lately published a pamphlet called “The Narrative of a Southern Cheyenne Woman,” the first-hand account of an Indian woman's education, which raises some doubts as to the accuracy of this point of view.

After relating that she was taught to ride horseback when she was four years old, and that “ever since I can remember I had a bed of my own in my parents' tipi,” Mack Haag, telling her own story, proceeds to the account of her education. “My mother would always tell me that the main purpose of her teaching me”—the little Cheyenne girl learned cooking, tanning hides, decorating leather, and all the arts proper for a high-born Indian maiden—“as well as the object of my owning my own bed, was to keep me at home, and to keep me from being away to spend my nights with my girl chum.” (Has any little superior white child ever heard the like?) But the real business of a female Cheyenne was preparation for courtship. In this Mack Haag was instructed by her aunt as follows:

I hear you are beginning to have admirers. Your father and mother have reared you with great care. Your father especially has seen to it that you have had good things to wear such as other girls of your age do not have. And your mother has taught you with great patience the art of things that each woman is supposed to know so that she might make a good and successful wife. As you go through life all these things and what I am now telling you will be of great benefit to you. . . . It is silly to exchange too many glances and smiles with this young man, especially in the presence of people. He will think you are too easy and immoral. When he comes to see you at night you must never run away from him. If you do so this indicates that you are silly and not sufficiently taught and educated to respect the attentions of a suitor. You must never consent to marry your suitor the first time he asks you . . . no matter how good-looking he may be. . . . And if he really thinks anything of you he will not be discouraged, but will continue his visits and come to see you. . . .

This, remember, is the advice to a young girl given an Indian woman completely unversant with the amenities of Victorian morality, but versed in a much older wisdom, the ancient wisdom of all races. One might say that the only way in which it differs from advice given to probably millions of white young ladies is that the young Indian maiden appeared to take it seriously. “After I had reached the age of young womanhood,” she says, “I was not single very much longer.” A suitor came, was accepted by her parents, and therefore by herself; she bore him eight children and mourned him sincerely when he died. But of course these are savages. They understand, as we have already indicated, nothing of the niceties of a white culture. They need to be educated so that they can fully appreciate the motion picture, the tabloid newspaper, and the evening radio hour.

Bloody Williamson Is Hungry

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Benton, Illinois, April 1

BLOODY Williamson is no longer quite so hard-boiled as it was a few years back, for at the moment it has something else to think about. Today it is hungry, and this condition does not affect the miners alone, but extends to every class in this potentially wealthy region. Until yesterday more than half the miners in the area were out of work. Today, April 1, began the shutdown of all the pits in southern Illinois. Whatever the opinion of Governor Louis L. Emmerson may be, I found that, even with some of the mines working, there has been actual starvation here—entire communities unemployed and without organized relief. What the immediate future holds in store, with all the mines closed, seems too horrible to contemplate.

By Bloody Williamson I mean not only Williamson County to the south, but also Franklin County, of which Benton is the seat. In these two counties lies the richest coal field in the United States. Here the bituminous industry has been better organized and conducted along more modern lines than elsewhere in the country. Not far from Benton is one of the Orient mines, the largest in the world, and operated scientifically and with utmost efficiency. Other pits in the area have been mechanized and are now being run to a considerable extent by electricity—to the disadvantage of thousands of pick-and-shovel miners. Some years ago the miners in the Bloody Williamson country were well paid; they owned their own homes for the most part, could afford to buy silk shirts, and ride in handsome, if not luxurious, automobiles. There have never been more than a few company "patches" and never any closed towns in this district; the squalor of the Kentucky, West Virginia, and Ohio-Pennsylvania fields has been and still is noticeably absent. A decade ago, and, indeed, until recently, the miners of southern Illinois were living in relatively comfortable circumstances. Not without labor troubles and violence, of course, for that is how Bloody Williamson got its name. But the Virden and West Frankfort riots, the Herrin massacre, the murderous Ku Klux Klan reforming of Glenn Young, and the very similar activities of the notorious gunman, Charlie Berger, are now but uncomfortable memories of a dim past. These have given way to church revivals—and to closed banks and starvation rations. The authorities and the American Legion can still produce "law and order" in the old-fashioned way, however, as they pointedly showed a few weeks ago when several representatives of the International Labor Defense were arrested and quietly beaten up in the Benton jail.

But the young business men and professional people who make up the backbone of the "law-and-order" element have been hit as hard by the financial blizzard as have the miners by the general economic collapse. A few years ago Franklin and Williamson counties had more than forty banks. Today, if we except a half-dozen purely rural institutions of little importance, they have only two banks—the First National

of Herrin, the only commercial bank that survived the blizzard in either county, and the bank at Zeigler, which closed some time ago and has since been reorganized. Benton and Marion, the two county seats, are without ordinary banking facilities; the local utilities companies cash checks and make change for some of the residents; the merchants do much of their business through postal money orders. In these towns and other communities the municipal employees are being paid in scrip, which they can redeem at a discount of about 10 per cent whenever they find anyone with gambling instinct enough to take over the promissory notes, and that is not very often. School teachers, though their pay is dependent upon State taxation, are in no better plight. The State now owes Franklin County \$55,000, and many of the school teachers are going unpaid. At least half the salary warrants issued for the present year in Franklin County have not been redeemed, according to the county superintendent of schools. In one or two towns—Logan, for example—no salary warrants whatever have been redeemed since the opening of the school year last fall.

In the background stands, of course, the very sick coal industry. The general decline in bituminous operations has hurt the region tremendously. So has the increasing tendency toward mechanizing and electrifying the pits. I found only one town—though I was told of one or two others—in which virtually all the able-bodied male citizens had at least part-time jobs. I found more than a dozen towns in which unemployment took in as many as 60 per cent of the men able and willing to work. I also found communities, such as Coello, Logan, Blairsville, and others, where only a handful of workers was employed. In Coello, for instance, a community of 1,350 people, only two men in the entire town had jobs. Southern Illinois has been particularly affected by the intensive competition within the coal industry. "The metropolitan Chicago switching district," a Chicago *Tribune* financial writer recently said, "is the largest coal-consuming area in the world. Yet this prime market, essential to Illinois mines, has been gradually turning to the East for its coal." In 1918 Illinois operators shipped 16,500,000 tons into the Chicago area, as compared with 8,000,000 tons from the Eastern fields; in 1923 the proportion was 13,500,000 tons from Illinois to 15,000,000 from the East; in 1930 the East supplied 20,000,000 tons and Illinois only 8,500,000. The operators quite naturally blame the high wages paid in this field. But whatever the cause, the effect has been drastic. And the operators' offensive against the high wage scales, which began with the shutdown today, is likely to leave still greater disaster in its wake.

It is at this point that the real story of Bloody Williamson's hunger begins. The coal country has very few banks; its local business is almost at a complete standstill; it has little hard cash in circulation. Many stores are vacant, and the shelves are half empty in the majority of those that are still open. From morning till night gangs of men throng the business streets of the towns, idling away their time; they have nothing else to do. And the two counties have no un-

* The fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Hallgren on unemployment in various parts of the country.—EDITOR THE NATION.

employment relief worthy of the name. What this means for the district was explained to me in a few words by Mrs. Sophia Poindexter, former Red Cross worker and now a member of the Benton Board of United Charities.

"I'll guarantee you," she began, "that there are at least 2,000 children here who haven't had a drop of milk in a year." And Benton is a community with a population of less than 10,000. Four hundred families are now being cared for by the United Charities, the average expenditure per family being \$1.30 per week. The Red Cross, which has eighty additional families of war veterans on its rolls, does better. It provides groceries for these people at the average rate of \$3 per family per week. In all, 1,880 children belong to these families. What are they being fed? The grocery orders call for flour, lard, beans, salt, and sugar. No milk is provided, whether fresh or canned, and no fruit or vegetables. It was not surprising, then, to learn from Mrs. Poindexter that many cases of rickets have been reported, and that at present there are more than 600 active cases of tuberculosis in the county, which, she said, represented "a marked increase over two years ago." But according to Mrs. Poindexter, the most distressing aspect of relief administration in Benton is the constant uncertainty that attends it. The United Charities does not know from one Saturday to the next whether it will have enough money on hand to pay for all the grocery orders to be given out; many Saturdays have gone by with the board's funds exhausted before the day was out. Drives for new funds have been undertaken virtually every week of late, but these are producing less and less. Mrs. Poindexter asserted that several cases were found in which people who were themselves in need were giving to the relief fund.

Through the winter the State contributed a little toward relief in Franklin County, but Mrs. Poindexter felt that the State's aid was "too political" to be of much real help. She pointed out that the mayors of the various towns had been appointed to handle this end of the relief work. "The pay-rollers are in charge everywhere," she said. Just the day before I talked with her an affidavit was filed by Leon Gremling, president of the United Mine Workers' local at Christopher, charging that the State's relief funds were being used for political purposes. In the affidavit Gremling said he had been called aside by Mayor Tom Towers of Christopher and informed that unless he supported Omer Custer, candidate of the Emmerson faction, for the Republican nomination for governor, "he, the said Leon Gremling, would be able to receive no more charity."

On the outskirts of Benton live two or three hundred families whose menfolk once worked in the Franklin County Coal Company's mine. This pit has now been closed for almost two years. I visited twelve houses standing in a row. In the first lived the Sandusky family—grandmother, eighty-eight years old, father and mother, and four children ranging in age from nine to fifteen. It was Saturday, and the Sanduskys had just received their weekly grocery order, worth at retail \$1.50. It contained flour, beans, lard, salt, and sugar. There was no meat, butter, coffee (or beverages of any sort), eggs, vegetables, or fruit. And no milk, though Mrs. Sandusky had managed somehow during the week to get a can of condensed milk. The children had shoes, supplied by some of the church women in town, but the rest of their clothing was beyond description, so worn and patched

was it. The house was barren except for a bed and a chair in the bedroom, a cot and rickety table in the living-room, a larger table and two chairs in the dining-room. There were no rugs and no curtains in the house. How did the family manage to live on their meager fare? "We get along," the mother said, "and the children ain't complaining none. I've learned to make a lot of things out o' flour. We have it a different way every night. And the neighbors help a lot. One of the families down the row has people in Chicago who send them things, canned stuff and such, and they pass them around." The Sandusky children might not have been complaining, but their mother had good reason for complaint. She was pale and emaciated, and apparently tuberculous. I wondered if she had been starving herself so that the children would have enough to eat. The Sanduskys' home, which was once their own, is now owned by one of the closed banks. The monthly rent was \$10, but this had not been paid for a year and a half. The Sanduskys owed approximately \$300 in doctors' and grocery bills. They had no income of any kind, and they had not had a cent of currency in the house for months.

The other eleven families were similarly situated. Only the number of children in each family or the amount of indebtedness varied from house to house. The man in the fifth house was a war veteran who received somewhat more relief from the Red Cross than the others were getting from the United Charities. He shared his surplus with his neighbors, though the appearance of his children made a mockery of his reference to "my surplus." In the seventh house lived a man who worked two days a week for a country butcher. On Wednesdays he received thirty cents in pay, and on Saturdays a dollar. Occasionally the butcher allowed him to take odd scraps of meat home with him. In the last house in the row lived the family who had "people in Chicago." Once a month or so the Chicago relatives sent them a box filled with canned vegetables and fruit. The day the monthly box arrived every family in the row enjoyed a gala feast.

Around the corner was the Italian section of the mining town. I met many of the Italians in the kitchen of a house where a wake was being held. Their tales differed little from those I had heard along the row, though these people took their plight somewhat less abjectly. They could make spaghetti with their flour, and even the bachelors among them had learned how to make biscuits without baking powder. And the Italians had preserved greens and vegetables to tide them over the winter, and made wine to sustain them when actual hunger became too great. The wake was for one of their number who had died. What was the cause of his death? The people in the kitchen did not know. "We just found him dead in his bed one morning," they explained. But his family was too poor to bury him, and so the Italian community was undertaking that task. At the edge of the mining town stood the lone grocery store run by a Polish woman. Its shelves were all but empty. The proprietress said that her biggest sale was in yeast; the charity board does not supply yeast with its flour. Altogether she had sold \$2 worth of goods in the previous week. The wholesale companies were not pressing her for payment, but at the same time they were giving her no further supplies except for cash. She thought that she could hold out until summer. Then the store would have to close. She looked as though she needed relief herself, but when I sug-

gested this she explained that she could not get relief from the United Charities as she owned a store.

But this was in Benton, where there is at least a semblance of organized relief. I went on to the town of Orient, the site of "the largest mine in the world," and talked with Mayor William Snyder. "There is lots of distress around here, and unless something's done about it mighty quick there's going to be trouble," he said. About 40 per cent of the miners were totally unemployed, the remainder working half-time. In Orient there was no organized family relief whatever. The State had given Mayor Snyder \$300 in January and that was being used to feed fifty-two children in the schools. A few small private donations were obtained to help families in extreme necessity. But there was no milk of any kind for the younger children, and no fresh vegetables for anyone else. The vegetable situation Mayor Snyder hoped would soon be remedied as he was inducing his townspeople to raise their own garden truck. Owners of unused land had offered their idle acreage for gardens. The town of Buckner, according to Mayor Russell Porter, was somewhat more fortunately situated. Most of its people were working, and only a dozen families were in need. But the closing of the town bank had swept away the whole of the municipality's funds, and charity and union funds were likewise lost. Mayor Porter had no idea how Buckner would take care of its mine families if the general shutdown lasted more than a fortnight.

Coello not only had no money, it had no work of any kind. The only two men in town who had jobs worked several miles away in Zeigler. Mayor Philip Pavichivich spread his official papers out before me on the bedstead that stood in his parlor. He was anxious that I should understand the grave nature of Coello's predicament. There were already 112 destitute families in the town, and more were coming in every day to explain that their own resources had given out and therefore they were asking him to help. But he had nothing to give them. In November the State had sent \$700 into Coello, but this fund was exhausted within ten weeks. The Red Cross was helping the families of sixteen ex-soldiers. In addition the Red Cross had come in during February and had distributed grocery orders to about a hundred families, and this food lasted a week or a little longer. The American Friends' Service Committee was providing milk for about fifty children. And that was all. There was no doctor in Coello and no drug-store. The mines in the vicinity had worked only seventy-three days in three years, Mayor Pavichivich said. There were two stores still open in the community, that belonging to the mayor and one other. Pavichivich had uncollectible credits standing on his books to the amount of \$4,000; to the other storekeeper was owed more than \$8,000.

It was relief day when I got to Herrin down in Williamson County. A local merchant had that morning donated \$20 to the local relief fund. This was sufficient to provide ten grocery orders worth \$2 each for the scores of applicants who were lined up outside the station. Ten families received the orders; the others had to be satisfied with old clothes. On the two previous relief days the station had nothing but old clothes to give out. At Logan the picture was much the same, and at Blairsville, where 1,100 men were without work, it was hardly better. At Carterville, a town of 3,500 people, of whom only 300 men had

jobs in the mines, the mayor, William McKellar, explained that 125 families were being fed by charity. Here financial assistance from the State was somewhat more lavish than I found it in Franklin County. A Red Cross worker in Marion, county seat of Williamson County, said that there were so many Williamson people on the State pay roll that the county was being especially favored in this regard. McKellar added that ever since November the town had been getting \$100 a month from the State fund. In addition some of the merchants were donating \$10 to \$20 a month. But this was far from enough. During the previous week the mayor and some of his associates set out to solicit additional funds from the people in town who still had incomes from one source or another, that is, the clerks, store workers, stenographers, lawyers, and doctors. But they gave up the drive within a few hours. They found that salaries and wages had been cut "in half or more," said McKellar, "and the doctors and lawyers seem to be collecting nothing on their bills. Most of them looked like they needed help themselves."

Marion conducted a public drive for relief funds last November, I was told by John M. Reid, city attorney and chairman of the local relief board. Approximately \$3,000 was pledged, but less than \$2,000 was actually collected. Since December the State has been giving from \$125 to \$150 a month toward the maintenance of Marion's unemployed, and in March gave \$300. Relief expenditures for the 165 destitute families have averaged \$125 a week, or at a rate of less than \$1 a week per family. But local funds are being rapidly exhausted; grocery orders have already been cut down in size, and many families have been taken off the relief rolls. Fortunately, being one of the larger communities, Marion has been able to provide help in other ways. The women's clubs and fraternal orders are supplying meals for the children in the schools; a dairy company is donating fresh milk several times a week for the pre-school children; shoes and cast-off clothing seem to be available in fairly large quantities. But the major relief work is being curtailed, and no further efforts to raise funds in the community are planned. City Attorney Reid did not appear alarmed by the dark prospects of the future. "You would be surprised to know how little people can get along on nowadays," he said.

The mine unions have been helping some of their people. From time to time 25 cents or 50 cents has been checked off the pay of those who were working, this money being distributed to union members without jobs. With operations completely suspended this can no longer be done. The treasuries of most of the locals are empty. They lost a great deal of their money in the bank crash; those of their individual members who had saved money lost their savings in the same way. The new State fund of \$18,750,000, of which only \$11,000,000 has thus far been obtained through the sale of tax anticipation warrants, may help southern Illinois at this critical juncture. Williamson County has asked for \$75,000; Franklin County has requested a little more. Yet even \$150,000 to \$200,000 seems pitifully small for this poverty-stricken region. There are probably 25,000 families in the two counties who are either already in want or rapidly approaching destitution, so that financial assistance from the State amounting to as much as \$250,000 would give these families only \$10 each.

Can the American Farm Be Saved?*

By E. G. NOURSE

MOST of us are getting restive now that the depression is stretching out beyond the period that exponents of business cycles had led us to expect. During the first year we were buoyed up by prognostications of a "minor cycle" and hopes of early recovery. As the second year wore on we thought we were fulfilling any probable requirement of expiation. But now that we are well into the third year of depression, with most of our friends very bearish about the future, we insist that something drastic be done.

Since the troubles of agriculture began as far back as 1920, many people are moved to advocate the most extreme measures to deal with rural problems. Are not the farmers, after eleven full years of suffering, entitled to priority in the nation's program of economic recovery? Doubtless. But unfortunately agriculture is not the logical place to begin with our reconstruction program. The major planks in any realistic platform of economic rehabilitation relate to public and private finance and to the quickening of industrial activity and the revival of commercial exchange. Agricultural prosperity will follow naturally in the wake of any such general trade revival, whereas no amount of specific tinkering with agriculture can initiate a general price recovery.

On the other hand, there are several definite threats to agriculture in the present situation if it is allowed to drift. These harmful influences might still further impair the position of agriculture and cause it to contribute to a yet deeper demoralization of the whole business situation. Or, if general recession were checked at this point, they would militate seriously against the farmer's efforts to secure a satisfactory economic position for himself during the period of recovery. These difficulties center chiefly in the questions of ownership of the farm plant, access to land for agricultural use, and charges on land. Any sane agricultural program at the present time should bear three general injunctions in mind:

1. Don't take the farmer's land away from him.
2. Don't tax him to death.
3. Don't leave submarginal areas to private exploitation.

In the early twenties I advised Iowa farmers to let farms bought during the boom go back to the sellers or mortgagees and to avail themselves of bankruptcy proceedings rather freely as a means of shifting to other parts of society a burden which had fallen on their shoulders, not through any fault of their own so much as through the operation of a far-flung combination of social forces. Most of them tried to hang on, and there was a good deal of stretching of credit to enable them to do so in order to protect an inflated capitalization. Most of those who bought land at "war prices" have by now given up their farms and accepted the loss of much or all of the family's savings. But many farmers still hold farms inherited from the previous generation or bought at pre-boom prices. As the years of mounting costs and shrinking returns have succeeded one another, they have put

new mortgages on these farms or added to old ones. And they have had to put all that they could sweat out of themselves and their families into holding their mortgaged acres. It would be a cruel injustice to force them out at this late stage of the price decline. Not only this: to do so would further disrupt our agriculture.

We should have a general moratorium on foreclosures and forced sales until we can see on what price level agricultural commodities and farm lands are going to stabilize themselves. The action of Congress in putting an additional \$125,000,000 into the Federal Farm Loan system will help materially toward this end. Such stabilization as results from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is another step in the right direction, even though belated. These measures should be amplified by every other possible means of carrying out the same policy. But we ought to go farther than this. Mortgage obligations should be scaled down to the actual earning value which agricultural lands will have during the working lifetime of the present generation nearly as this can be estimated. And methods of estimating should be conservative.

Such a procedure would be an innovation in the field of farm finance. But it is an old story in corporation finance. When security holders find that a company has been capitalized far beyond its actual earning power and any reasonable prospect of future earnings, they frequently deem it expedient to resort to constructive reorganization rather than destructive liquidation. Preferred stocks are drastically pruned and bonds scaled down even without extinguishing the shareholders' interest. Such a course is followed where and because there seems to be prospect of permanent income through the continuation of existing operative arrangements, and where labor and management can be paid only if fixed charges are substantially reduced.

However lamentable the losses which our farmers have been suffering, they are infinitely less disruptive of the nation's economic well-being than it would be to drive the farm families off the hundreds of thousands of farms where they are in arrears on mortgage obligations, or to leave these families in possession only on condition that arrears of interest accumulate and compound on a principal sum in excess of present value and prospective earning power. This latter course would preserve nominal ownership at the cost of future decades or generations of work, exploited to support a war-time capitalization. The most wholesome result all around will come from realistically facing revaluation in the light of changed conditions.

As for taxation, practically everyone who has studied the matter agrees that the antiquated general property tax puts an undue burden on agriculture. This disparity is inordinately magnified with the growth of the total tax load. It was bad enough in the days of the district schools and mud roads, but with the attempt to bring rural standards of living up measurably close to those of the town it has become intolerable. The urban cynic answers that the rural sections should be content with the little red schoolhouse

* The second of a series of articles on various important phases of our economic life, written by authorities in their respective fields. The third will appear in next week's issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

or stop squawking about the expense of more modern school advantages. He quite overlooks the fact that the rural sections, which average a lower per capita income than the rest of the country, have to provide the cost of schooling, not to mention the birth and rearing, of a larger quota of children—who after living in the country during their dependent years move to town to spend their productive adult life. The road problem is somewhat similar. Automobile highways were built in response to urban demand, and the profits from their construction have practically all gone to the city, but a disproportionate amount of their cost has been assessed upon abutting farm property. With mounting school and road taxes, the farmer's bill has been rising to \$400, \$600, and \$800 on a quarter-section farm from which it has become increasingly difficult, not to say impossible, to get a \$1,500 or \$2,000 annual income. In poorer sections it may be \$100 of tax out of \$600 or \$800 of income.

This problem cannot soundly be met by the scaling down of these services. Country schools are still, on the average, much behind even village schools. A large percentage of our farmers are still relatively isolated on roads impassable for periods of weeks or months. And adequate hospitalization and even moderate public-health service are yet to be provided. The cost must be socialized through shifting the burden to State and national budgets, putting taxes largely on an income basis, the more courageous use of death duties, and the use of registration and gasoline taxes for support of the road system.

In one direction, however, there is an excellent prospect of reducing the cost of local government. We still maintain an elaborate system of horse-and-buggy counties in an automobile age. No one but a blind man could spend an afternoon in a rural county courthouse without being aware that rural counties as a whole are maintaining facilities and personnel two, four, or six times the actual number required for the adequate performance of the service on the basis of full-time work for the necessary functionaries. Vested interests in the village and political conservatism on the farms make the task of pruning off this excess growth a difficult one. But it presents an outstanding opportunity for economy without sacrifice of social service—the chance to clip a coupon on our investment in hard roads.

A third suggestion for safeguarding the farmer's economic position concerns land policy. We hear a storm of protest about overproduction, the "surplus problem," wholesale reversion of lands, and the cost and inadequacy of public services in thinly settled regions. It is high time that we woke up to the fact that these questions run back largely to the basic problem of land utilization, and that the troubles can be very greatly ameliorated even though not entirely cured by a new and enlightened land policy.

For three hundred years we have sought to encourage and stimulate the maximum private settlement and ownership of our land area, with unregulated private business enterprise in its use. This course was based on two implicit assumptions. The first was that any piece of God's outdoors not actual swamp or desert would reward the expenditure of agricultural labor and capital. The second assumption was that there was a potential if not imminent scarcity of land. With the advancing technique of scientific and mechanized agriculture and advancing knowledge of farm organization and management we are coming to realize that

we can get the maximum economic product with the minimum of effort and cost by applying agricultural labor and capital to certain more limited areas carefully selected with reference to their technological character and market location.

During the agricultural depression millions of acres of land have reverted to government—county, State, or national—through the inability of former owners to pay taxes or perfect homestead entries. In this moment of retreat from exploited colonization areas there must come some perception of the futility of attempting to wring an adequate living from any and all lands by the process of farming. Practically all the reverted acres, however, have gone into what the stock market would call "weak hands." The government officials of a State with a large submarginal area cannot possibly be counted upon to hold such lands a moment beyond the time when the first sign of reviving agricultural prices tempts unwary settlers to stake their fortunes on a cheap farm. Still more will county officials be eager to get a few dollars per acre in sales price or the payment of arrears of taxes and the prospect of taxpayers for a few years ahead. Furthermore, there is an enormous area of land no less submarginal which will remain in the hands of private holders throughout the depression period but be thrown open to exploitative development at the earliest chance for sale.

What manufacturer could face the future if his factory stood in the midst of idle plants which would be thrown back into production in competition with him upon such cutthroat terms the moment prices got back toward a remunerative basis? Unless we can devise such land policies as will give the body of suitably located and adequately equipped farmers reasonable protection against speculative operations below the margin, the business of agriculture will remain in a demoralized condition for many years in the future.

What we have been saying relates to the farmer's position as proprietor and operator. There is, however, another major division of our agricultural platform, and this concerns his position with reference to markets and prices. This problem may be considered from two points of view—one domestic and the other foreign. The former focuses sharply on cooperative marketing organizations and the Farm Board; the other on international market influences—reparations, international debts, and the tariff.

As for cooperation, it should be looked upon as a bulwark of strength in the agricultural organization of the future, bringing to the farmer and his inherently small-scale business enterprise the major advantages of large-scale business which industry and trade have developed through the corporation. Unfortunately, cooperation has been badly misrepresented and oversold to our farmers as a quick and easy form of economic magic. They have been led to expect the impossible in the way of price maintenance, and encouraged to think that they could get the benefits of cooperation by signing on the dotted line rather than by joining together in participating groups to hammer out certain very workaday business betterments. It was but natural that legislators and political and farm-organization leaders should have turned with relief to cooperation as the "sure cure" for agricultural distress. It is unfortunate, however, that the Farm Board, which was intrusted with the generalship of this great movement, should have known so little of the true nature of cooperation. In its eagerness to make speed it tried to start the car in high. The inevitable result followed.

Progress—if any—has been disappointingly slow, while serious, if not irreparable, injury has been done to the mechanism. Widespread cooperative organization in agriculture should still be kept ■ ■ ■ major plank in our agricultural program, but effort should be turned toward broad education and the affording of helpful facilities equally to all voluntary groups. There should be an end of high-pressure promotion of certain favored undertakings under bureaucratic direction.

As to foreign influences impinging on the farmer's market and agricultural prices, the difficulty is acute. The farmer's interest demands such freeing of world-wide commerce and industry as will restore purchasing power for his products. Reparations and interallied debts are the crux of the problem. We must abandon unreasonable insistence upon literal fulfilment of a bond whose terms were dictated by political considerations and war psychology. Economically they are impossible to carry out, and the continued insistence upon them simply postpones the day of general business recovery. *Wallace's Farmer* recently stated the farmer's true interest in this matter editorially with clarity and force.

I would like to see us get some good out of the debts which England and France owe us, but unless the United States is willing to reduce very greatly her tariff and also cut down on her exports of wheat, lard, cotton, and manufactured products, I am quite certain that these debts will never be paid. Also, I am quite certain that the big income taxpayers themselves would be decidedly ahead of the game to pay \$250,000,000 ■ year extra income taxes, because of the fact that the international confidence which would follow on a more definite settling of the war debt and the

German reparations would make such good business that the profits of our big corporations would be increased by many times the \$250,000,000 extra income tax.

If we are to effect the transition from the role of debtor to that of creditor nation gracefully and well, we shall have to break up many old habits of thought and patterns of action. Agriculture did well in the emergency years just after the war to get some tariff protection to cushion the shock of its drastic readjustment. Further gains from the same device are out of the question. The farmer's immediate tariff interest lies in the lowering of industrial duties. But from now on it should be insisted that any tariff, industrial or agricultural, is to be defended only on the basis of special circumstances touching the position of that commodity and its producing group in the light of national policy. No longer can we start from the assumption of protected industry and free-trade agriculture.

The world outlook as to agricultural production promises that supplies will be heavy and the price trend weak for some years in the future. As we said at the outset, agriculture cannot raise itself by its own bootstraps and drag the rest of the economic system up to prosperity. Its own prosperity must await the day when the industrial world puts itself back to work. But if reasonable intelligence is applied toward reviving employment both at home and abroad, unclogging international commerce, and equalizing fixed charges at home, through some or all of the measures which we have been discussing, farmers will again stand a chance of establishing an adequate income basis for a standard of living not grossly inferior to that of the town.

Hitler*

By KARL RADEK

IN ■ small town on the Austro-Bavarian border there lived ■ petty tax official. Once a small farmer, he had worked his way up to this position of public responsibility with an iron will, and he led ■ life which, though not luxurious, was free from care and provided with ■ few small comforts. He had to count his pennies, to be sure, but he knew that the morrow was taken care of, and there was a small pension for his old age. This pension had always been the pride and the ideal of the Hitler family. Higher, the aspirations of the father never went. He dreamed of the time when his son, too, would become a public official, and was bitterly disappointed when the boy announced that he would lead the wider, freer life of an artist, a life which would raise him above the drab existence of the worker and shopkeeper, and to which he believed himself, thanks to his artistic talent, entitled. Father and son quarreled bitterly; then the father died and the mother followed soon after. Young Hitler, a small-town citizen with vague dreams of an artistic career, found that he could not be admitted to the Academy of Arts without a university degree and was forced to set about making a living as ■ house painter instead.

With ■ head full of dreams and outmoded ideals he went to Vienna. He had read several nationalist books on

the history of Germany—Germany, the young Siegfried surrounded by evil enemies on every side; France—that was the black-hearted Hagen waiting his chance to strike down the young giant from behind. There were other dangers, too, that threatened the young Siegfried. In Austria the German must fight to maintain himself against "all sorts of Slavic riff-raff." Then there are the Jews "who poison the soul of the German people." Had not Dr. Lüger, the late leader of the anti-Semites in Vienna, proved this? These Slavs and Jews were being helped by the Social Democrats when they propagated the class struggle among the German masses. With the masses Hitler now came into intimate contact. The building-trades workers of Vienna were organized in labor unions and they invited the young petit bourgeois to join their organization. Here his first conflict with the workers began. He disdained their invitation. He refused to be looked upon as a workingman.

Shortly before the war Hitler left Austria and emigrated to Bavaria. There he lived the life of the would-be bohemian with struggling artists, draftsmen, and art students. Then the World War flared up and Hitler volunteered for service in the German army at once. One of his historians has stated that Hitler, who had evaded military service in Austria, wished in this way to escape any unpleasant consequences that might follow. Be that ■ it may, this much is

* This article is ■ translation of one which appeared in the *Weltbühne* of Berlin.—EDITOR THE NATION.

certain—that Hitler went to war with a head filled with all those slogans of Germany's innocence and its glorious mission in the future. Wounded, he was invalided home, and once more his hopes lay shattered about him. Germany was beaten, the German army was dissolved, and neither to himself nor to Germany had all that he had suffered at the front brought the slightest good.

What Hitler did after his return from the front has not yet been revealed. He has never committed himself. One thing is certain. He had to fight for his daily bread. He made no attempt to play a political role, and during the brief episode of the Bavarian Soviet Republic he remained in Munich without breathing a word. He joined the counter-revolutionists only after the overthrow of the Bavarian Soviets, whether as a spy or as an agitator is not quite clear. He was sent to labor meetings and reported on them to his superiors. Here Hitler was given his first opportunity to observe the secrets of political propaganda and political technique at first hand. In his capacity as secret agent he came to the small meeting of a newly created Nationalist organization which was carrying on its propaganda among workers and middle-class elements, although nationalism was far from popular in these circles at that time, even among the reactionary workers.

In these meetings Hitler first heard the slogans of the Nationalists: "The Entente is responsible for the ruin of the middle class"; "A liberated Germany will free its people from debt." At these meetings he learned of the necessity of wiping out "the money power of the Jew" to open up the world for the efficient. Once more he heard them all again, those ideas familiar from the meetings of the Viennese anti-Semites. The mixture of nationalism and anti-Semitism, to be sure, was new. Hitler had found a spiritual home at last.

Germany was forced to pay reparations, and German capital was paying them chiefly with the help of the printing-press. It produced more and more paper money and put it into circulation. The middle class in foreign countries, which firmly believed the mark would rise again, bought up these paper marks in the vain hope of acquiring riches when it should begin to rise once more. The coal and iron kings, who became richer than all others during the inflation period, cleverly managed to divert public attention from their machinations. They were not participating in the government—that they had left to the Social Democrats, the Democrats, and the Centrists. Stinnes commanded, but he placed the responsibility on Scheidemann and Erzberger and then accused them, through his newspapers, of a treachery to Germany that was responsible for all its misfortunes. Through the Nationalist newspapers that he and Hugenberg financed, the middle class learned that inflation was the result of Marxism, since Marxism aspires, above all, to destroy the middle class and to deliver Germany into the hands of its enemies.

The leaders of capitalist monopoly did not rely on their press alone. They financed Nationalist conspiratorial organizations with which they intended to bring pressure to bear on the democratic government if, fearing the disapproval of the electorate, it should refuse to dance to their piping. Hitler's agitation was gaining ground among the petite bourgeoisie. They were coming to his meetings in great masses and were joining his organization by the tens of thousands. The young officers of the conspiratorial organizations came to his assistance and organized the first storm divisions

(*Sturmabteilungen*), whose task it became to protect the Hitler meetings against disturbances by their opponents from the labor ranks. This period in the development of the National Socialist movement ended with that complete collapse, on November 9, 1923, which was so characteristic of the mechanics and aims of the Hitler movement.

How was it possible for Hitler at that time to strike root, particularly in Bavaria? True, as an Austrian, he was at home in the Bavarian milieu. But this alone does not answer the question. His success in Bavaria was due to the entire complex of social-political conditions there and the role that these conditions played in the French imperialist program. French imperialism, which was not satisfied with the Versailles treaty, demanded the division of Germany at the end of the war. Influential French military personages and diplomats had worked out a plan for the creation of a South German state under the rule of the Wittelsbacher, to unite Catholic German-Austria with Catholic Bavaria. France had a minister in Munich. The circles around Cardinal Faulhaber and Crown Prince Ruprecht held eager consultations with French representatives. This activity was carried on under the guise of "protection of the Bavarian middle class from ruin by Jewish, Protestant, Bolshevist Berlin." A part of the iron and steel industries stood behind Hitler and Ludendorff. But in the decisive moment, after the end of the Ruhr occupation and inflation, in the moment when Hitler and Ludendorff, without waiting for a final understanding with General von Seeckt, tried to capture the Bavarian state—in that moment it became suddenly evident that the petit-bourgeois Hitler and the Nationalist-romanticist Ludendorff had been deserted by the big industrialists and by the Bavarian separatists as well.

For when the steel and iron interests realized that the possibilities of inflation were exhausted and that further pauperization of the middle class and the proletariat would bring a serious and imminent danger of revolution, they decided to come to an understanding with France. To accomplish this it was not necessary to overthrow Ebert, since he had already relinquished much of his power to General von Seeckt and had embarked on a military campaign against the Saxon government. At that time Stinnes dismissed Minoux, his financial dictator and go-between with Ludendorff and Hitler, without much ado, as he had become superfluous. Bavarian clerical circles came to the conclusion that an understanding with France having been reached, there was no further reason for working toward a separation of Bavaria from the Reich. Hitler, who had but yesterday succeeded in taking the Prime Minister of Bavaria, Von Kahr, by surprise, suddenly found himself at the mercy of the Bavarian police. The savior of the nation was forced to flee from Munich and was actually thrown into prison.

When Hitler and his associates were once more able to size up the situation, they drew two conclusions from their unfortunate experience. They decided, first of all, that they would have to found a much more compact and elastic organization of their own if they wished to be taken seriously by the German industrialists. Secondly, they had learned that under no circumstances must they undertake adventurous experiments against those captains of industry. These conclusions, to be sure, represent a certain contradiction, but we shall soon see how they were reconciled. To create their own organization, to capture the bourgeoisie and at the same

time penetrate deeply into working-class circles, the Hitlerites' program had to contain the most widely diversified promises for every stratum of the nation. It appeals, in the first place, to the nationalist instincts of the middle class. Only the racially uncontaminated German can be a German citizen. The Versailles treaty must be torn to shreds. Germany must have colonies. But these were all things that had been demanded by German nationalists of every type and color before, without having made an appreciable impression upon either the middle-class or the working-class population. Hitler, therefore, decorated his program with social ornamentation. The state must create the premises for the economic rehabilitation of its citizenry. "If it should become impossible to feed the entire population of the Reich, all inhabitants of non-German extraction must be driven from the country." But what about German industry? "Abolition of unearned income, destruction of interest servitude (*Zinsknechtschaft*). "We demand state ownership of all hitherto socialized industries." "We demand profit-sharing in large industrial undertakings." "We demand the creation of a healthy middle class and its perpetuation, immediate communization of large department stores and their renting, at low prices, to small merchants, greatest possible consideration of small mercantile interests in the ordering of supplies for the nation, the states, and municipalities." These demands were energetically propagated by the National Socialist press. In ten thousand meetings their agitators hoisted this platform like a banner, to affirm their intention of protecting the impoverished German population against exploitation. To this day *Angriff*, the Berlin National Socialist daily, bears the legend: "For the oppressed against the oppressor."

The Social Democrats, with the help of bourgeois economists, have been trying to convince the Nazis of the impossibility of prohibiting the payment of interest in a capitalist state, since capital would simply refuse to lend its money. They are trying to prove that great establishments like department stores cannot be leased and parceled out to small merchants, since to do so would be to deny their inherent economic function. But these arguments have been in no way able to invalidate the popular appeal of the National Socialist slogans. The department store is crowding out the small merchant. The small merchant is not interested in economic ratios. Therefore, down with the department store! And where is there a debt-laden tradesman or craftsman who would not joyously welcome the wiping out of all debts?

The National Socialist organization differs radically from the usual type of political organization in Europe. Capitalist parties the world over have no stable mass organizations on a national scale. They have an organizational staff and a large press. Except in periods of parliamentary elections they have no need of an organization. These parties have established the legend of the political freedom of the voter who casts his vote for this party or that "in the best interests of the fatherland." The National Socialist organization fights for an open dictatorship. Of course it refuses to relinquish any of the instruments of power of a capitalist state. But since this dictatorship is conceived as the terroristic dictatorship of big capital, and its main purpose is the destruction of the revolutionary labor movement, it obviously requires not a democratic but a military organization. For that reason it is built about nuclei called

Sturmabteilungen (storm divisions), military organizations permeated with the spirit of the barracks, trained in the arts of civil war, and prepared at all times for armed combat. The petit bourgeois who follows the Nazis loves to sit over his glass of beer, rattling the saber, though he may not have much use for actual warfare; for, hard though his lot may seem, he still has "something to lose." For that reason the *Sturmabteilungen* (SA) consist not so much of the rich peasants, the merchants, and the craftsmen as of *Lumpenproletariat*, the unemployed and unemployable who are attracted by the tiny emolument they are paid, and of students who play at being leaders in the fond hope that the SA are preparing not only for civil war, but for the coming army that will vanquish France.

What is the source of Hitler's influence? This question is often asked by those who have an opportunity to visit a Hitler meeting. What is the secret of the enthusiasm with which he is received by the petit bourgeois? He has not a single clear thought; he has no concrete intelligent program. He delights in swollen phrases. A writer recently characterized him cynically as follows: "He has the courage of his own banality." But to answer the question thus would be to disregard the economic situation of the petite bourgeoisie. There are no concrete measures which could assure them of immediate relief. So they cling tooth and nail to anything that will prevent their sinking to a still lower social level—to the proletariat—although, in truth, this would be the only way out of their misery that could lead them to the highway of struggle against their own poverty. In this situation the petit bourgeois has no alternative but to apply the insane recipes of the quack Hitler and to listen to his social balderdash. The middle class has never had political ideas of its own, has never solved a political problem. Therefore it clings to the tried and familiar idea of a savior, a hero who will lead it out of its slough of despond.

When Hitler appears in a meeting hall surrounded by the banners of his *Sturmabteilungen*, when he steps to the platform to the music of ten military bands, the petit-bourgeois crowd rises as if electrified and greets its savior, the prophet of the Third Reich, that millennium in which there will be commerce unrestrained but neither capitalism nor exploitation. When Hitler proclaims war "for the honor of Germany," war for the liberation of Germany not only from the fetters of the Versailles treaty but from the "yoke of the Roman code" as well, the petit bourgeois rejoices. So, while the spirits of his adherents rise, amid tobacco smoke and the fumes of the ever-present beer, in pure ecstasy in the electrified atmosphere of these mass-meetings, Hitler and his staff are dickering in the most peaceable manner with German bank magnates and leaders of the metal trusts. Hitler has long since ceased to be the wild-eyed citizen who is being used as a puppet by the forces of reaction. Hitler has long since become the conscious, practical hireling of capitalist monopoly. He, who created his party with the help of the money of the big industrialists, has effectively shaken off all illusions concerning the ultimate aims of his party. He knows that the National Socialist Party must help capitalist monopoly to enslave the labor movement, so that out of the unrestricted exploitation of the laboring masses German capitalism may be reborn. He thoroughly understands his role, but as it always was with the praetorians of old, he tries to sell himself as dearly as possible.

Presidential Possibilities

VIII. Texas John Garner*

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON



IF this sketch had been prepared a month ago, when it was originally scheduled, its form would have differed from the present in one important particular. It would then have stated that after thirty consecutive years of service in Congress John N. Garner had still to make a serious political blunder. Well, during the last month he made it. A little per-

spective will be necessary to disclose its exact magnitude, but certainly it will rank among the whoppers.

Owning twenty-odd newspapers, William Randolph Hearst longed in his heart for two things more—namely, relief from his personal burden of income taxes, and the prestige of naming the next Democratic nominee for President. To achieve the first of these ends he launched a formidable propaganda for a general sales tax which would fall all on the consumers of manufactured products; to achieve the second he presented and strenuously urged on the Democrats the name of Speaker Garner.

Said the great Cardinal Wolsey to his protegee: "Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels"—which might be rendered into modern doggerel somewhat as follows:

A deadly thing
Is the subtle sting
Of the Presidential bee.

Garner always had opposed the principle of a sales tax; he had excoriated Uncle Andy Mellon savagely for suggesting such a thing. But what was he to do? He was under a sort of moral obligation to Hearst, and to espouse the sales tax undoubtedly would put Hearst under a tremendous moral—and perhaps financial—obligation to him. Their interests seemed to lie in the same field. Up to that time the Speaker was the most powerful individual in Congress—the King of the House. But temptation offered, and Jack fell down and broke his crown, and his boom came tumbling after. Whether he will be able to mend the one and inflate the other remains to be seen.

I am not at all convinced that Garner is "through," either as a candidate for the nomination or as a dominating influence in Congress. I know him too well for that; in any political poker game in which he sits he will have at least one ace in each sleeve, and possibly an entire deck. Nothing is more characteristic of him than his cunning and resourcefulness under such circumstances. Indeed, these qualities were demonstrated in the very episode which cost

him so much prestige. Observe carefully just how he proceeded in connection with the sales tax.

He is a member of the Joint Committee on Policy, composed of Democratic Senators and Representatives, and was present at a meeting at which the committee resolved that the federal budget must be balanced. Moreover he is entitled to attend sessions of the House Ways and Means Committee, and did attend the first session in which the tax bill was considered, *but none thereafter until the completed bill was reported to the House*. Consequently, when a bill containing a sales tax was presented, Garner was in the position, not of recommending it, but of *reluctantly accepting* the committee's recommendation. The point may seem somewhat technical, but when the hour of his ordeal came, the Speaker was able to tell the House and the country in tremolo tones that he had always opposed a sales tax, that he still was opposed to the principle, that he had consented to support the proffered bill only when convinced by the Ways and Means Committee that no other measure would avail to balance the budget—which latter, after all, was his sole and consuming passion.

Of course, no one who has graduated from the political kindergarten supposes that Charlie Crisp would bring in a sales tax without the full and final consent of his party leader. Not for a moment would any member of the House harbor such a preposterous thought. But the readers of newspaper dispatches are more gullible, and it appears that a similar gullibility pervades some of the writers of such dispatches. Certainly the *New York Times* was among those reporting on the morning after Garner's stage play that he had scored a great triumph, that the House had "reversed its course," and that leadership had been reestablished. The rather incongruous fact that this "leadership" consisted in accepting the insurgent substitute for the sales tax may easily have escaped the average reader. This would be especially likely in the case of *Times* readers, who were confronted with the bald statement that the insurgents had no substitute—at the very moment when their substitute was being written into the bill.

If Garner had to be judged solely on his conduct in connection with the sales-tax episode he would have to be put down simply as a calculating but faint-hearted politician. I do not believe such a verdict would be remotely accurate or just. Any fair appraisal of his complete record must lead to the conclusion that he is a natural fighting man, whom ambition betrayed into an isolated moment of weakness. That he is exceedingly canny and constantly takes advantage of his long experience is quite true. It is true of all effective parliamentary scrappers. I have seen George Norris and the senior La Follette lure a topheavy Senate opposition into a state of helpless and hopeless bafflement through their superior foresight and knowledge of the rules. Napoleon did not win battles by sheer personal courage.

It was during the era of Coolidge Complacency that John Garner gave an exhibition of personal and

* The article on Franklin D. Roosevelt, by Henry F. Pringle, which was announced for this week will appear in next week's issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

political nerve which all honest men should never cease to applaud. I allude to his brave and amazingly successful fight on the original Mellon tax plan. Entering the Treasury in 1921, Mr. Mellon found that with war-time expenditures disappearing rapidly and federal revenues increasing enormously, the government could afford to reduce taxes. This remarkable discovery so astounded the nation that its author was hailed as a financial genius second only to Hamilton, and business and the press were almost unanimous in their insistence that Congress enact his sacred plan without the touch of a profaning hand. Any suggestion from a mere Congressman that it might be improved was treated as an attempt by a Baptist parson to rewrite the Sermon on the Mount. Every reporter who was in Washington in 1924 can testify to the terrific volume and force of that propaganda. At this crucial juncture John Garner got up and said publicly that it was a hell of a bill, that it was full of outrageous discriminations in favor of the rich, and he would be damned if he couldn't and wouldn't write a better one in twenty-four hours. Not only did he write a better one in less time, but he actually succeeded in having it passed—although to this day I doubt whether nine editors out of ten or nineteen bankers out of twenty are aware that it was the Garner-Simmons bill and not the Mellon plan which finally became law.

Here again it is necessary to interpose for the purpose of defining and clarifying. I do not in any sense regard Garner as a liberal in politics, although he could qualify as one by most of the standard legislative tests which the practical Washington observer is accustomed to apply. In addition to fighting Mellon's policy of low taxes for the rich, he repeatedly exposed and denounced Uncle Andrew's quaint custom of refunding taxes to his own corporations and the corporations of his friends. He supported the Norris lame-duck amendment, and was directly responsible for its belated adoption by the House. He has consistently advocated government operation of the Muscle Shoals power plant—and the Senate lobby investigation disclosed that the Insull interests had contributed \$1,000 to a campaign to defeat him for reelection in 1928. He opposed the Fordney-McCumber and Hawley-Smoot tariff bills vigorously. He assumed full responsibility for ramming the Philippine independence bill through the House after forty minutes of debate, after the reactionary Bacon of New York blocked a unanimous-consent proposal to consider it at more length. On the other hand he stood, if reluctantly, for the scandal-breeding secrecy clause of the law creating the Reconstruction Finance Corporation; he is known to be en rapport with Boss Curry of Tammany; and in the face of the overwhelming evidence taken by the La Follette-Costigan committee he stated that he simply could not believe anyone was starving in the United States!

What is the answer? I think I know it. At bottom Garner is a thoroughly conservative man. He is a combination of big-time politician and small-town banker. But on top of that he is a frontiersman. It may surprise Easterners to know that Uvalde, the Speaker's home, is as far West as Bismarck, North Dakota. The quality in Garner which might easily be mistaken for political liberalism is simply the frontier spirit of square-dealing and native sympathy for the under-dog. He takes a frontiersman's pride in being very much on the level, and in having a reputation for self-

reliance and guts. His personal word is as good as his bond, and his personal bond is good for a million dollars plus.

The latter statement is literally true, although I knew him years without suspecting it. He came to the House in 1903. He was thirty years old, married and poor. Incidentally, only Haugen of Iowa and Pou of North Carolina exceed him in length of service. His mode of living has never been anything but frugal. His self-effacing, efficient wife has always served him in the capacity of secretary. She confides that one of the two times he made her cry was upon the occasion of his elevation to party leadership in the House, when he suggested that she retire and take it easy. (The other occasion was when he prescribed a spanking for their grandchild.) Poker might have been named as his chief vice, but it certainly could not be termed an extravagance, seeing that he won over \$15,000 during one session. The late Nick Longworth was prone to twit him on his own possession of the official automobile, but Garner took enough away from Longworth over the card table to buy plenty of automobiles if he had cared for them—which he didn't. Nevertheless, he owns thousands of Texas acres, thousands of sheep, cattle, and mohair goats, hundreds of beehives, spreading pecan orchards, a couple of banks, and miscellaneous property. Obviously he did not accumulate all this with his poker winnings, and anyone who ventured a suspicion either in Washington or Texas that John Garner ever made a dishonest dollar through his official position would be laughed out of the community. How did he make his million plus? I put that question to one of his old Texas cronies.

"Trading," was the reply. "John's the champion trader of west Texas. I guess he has traded in nearly everything. He trades ranches, banks, goats, stock, bees—John don't care so long as it's a bargain."

Garner lived and labored on his father's farm at Blossom Prairie until he was sixteen, at which age he decided to study law. A neighbor owned an orphan mule colt whose chances of survival impressed the owner as being slight indeed. John saw the matter in a different light. With \$5 which he had earned picking cotton he bought the colt, raised it, and sold it for \$150. Then he proceeded to Clarksville, the county seat, and obtained employment as shortstop on the semi-professional baseball team. Using the mule money as capital and the shortstop's pay as income he swung additional deals which enabled him to study law on the side. There was a peculiar Texas statute under which a minor could become eligible to vote and hold office provided he could convince the County Court that he possessed the necessary qualifications. This was called "having his disabilities removed." At the age of twenty Garner "had his disabilities removed" and ran for County Attorney. The "respectable element" was against him, but the embattled saloon-keepers maintained an unbroken front and the youngster won. His first official act was to summon a number of his most loyal supporters and suggest that they pay more heed to the Sunday closing law. The protests can be imagined. It was a hell of a way for the new County Attorney to treat his friends, they said, and furthermore they couldn't lock up on Sunday because they had no keys. John was adamant and the town locksmith enjoyed an unprecedented wave of prosperity.

Not long afterward his doctor told Garner that one lung exhibited unfavorable symptoms and advised him to

seek a warmer and drier climate. Thereupon he moved to Uvalde County, which rejoiced in an abundance of heat, aridity, mesquite, and cactus but very little else. He went to the Texas legislature and introduced just one bill—a proposal to divide Texas into five States, in conformity with the treaty of annexation. An orator arose and in substance spoke as follows: "Sir, you may divide the hills and the valleys of Texas, you may divide the rivers and the forests, you may even divide the men and the women of Texas, but how, how, sir, will you divide the Alamo?" That little matter being settled to the satisfaction of everyone except the member from Uvalde County, a new Congressional district was created pursuant to the results of the reapportionment under the 1900 census, and Garner sought and won the new seat in Congress. He has held it ever since. He still thinks Texas should be divided.

If Garner ever had a bad lung it healed long ago, despite the miasmatic summers of Washington. As he approaches the age of sixty-three everything about him denotes physical and mental hardihood. He has the leathery red visage of the plainsman, cold blue eyes, hooked nose, shaggy eyebrows, a compact head thickly thatched with curling gray hair, and a tight, down-curving mouth. He looks like a tough and horny-handed proposition, and he is. Thus of late he has rejoiced in such picturesque sobriquets as "Cactus Jack," the "Texas Tiger," and "Chaparral Jack." These are the inventions of my fertile colleagues in Washington. The capital knows him as "Jack," and Mrs. Garner preserves a delightful early American custom by addressing him as "Mr. Garner." But in Texas they simply speak of "John." You are expected to know what John is meant. If they meant any other John they would give his surname.

Many experts regard him as the soundest and most correct drinker in Washington. He prefers rye but can use a little corn if it is extra good. He voted against the Eighteenth Amendment but voted for the Volstead and Jones laws. I cannot be certain how he would face the issue in a Presidential campaign, but I entertain no doubt about how he feels. He feels that suppression or control of the liquor traffic should be left to the respective States.

It is difficult to present a rounded picture of a personality whom one has observed at close range over a long period of time, and for all I know the foregoing description of Garner may be woefully inadequate. But let us sum up. As a professional practicing politician he is one of the ablest in the business—and if anyone thinks that is an unimportant qualification for high public office let him contemplate the incredible fumbling and blundering of the Great Engineer. Garner is thoroughly familiar with the routine and technique of government—and if anyone thinks that is unimportant let him contemplate the popular success of Calvin Coolidge, who knew practically nothing else. Possessing all the natural conservatism which should characterize the leading banker and largest landowner of Uvalde County, he has managed to retain a rather wholesome sympathy for what he is fond of calling "the common man"—the natural sympathy of an outdoor man, and naturally untainted by the slightest knowledge of the problems confronting the denizens of the slums of New York, Philadelphia, and Detroit. He personifies that remnant of frontier romance which still survives in a rubber-cushioned republic. A sound man, with distinct limitations. He will buy no more gold bricks from William Randolph Hearst—and few if any from anyone else. Once is enough.

The Drama as a Social Force*

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ALL of us are, I believe, agreed in assuming that the theater both can and ought to have some influence on society. Nevertheless, my position may seem to you a little ambiguous, and I must begin by confessing frankly that I have not been particularly enthusiastic about most of the plays recently written by radicals of one complexion or another. I was not, to be quite specific, enthusiastic about "Steel" or about "1931," and I certainly preferred certain other works far less earnest in intention than either of these.

Once, after I had failed to be impressed with the merits of a radical's play, he denounced me in his magazine as a "bourgeois decadent." Now I do not know exactly what a bourgeois decadent is, so I am not sure whether or not that is what I am. But of one thing I am sure. If to be capable of thinking a play bad even though it does attempt to express radical social ideas is to be a bourgeois decadent, then that is what I am. I believe that I am capable of making some distinction between expression and content, and I believe that the ability to make such a distinction is important. I will go farther, and add that though the

defense of a certain social tendency in a play is perfectly legitimate and often highly valuable, I do not believe all plays which fail to concern themselves with such matters are worthless. Nor can I share the attitude of those who are ready to wave aside every work of art which deals with what they call contemptuously the "problems of the individual." I believe, even, that individual life and private problems are interesting and important. And again I say that if to believe that is to be a bourgeois decadent then I am one.

But let us get down a little closer to the specific problem with which this organization is concerned. I have said that I would be interested in good plays with a social message, and I have said also that I did not care for most of the radical plays recently produced in New York. And the most general reason why I do not care for them is that, though a play may have a message, it is generally a bad play if the message is one which could be adequately conveyed by a simple argument. I have, moreover, an even more elementary objection to the plays to which I am referring, and that is that they are not even good propaganda. A pure artist who fails to attract the attention of an audience may say that the fault is not his. But a propagandist cannot say that, because his first purpose is to attract and to

* A speech made and broadcast at a luncheon sponsored by the League for Industrial Democracy.—EDITOR THE NATION.

convince an audience. His propaganda cannot possibly be good propaganda if it fails; and most radical plays have failed.

There are, I think, fairly simple reasons why they failed, and the first of these reasons is that they were not entertaining. I choose this fighting word deliberately. You will tell me that they did not intend to entertain. But if you are going to teach people in the theater you have got to get them into it first, and it is not possible to get them there unless the play is in some very broad sense of the word entertaining. I will go farther and be even more specific. The most obvious reason why these plays are not entertaining is that they have unhappy endings, or that, as you would say, they are "defeatist" plays. But they are also melodramas in the sense that they depend upon a simplified presentation of the hero and the villain, of good and evil, of right and wrong. And the first rule of melodrama is that the villain must be foiled and the hero triumphant. You can write a tragedy in which this does not obviously happen. But a tragedy is a very complex thing. It does not contain a simple lesson. Plays like "Steel" and "1931" are melodramas, and yet they violate the first rule of successful melodrama. The villain is not foiled. If I were going to write a propaganda melodrama I should make it end happily. The strike would succeed or the revolution would come off. And that, by the way, is the reason why political melodrama is successful in Russia. Their revolution came off and so their melodramas can come off also.

All this is very simple, but the chief point I want to make is not so simple. There is a deeper reason why the propaganda play is usually unsuccessful, and that is that its authors fail to understand the way in which the drama exerts its influence. That way is indirect rather than direct. It changes our ideas when we do not know that they are being changed. Its attitudes gradually modify our attitudes, and we are convinced without knowing that the playwright intended to convince us.

Consider, for example, one of the most obvious ways in which the drama of the very recent past has had its influence. During the last few years the general public has changed enormously its attitude toward sex. Doubtless the contemporary drama encouraged this change. But it did not do so chiefly through plays which directly argued that the attitude should be changed. It did so because playwrights wrote plays which may seem conventional in general structure, but which were written from so-called "advanced" points of view. Heroes were shown doing certain things, thinking in certain ways, and acting from certain motives which would not have appeared in earlier plays. Hence audiences gradually came to accept these thoughts and motives as normal and natural.

Thirty years ago it was an axiom of the theater that a "fallen woman" could not be a heroine, or, at least, that she had to be "punished for her sin." Obviously this is not true today. But the reason for the change is not to be found in plays written to prove that the old idea was unjust. The reason is that plays which seemed to be merely plays took it for granted that the "fallen woman" was an artificial bugaboo and so therefore did the audience.

Now apply this fact to a consideration of the role of the drama as a social force in influencing the ideas of the general public in its attitude toward labor and toward economic

change. The same condition will prevail. The drama will play its important role, not by arguing these questions directly, but by the presentation of human beings who feel and act on principles at present perhaps more or less unfamiliar or outlandish to general audiences. It will not always or perhaps usually concern itself directly with discussing social or economic questions. But even when it is merely drawing-room comedy its characters will incidentally reveal a general attitude toward life and society which will show the influence of new economic ideas, just as the characters in the drawing-room comedies of the last ten or fifteen years showed the influence of newer ideals in regard to sex. Today the dissenter or the radical is to most people a bugaboo not unlike the fallen woman of the old drama. He is someone vaguely outlandish if not merely dangerous. But even those playwrights who are not on his side are likely to be familiar with him, and increasingly he will get into their plays—not necessarily as a hero or a villain but as one of the possible varieties of the human being. In that way the general public will become familiar with him, it will lose its terror of him, it will assimilate such of his ideas as it wants to assimilate or is capable of assimilating.

What I am trying to say is, in other words, that the social influence of the theater is an insidious influence. The current drama of today makes, for example, for agnosticism. But it does not do so because it is concerned with attacks on God; it does so rather because God is generally left out of account and because it never occurs to most of the characters in most of the plays to try to pray themselves out of their difficulties. If the drama of tomorrow is socially radical it will be socially radical in a similar way—it will, that is to say, get its effect by what it takes for granted as much as by what it says.

When I have gone this far I have gone far enough, I think, to suggest how I believe those who are interested in encouraging the theater to exercise a social influence should go about their business. What they need is not the radical who has turned playwright but the playwright who has turned radical. Fundamentally, in other words, the drama is and must remain an art. That means that it must remain in the hands of the artist. And that means also that those of you who are interested rather in politics or economics than in art are going to get very impatient with the playwright. He will not seem to go far enough. He will be filled with doubts when you are filled with faith. He will turn aside to deal with all sorts of things which you regard as trivial and he will be seized with scruples which you cannot understand. You will be tempted to denounce him and to draft yourself to fill his job. But it won't work. Be patient with him and let him go his own way.

Ideas are afoot. Any playwright who is a good playwright cannot keep them out of his plays. Any playwright who is a good playwright cannot help but be a social force. And so I say in conclusion: Be grateful for *any* good playwright. Do not worry because he is not a member of your particular congregation. Do not quarrel with his political theories or his artistic theories. You do not need a Labor Playhouse and a Socialist Playhouse and a Communist Playhouse and a Trotskyist Playhouse and a Stalinist Playhouse. What you need is a *good* playhouse, and when you have got it, then your ideas, as well as everybody else's, will get in, one way or another. May the best man win.

In the Driftway

THE plan announced a month ago by the Society of Independent Artists to exchange—barter—art for goods or services has been put into effect at the show now being held at Grand Central Palace in New York. Each picture has been given a number; each person with service to barter for a picture has been indicated by a symbol—a blue circle for a doctor, ■ red heart for ■ suit of clothes, silver star for an attorney, and so on. So far ■ number of exchanges have been made; one artist has traded a drawing for a suit; the tailor, by the way, has indicated half ■ dozen additional pictures for which he would offer clothing. A Madison Avenue dressmaker wants a dozen drawings; she offers gowns for them. John Sloan, president of the society, said of the plan: "Artists are always on the bread line, but this year they are in even worse straits than usual. . . . Dental services will be one of the most welcome media of exchange for works of art. Medical care and clothing will also be acceptable. Best of all, however, will be the offer of rent for six months or a year."

THIS strikes the Drifter as an admirable plan, and one that could well be carried into other professions and trades. Are you a house painter out of ■ job? Have you a daughter who wants to learn to sew or typewrite or play the piano? Have you a tooth that requires filling or a child with bronchitis or a wife who needs above everything a week's rest in the country? Then why not search out a teacher of sewing or piano, or ■ dentist who at present works all day on the teeth of cash customers without cash, or ■ doctor, or the keeper of a select convalescent home, and effect an exchange of services? The field that opens up for the skilled artisan, swapping off his time for the professional skill of the man of science, the barter that could go on between the expert cook, the accomplished seamstress, the plumber, the carpenter, the mason, ■ well as the artist, and those persons whose professional services are necessary to them but beyond their means, is unlimited. In Taos, New Mexico, this plan has been tried with much success, only, because Taos is a simple community whose wealth is largely in goods, blankets are bartered for corn, beans for fruit, and so on, instead of there being an exchange of professional or artistic accomplishments. The Drifter would have said that such a scheme would not work in New York City. But now he is not so sure. For after all, what a man has to sell is his time and his skill. There is probably no reason, in the most complicated and populous societies, why he cannot sell that time for something else than money. Money is nothing but a symbol; when the symbol is lacking, that which it symbolizes still exists and can be used in the general process of exchange.

THE Drifter regrets exceedingly that he himself has nothing to sell, to further this admirable idea. He might offer Six Lessons in Drifting; All Professional Secrets Revealed; Complete and Specific Directions for Living ■ Life Without Work, in exchange for two gold inlays, a pair

of shoes, and a little cabinet work—but he fears there would be no takers. For the workmen of skill and talent who have something concrete to offer, the opportunities would seem to be boundless.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

War, Jail, and Glory

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I noticed in *The Nation* of March 23 ■ letter from two students in California. I agree heartily with these students. I strongly support their protest against wars—started by old men, but fought by young men. All the young people of the United States should be prepared to "war against war." It is high time that the youth of the nation should have ■ say in this matter, for it is they who are slaughtered in useless and stupid wars caused nine times out of ten by the greed and selfishness of a group of old men—looking out for their own interests.

The last war proved that wars do not better the world. Look around you—at the unemployment, the starved people, the crippled soldiers. Everywhere you go you hear of misery—families having to start all over again to get their fundamental needs. What is the cause of all this? A war was the cause of this.

But the youth of the nation will not again be bullied into marching off to be killed, maimed, and wrecked mentally and spiritually. We have had enough of this stupidity. We would far rather go to jail than go to another war—in fact, we would be proud to go to jail. There is no disgrace in going to jail for a good cause. But there is all the disgrace in the world in going off to kill—for the sake of the everlasting dollar.

Riverdale, N. Y., March 25 JOHN STUART RANKIN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am not a student or a worker, nor do I bear any other distinctions; I am just an enthusiastic youth, enthusiastic particularly about the proposal made by Vesta MacDonald and Robert P. Utter, Jr., in *The Nation* of March 23.

In my enthusiasm I go farther than those young persons who condemn war and utter a refusal to participate in any activity related to war. In a few years, unfortunately, I must pay directly, through taxes, for the extravagances of the last war. To say nothing of "consequent effects" which have disrupted the social mechanism.

A few months ago my attitude on this subject was still lukewarm. At that time a disabled war veteran showed me some photographs of the "horrors" of war. To these "horrors" I am now indifferent, but the realization that some fool diplomat or crazy imperialist may provoke their recurrence has made me unconditionally opposed to war. Suppose we consider the glories of war. Is it romantic to stand up and be shot down? The redeeming feature of war before "civilized warfare" became the fashion was the opportunity it furnished for hand-to-hand combat and the test of a man's strength and skill, but modern methods of slaughter deny us even that.

I join with Mr. Utter and Miss MacDonald in disliking war; I step a pace farther in denouncing it; and I add my voice to theirs in encouraging our thinking youth to organize in protest and wage our "peaceful war to end war" by that most simple expedient—blank refusal. The silly stigma of jail and cowardice is glory compared with the mental decrepitude that encourages war.

New York, March 25

A. B.

Building for Happiness

The common impression that social work is primarily concerned with salvaging unfortunates is only partly correct. Social work is concerned not only with normalizing the socially maladjusted individual but also with *building up a happier and culturally richer community life*. In Jewish social work the opportunities for constructive work are especially numerous and promising.

Have you chosen your career? If not, you should examine carefully the advantages, both tangible and intangible, of

Jewish Social Work as a Profession

A number of scholarships and fellowships are available for especially qualified college graduates who are prepared for professional graduate study leading to the Master's and Doctor's degrees.

April 29 is the last date for filing applications for fellowships.

For full information write to

The Director

The
Graduate
School



For
Jewish
Social Work

71 W. 47th St., New York City

OF INTEREST

TO PROFESSIONAL MEN AND WOMEN

The earning power of a professional man or woman often ceases at about age 60 or 65. Unless provision is made during the productive years, a distinct drop in the scale of living, if not actual want, is the result.

Through an intelligent experience and a technical knowledge of the annuity contract, we can help you select the annuity best suited to your particular needs and guaranteed by the resources of one of the largest insurance companies in America. The annuity is purchasable either by a single payment, or by a series of payments over a number of years.

Further information may be had, or interview arranged, by writing Box 635, c/o "The Nation," 20 Vesey St., N. Y. C.

THE LIFE OF EMERSON

By VAN WYCK BROOKS 4th printing, \$3.00

JOHN MACY says in his front-page feature review in the *N. Y. Times*; "Emerson seems to belong to us, to have touched our lives with prophetic pertinence. Mr. Brooks brings him still nearer, because this critical biographer is one of the wise young voices of our time, and in this book he speaks the best word he has yet spoken. In Brooks's pages, you meet Emerson on the road, and up your spirits go, soaring aloft in the light of that quiet glory."

Send for New Spring Catalogue

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc., 300 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

Finance

"Soaking" the Stock Market

THE revenue bill, as it emerged from the House of Representatives after having been largely rewritten on the floor, carried no reassurance to apprehensive Wall Street. Satisfaction over the prospect of balancing the national budget (if, indeed, it turns out to be in balance) was swallowed up in alarm over the methods employed to attain this much-desired result. Congress laid heavy hands upon the stock market itself in its search for revenue. The House bill proposes to levy a tax of $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1 per cent upon the value of all stock transferred—an impost which was at once declared to be confiscatory and ruinous, and which at the least is likely to bring about a considerable shrinkage in the volume of trading and possibly values.

On a purchase of one hundred shares of United States Steel common stock at \$40 a share, or a total of \$4,000, the tax would be \$10. In addition, New York State has recently doubled its long-standing stamp tax of two cents a share, making another charge of \$4 on the hundred-share transaction. Add to this the customary brokerage commissions (in this case \$15) and interest, and it will be seen that the prior charge which must be met before speculative or investment profits begin to accumulate come to a considerable amount. In addition, the ownership of common stocks, which three years ago was regarded as Axiom Number 1 for those who would grow wealthy, promises to be made still less attractive by the imposition of the normal income tax upon dividends. Hitherto such payments have been exempt on the theory that the income tax levied upon the paying corporation, which is now to be increased from 12 to 13½ per cent (15 per cent in the case of consolidated corporate returns), entitled the recipient of dividends to exemption from the normal tax. But at the last moment it was discovered that another \$88,000,000 of revenue was apparently needed and the normal tax on dividends was clapped on.

Regardless of the ultimate justice of the proposed levies, the manner in which they were arrived at does not encourage confidence in the fiscal result. For example, the tax of $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1 per cent upon transfers is estimated to produce an annual revenue of \$75,000,000. Transactions on the New York Stock Exchange in February totaled 31,716,267 shares, and the average value of the listed shares was \$20. On this basis of volume and values the tax during a year would produce about \$1,000,000,000. If the amount be doubled to include dealings on other exchanges, we have \$38,000,000, with no allowance made for possible dwindling of volume due to the imposition of the tax itself, or for a possible further fall in prices.

All through the hurried proceedings in the House, during the framing of the bill, there was in evidence a startling cropping of the "diffusion" theory of taxation, which holds that any sort of tax will eventually get itself equated among the public, through "repercussion," in a way which will fairly correspond with ability to pay. Mr. Garner, in his plea for a balanced budget, gave utterance to this idea, as did other leaders. If Mr. Garner's and Mr. La Guardia's followers subscribe to this view, why did they waste any time trying to "soak the rich," since they must inevitably soak the poor proportionately? The answer is, of course, that no thinking individual, free from emotion, accepts this easy-going fatalism with regard to the incidence of taxation. The country will find no such facile way of solving its tax problem, and the Senate, in revamping the House measure, will deserve well of the country if it recognizes the fact.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books, Art, Music, Drama

Bar of Shade

By MARIE DE L. WELCH

know that man remembers, and is always afraid;
it of beasts I shall never know
that fear comes with them from the wood into the meadow,
crouches with them, and turns with them as they go.
The porcupine may walk in eternal danger
with terror trembling ready at the base of its quills,
the deer may range as country of pits and darkness
the smooth bright hills—
but I see the calm strolling porcupine,
I see the bold and brilliant running deer,
and I may believe that fear will never mark them,
that they elude it with the cause of fear.
Once they have gone free of the terrible hunter
it is as though they had never been afraid;
they are no more marked by going through terror
than I am marked walking through a bar of shade.

Daugherty Explains All

The Inside Story of the Harding Tragedy. By Harry M. Daugherty in Collaboration with Thomas Dixon. New York: The Churchill Company. \$3.50.

THE writer of this review once had the pleasure of driving out of public life an acting lieutenant governor of New York State by a publication of his grafting proclivities. This gentleman, appearing suddenly in the writer's office before his trial, proclaimed his innocence by saying: "I have an eighty-year-old mother. You can ask her about it. She *knows* I could not do wrong!" This incident is recalled by Harry Daugherty's defense of Harding. He knew Harding better than anyone else and so he *knows* that Harding could not have done the things he did at his door. This is the burden of most of his argumentation in his effort to prove that Harding was spotless and he himself as pure as snow and probably the best Attorney General in our history—he is sure that Harding and he together saved America from the reds in 1922.

Then, too, the public will be interested to learn that there was a great conspiracy to crush the government of the United States. Borah was, and is, part of it; "for," so Daugherty writes, "the corruption of his mind by communistic theories had already set in" (his recent demand that the rich must feed the unemployed is the latest proof of this). As for Senators Wheeler and Brookhart, those ignoble persecutors of the good and kind Harry—why, Wheeler is "the Communist leader in the Senate," and both, when they began their attacks, "had just returned from a state call on the Communist leaders in their Russian Capitol. They were received in the inner Soviet circles as 'comrades' and came back to the United States to raise their teachers." And not only that. Immediately thereafter, when Wheeler moved a resolution for a special committee to investigate Harry, "every charge in its wording was a lie out of whole cloth and Wheeler knew they were lies when he wrote them."

When a book contains statements like this, the temptation is merely to throw it on the rubbish heap. It is, however, perhaps fair to record here that Daugherty throws what he calls light upon a number of episodes in Harding's career, and that

his views may be taken as the official defense of the Ohio Gang to the unending charges against it. From that point of view Daugherty's book has a certain historical value, though it is, of course, to be read in the light of the established facts. As for Harding, for example, Daugherty assures us that he was not picked for the Presidential nomination by an early-morning conclave of the bosses in the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago, but solely as a result of Daugherty's clever political strategy, plus his tireless zeal and Harding's transcendent merits; that Hoover was placed in the Cabinet en route to the Presidency as a result of a deal between Knox and Penrose on the one hand and Daugherty on the other—"You let Hoover in and I'll get Andy Mellon in"; that A. B. Fall won his place in the Cabinet by sending to Harding a forged telegram signed by Daugherty's name urging his (Fall's) appointment. Besides Mellon and Hoover, Daugherty, it appears, was also responsible for the appointment of Hughes—on the ground that as Hughes and Harding were both Baptists they would be congenial spirits in the government! "Your temperaments are sympathetic. He'll like you and you will like him."

Daugherty, it is further to be noted, believes that his acceptance of the Attorney Generalship was "the tragic blunder of my life"—as to which there will be universal agreement. He declares that Borah killed General Wood's chances for the Presidency; that Gaston B. Means was never in the White House (although he claims to have been Mrs. Harding's body-guard); that Mrs. Harding always adored her husband; and that Harding was not the father of Nan Britton's child (as to this he makes two or three really telling arguments). Finally it is to be noted that Daugherty—according to Daugherty—alone made possible Coolidge's nomination.

Two more extracts from this chronicle will suffice. The first is on Russia:

In this new paradise of communism, the human race is reduced in theory and practice to the level of a herd of hogs. I call it the lowest, the most degrading, the most bestial nightmare the human mind has ever conceived.

And then this:

Harding's place in history is secure. When the last obscene literary scavenger has uttered his dying howl, the figure of one of the knightliest, gentlest, truest men who ever lived in the White House will emerge from the din of slander and take his rightful place in the hearts of our people.

Now will you deny that this is a great, a moving book, and a complete vindication of both Harry Daugherty and Warren Harding?

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Sainte-Beuve

Sainte-Beuve: A Literary Portrait. By William Frederick Giese. University of Wisconsin Studies. \$2.

PROFESSOR GIESE begins his "portrait" of Sainte-Beuve with a lament for the bad estate into which that writer has fallen. It is, of course, an amiable weakness of authors to imagine that their subjects are slighted and undervalued, but in this case the author's lament is justified by the fact. For Sainte-Beuve, in English-speaking countries at least, is no longer a living influence. He is not unread but he is no longer vitally in mind.

In the face of Sainte-Beuve's genius, this is disconcerting. For if one considers Sainte-Beuve's endowments apart from their effect, one must see that they are bright and preeminent. Gifted with an extraordinary charm and with a great novelist's

sureness of insight, Sainte-Beuve can give us, as no one else, the very essence of a writer's personality and work. His taste in the amenity of language is impeccable. He abounds in the shrewdest *aperçus*. He alone possesses the qualities of scholarship and imagination which in Port-Royal reconstructed not merely the Jansenist sect but the whole intellectual life of a nation through its most productive century.

It is a question of some moment why interest should have fallen away from a man so richly endowed. Professor Giese has the material for answering this question under his hand; he draws no conclusions from it because he is too academically concerned with Sainte-Beuve's talent and beauties *in vacuo*, and refuses to test them in their relevance to the world. The answer may be inferred, however, from one of Professor Giese's own sentences: "[Sainte-Beuve] enters the sacred precincts of literature as a gentleman enters a salon, with the intention of pleasing and being pleased, of finding and imparting charm."

That is, Sainte-Beuve considered literature with a well-bred and intelligent anarchism. "I take pride in being nothing in particular," he wrote. And again: "Let us be philosophers and even have a philosophy, but let us not insist on any particular philosophy." This anarchistic attitude of Sainte-Beuve's is one of the best-approved attitudes of criticism, and for its exercise and enunciation Sainte-Beuve has won much of his praise. Its advantages are too well known to be canvassed here. Its disadvantages are less often set forth. They are all implied in the sentence from Balzac: "It is not enough to be a man: one must be a system; it is not enough to think: one must think in a direction."

Sainte-Beuve was a gifted man: he refused to be a system. He thought brilliantly but in no direction. In his youth he went through all the systematic doctrines of his time—romanticism, catholicism, socialism, positivism. He came to doubt them all, and thereafter refused to pledge his belief. "There is not," he wrote, "so far as I know, in these days a point of view central enough to enable one . . . to embrace the infinite variety [of life]." And so he came to insist upon the critic's indifference to subject matter, upon the comparability of the critic with the actor, assuming a new role with each new author. In short, he is the perfect example of Matthew Arnold's Hellenism: he shows its disinterestedness, its curiosity, its mobility, its refusal of "Jacobinism," of system-making.

Today the rights, duties, and functions of the critic have been called so complicatedly into doubt that it is wise to be tentative in discussing them. Yet one ventures to suggest that the loss of relevance which Sainte-Beuve has suffered, and which his charm and insight cannot quite compensate for, is the result of his refusal to systematize, to pledge his faith, to admix his Hellenic light with the Hebraic fire of Jacobinism. Arnold saw this flaw in his master and sought to excuse it on the same ground as that on which Sainte-Beuve explained it: the times afforded no central point. Yet Arnold himself, who shared with Sainte-Beuve a point of view based on the enfeebled nineteenth-century idea of the wisdom of the Greeks (skepticism, charm, moderation, amenity) was able to generalize that point of view into a system. He brought it to bear on politics, on religion, on the content of literature as well as the form. In short, unlike Sainte-Beuve, he not only sought the "best" but sought to make it "prevail." Consequently, he is today still a very living writer: we quarrel with him, we may even laugh at him a little, but we read him and think about him. And Sainte-Beuve, with far more insight and natural talent, tempts us to no quarrels, is a little dead.

Certainly, under the aspect of eternity no system is true, but under the aspect of human intelligence it is only by systems that intellectual or social progress is made. No system gives immunity from stupidity; all must be wielded by persons adapted to their use, and often enough a system is a trap. But system-

atic criticism has at least two great advantages: first, that the unequivocal knowledge that we have of the critic's premises will prevent his invoking intangible standards of "taste" and "beauty"; second, that the avowed emphasis which every system has will serve to pick out certain hitherto undiscerned features of a work—and since no critical light can disclose all features with equal clarity, we should welcome a method which makes certain features especially clear, checking our results with the knowledge that our illumination, though good, is special.

The advantages of this method may be tested, for example in the criticism of T. S. Eliot. Although we may dismiss his Anglo-Catholic standpoint as sterile enough, we know from what point he starts. Although we may say that his emphases are false and his distinctions gratuitous, he at least gives us emphases and distinctions which we may consider, to adopt or reject. Or again, in America, though Marxian (or its dilution, "sociological") criticism may not yet have matured, and though it may still be used inflexibly and with insufficient scholarship, yet as a critical system it promises, in maturity to provide emphases that are relevant, distinctions that are important, and assumptions that are effective and lasting tools

LIONEL TRILLING

An Immigrant's Discoveries

Laughing in the Jungle. The Autobiography of an Immigrant in America. By Louis Adamic. Harper and Brothers. \$3

ON the last day of 1913 Louis Adamic landed in America. He came from a little village in Carniola, part of what is now Yugoslavia, not as an ordinary immigrant in search of a promised land, but as an adventurer, an explorer. Back home in Carniola he had heard Peter Molek talk. Peter Molek had come home from America, an old man at forty-five broken by asthma and rheumatism and poverty, one of the nameless "hunkies" whose youth lay buried in Pennsylvania steel mills and West Virginia coal mines. Upton Sinclair's "Jungle" was his bible, and stray copies of the *Appeal to Reason* his hymnal. He spoke of how he looked up at the tall steel buildings that lined the streets of New York: "I realized that there was much of our work and strength, my own work and strength frozen in the greatness of New York and in the greatness of America. I felt that although I was going home to Blato, I was actually leaving myself in America."

America, then, was the place for young Adamic. He had already been thrown out of a government school into jail for participating in a student revolt against Austria. He could not work on the farm with his father. The world was a large place and Carniola was merely a small dot on the map of Central Europe. America was a terrifying continent of cities where millions were ground into mincemeat and the fortunate few, adventurous and strong, lived in skyscrapers and ruled the land. It was a place where anything might happen, and if you were sane you would stand aside and laugh at all the strangeness, at gunmen, millionaires, movie actresses, all racing at top speed in nickel-plated limousines.

This was the country that Adamic came to see, to explore to admire. He was not disappointed. Soon after landing he secured a job on a Slavonic newspaper. He saw his people, the "hunkies," swallowed up, lost in mining towns, in steel mills. His own revenge was laughter—it was better to say nothing, to keep intact what sanity he had learned at home, the peasant's wisdom that sprang from Carniolan soil.

Louis Adamic's autobiography is a vivid close-up of the America he saw from New York westward to Los Angeles and back again, but like most close-ups flashed upon the screen

There are occasional distortions and highly magnified details that seem irrelevant. Adamic himself is a bit camera shy, and directs his observation upon certain individuals he has met in the course of his journey up and down the continent. His analysis of the social behavior of two temporary radicals, Steve Radin, a fellow-Yugoslavian, and Lonie Burton, a young American, is thrown out of focus; one cannot accept their futility as typical of the American social radical. These distortions, which are heavily influenced by a philosophy rapidly acquired from H. L. Mencken, do not destroy the validity of other observations in the book. Adamic's portrait of a Bohunk woman, Mrs. Tanasich, is excellent. Like Peter Molek, Mrs. Tanasich and her four husbands are victims of American civilization, lost in the new world of steel mills and, for the proletariat, industrial poverty. She believed that people were good but that they had created a bad world which in turn had made them bad. The climax of Adamic's war experience—and this chapter serves as a brilliant climax to the entire book—is the story of Jack Kipps, an I. W. W., the man who "assassinated" Woodrow Wilson. The sketch of the I. W. W. reception of President Wilson in Seattle shows Adamic's reportorial ability at its best, and in his treatment of this particular episode we are given an adequate background for John Dos Passos's "biography" of Wilson in "1919."

Perhaps the "jungle" that Adamic has discovered in America, when viewed from the perspective of his own maturity, will resolve into a special kind of order. In any case one is certain that his future work will carry forward the promise of this autobiography, and will continue to be healthy, vigorous, and provocative.

HORACE GREGORY

Systems of Criminal Law

Criminal Justice in England. By Pendleton Howard. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

THIS account of English criminal-law administration will doubtless surprise even most American lawyers. The United States is supposed to be a common-law country, and hence it is generally assumed that American legal institutions are more or less faithful copies of English prototypes. Now, certainly as far as the American criminal law is concerned, this is a myth. In many respects it is more closely affiliated with the European than the English system. The criminal jury, as the result of the growing application of summary jurisdiction in England, is rapidly vanishing there, while in the United States it is still a very popular institution, and it has been increasingly accepted in European countries since the early years of the nineteenth century. American States, in the office of the district attorney, and European countries, in the office of the public prosecutor, both have unified systems of public prosecution. On the other hand, in England the fundamental theory of prosecution is still reminiscent of the medieval system of private composition, which made it the duty of relatives to avenge the wrongs of a kinsman, for the English law still allows any private individual to begin a public prosecution. To be sure, in accordance with the traditional English habit, the system has been profoundly transformed without being totally abolished. Thus a Director of Public Prosecution has been created to prosecute in many cases. But there are still not only private prosecutions, but also prosecutions by the police, by the Treasury Solicitor, and by the law officers of the crown, not to mention municipal and county authorities. Moreover, there is no uniformity of practice throughout England.

On paper the English system seems very inefficient in comparison with the American, but as everyone knows, the very reverse is the truth. This fact alone should serve to dispose of

the theorists who place their faith in reforming American criminal justice by adopting new and beautiful modes of procedure. The present techniques would do very well if there were a general will to make them work by driving out the politicians and giving the police a free hand. A comparative view of the English and American experience should also confute the school which believes that American troubles have lain in the failure to "adapt" seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English legal institutions to modern American needs. In most crucial respects the American criminal law has been properly adapted for many long decades.

Mr. Howard's method of treatment is in the main descriptive. He sticks close to the facts, which makes his account very valuable. Unfortunately, however, by way of concluding analysis he emphasizes the classic distinction between the European and the Anglo-American systems of prosecution, which is supposed to be that the former is "inquisitorial" while the latter is "accusatorial." In the inquisitorial system, which is of ecclesiastical origin, the theory is that the state must prosecute through its officials, and that these, even the judges, are not impartial but must use all means in their power to secure conviction, with the result that in its heyday the inquisitorial system led to torture and the suppression of rights of confrontation and publicity. In the accusatorial system, the individual is supposed to prosecute, and the trial is open and public, with the state acting merely as umpire. It is obvious that neither system exists any longer in any recognizable state. In the possession of a public prosecutor the American system is inquisitorial, and to the extent that the English system provides for public prosecutions it is so too. On the other hand, although France has a public prosecutor, prosecutions by private persons are now also allowed there, so that to this extent its system is "accusatorial." The introduction of the jury on the Continent has also undermined the inquisitorial nature of criminal procedure. If the French *juge d'instruction* proceeds in secret, it simply means that he is combining the functions of police and committing magistrate. Certainly in practice the American third degree is no better. There would seem to be no further purpose in maintaining the old scholastic distinction. At most there exist only mixed systems, which is to say that they are not systems at all.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

Pueblo Life

Ancient Life in the American Southwest. By Edgar L. Hewett. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$5.

IT is odd how few of the many books dealing with the fascinating native peoples of our American Southwest, the Indians of the pueblos and their neighbors, answer just the questions which are first on the lips of the seasonally swelling stream of tourists, who have at last discovered the interest of the region. There are books, romantic or informative, on the tribes and their customs; there are books descriptive of missions and ruins; there are scientific treatises on Southwestern archaeology; and there are pamphlets and volumes on social aspects of the Indian problem; but the inquisitive visitor, asking in each of these directions with a steadier curiosity than a Harvey-tour courier can satisfy, has been up to the moment without any resource in the way of a genuine guide to the pueblos and the problems of their past history and their present policy.

Dr. Hewett fills this need with his excellent volume. It is entitled "Ancient Life," but this does not mean that it refers simply to ruins and antiquities. As a matter of fact, only half the volume is devoted to the Realm of the Pick and the Spade, as the archaeological division is entitled, while a near third of

it is devoted to a description of the living Indian groups, to their history, folklore, social conditions, and to their amazing present-day artistic development—surely one of the most striking aesthetic movements of our day. Dr. Hewett entitled this descriptive division *Contemporary Ancestry*, meaning, as the reviewer gathers, to indicate (what is a fact) that the Pueblo Indians of today are living virtually the life which was that of their forefathers during the pre-Columbian centuries, and this is not radically different in either condition or spirit from the life of our own ancestral stocks before the fates had stamped them with our metalead civilization. Certainly there are few places on earth, in our own hour, that can bring us back so convincingly to what must have been pre-dynastic Egypt or Troy I or II as can, say, such a river-valley village as Santo Domingo or such an acropolis as Acoma. Dr. Hewett is eminently sane and sound in setting his emphasis upon the continuity of this antique culture, tinged by Spanish and veneered by Anglo-American elements, but in essence what it was in the days when Puyé and Chetro Ketl and Pecos were great towns in their own right and the visible mountains were the margins of their worlds. And he is again right in insisting that the one path to a comprehension of the ruins—only the edges of which have as yet been uncovered—is through study of the living peoples who still carry on the traditions of the ancient builders.

The author is a long-recognized investigator in this field of American research, and perhaps more than any other its founder; he has familiarized himself with the terrain from Colorado to Guatemala, and is a pioneer in the topographical analysis of the foundations of the culture, as well as in the local work of the many "digs" which have been directed or prompted by him. More than all, he has been the first in America, so far as the reviewer knows, to recognize with encouragement and guidance the Indian's genius for art, and to him is greatly due the renaissance of Pueblo art which has now attained to a world-wide fame. But it is technically in none of these fields that he speaks in this book; rather his purpose is to bring the whole background of his experience to the supplying of just such information as the aroused mind will call for, and this he does with a colloquial freedom that gives everywhere the impression of conversation, on an interesting and vivid topic. The book is handsomely illustrated with photographs, including some that were taken of excavations in process two years ago—for the "Ancient Life" is seen in its most recent light.

H. B. ALEXANDER

A Modern Cycle of Chivalry

A Glastonbury Romance. By John Cowper Powys. Simon and Schuster. \$3.75.

THE jacket shows a likeness of Mr. Powys, a distinguished face which strikes one as that of a highly refined Piltdown Man—what with its simian jaw, hair that is like a species of curling grass, and eyes which look intently from a darkness as of the mouth of a cave. And Mr. Powys's mental qualities seem, indeed, those of a man who was born some four thousand years ago and has been living ever since. Living, it may be added—and in this he differs from a host of Miniver Cheevys and romantic antiquarians—with a green undiminished zest for the continuous present. So it is appropriate that Mr. Powys should choose as the setting of a formidable romance a plot of English soil out of which he may invoke ethnological presences from layer after layer of Christian, Arthurian, and pre-Arthurian sediment. This setting is modern Glastonbury.

Less intimate than "Wolf Solent," with its characters more impersonal and more subdued to action and setting, a formi-

dable romance it still is: mustering through 1,174 tall pages whole village-full of people in a cycle of modern loves and quests. Backstairs and drawing-room are equally represented loafers, capitalists, Communists, laborers, children, and pet bourgeoisie; misers, saints, and sinners. For metaphysical accompaniment to this interplay Mr. Powys calls upon almost every known form of belief, from the most primitive animism to communistic impersonalism—including ancestor-worship, idolatry, Christianity, worship of sun and moon, exorcism, se immolation. It is one of Mr. Powys's most flavorful qualities this seemingly innocent hospitality toward any sort of charm of the human spirit. Just as it is his engaging practice to enter into as with joy every kind of vagrant human impulse—dalliance, lust, love, passion, obsession, mania.

In all this matching of an unseen platonic form with every physical event, it cannot be said, however, that Mr. Powys is uniformly persuasive. There are times when the confluence of seen and unseen strike one as somewhat routine, out of the author's standard position rather than from a newly felt intuition. But in a work of such length pages of duller sensibility are to be expected. And there are many scenes when the landscape, the weather, the spiritual background, and the passions of people do merge with powerful effect. Hardly another writer today has so intense a feeling for English earth, a feeling which again and again gives to particular places—river thickets, hillsides, fields, and even particular trees and stones—a loving evocation such as children wrap about the familiar features of their dooryards. No reader will forget the tremendous picture of Stonehenge which appears in the early pages of this book.

And what redeems Mr. Powys's insistent platonism—dismaying, I should think, even to a behaviorist—is a certain puckish humor, a gleeful aberration, which allows to intrude upon the most exalted moments some earth-returning detail. Even at that moment when the Grail is visioned by a young man sitting in an old scow by the river bank, the sacred vessel is seen containing a darkish water in which swims a fish, and the desperate cry that rises up from the awestruck youth is "Christ! Is it a tench?"

Naturally the reappearance of various Arthurian features in a modern story sets the author very difficult projects, not the least of which is the portrait of a Merlinish sort of prophet. With this "Bloody Johnny" Geard, an extraordinary phlegmatic hydrocephalic individual who usually manages to be absent, or absent-minded, during the most crucial occasions of the story, I think he has been extremely successful. It is Geard who gives a hint of the meaning of the Grail in this modern narrative, and it is one which should be something of a shock to Lord Tennyson in his grave. For it has to do a good deal more with human love than with divine aspirations.

But I believe I am right in seeing that this meaning has already been exemplified in the various love affairs which threaten the story, and which, in spite of the heavy fanfare of supernaturalism, are the real heart of the book. What it takes "Hol Sam," the Galahadish youth, a vision of the Grail to make clear to him, John Crow and Tom Barter and Lady Rachel and Owen Evans have already proved to themselves in successful mating. It is a modern sort of ideal of mutual joy and respect in sexual union, relieving women as much from the ethereal emptiness of idolization in a tower casement as from the debased couch of merely momentary satisfaction. This, I think, is Mr. Powys's modern version of chivalry, objectified in "A Glastonbury Romance," as it was more personally recorded in "Wolf Solent." And it is a conception which I suspect has had more than a little to do with the reconciliation of this occult Piltdown Man to the modern world. Certainly it has given weight to these last two books.

FERNER NUHN

Art

The Passion of Sacco-Vanzetti

3 EN SHAHN'S exhibition of twenty-three gouaches called *The Passion of Sacco-Vanzetti*, on view at the Downtown Gallery until April 17, is disappointing. A "passion" would mean a narration of sufferings leading to a sacrifice, but this series fails to give any idea of the importance of the story of Sacco and Vanzetti. It might have been called *The Tragedies of Nature*, for it consists of clever satires of human beings. There are a policeman, some government officials, a judge, some prominent citizens, and some dilapidated men and women. Most of them are made without clichés; they are amusing; and they illustrate what would seem to be a sound point of view, namely, that the human race is too prevalent at present. As to partisans of Sacco and Vanzetti they must seem flippant. They do not in any way express what these men were to themselves or are to us. The artist has failed to realize any of the notional or idealistic significances of the martyrdom, nor has he built an interesting hierarchy of characters. His drama rests on personalities, but these personalities have no dramatic dimension. While the authorities seem brutishly insolent, the underlings seem brutishly stupid. The real motivation of the pictures is a type of nihilism, whereas the martyrdom of Sacco and Vanzetti grew from the clashing positivisms of the rulers and the risers. Shahn, however genuinely ambitious he may be to do so, is not the artist to interpret Sacco and Vanzetti. He is too much concerned with the cleverness of his outlook and his craft. If one considers his art from the point of view of his subject, it is not powerful. If one considers it from that of style, there are some agreeable things one can say about it. But why choose a subject like Sacco and Vanzetti if one is not prepared to become a propagandist? Callot, Goya, Daumier, Thomas Nast—all had the ability to invent symbols expressive of their subjects. Shahn has not shown that ability. Until his feelings are more passionate, more spontaneous, and more partisan he cannot create those eloquent symbols which are typical of an art deeply concerned with affairs.

WALTER GUTMAN

Music

Making Handel Louder

WHEN Mr. Bruno Walter played a Handel Concerto Grosso at one of his early concerts this season, he did not hesitate to mix his centuries quite freely—and it seemed to me quite indiscriminately. He conducted from the keyboard in good eighteenth-century style; but the keyboard at which he sat belonged to a modern caricature of the harpsichord Handel used. And the conditions that once made conducting from the keyboard appropriate—a small orchestra in a small hall—were entirely absent, the former by Mr. Walter's choice. By using several times as many stringed instruments as Handel had, the modern conductor undoubtedly comes closer to preserving a proper proportion between the number of his performers and the size of his hall than by using an orchestra of eighteenth-century size. But at the same time he swamps his flutes and oboes so that the essential lines of the polyphony are often lost in a mass of luscious tone.

Sir Thomas Beecham, in his version of sundry pieces by Handel gathered into a ballet suite for Diaghilev, compensated

"I want to live a life. The trouble with people is that they do not think. I want to do things and say things which will make them think."

—HENRY FORD.



The Tragedy of HENRY FORD

By JONATHAN NORTON LEONARD

● Here at last is the *real* Ford, whose life-story is certainly the most fantastic and fascinating in all the gaudy tale of American business. Around this strange man have centered more worship, more hatred, more perplexity than around any private citizen in history. "I heartily recommend his book for its general sanity, excellent writing, and rich entertainment value."—ISABEL PATERSON in *The Nation*. \$3.00

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

2 WEST 45TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

Travel Through the SOVIET UNION

for \$4.00



A year's armchair voyage through the huge and many-sided country that stretches from arctic golden desert sands, with its varied panoramas of great new industrial cities, age-old sites, forests and steppes, towering mountains and sunny seashores.

The New Magazine SOVIET TRAVEL

printed in English, published in Moscow, will take you from bustling Moscow to fabulous ancient cities; and you will learn about 169 distinct nationalities and cultures all being welded into one national enterprise. Stories, sketches, articles, photographs—all by the finest talent in Soviet Russia.

1 year, \$4; 6 months, \$2; 3 months, \$1

Address: INTOURIST, Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York or "AMKNIGA" Corporation

For enclosed remittance of _____ please send **SOVIET TRAVEL** for _____ months. (4 NA)

Name _____

Address _____

The Greatest TRAVEL VALUE

30 DAYS
of delightful travel
\$171.⁰⁰

Tour to **RUSSIA**

Includes: Ocean passage in Modern Third Class, FORMER TOURIST CLASS SECTION, fare to Russia via England or Germany and Finland, hotels and meals en route to Russia and during 7 DAYS IN LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW, with sightseeing, entertainment, conductor's and interpreter's services, visas, etc.

A variety of other interesting trips at surprisingly low rates offered in our booklet "N"

RETURN PASSAGE ON
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
STEAMER INCLUDED.

AMALGAMATED BANK

11-15 Union Square

New York City

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

Blessed Event—Longacre—48 St. W. of B'way.
Bloodstream—Times Sq.—W. 42 St.
Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
Cynara—Shubert—44 St. W. of B'way.
Child of Manhattan—Cort—W. 48 St.
Face The Music—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
Hot-Cha—Ziegfeld—6 Ave. at 54 St.
Mourning Becomes Electra—Alvin—52 St. W. of B'way.
Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.
Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 1 Ave.
Riddle Me This—John Golden—W. 58 St.
Springtime for Henry—Bijou—45 St.
The Animal Kingdom—Empire—B'way. & 40 St.
The Cat and the Fiddle—Globe—B'way. & 46 St.
The Laugh Parade—Imperial—W. 45 St.
The Left Bank—Little—W. 44 St.
The Warrior's Husband—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way.
There's Always Juliet—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.
Too True to be Good—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
Trick for Trick—Geo. M. Cohan—B'way. & 43 St.
Whistling in the Dark—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.

FIRST NIGHTS

Monday, Apr. 11—The Truth About Blayds—Belasco—W. 44 St.
Monday, Apr. 11—Take My Tip—48 St.—W. 48 St.
Tuesday, Apr. 12—The Tree—Park Lane—W. 63 St.
Wednesday, Apr. 13—Foreign Affairs—Avon—W. 45 St.

for the increased strings by augmenting the wind sections proportionately. If one admits that a larger hall needs a large orchestra, Sir Thomas's method of increasing its size is perhaps the best one. While adding many instruments, and producing a bigger and richer sonority than any Handel knew, he eschewed the post-Wagnerian color effects that abound in the transcriptions of Stokowski and Respighi, for example. But the point is, I think, that into any such dressing up of old music there enters necessarily a considerable element of personal taste and discretion, which more or less cloud the composer's intention. The trouble is that when one begins to tinker with the original instrumentation, one alters not only the proportions of one instrument or group to another, but the formal outlines of the piece itself. One cannot simply make the original louder—one has to pick and choose the places and the means for reinforcement, and the result can never really be a reproduction of the original, though I think Sir Thomas Beecham's arrangement kept very close to the spirit of Handel.

It is not long since Mr. Koussevitzky showed us again how unnecessary this reconstruction is, however. One had to listen a bit more attentively, perhaps, to the Bach B-Minor suite when he played it with a dozen instruments or so—one of them a true harpsichord—and let the acoustics take care of themselves. But even in the great spaces of Carnegie Hall it was perfectly apparent, I think, that eighteenth-century music is clearer, truer, and more effective unamplified than when played through the various loud speakers of Messrs. Walter, Beecham and Stokowski.

On the same program with the Handel suite Sir Thomas played two pieces by Delius, the Fourth Symphony of Dvorak and Tschaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini," named in the terribly descending order of their quality, and just as terribly ascending order of their lengthiness—so I have no means of telling whether he is as good a conductor as he seems. One does not have to look on Delius as an English composer—he was born of German parents, got his training in Germany and America and has lived half his life in France—to be glad Sir Thomas and his countrymen have taken up the Delius cause. Perhaps some other English composers—Elgar among them—are not so great as contemporary English criticism would have them. But Sir Thomas's neglect of them would be easier to understand if he did not clutter up his programs with such claptrap as "Francesca da Rimini" or such worthy but unimportant stuff as Dvorak's Fourth. If he had played some unfamiliar English music (not much is familiar), we should at least have found out whether we wanted to hear it again. Not many of us were in doubt about "Francesca da Rimini."

I don't suppose one would be very happy about a production like the Russian Opera Company's "Coq d'Or," or even a much better one, if it were given at the Metropolitan. But the pleasant thing about events like these is going to a performance with the foreknowledge that it will be certainly inadequately rehearsed, very possibly badly cast, probably shabbily mounted and undoubtedly furnished with a very sketchy accompaniment and finding, nevertheless, that the gusto of the performance carries it through quite successfully, and that the atmosphere of impromptu theatricals does not at all interfere with a very pleasant musical evening. The faults are there, of course, but they, and the difficulties one knows must stand in the way of a company assembled, like this one, for one week in the year, chiefly emphasize the quite substantial excellences. A performance like that of Mr. Panteleiev as the king would do credit to a much more conspicuous stage; and if not all the other would, most of them do credit to this one. As for "Boris Godounov" and "Khovanshchina"—one is thankful for an opportunity to hear them at all, and to catch more than a hint of beauties one has no other chance even to glimpse.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

Alas, Poor Yorick!

It is difficult to know how to begin an account of "Too True to Be Good" (Guild Theater). No previous Shaw play is in general so poor, and yet, in a very special sense, nothing he ever wrote before is so impressive as this. All too obviously the playwright is old and weary. He writes certain passages of dialogue so stodgy and so dull that one can hardly believe that they flowed from his once sprightly pen. Worse than that, he has conceived a trivial fable so preposterously managed that the veriest tyro would know that it could not possibly be performed in any tolerable manner. Yet when I left the theater with the last despairing speech still ringing in my ears I was moved as I have seldom been moved by any theatrical performance. The old man—for he is old now—had stripped himself bare, and one felt impelled to say the very best thing one ever expected to say of a play by Bernard Shaw—"This is a cry from the heart."

The first act of the strange melange is merely silly. The second is amusing in the familiar Shavian fashion. But it is the third and last act which makes the play, for in it the veteran actor claims the privilege of his age, and turning to the audience which he has amused so often, he confesses in so many words the bitter despair of his heart. "I am," says the young man who has become the playwright's mouthpiece, "a preacher. But I am a preacher who has lost his faith, a preacher who no longer has anything to say. Mankind is plunging headlong to destruction, and I no longer believe that it can be saved. I know because I have always talked and because it is the only thing I know how to do. But neither my talking nor anyone else's can possibly avail. I do not know what can be done, or even what could have been done. The Western world is damned beyond the possibility of salvation."

Now many men have said the same thing and adduced the same reasons. Shaw is not the first to believe either that the last war demonstrated the incompetence of the human race or that the next—and inevitable—war will execute that sentence which has already been pronounced. He is not the first to declare that civilization cannot endure without some one of those faiths which it has now rendered impossible, or the first to proclaim himself "an atheist who has lost his faith in atheism." Perhaps others have said this and all that goes with it more effectively than he does. Certainly his play as a play is childishly inconsequential, and perhaps only a dramatist already insipidly senile could have chosen, as he has, to write his "King Lear" in terms of a farce wholly irrelevant to the theme in hand. But things are sometimes important because of the person who says them. It is Bernard Shaw who is uttering these terrible commonplaces, and uttering them with a conviction unmistakably sincere. The drama is not in his play. The drama is in the gesture which the world's most accomplished playboy makes as he is taking what is quite possibly his eternal farewell to the stage he has trod so long.

Never before has Shaw spoken in his own person. All his characters may have been Bernard Shaw, but Bernard Shaw himself was a character, and whatever he said was said in character. No one ever knew what he really thought, because the Shavian philosophy was as much a part of that character as Mr. Chaplin's mustache is a part of "Charlie." And the most striking characteristic of this particular character was its almost inhuman glibness. He had an answer to every question and a remedy for every evil. The world, as he said over and over again, was really very simple. All one needed was sanity, and he was sane. Like the character in the present play, "I can ex-

PLAYS □ FILMS □ LECTURES

THE THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

REUNION IN VIENNA

a comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

MARTIN BECK THEA., 45 St. & 8 Ave. PEnn. 6-6100
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

THE THEATRE GUILD presents

TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD

A New Play by BERNARD SHAW

GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of B'way
Evenings 8:30 MATS.: Thurs. and Sat. 2:30

GILBERT MILLER Presents

BEST MARSHALL in THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET

A Comedy by John M. Druten

"Utterly delightful."—John Mason Brown, Post.

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd St.
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

GILBERT MILLER AND LESLIE HOWARD Present

LESLIE HOWARD

in PHILIP BARRY'S New Comedy

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

"The season's most gratifying adventure."

—Percy Hammond, Herald-Tribune

Staged by Gilbert Miller

EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway and 40th Street.
MONDAY PERFORMANCES OMITTED.
Three Matinees Weekly: Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, 2:30

GUTHRIE McCLINTIC presents

PAULINE LORD in

THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS

by A. A. MILNE

with O. P. Heggie, Ernest Lawford, Effie Shannon

BELASCO West 44th Street. Matinees Thursday and Saturday

THE GROUP

Meets at Auditorium - 150 West 85th Street

Tuesday Evening, April 19th, at 8:30 P. M.

HEYWOOD BROWN speaks on:

"IT SEEMS TO ME"

This Sunday Afternoon (April 17th) at 4:30 P. M.

PROF. JOSEPH JASTROW speaks on:

"THE HOUSE THAT FREUD BUILT"

(Admission to all 50c)

Charles Chaplin

in two old favorites

Also

THE TRAGEDY OF MT. EVEREST

THE FIGHT FOR LIFE—UFA.

Songs, F. P. A.; accompanist, Irving Berlin

CITY and COUNTRY SCHOOL BENEFIT

At the Auditorium of the

New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12th St.

Tuesday, April 19, at 8:30

Tickets \$1.50

plain anything to anybody and I enjoy doing it." Even in the midst of the war the irrepressible Tanner "went on talking." The famous red beard grew gray, the straight vegetarian back held itself straight with a more and more obvious effort. But the fellow of infinite jest was still a fellow of infinite jest. If he had doubts he kept them to himself. The ready answer was always there, and Mephistopheles looked on with the serene amusement of a man who knows the answer. But doubts were growing, concealed from all the world except from Bernard Shaw himself, and Bernard Shaw is now too sad and too old to play the game any longer. The moment has come to cast aside the disguise which he has worn so long, and it is a dramatic unmasking. Yorick advances to the front of the stage. He removes his cap and bells in the sight of the world and he lays aside his bauble. "Ladies and gentlemen, I have played my role and I have played it well. I was a jester and I do not regret the fact. But I cannot take my farewell without making the confession which I am now about to make. I was wrong—not so wrong perhaps as those who opposed me—but wrong enough. My answers were only a little less inadequate than those of others. You have failed, I have failed, all of us have failed. Mankind is damned."

To my colleagues I shall leave the business of commenting in detail upon this and that defect of the play, or upon the expertness exhibited by Miss Beatrice Lillie in the somewhat ghastly business of injecting a little grotesque humor into the strange proceedings. To me it was not the feeble little play called "Too True to Be Good" that engaged my attention and left me deeply stirred. It was the drama of Bernard Shaw. Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

BOARDING SCHOOL—GERMANY

One of the best German boarding schools for boys, located on a lake near Munich, with excellent teachers and a distinguished clientele, will make room for a few American boys, preferably with some knowledge of German. Highly endorsed by the Editor of "The Nation," to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

□ OPEN SHELF □

Henry George's Books Sold here without profit. Ask for price list and appreciations by famous men—sent free.

None may call himself educated in social thought (says Dr. John Dewey) who lacks acquaintance with the great writings of Henry George.

ROBERT SCHALKENBACH FOUNDATION
15 Park Place, New York City

SUPPORTED BY ENDOWMENTS

THE ARYAN PATH Magazine

A symposium of the leading minds of the Race—who have freed themselves from the shackles of orthodoxy and dogmatism—really think.

Per Annum...\$5.00, Single copies 15c

119 West 57th Street
New York City

"RECESSIONAL"

by WILLIAM HURLBUT, author of "Bride of the Lamb," "Lilies of the Field." Tragic race drama of Negro question. Well bound, 164 pages. Limited edition \$2.00.

STANLEY ROSE, Publisher

1625 N. Vine St. : Hollywood, Cal.

GET RESULTS!

The BIG Summer Question

Settle it early

Don't make that desperate last minute effort. State your requirements under Real Estate or Summer Home Wanted, etc., in THE NATION.

30 words—\$3.08 (minimum)

Additional lines of 6 words, 62c each

THE NATION

20 Vesey Street, N. Y. CO 7-3330

Contributors to This Issue

E. G. NOURSE is Director of the Institute of Economics of the Brookings Institution at Washington.

KARL RADEK is one of the best-known writers of Soviet Russia.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

MARIE DE L. WELCH is a contributor of verse to many periodicals.

LIONEL TRILLING is at work on a critical study of Matthew Arnold.

HORACE GREGORY, author of a book of verse, "Chelsea Rooming House," has recently published a translation of Catullus.

WILLIAM SEAGLE is an assistant editor of the *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences*.

H. B. ALEXANDER, the author of "Manito Masks, Dramatizations with Music of American Indian Spirit Legends," is professor of philosophy at Scripps College.

FERNER NUHN contributed an essay, *Art and Identity*, to the last "American Caravan."

□ LECTURES □

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUT

AT COOPER UNION

8th Street and Astor Place, at 8 o'clock
Admission Free

Friday, April 15

DR. E. G. SPAULDING

"Reason in Revolt: The Coming of Science."

Sunday, April 17

PROFESSOR STRINGFELLOW BARR

"Napoleon Bonaparte, Propagandist."

Tuesday, April 19

DR. MICHAEL HEIDELBERGER

"The Mechanism of Immune Reactions."

MUHLENBERG BRANCH LIBRARY

209 West 23rd St., 8:30 o'clock

Thursday, April 14

PROFESSOR E. G. SPAULDING

"Scientific Orthodoxy Overturned."

"CAN NEW YORK CITY POLITICS BE CLEANED UP?"

Address by

GEORGE MCANENY

Thursday, April 14th, 8:15 P. M.

2 West 64th Street

Young People's Organization
Society for Ethical Culture

Admission Free

□ EDUCATIONAL □

CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH

Spanish - Italian - German

Private lessons 75c (Daily 9-9). Native teachers
UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF LANGUAGE
111 Lexington Ave., Northeast Cor. 85th St.

FRENCH

Spanish, Italian, German
Russian, Conversational.
Native teachers. Private lessons, 75c. Daily 9-9.
Fisher School of Languages, 1264 Lexington
Av. (bet. 85-86 Sts.) Est. 1905. ATwater 9-00

RUSSIAN

by university man, instructor
Russian at Berlitz Scho
Private lessons or classes. Phonograph record
used. Michael Jerlitzyn, 2018 Fifth Avenue. T
HArlem 7-8446.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

MAY 14

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1932

No. 3486

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	479
EDITORIALS:	
Wanted: Leadership	482
Knife or Ray?	483
Politics and "Decency"	483
TOWARD A NEW TAX PROGRAM. By Edwin R. A. Seligman	484
PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES: VIII. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT—PERCHED ON THE BANDWAGON. By Henry F. Pringle	487
STRAINS OF HARMONY. By Paul Y. Anderson	489
TRAVELING WITH A BAND. By Arthur Warner	491
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	492
CORRESPONDENCE	492
FINANCE: AUTOMOBILES TO THE RESCUE. By S. Palmer Harman	493
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:	
Blue-Stemmed Grass. By Thomas Hornsby Ferril	494
Gamaliel Bradford. By Henry Hazlitt	494
Mental Healers. By Benjamin Ginzburg	494
A New Talent. By William Troy	495
Books in Brief	496
Drama: The Truth About Milne. By Joseph Wood Krutch	497
Films: "Grand Hotel." By Margaret Marshall	498

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN

LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; Canada, \$6.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

NO STARVATION? We have been told by the governors of most of the States that there is none in this country today. In the February issue of *Better Times*, a monthly magazine published by the Welfare Council of New York City, Dr. Louis I. Dublin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company wrote that "there is no evidence at all that anybody in these United States is starving." *Better Times* decided to investigate for itself. It sent Eleanor Flexner to inquire at the larger hospitals of New York City. She found, as she writes in the current issue of the magazine, the following number of "cases of starvation recorded by New York City hospitals during the year 1931: Bellevue, 59, of which 8 died; Kings County, 33, of which 12 died; Harlem, 2, and Gouverneur, 1." The proportion of deaths, Miss Flexner continues, "is irrelevant, for a starvation case is more likely to be suffering from an infection of some kind at the same time. If the starving person dies, death may be attributed to pneumonia or some other disease, but none the less starvation is the primary cause." And, Miss Flexner pointed out, "this is wholly aside from that much more serious by-product of the depression—malnutrition."

IT WOULD BE FOOLHARDY to make any hard and fast prediction at this early date of the outcome of the Presidential election in November. Yet the steadily increasing registration of Democrats in the preferential primaries clearly shows which way the tide is running. Six weeks ago more than 80,000 Democratic votes were cast in North Dakota as against a previous maximum for that party of

13,000. New Hampshire, according to the *New York Times*, rolled up what was "apparently the heaviest Democratic vote ever cast in a Presidential primary." A similar report came from Nebraska, where extra Democratic ballot sheets had to be printed before the polls closed. In Illinois the Republicans lost 350,000 votes, while the Democrats added approximately 500,000, compared with the 1928 primary. In Wisconsin the Democrats turned out the greatest vote in their history, exceeding by 75,000 their 1928 showing—to the detriment of the La Follette Progressives, who lost many thousands of followers to the opposition party. Registrations in other States show a like trend. For example, the number of Democratic voters registered in California increased by 388,739; at the same time Republican registration dropped 237,493. Admittedly in some of these normally Republican States the Democratic vote or registration is still behind that of the Republicans. But the unprecedented gains the Democrats have been making have surely not comforted the Hoover organization.

MR. HOOVER met the proposal for an 11 per cent pay cut for federal employees, allowing an exemption of \$1,000 before the cut was computed, with a proposal of his own. This involves a compulsory furlough without pay for all government officials receiving more than \$1,350 per year. Examining the relative reductions in compensation under the two systems, we perceive the following results: Under the 11 per cent plan, an income of \$1,350 is cut 3 per cent, an income of \$1,850 is cut 5 per cent, an income of \$4,050 is cut 8 per cent, an income of \$7,250 is cut 9 per cent, and an income of \$10,500 is cut substantially 10 per cent. What of Mr. Hoover's plan? It provides for a cut in the income of \$1,350 of 9 per cent, and roughly for a cut of 8 per cent each in incomes of \$1,850, \$4,050, \$7,250, and \$10,500. Mr. Hoover, therefore, with what we now think of as characteristic perspicacity, has decided that it is better for the man or woman of lowest income to sacrifice the largest part of his stipend to the common good. It is interesting, also, in computing these figures, to note that there are, in the \$1,350 class, 20,243 employees; in the \$1,850 class, 35,690; and in the other three classes put together a total of 1,956. The President has indeed an eye for figures. If he seems to overlook certain human elements involved, perhaps we can lay that to his training in the impersonal profession of engineering.

ALFRED E. SMITH still has the courage of his convictions good or bad; he is not afraid to speak out vigorously on any of the questions of the day; in this respect he outshines Franklin D. Roosevelt and other active and receptive candidates for the Presidency—all this is what we are being told by the daily press as a result of Smith's address at the Jefferson Day dinner in Washington. There is no question that Smith spoke with great vigor in addressing his fellow-leaders in the Democratic Party. But we cannot agree that his speech, except in one particular, was either clear or especially pertinent. For example, his attack on

Governor Roosevelt was conducted entirely by indirection. And it was in fact as much a bid for the applause and support of a class—in his case big business and finance—as Roosevelt's own speech of the week before had been a bid for the support of the masses. True, the comparison here largely favors Smith. He has come out more openly, making no bones about his alliance with the Raskob crowd, the tory element in the Democratic Party, while Roosevelt continues to deal in glittering but, for the most part, meaningless generalities. We know where Smith stands; we cannot be so sure of Roosevelt. Certainly no one need in this crisis be as vague and empty as was Roosevelt in promising to help the farmers, the small merchants, and the millions of unemployed men and women.

THE FORMER GOVERNOR sees intergovernmental debts and the Smoot-Hawley tariff as chiefly responsible for our economic impasse. What has he to offer by way of solution? Nothing with regard to the tariff but a restatement of his 1928 position, when, as all of us remember, he discarded the historic tariff-for-revenue-only policy of his party in favor of a "scientific" tariff. He still holds the fundamental purpose of the tariff to be "the preservation of the high standard of the American workingman," which in itself is a complete acceptance of the stand-pat protectionist position. But if high tariffs impede trade, as Smith correctly asserted, why not declare for lower tariffs, or for the abolition of the tariff system? If a "scientific" tariff is to turn the trick, why not tell us just how this is to be done? With respect to war debts Smith stands on firmer ground. Here was the one bright spot in his address. Stripped of its thin camouflage, Smith's proposal constituted a direct appeal for cancelation. His plan to have the United States write off a portion of the debts each year in return for trade would merely require a bit of extra bookkeeping. Under normal circumstances Europe buys enough goods from us to insure the wiping out of the debts in the twenty years specified by Smith. That it took courage for a political leader to come out thus openly for cancelation may be seen from the comments of various Congressmen on the Smith plan. Almost to a man they denounced it, and declared they were still opposed to cancelation or further moratoriums. However he may have hedged on other points in his address, Al Smith is to be commended for speaking out on debts.

WE HESITATE TO BELIEVE, despite all the alarming signs to the contrary, that the maneuvers of Japan and Russia in Manchuria and Siberia will actually lead to war. Certainly Soviet Russia does not want to fight anyone just now. Moscow has its hands full with its industrialization program. Again, it should be obvious to the Japanese that they have little to gain and a great deal to lose if they, through design or recklessness, open hostilities. The Japanese must know that the Russians have taken advantage of the period since September 18, when the invasion of Manchuria began, to prepare themselves for any eventuality in the Far East. Nevertheless, Tokio continues to pour troops into Korea and Manchuria, continues to issue pronouncements through its anonymous Foreign Office spokesman which must be irritating to the Kremlin. The Russians, given new courage by the knowledge that they have now a good-sized army and extensive military stores

in the Siberian maritime provinces, are speaking more plainly than ever through their newspapers. While the Moscow press is not courting war, it is telling the world that it is no longer afraid of a Japanese attack. In short, the Far Eastern situation is now more delicate than it has been at any time in the last seven months.

THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT has suppressed the Brown Shirt army of the National Socialist Party. That the action was necessary cannot be denied. The Hitler army was a sworn opponent of the present German republic. It seems incredible that an independent state should have allowed this hostile military organization of 400,000 men to continue to exist as long as it did. The London *Times*, in commending the Brüning Government for its "courageous decision," asked whether the action had not been taken too late. It feared that Hitlerism had now grown so strong that the military arm of the movement could not be suppressed without serious disorders. However, the disbanding of the Nazi army has been proceeding peacefully, little real interference being offered by the Hitlerites. Adolf Hitler himself has to all appearances, though with suspicious calm, acquiesced in the order of the government. He doubtless knows that similar organizations have been suppressed in Germany since the war, that is, driven underground, only to thrive there. Hitler also knows that if the Nazis win in the Prussian elections they will control the Prussian police, and this can mean only that the Brown Shirt organization will be restored to good standing. But if the National Socialists fail in the elections? Then perhaps the fears of the London *Times* will be realized.

THE RELIANCE OF THE COURTS upon psychology has been demonstrated by Judge Arthur L. Wild of Rochester, New York. When three girls, one of them a high-school student, distributed handbills announcing an anti-war meeting to protest against militaristic displays on Armistice Day, they exposed their mentalities to the suspicions of the City's judge. These young women had violated a city ordinance which forbids the distribution of advertising matter without a license—although competent observers have stated that the ordinance, when it comes to commercial advertising, has been a dead letter. But they were also against war, and were members of the United Front Youth Anti-War Committee, affiliated with the Communist Party. They even spread pacific protests directly in front of the local armory, thus contaminating our defenders with so insidious a thought as the possibility of opposing war. No one of such balance as Judge Wilder, who is not only a patriotic citizen of the first water but Republican boss of the important nineteenth ward, could fail in his country's hour of peril. The girls were convicted, held without bail and incommunicado, and ordered to undergo a thorough pathological and psychiatric examination. Unfortunately for the safety of the public, the attorney for the young prisoners secured their release on a writ of habeas corpus, and their case will be appealed.

THERE ARE RUMORS AFLOAT that Columbia University intends to reinstate Reed Harris, the expelled editor of the *Spectator*. So far, however, no indication of any such intention has come from official sources.

though there have been several signs which imply that the authorities realize their mistake and are anxious to put themselves in as good a light as possible. In the first place, Dean Hawkes himself seconded the nomination for Phi Kappa of Rob Hall, the leader of the student rebels. In the second place, the university has appointed a committee to investigate the charges against the dining-room, which were the ostensible cause of Mr. Harris's expulsion, and it has named the same Mr. Hall to be one of the members of the committee. This, of course, is highly desirable even though a little late. Why did the authorities not investigate before they took the drastic step of expelling the man whose allegations are now to be officially recognized? We can, indeed, think of only one excuse: they must have been influenced by the superb exhibition of the works of Lewis Carroll which has just been held at the university. Someone must have taken seriously the principle of jurisprudence laid down by the Queen of Hearts: "Sentence first—verdict afterwards."

MONTANA IS NOTED CHIEFLY for its high mountains and low politics. Within its borders a free newspaper is as exotic as a rubber plant—and even with great care seldom survives as long. The "kept" press is all the more vicious in its effects because its ownership is technically hidden. Subsidies are called loans, and the labels, "Independent," "Democratic," and "Republican," are carefully displayed. It is not uncommon either to find ringing liberal sentiments on the editorial pages of the company press—and perhaps not everyone notices that these sentiments are concerned with questions outside of Montana. The trail of honest journalism in that beautiful land is marked by the bones of newspapers that thought liberalism should begin at home. But the trail does persist. The *Western Progressive*, Helena weekly, is the latest addition to that small group of papers which manage to remain alive and free. The fight of the *Western Progressive* is the same old fight—against the Anaconda and Montana Power companies, which are the same opponent. The immediate objective is to elect enough free members of the State legislature to force the companies to pay their just share of taxes; and the same old problems are to be met—of taxpayers' associations controlled by company agents, of legislators in both parties doing the bidding of their real masters. But we hope that the *Western Progressive* and its comrade papers will persist.

WE ARE HEARTILY IN FAVOR of the proposal made by 500 "impoverished Greenwich Village artists" (was there ever any other kind?) to be allowed space in Washington Square for an open-air market for their paintings. The Park Commissioner, Walter R. Herrick, however, refused the request, citing the city charter which declares: "It shall not be lawful to grant use or occupy for purposes of a public fair or exhibition any portion of any park, square, or public place." This, to put it very politely, seems to us just nonsense. Did Mr. Herrick ever see the circus—tents, carrousel, popcorn stands and all—which occupied the empty lots on Sixth Avenue after it had been widened to the noble thoroughfare it now is? Did he ever stroll along Second Avenue, or Delancey or Bleecker Streets, and observe the push carts, displaying not only articles of clothing and household use, not only pretzels, dill pickles,

and *gefüllte Fisch*, but lampshades, table covers, statuary, and other works of art? Why discriminate against the Greenwich Village artists, therefore, to whom a painting is just another piece of merchandise, no different really from a pretzel or a pair of socks? An open-air "art mart"—as the headline writers have doubtless already called it—would be another pleasant variation in a city noted for its variety.

THE FEDERAL CHILDREN'S BUREAU is celebrating its twentieth birthday, and with the bureau as well established and fully accepted a feature of our governmental structure as it has in that time become, it is hard to believe with what misgivings it was started. Objections to the bureau were originally on the ground that the investigation which its activities necessitated would carry bureau workers into the homes of American citizens, to pry unwarrantably into the details of their family life. That complaint has long since been forgotten in the excellences of the bureau's work. First under Julia C. Lathrop, then—and until the present—under the guidance of Grace Abbott, who has now served for eleven years, the activities of the department have steadily enlarged and grown in importance. It has sought to improve the standards of maternal and child hygiene, it has made a study of child labor, and has lately been asked by the Attorney General for help in the treatment of juvenile offenders. It is unfortunate to add that in a time of depression the Senate Appropriations Committee has recommended a 25 per cent cut in the bureau's appropriation, at a time when plans have been made for enlarging rather than cutting down on its work. This seems to be one of the places where economy is most unwise. The hundred thousand dollars that would be saved might very well be obtained elsewhere; a Veterans' Bureau budget which totals more than ten thousand times that might spare it far more easily.

FEW WOMEN have given so much of their time and of themselves to the cause of humanity as did Julia Clifford Lathrop, who died April 15 in Rockford, Illinois, her native city. All of her life—she was seventy-four when she died—Miss Lathrop was deeply, actively interested in social work and most particularly in child welfare. In 1893 she was appointed to the Illinois State Board of Charities, which began her official career, though she had devoted several years to social-service work before that. In 1901 she was reappointed to the charities board, a position she held until 1909. Three years later President Taft selected her to be the director of the newly formed Children's Bureau in Washington, and there she served until 1921. Through most of this period she was a voluntary resident of the Hull House Settlement in Chicago, filling in frequently during the absences of Jane Addams, with whom she worked in closest cooperation, as acting head resident of Hull House. This gives but a brief glimpse of Miss Lathrop's long and useful career. Her extraordinary work was recognized and honored as much abroad as at home. In 1925 she was elected assessor of the Child Welfare Committee of the League of Nations. Her many writings on child labor and child education commanded world-wide attention. A decade ago the National League of Women Voters named her one of "the twelve greatest living American women." When she died Miss Addams said she had been "one of the most useful women in the whole country."

Wanted: Leadership

THAT is the crying need the world over, but nowhere more so than in the city of Washington. No one can look over the political scene in the national capital and not be impressed with the fact that there is not a single outstanding figure. It is ridiculous for the Administration and for the financiers all over the country to berate Congress for economic ignorance or unwise legislation, for there is no more leadership in the Administration or among the financiers than there is in Congress. Men like Senator Borah, who have bulked rather large, are, if anything, shrinking under present conditions. A man like Congressman La Guardia may do a good job on occasion, but the truth is that neither he nor anyone else in Washington today knows where we are going, or has any idea where we should go, or what lies in store for us. If the Soviet newspapers have correspondents in Washington they are finding material in plenty in the headlessness and heedlessness of the procedure about them to illustrate, if not to prove, their favorite thesis that the capitalistic system is on the rocks. If it were not so tragic it would be amusing to watch the petty maneuvering that is going on at both ends of the capital in the effort to win whatever credit there may be for such stop-gap measures as are being put through. Never before has the weakness of the Progressives stood out more clearly. They cannot cut themselves loose from tariff humbug and corruption; they have no well-thought-out economic philosophy or political or economic program; no more than anyone else do they know whither we are going. We are reaping now the evil results of the committee and longevity system of the House, and we are seeing as never before how the industrialization of American life has flattened out individuality, independence, and aggressive leadership among both the conservatives and the liberals.

We are well aware that we have said all of this before, but we shall repeat it just as long as these conditions persist, for here is where the real menace of the situation lies. Go to Washington today and you will find the politicians, and many representatives of the press, utterly despondent, deep in gloom, and foreseeing the complete breakdown of our government within a year. Yet many of these same politicians have for years scoffed at the idea that there should be a new party with new ideas and a liberal or radical program, calling forth a new leadership, drawing new groups into our political life. In Germany Herr Hitler declares that the best service he has rendered is to bring some 30,000 or 40,000 men into the political arena, and to train them in subordinate positions for future leadership. And despite the fact that these leaders are being stuffed with impossible political and governmental doctrines, are being taught to hate and to threaten murder, and are being steeped in the long-since-outworn theories that brought about the collapse of Germany, we wonder whether that situation is really more dangerous for Germany than the total absence of program and leadership in either of the major parties is for the United States.

The truth is that in Washington today both parties are legislating in a blue funk. They know that the economic

situation is getting steadily worse, that unemployment is increasing and not decreasing, that while the measures which, partly in response to Mr. Hoover's suggestion, have been passed by Congress have prevented a grave disaster in the financial world, they are seeking to balance the budget in a condition that borders on hysteria. Secretary Mills says one thing one day and another the next; he is for taxing large incomes in November, and opposes the proposal in April; he opposes the sales tax in midwinter, and sponsors it in the spring. Just as the British Labor Government was stampeded into resigning by the British bankers, so, at the very moment when many members of Congress are attacking Wall Street, the Stock Exchange, and the administration of the railroads, they allow themselves to be stampeded into an effort to balance the budget. Every sane member of the House and the Senate knows that this is impossible at the present time; that when it is announced that the budget is balanced it will be merely a fresh swindling of the public. They are told by the financial interests that every possible evil will follow if we do not balance our budget—we shall go off the gold standard, and even before that shall be unable to sell our government securities; our standing in the international money market will be irreparably damaged. Congress swallows this nonsense because it is frightened to death and knows not what else to do. The air is full of cries of "Haste, make haste," without regard to the errors that may be made through that very haste. Thus, items are being cut from appropriation bills that ought never to be eliminated while on the other hand nobody lays violent hands upon the army and navy estimates, which ought to be cut to the bone. Everywhere there is confusion of counsel, while at the other end of the capital, as one veteran foreign observer in Washington has just put it, the Administration sits with eyes glued upon the stock ticker, which is taken as the completest index of the prosperity of the country and of the standing of the Administration itself.

Not only is this absence of independent liberal or radical leadership in itself a grave danger, it is a gross injustice to the plain people of America. Whenever one goes into the country and talks to people one finds the most tremendous desire for a new political deal, a new party, new tenets, new doctrines, a new political and economic philosophy. All over the country there are little groups of dissenters organized—here as Farmer-Labor men, there as Independents, and in still other places as Socialists, or Communists. The people are ready for a new deal. They want no further continuance of the existing chaos and headlessness; they want guarantee that there is something stable to be obtained from American life, that there is some hope of the future. As yet they come out in vain. Each day's delay makes it more likely that when the leader arises he will prove to be a demagogue, perhaps of the Hitler type, rather than a sound radical bent on creating a new political machinery to carry out a new political program, to bring courage and faith back to Congress as well as to the multitudes of honest and hard-working men and women who by the millions are today facing want, destitution, the loss of a lifetime's savings, complete social disaster.

Knife or Ray?

THE surgery of cancer is, on the whole, a ghastly failure"—thus writes a veteran medical contributor of the London *New Statesman and Nation* in a recent issue. He backs up this sensational statement by quoting from a letter to the *Times*, signed by six medical men of the "highest standing and repute," this sentence: "It must be recognized that in this country a large number of operations are still being done which, in view of the possibilities held out by radiological treatment, are no longer justifiable." "That is the truth," the *New Statesman's* writer comments. The extension of operative measures, he says, making them more radical, "has not met with the expected success, and the limits of such extension have admittedly been reached. The patients continue to die after one or more recurrences, and the immediate fatalities are much more numerous." The record for the Wertheim operation of cancer of the womb he declares to be "most abominable." He rejoices that there is to be an impartial and authoritative inquiry by the British medical profession itself into the whole question of cancer treatment.

That this attack on cancer surgery will arouse deep feeling on this side of the Atlantic is unquestionable. The slogan of our cancer societies has chiefly been "Come early and be operated on," for the laudable purpose of getting patients into the hands of medical men in the early stages. "Lens," the writer from whom we have quoted above, declares that this stressing of early operations has had the reverse effect in England. Human nature being what it is, people shrink from going to a surgeon; to the average person an operation remains something to be dreaded, whereas almost anyone is ready for the radium treatment. Undoubtedly there is much good done by prompt use of the knife when the growths are small, but the rage to operate has gone too far. An inquiry to bring out in authoritative manner the actual results being achieved in various advanced radium institutions will confer a great benefit indeed.

Take, for example, the Röntgen Institute of the City Hospital of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, headed by Professor Hans Hohlfelder. Entirely new and up to date, it is achieving extraordinary results—in two cases known to us, the complete cure of two American women in advanced stages of breast cancer, who had been given up by distinguished American surgeons after operations. Being a scientist and not a quack, Professor Hohlfelder neither advertises his results nor makes any claim in regard to them. He admits that he will not feel certain of the advance he appears to have made until some additional years have elapsed. He obtains his effects by careful study of the individual case and its reaction to radium. It is very difficult to decide, for example, which is the best time-sequence for sittings, and which the best working-dose for a single sitting. Every type of cell and every individual cell reveal quite different properties and reactions; more than that, the ray-sensitivity of the individual cell varies greatly at various periods of its existence. A whole new field for advanced scientific technique lies open for exploration. It will take years to cover it, but it surely gives the best hope today of curing the most terrible scourge of humanity which remains unconquered.

Politics and "Decency"

IN a recent issue of the *Yale News* an editorial remarked casually: "We guess the best men will stay out of politics—it's just too dirty." Thereupon the *New York Herald Tribune* requested comment on this statement from the editors of a number of the prominent college dailies, and has published the replies in a very interesting symposium. Superficially the points of view expressed seem varied, but it is difficult not to read between the lines of most of even the dissenting opinions an essential agreement with the attitude of Hamlet toward the satirical rogue who declared that old men had most weak hams. "All which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down."

The spokesmen for Swarthmore, Cornell, Dartmouth, Penn State, and the Universities of Rochester, Syracuse, and Michigan protest with more or less of conviction. Indeed, only the editor of the *Duke University Chronicle* says bluntly: "Politics is too 'dirty' for the career of a college graduate, since an almost negligible minority would not absorb the rotten political practices which it would be necessary that they become obsessed with in order to even keep within sight of politics of the day." But most of the others express at best little optimism concerning the task which the decent man would have before him, and not one is naive enough to challenge the assumption that "dirty" is the *mot juste* to be used in characterizing our political life as a whole. The *Swarthmore Phoenix* points to the fact that British politics were rescued from unspeakable corruption by the willingness of decent men to enter political life. But the *Penn State Collegian* remarks cynically that "some of the methods used to get votes by fraternity cliques in many colleges would put the average politician to shame"; and the daily *Princetonian*, while granting that many college men would like to see political life cleaned up, declares that many are "unquestionably discouraged, first by the fact that real advancement seems to entail, except in rare cases, not only endless compromise of idea but also use of dishonest methods in catering to the electorate. Secondly, they feel the futility of trying to achieve fundamental improvement against thoroughly and extensively organized forces which support the existing evils."

Perhaps the most striking feature about the whole incident is the fact that all parties alike make the calm assumption that a decent man in politics would be, in any event, something of a phenomenon. Nor is it possible for us—much as we may deplore the unwillingness of most decent men to go into public life—to deny the justice of the assumption. No college man with ideals about government who does go in for politics should fail to realize that the cards will be stacked against him, and that neither his ideals nor his education will be anything except an obstacle. Mere learning, culture, and good manners are, in themselves, suspect, and that is the ugliest side of our traditional admiration of the rough diamond and the rustic sage. Somehow the emphasis has got shifted to "rough" and "rustic" instead of remaining where it was doubtless originally placed on "diamond" and "sage." In any event, a B.A. is something to be lived down, and a sobriquet like "Alfalfa Bill" a price-less advantage.

Toward a New Tax Program*

By EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN

THE tax problem has, not unexpectedly, leaped into the center of the political stage. This is more or less true in every country today, but the problem has perhaps nowhere else assumed the significance that it has attained in the United States. Everywhere, indeed, the economic depression has had its fiscal repercussions. The falling off of business activities is quickly reflected in government revenues. There is comparatively little to choose in the matter of elasticity among many kinds of taxes. As business recedes, transactions diminish, consumption is cut down, wages and profits fall, and the reduced incomes are soon capitalized into lower selling values. Customs, excises, stamp duties, corporate and individual income taxes—all suffer the same fate. And while the government revenues recede, the pressure for increased expenditures becomes greater. Emergency outlays for unemployment relief and for direct and indirect subsidies are demanded to such a degree as far to outweigh the pressure for any feasible reduction of expenditures by slashing salaries or lopping off unnecessary items. Thus we have the twofold difficulty of a decrease in revenues and an increase in expenditure. The disparity between income and outgo is in periods of depression always greater in the public than in the private economy. The individual, in the face of reduced income, cuts his expenses to the bone; the government, with even the most laudable intentions of economy, is tempted and often compelled to incur a deficit.

This universal difficulty is aggravated by special causes which are peculiar to the United States. In the first place, the adoption of prohibition has meant a renunciation of what was up to that time a leading source of revenue and of what would otherwise be today a simple and effective method of wiping out almost the entire annual deficit. Secondly, the inclusion of the capital-gains provision in the income-tax law, which unduly swelled the receipts in the fat years, has materially depleted the revenues in the lean years by creating the possibility of charging off capital losses to ordinary income. Thirdly, the reciprocal exemption of State and federal wealth and earnings has become a growing menace to the responsiveness of increased yields to higher rates of taxation. Fourthly, the antiquated system of State and local finance, with its emphasis on the general property tax, is bringing into bold relief the inevitable lag between capital and income values, with a resulting pressure on the small landowner. The consequence of these difficulties, virtually none of which is found in other countries, has been the remarkable episode of the past few weeks which has attended the discussion of the sales tax, and which has fanned the flames of class antagonism, culminating in what is virtually a political revolution.

Under the circumstances it is necessary to say a word about immediate conditions before discussing the more general problem of the fiscal future, which is the proper topic of our reflections. The immediate situation is a result of the

deficit, accentuated as it has been by the causes mentioned above. The only way to remove a deficit is to balance the budget, whether national, State, or local. Here two fundamental problems present themselves: How can a budget be balanced; and to what period is the balancing to be applied?

To take up the latter point first, it is clear that we must not be too meticulous in defining the period. A budgetary balance is indeed an absolute necessity. For unless the income and outgo correspond, we incur the hazard of either a deficit or a surplus. The danger of the latter is almost equal to that of the former; we have had in the United States on the whole more difficulties with surplus than with deficit financing. While a budget, however, is annual, a budgetary balance is not necessarily restricted to a single year. The requirements of a balanced budget are substantially met if there is an equilibrium after not too protracted a period.

If the budgetary period to which the concept of equilibrium applies is fairly prolonged, lean years must be balanced off against the fat ones. This implies a surplus during the latter. Such a surplus can be either anticipatory or retroactive. To accumulate a surplus because of a possible future deficit is not easy. With the invincible hopefulness of the taxpayer the pressure will rather be to dissipate a surplus through tax remissions. It might, indeed, be possible to provide against unexpected slumps in the revenue by setting up tax reserves and keeping the rates a little higher than would otherwise be necessary. But the simpler expedient is to make good the deficit when it actually occurs by borrowing, and then to amortize the loan by securing a subsequent increase of revenue. The deficit of the past will have been wiped out by the revenues of the present. The surplus is retroactive instead of anticipatory. It is here that the equilibrium period becomes of importance. In the case of a huge deficit due to a sudden business depression it would seem unwise to make the balancing period too short. For this would require both the undue reduction of outlay and the imposition of heavy taxes at the precise period when further deflation ought to be avoided. On the other hand, to keep on borrowing from year to year without evidence of a resolute willingness to undergo further sacrifice would imperil the very basis of the public credit. It would still further undermine the private credit upon which the resumption of confidence depends.

The principle is illustrated by the crisis through which we are passing. Were this the first year of the deficit it would be questionable whether an attempt should be made to avoid borrowing. But as a matter of fact we are now in the third year of the depression. In the first year the deficit was large—nearly three-quarters of a billion dollars. In the second year it was colossal, amounting to about one-half of the ordinary revenues. In this third year it will be still more alarming. Had we not already increased our debt by several billions, a fresh resort to credit might be expedient. (But under the actual circumstances it would be hazardous further to prolong the period of balancing.) Even at the best it wi

* The third of a series of articles on various important phases of our economic life, written by authorities in their respective fields. The fourth will appear next week.—EDITOR THE NATION.

several years before the equilibrium for the entire period will have been reached.

The second problem adverted to above is how the budgetary balance, whether short or long time, is to be attained. It is clear that there are four methods of accomplishing the result, three of them looking to the reduction of expenditures, the fourth to the increase of revenues. What appears to be the simplest method is to reduce expenditures directly. This is something which has not yet been seriously attempted in this country. The obstacles are numerous. Obviously, two of the causes of lavish expenditure are war and waste. (Far and away the chief elements of modern expenditure are connected with the aftermath of war and the preparation for war.) The final aftermath of war in the shape of interest on the debt, pensions, veteran services, and legion allowances is well-nigh irreducible; the fiscal preparation for war depends for its reduction upon the adoption of disarmament projects for which world sentiment does not appear to be entirely ripe. The net result is the virtually sole reliance upon a drastic cut in public salaries and emoluments—a step which is only beginning to be considered in this country.

The second method of balancing the budget is to reduce expenditures by breaking even in the commercial or primarily business activities of government. The typical examples here are the Post Office in federal finance, and the subways or water supply in municipal finance. Even in years of abundance it is questionable whether the general taxpayer ought to be saddled with the cost of services which inure to the special benefit of the users. In a period of depression it is particularly indefensible not to make such services carry their own load and become self-supporting. Deficit financing or net outlay in the commercial activities of government is something resolutely to be deprecated.

The third method of reducing expenditures is by suspending the sinking-fund requirements of the debt service. To many this appears to be of doubtful expediency because of the almost sacrosanct character which is presumed to attach to sinking funds. But to financiers who regard the substance rather than the form the issue is not doubtful. Provision for setting up a sinking fund when a loan is created is doubtless expedient as evidence of the good intentions of the government and the desire to strengthen public credit. But unless the sinking fund is automatically alimented by the imposition of a new tax for this purpose, the dependence of the compulsory amortization upon the general revenues of government is illusory. When it becomes necessary to reduce debt by resort to fresh borrowing, the process is a mere bookkeeping device; and if the new loan has to be contracted at a higher rate of interest, it becomes absurd. If, on the other hand, the amortization necessitates an increased tax, we are imposing upon the citizens of a particular year not only an unnecessary but an inequitable burden. Far better is it—as was done in our Civil War debt and as is the custom abroad—to treat the sinking-fund provision as something that can be postponed in emergencies, and to consider the requirements as substantially fulfilled by amortizing more than the average in good years and less or none in bad years. At the present time in the United States this item alone amounts to several hundred million dollars. Under the pending plans there is no attempt to include it in the deficit to be covered.

When all is said, however, the chief reliance of the budget balancers must be upon an increase of taxation. But it is a great mistake to think of emergency taxation by itself. It was a fateful error of the political leaders in the recent flare-up in Congress to state that the raising of the revenue was more important than the manner in which it was to be raised. The problems are of equal, not of disparate, importance, as recent events have shown. It becomes necessary, therefore, to consider emergency revenue in the light of a normal tax system, especially in view of the fact that several years at least must elapse before an entirely normal situation will again have been reached.

Here it is important to keep in mind the various constituents of the tax system. There are in reality three kinds of taxes. While all taxes are ultimately paid by some person, they differ according to the manner of assessment. Taxes may be levied on the person as such, irrespective of any particular thing. The chief personal taxes in addition to the poll tax are the general property tax and the general income tax, where the tax is imposed on the person according to his ability to pay, as indicated by his total wealth measured in terms of either property or income. At the other extreme are impersonal taxes, or taxes on things, assessed on the phenomenon irrespective of the person. Such are the ordinary taxes on commodities or transactions, whether on production, on exchange, or on consumption. In between personal and impersonal taxes are those assessed on persons with reference to some particular things, or on things with reference to some particular persons. Such semi-personal taxes are typified by a business tax or a real-estate tax *in rem*. Personal and semi-personal taxes are generally lumped together as direct taxes, in contrast to the impersonal or indirect taxes. A more modern nomenclature is to contrast taxes on wealth as opposed to taxes on expenditure, with the stressing of the fiscal aspects in the latter and of the social aspects in the former.

In dealing with the general problem three points emerge. The first is that while democratic progress everywhere emphasizes the growing importance of direct taxes or taxes on wealth, no country has ever been able to rely upon them alone. Indirect taxes formed the exclusive source of our normal federal revenue up to a very recent period, and must continue to supply a substantial share in the future. The chief problem here consists in the choice of such taxes. With the growing emphasis put on their social and economic effects, advanced communities have come to prefer certain classes of indirect taxes. Apart from customs duties, which are everywhere utilized for either fiscal or economic reasons, it has come to be recognized that the least indefensible taxes are imposts on tobacco and drinks, where social and fiscal reasons converge to urge their adoption. Our renunciation, for the time being, of the latter class of taxes has created one of the major difficulties of the present situation. At the other extreme are found the most indefensible revenues, such as the general sales tax which has so violently been rejected by Congress. In between lie a variety of excises which possess in a minor degree the merits of the first class and the demerits of the second.

The next point is the need of envisaging our revenue system as a whole. The old-time simple situation, with federal revenues alimented from indirect taxes, and State and local revenues furnished by the general property tax, has dis-

appeared. On the one hand the federal government has had to utilize direct taxes, while the States and localities have not only changed in large measure from personal to semi-personal taxes, but are increasingly compelled to rely upon a different criterion for measuring wealth. The consequence is that federal and State governments are trenching on each other's field. Apart from the constitutional restriction which reserves customs duties to the nation and property taxes to the States, the whole field is open to both. The results are the existing overlapping in income taxes, in business taxes, in death duties, and in excises like the taxes on gasoline, on tobacco, on transactions, and the like. The crying need of the future is a coordination of our revenue system whereby some semblance of order may be introduced into the fast-growing fiscal chaos, and as a result of which due consideration may be paid not only to the total burden on the taxpayer but also to the respective claims of State and federal finance.

The third point in any estimate of our future fiscal system is the difficulty into which we have fallen because of the existence of tax-exempt securities. When the system first developed, it was of little fiscal consequence. But now, with over thirty billion dollars of outstanding tax-exempt securities, the situation is full of menace. Reciprocal tax exemption ~~is~~ likely to nullify the advantages ascribable to a satisfactory federal income tax or an adequate State bank or corporation tax. Under a system of strictly proportional taxation the tax on such securities might well be deemed prepaid. But in the face of progressive taxation and the impossibility of knowing in advance into which bracket the holdings will fall, the exemption, no longer reflected in the higher market value, becomes a distinct immunity, frustrating to this extent the entire scheme of graduation. The removal of this anomaly is a condition precedent to a successful functioning of a well-considered tax system.

The formulation of a plan to function under what we may hope will be the normal conditions of the next four or five years is therefore not so simple as may appear at first blush. To judge from present indications the total expenditures of the nation through its various governmental agencies will amount to some fourteen or fifteen billion dollars, of which about one-third will be ascribable to the federal government. Of the nine or ten billions spent in the States the chief reliance must continue to be the old general property tax, which is fast changing into a semi-personal tax on real estate. The mounting burden on the landowner, which is in the larger cities partly shifted to the tenant and partly amortized by a slower appreciation of land values, can be in a measure relieved by a resort to other revenues, like a share in the coordinated system of income, business, inheritance, gasoline, and other indirect taxes. This raises the question as to how much can be expected from such a series of coordinated taxes. It is obviously neither necessary nor practicable to attempt exact figures. What is important in framing a program is to show the general trend. Precise estimates depend not only on the rates selected but on the oscillations in economic life.

Using then only very rough and general figures, we may begin with the income tax. The yield of the federal individual income tax has varied from three-quarters to over one and one-quarter billion dollars. If we take the year 1928 as an indication of prosperity coupled with moderate rates, and if we add the State income taxes, it is probable that we

may expect under normal conditions a yield of roughly one and one-half billions from this source. Next, the corporate income tax has yielded between one and one and one-quarter billions. If we add to this the corporation and business taxes in the States, we may again expect, with substantially existing rates, a yield of well-nigh two billions. From a coordinated income tax we may therefore anticipate under normal conditions and moderate rates about three and one-half billions. This is, of course, only a very small proportion of the total social income.

With the inheritance tax or death duties we enter a far more controverted field. The yield of the estate tax has been exceedingly low, partly because of loopholes in the law, partly because of the large rebate to the States. It is worthy of note, however, that the net taxable estates have gradually increased to about two and one-half billion dollars. This is a very low figure, due in part to the excessive exemptions. In England, with one-third of the population and a very much smaller total wealth, the net taxable estates are actually greater than with us. In 1931 the British revenue from death duties was over \$400,000,000 as compared with about \$1,600,000,000 from income tax. A much lower maximum rate than in Great Britain would easily yield with us in normal times a revenue of a half-billion dollars. This would mean less than a sixth of the income tax instead of a quarter as in Great Britain. And if the loopholes in our law were stopped up, and the exemption were made generous instead of excessive, the burden on the estates of moderate size would be relatively inconspicuous.

Coming to the other revenues, we could easily count on a half-billion dollars each from customs and tobacco, a billion from gasoline, and a billion from a self-supporting postal service, making a total coordinated revenue of seven billion dollars. If prohibition were abolished and liquor taxes reinstituted, there is little doubt that there would be a further yield of about one and one-half billions. The net result would be a coordinated revenue of eight and one-half billion dollars, leaving for the local property tax less than six or seven billions. Inasmuch as the federal government ought to need only about five billions, three and one-half billions would be available for the States, with a resulting substantial reduction of the burden of the local property tax.

If, on the other hand, we persist in deliberately renouncing the easily collectible liquor tax, we shall have to make good the difference by a multiplicity of excises, by a substantial increase of the gasoline tax, or by a rise in the rates of both income and inheritance taxes. The first of these choices may be rejected as undesirable. The choice between the other two will depend largely upon the preference that may be assigned to the relative merits of the benefit and the ability theory in taxation. But there will also remain a consideration of the point at which the advantages of a more equitable distribution of wealth are outweighed by a possible retardation in the process of accumulation. In any event the potential resources of the country are so gigantic that we may face with equanimity a fiscal future which, if informed with intelligence and a prudent regard for the economic and social consequences of taxation, will unite ample revenue with moderate and fairly apportioned burdens. If by good fortune the expenditures of war can be reduced and if a more efficient system of budgetary control can be adopted, the future will be wholly without reason for discouragement.

Presidential Possibilities

VIII. Franklin D. Roosevelt—Perched on the Bandwagon*

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

It is not precisely a modern vehicle and it lurches a good deal on the road which leads to the Democratic National Convention. But Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose bandwagon is far in the lead, grins a jovial grin and tips his seat. There are ruts in the road, of course. Prohibition is one of them and Tammany Hall another. Taxation, the tariff, and the League of Nations are treacherous and puddles which still may bog the wheels. Governor Roosevelt has already worked valiantly in smoothing out the ruts and drying up the puddles, however, and he is not seriously disturbed.

Obviously, he would wear an even wider grin if the number of his fellow-passengers were larger. Alas, Alfred E. Smith is driving a bandwagon of his own. Governor Ritchie of Maryland has Presidential delusions, too, and so does "Alfalfa Bill" Murray of Oklahoma until the North Dakota primaries demonstrated the futility of his dreams. Even now, Governor Murray remains in the race. The friends of Melvin Traylor of Chicago are flooding the mails with literature and with songs pointing out that Traylor was born in Kentucky, a State which rhymes with "lucky." A boom is under way for "Happy Jack" Garner. Newton D. Baker remains a silent menace in tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles, and there are in addition innumerable actual or potential favorite sons. And yet the Governor of New York has reason to feel a warm glow of confidence. He will have, far, the largest number of delegates when the convention meets.

There can be little doubt, I think, that the Democratic Party has a better chance to win with Roosevelt than with any other candidate. People in the mass do not look behind the scenes in politics, even when an opportunity to do so is given them. Franklin Delano Roosevelt—the name itself is worth a vast number of votes. We talk a good deal about democracy, but we like Presidential candidates with a background, at least, of aristocracy. Roosevelt is a gentleman, the son of a gentleman. He went to Groton and to Harvard. He entered politics "to do good." He has a moderate fortune. Last year, when I was a temporary resident of California, people occasionally asked me to tell them about "your splendid Governor in New York." "It's nothing," they said, "to know that there is a New York democrat who is not subservient to Tammany Hall. Al Smith was a good man, too, but his affiliations with the most corrupt political organization on earth disqualified him for Presidency."

Polite skepticism greeted my suggestion that Governor Roosevelt had been, in recent years, more subservient to Tammany Hall than had former Governor Smith between 1914 and 1928. I reminded my friends of the tolerant atti-

tude revealed by Roosevelt at the time of the first exposure of corruption in 1930 and of the fact that his investigations into the scandals were not very vigorous. But this made no difference. The Californians persisted in their conviction that Roosevelt was guiltless of Tammany leanings. It is not only a reputation for evil which lasts through life; the reputation for virtue also lingers. Franklin Roosevelt joined the independents in 1911, just after he entered politics, and was a leader of the group which defeated William F. Sheehan, the Tammany candidate for United States Senator. His legislative career was, I think, almost barren of other distinction and he was virtually unheard of until he became Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the Administration of Woodrow Wilson. By his revolt in 1911 Roosevelt was classified as a young man of great independence and courage.

There are several examples of this in political history. Governor Roosevelt's distant cousin, the late Theodore Roosevelt, was repeatedly saluted as a statesman who had never surrendered his independence. This was partly, although not wholly, because he, too, began his career by giving the rebel yell. As a member of the New York legislature from 1882 to 1884, Theodore Roosevelt indulged in occasional combat with the G. O. P. machine. He exposed some wrongdoing and voted for a measure or two desired by Governor Grover Cleveland. He compromised with the organization in 1884, however, and worked for the election of the dubious James G. Blaine. It was thus throughout Theodore Roosevelt's public career. He bowed to political influence in obtaining appointment to public office, in dealing with the tariff and trust control, and even in the Bull Moose campaign in 1912. But the reputation for sterling independence which began in his legislative days survived. Unlucky Al Smith, on the other hand, was subservient to Tammany in his apprenticeship and defiant only when power had come to him. The evil that he did lived after his reform.

The moral for the youthful politician, obviously, is to be independent in the early days, but not too much so, for that may mean the abrupt snuffing out of political dreams. A gesture or two will suffice, assuming the newspapers have been notified. "To accomplish almost anything worth while," wrote Franklin Roosevelt for the current issue of the *American Magazine*, "it is necessary to compromise between the ideal and the practical. . . . But these compromises must never condone dishonesty, extravagance, or inefficiency. Politics is a series of decisions; they must be made for the long-range benefit of the public." I wonder whether Al Smith has read the article in which this appeared. I wonder whether he muttered "Boloney!" as he did so. If a word or two is changed, the quotation becomes much less ridiculous. Suppose Governor Roosevelt had written: "To accomplish almost any *Presidential nomination* it is necessary

* The last of our series of articles on leading Presidential candidates.—
FOR THE NATION.

to compromise between the ideal and the practical. . . . But these compromises should not, *if it can be avoided*, condone dishonesty, extravagance, or inefficiency."

Governor Roosevelt would not have been human had he turned his back on the prospects for the Democratic nomination. His public renown has increased amazingly in the last twelve years. I remember, as a young newspaperman in New York, being assigned to cover portions of his campaign for Vice-President in 1920. That year was among the most hopeless in all the hopeless annals of the Democratic Party. Woodrow Wilson was watching his aspirations crumble into dust and was nursing his rage against those who had killed his League of Nations. The undistinguished nominee for President was Jimmy Cox of Ohio, and Roosevelt had been placed on the ticket to give it some distinction. My assignment was limited to New York; the Vice-Presidential candidate, with a small group of bored newspapermen, traveled from political club to political club and met profound apathy wherever he went. I cannot recall whether Franklin Roosevelt said anything worth saying or whether anyone listened. I do remember that he had a pleasing personality, that he was only thirty-eight years old, that he had a magnificently strong physique. He seemed to be an excellent type for a Vice-Presidential candidate; he had no discernible enemies and was perfectly contented in his obscure role.

Franklin Roosevelt was little in the public eye for a year or so after that. Those who had watched him in the 1920 campaign heard with pity and sorrow of the infantile-paralysis attack. We were gratified when word circulated that he was making a gallant fight against infirmity. Then came the Democratic Convention of 1924 and two of the most impressive speeches in the history of such convocations. One was Newton D. Baker's fervent emotional appeal in behalf of the League of Nations. The other was Franklin D. Roosevelt's speech placing the name of Alfred E. Smith in nomination. It was then that the characterization, "the Happy Warrior," was first applied to the Governor of New York; and Roosevelt, supporting himself on his strong arms as the spotlights beat down upon him, had the absorbed attention of the vast throng in Madison Square Garden. He again thrilled them in 1928, at the convention in Houston.

Politics can also separate old bedfellows. The "Happy Warrior" persuaded Roosevelt to run for Governor in order to help the national ticket in New York. Bitterness came to Al Smith as he watched his own State declare that Herbert Hoover would make the better President. It can hardly have pleased Smith that Roosevelt had developed greater strength in New York than he and had been elected Governor. Their positions were reversed; the star of Franklin Roosevelt was ascending. The next blow was Smith's defeat in the selection of a new leader for Tammany Hall. John F. Curry was chosen against his protests, and Smith's influence faded still more. Then came the stock-market crash, the depression, and the probability that a Democratic nomination for the Presidency would not be so worthless in 1932. The House of Representatives shifted from the control of the G. O. P. to that of the plain people. Roosevelt was re-elected Governor by an enormous majority. He insisted that he was "not a candidate" for the Presidency and was "devoting all my time to the work at hand, administering the affairs of the State of New York." No one was deceived by these words, so familiar in the comic history of politics.

The Governor of New York is, whatever his party, invariably a potential Presidential candidate. This is because he stands in the glare of public attention and because New York is a doubtful State. Nearly every act is interpreted in the light of Presidential yearnings. The administrations of Governor Roosevelt have been, despite this handicap, decidedly superior to those of the average executive. The gentleman in politics so admired by my California friends has exhibited qualities as a politician which have enabled him to force a hostile legislature into accepting the essential parts of his program. Roosevelt's stature has been legitimately increased by his work as Governor of New York. On the power issue, for instance, he was much more successful than Al Smith had been. He called for State power plants and the sale of the resulting electricity to private companies rigidly supervised as to rates. He forced the Republican majority in the legislature to accept this principle for the long-debated St. Lawrence development. On the other hand, the Governor has made it plain that he is a friend of the utility companies to the extent that he proposes no radical changes. He assured them in October, 1930, that the legitimate investor would not be deprived of his legitimate return, that the Democratic Party "does not contemplate the State going into the business of selling electricity to the homes." Regarding taxation and relief for the unemployed, Roosevelt displayed courage and leadership which made the efforts of Herbert Hoover stand out for exactly what they were: feeble, cowardly, and vacillating. Governor Roosevelt forced through a 100 per cent increase in the personal-income tax rate. He used the money to provide relief.

What, meanwhile, was the purpose behind the legislative committee created to investigate the city administration in New York? It was political, nothing more. The Republicans at Albany hoped that enough evidence would be uncovered so that Roosevelt would face the dilemma of removing Tammany officials or condoning dishonesty. About dishonesty itself, in city or country affairs, they cared nothing at all. The saintly Republicans made this clear beyond refutation when they declined to authorize a similar investigation for upstate New York cities. Why? Because these upstate cities are, in the main, controlled by their party. All this is no reflection on the sincerity of Judge Seabury nor is it an attempt to gloss over the facts he has uncovered.

On the ground of high and lofty integrity, then, Franklin Roosevelt is to be condemned because he was not hot on the trail when Judge Seabury said that District Attorney Crait was an incompetent official, when magistrates were shown to be crooked, when the parade of little tin boxes began. But it was natural for him to be suspicious of the motives of those who had caused the investigations. Forced into a corner Roosevelt dismissed Sheriff Farley of New York County but he did so with the utmost gentleness and he permitted Bos Curry to pick another man for the post. His only wrath indeed, has been directed against the Reverend John Hayne Holmes and Rabbi Wise. They dared to ask that Roosevelt remove Sheriff James A. McQuade of Kings County, the sheriff who explained large bank deposits by pointing to the enormous number of McQuades dependent upon him for bread and butter. Holmes and Wise also requested that the Governor use his influence to bring about the dismissal of John Theofel, Chief Clerk of the Queens County Surrogate's Court. Roosevelt's reply was blistering; he would d

nothing of the sort, he said; the suggestions were grossly impertinent. In the early fall of 1930, when the scandals started, the Governor needed Tammany's support for reelection. He now needs the New York delegation's vote at Chicago. And so he does not call upon heaven to smite the wicked ones of the Wigwam.

It is foolish to assume a moral attitude toward this human failing. It is more to Roosevelt's discredit, I think, that he has sought to give the impression that he is not, after all, too ardently opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment. He has his eye upon the Southern delegations. He was finally forced to declare himself again only because of the murmurings in his own State. Roosevelt will, I predict, seek to minimize this issue in the weeks which lie just ahead and will continue to do so in the event that he is nominated. The habit of compromise grows. The intelligent politician gives in, at first, only when the probable result justifies it. After a time he bends his head when there is very little real need for it. Soon he is doing it constantly. Franklin Roosevelt, for example, has not for years been identified with the League of Nations. Newton Baker was carrying the onus of that troublesome issue and he was, in all probability, justified in his public statement that he would not force the United States to join. But on the night of February 1 of this year a letter lay on the Governor's desk at Albany, a letter in which William Randolph Hearst demanded an expression on the League. It is true that Hearst had published the letter in all his newspapers. It is also true, however, that his political influence is waning. If Roosevelt had declined to make a statement, the matter would have been forgotten in short order. On the night after receiving Hearst's letter, however, Roosevelt announced that he did not favor American participation in the League.

The truth is that Franklin Roosevelt hauls down banners under which he has marched in the past and unfurls no new ones to the skies. He was anti-Tammany once. He is so no longer. He was an ardent wet; he would like to forget prohibition today. Will this be so when pressure comes to modify further his views on public utilities? Will he trim still more when members of his party, seeking protective tariffs for rice and sugar and lumber, say that the Smoot-Hawley tariff is not, after all, so wicked as it seemed? His candidacy for the Democratic nomination has strength because he is all things to many sections of the nation. In the East he is wet and not radical. In the West he is progressive. In the South he is not very wet, after all, and is—thank God—a Protestant. These are priceless assets to a candidate for a nomination. They are, perhaps, exactly the reverse if Franklin Roosevelt is to be judged on the basis of his worth as a possible President of the United States. If it is true that a new deal is needed in the world, there is small hope for better things in his candidacy. If it is true that foreign debts must be adjusted downward and reparations forgotten, there is nothing in Roosevelt's philosophy, as far as we know, which gives promise of a better day. He calls for palliatives in world affairs, not cures. His domestic program is hardly more stimulating. This may be the reason why, although Roosevelt wins respect for his ability, his candidacy arouses so little real enthusiasm. I see no evidence whatever that people are turning to him as a leader. They may vote for him—I think they will—because they are sick and tired of Hoover and weary of the depression. But they will do so without the buoyancy of hope. A Hoover, perhaps, by any other name is still a Hoover. But the bandwagon lurches on and Franklin Roosevelt wears his cheerful smile.

Strains of Harmony

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, April 16

OF all the diplomatic Punch and Judy shows held on the international stage in recent years, the one now in progress at Geneva probably takes the cake for sheer hollowness and pretense. Does anyone seriously hope that it will result in the slightest measure of actual disarmament? Nonsense! That possibility has been sunk deeper than Atlantis since the day Premier Laval took his leave at the White House. During the pantomime thus far enacted the most comical gesture was provided by the American delegation in its suggestion to limit the use of *offensive* as distinguished from *defensive* weapons. Acceptance of the proposal would contribute much to the gaiety of a world turned melancholy. Fancy, for example, an international commission of experts solemnly determining at what stage of whetting a bayonet ceased to be defensive and became offensive! Or the respective calibers of offensive and defensive cartridges! Or the comparative strength of offensive and defensive poison gases! Nevertheless, let it not be concluded that under all this mummary nothing serious is occurring. Secretary Stimson is occupied with an extremely important mission, although it is concerned with war instead

of peace. His real business is to ascertain, if he can, (1) the probable attitude of France and Great Britain toward the prospective dismemberment of China by Japan; and (2) the probable attitude of those Powers in the event of war between this country and Japan. Belief is strong at the State Department that such a war is inevitable within a few years. A similar belief prevails at the War and Navy departments, and it is coupled with a fervent desire for more time in which to prepare for it. It is not impossible that we shall experience the crowning irony of watching Bolshevik Russia holding the Japs back until we are ready. Therefore logic would indicate that our first step toward preparedness would be the restoration of formal and friendly relations with our prospective allies.

* * * * *

ALL seasoned political reporters know better than to attend a Democratic "harmony" feast without shin guards and shoulder pads, and the wisdom of such precautions was beautifully illustrated at the Jefferson Day banquet here. The height of this Donnybrook reunion found Al Smith calling Governor Roosevelt a demagogue and a rabble-

rouser, Jim Cox denouncing Democratic Congressmen for refusing to swallow the sales tax, Governor Ritchie demanding prompt payment of foreign debts, and Smith offering to let the debtors take them out in trade after a recess of twenty years. It was the best thing of its kind since the Dempsey-Firpo fight, but the only Democrat who derived any political advantage from it was that one conspicuous by his absence—Roosevelt. Smith succeeded in conveying the sour and definite impression of a man infuriated by his antagonist's refusal to notice him. His intemperate and ungracious attack on his old friend undoubtedly will do more to solidify Western and Southern sentiment behind Roosevelt than any previous development. For that matter, Smith's support would be of doubtful value to Roosevelt. If nominated for President the Governor will almost certainly carry his own State—which, incidentally, is more than Smith did. As far as the rest is concerned, Smith's following is a wet following, and certainly no one doubts that Roosevelt will get the wet vote as against Hoover. Events since the last election evidently have conspired to put Smith completely under Raskob's thumb. He may even find himself a negligible figure at the national convention. That his eclipse is a tragedy does not alter the situation. He would be well advised now to assemble what remains of his dignity and prestige and retire peacefully from the scene. Then, at least, we should be able to love him for what he was.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

THE great battle, transferred from House to Senate, wears on with varying fortunes as leaders of both parties strive desperately to make political capital, and succeed mainly in emphasizing that people dislike to pay taxes—■ circumstance which did not go unremarked from Herodotus to James Russell Lowell. Editors who, in January, would not have known a budget from a ten-tube superheterodyne, continue in stentorian tones to demand the balancing of the unbalanced, and to speak of "the national credit" in language which makes up in solemnity what it lacks in meaning. The budget, of course, is always balanced in the sense that the government only spends what it has. The question at issue is whether the government's obligations are to be met entirely out of current revenue. And on that question, despite all the windy "balancing" talk, a profound division still exists. There are men in Congress—cautious men, too—who insist that to ask the country in its present condition to produce a billion dollars in new revenue is like asking ■ sick man to leap out of bed and carry an anvil up Pike's Peak. Among such remarkably divergent types as the Socialist Norman Thomas and the ultra-conservative Senator George, of Georgia, one encounters the conviction that some borrowing is inevitable. None of the official "balancing" calculations makes any allowance for relief expenditures, although it would take ■ hardy soul to assert, in the face of accumulating evidence, that such expenditures will not be ■ desperate necessity within six months. Moreover, most of these calculations count on a saving of about \$200,000,000 a year through "economies." Since most of the proposed "economies" would be achieved by slashing the wages of government workers, they are of doubtful virtue and uncertain prospects. The pressure in their behalf comes from private employers who are eager to have Uncle Sam set a glorious example in wage-cutting.

THE rather dizzying maneuvers of Secretary Mills have not tended to expedite the progress of the tax bill. His latest position, as outlined by himself, is as follows: He prefers the program which he submitted originally to the House Ways and Means Committee—which it rejected; he is willing to take the substitute program drafted by the committee; he does not like the bill as it passed the House, and he is willing to assist the Senate Finance Committee in writing a new bill. I do not care for him in his new character; he would be more effective as his old arrogant, cocksure self. After first denouncing a sales tax and then warmly espousing it, he issued ■ set of estimates which evoked instant memories of the time when Uncle Andy Mellon underestimated the tax yield for one year by \$900,000,000. Perhaps it was a sense of his predicament which impelled Mills at this juncture to launch into what should be remembered as the classic modern defense of plutocracy. He told the Senate Finance Committee that he was opposed to any taxation that might tend to break up great fortunes or distribute the national wealth more equally. He said it was imperative to keep the "working capital" of the country concentrated in the hands of those whose fathers or grandfathers had known best how to employ and direct it. He declared that a tax rate of more than 25 per cent on inherited wealth (after the first \$10,000,000) would "discourage investment in productive enterprise," and drive money into tax-exempt securities. Of course, this type of shallow, stockbroker economics, by concerning itself solely with finding capital to invest in productive industries and ignoring the necessity of putting enough money in the hands of consumers to purchase the products of industry, was responsible for the depression, and that fact was very promptly pointed out by Dr. John A. Ryan. Unfortunately, Mr. Mills and not Dr. Ryan is Secretary of the Treasury; but Congress remains unterrified, and it is my judgment that the maximum estate tax of 45 per cent will not be lowered and that the maximum surtax rate on income after the first \$5,000,000 ■ year probably will be increased to 50 per cent. However unsound Mr. Mills deems the procedure, Congress may ultimately be compelled to obtain the needed revenue from the people who have money.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

IT is my disagreeable duty to report that another captain of finance (the third in ten years) has succeeded in making ■ Senate committee look rather silly. The magnate in this instance is President Whitney of the New York Stock Exchange, and the committee is that on Banking and Currency. To be sure, the committee was not primarily to blame for its innocent and unprepared state. Mr. Whitney was hurriedly summoned on the strength of a telegram from George Barr Baker, former army censor and now President Hoover's New York scout, stating that a terrible bear raid was being hatched. The inscrutable Mr. Whitney knew nothing about the matter, and unhappily for the committee, neither the President nor Senator Walcott, his spokesman, was able to furnish any further basis of information on which the witness might be interrogated. Mr. Whitney agreed cheerfully that there had been too much speculation in stocks up to 1929; he offered the mild suggestion that it might have been stimulated by optimistic statements from Washington. He defended marginal buying and short selling ■ "steady-

fluences." He had all the explanatory formulas at the tip of his tongue; he knew the precise technique and jargon of his subject; the committee members didn't, and that's all there was to it. But Mr. Whitney is not yet out of the woods. There is a formidable urge within the committee to employ Samuel Untermyer as counsel. If it prevails, there may be a different story. The hitch lies in the fact that the Administration doesn't want anyone like Untermyer on the job. It wants to frighten and punish the bears, but Untermyer might not stop there—he might take out after the bulls—and under this Administration a bull is an animal prized for its rarity. The committee at this writing is split wide open on the issue; but it is plain that nothing will be accomplished unless it gets a lawyer who knows the inside working of the stock market.

A RECENT decision of the Supreme Court probably means that all Representatives in Congress from Minnesota and Missouri must be elected by the States at large in November, instead of running in their respective districts. In each State the legislature passed a reapportionment bill which was vetoed by the Governor, and the court upheld the veto. The situation in Missouri is interesting because it was a Republican Governor who vetoed the bill, and the outcome probably will be the election of a solid Democratic delegation—largely handpicked by a petty city boss, Tom Hendergast of Kansas City. Minnesota presents the still more interesting possibility of a solid Farmer-Labor delegation. At present there are only two Farmer-Laborites in Congress—Senator Shipstead and Representative Kvale. In the popular and powerful Governor Olson is a member of that maverick party and there are many signs which testify eloquently to its strength in the State. One should not be dischievous in these trying times, but I confess I should like to live to see it.

Traveling with a Band

By ARTHUR WARNER

IT was in the sun-stricken little town of Wellton, Arizona, that I found the One-Man Band sitting in the shadow of a building at a street corner.

The One-Man Band was a little stooped figure, with smooth-shaven face, long white hair, and kindly blue eyes—eyes grown somewhat dim, out of a corner of which a tear could trickle now and then, requiring the services of a large bandana handkerchief to dry.

"I'm eighty-seven years old," the One-Man Band confided to me, and added cheerily, "I'll soon be grown."

There were seven instruments in the One-Man Band. There was a guitar, which the bright little old man twanged with his fingers. A whistle, upon which he tooted from time to time, hung round his neck. Meanwhile, by a dextrous use of both feet, he made music with a drum, a triangle, a pair of cymbals, and two bells. With his own voice the bright little old man supplied the singer soloist.

"Yes," said the One-Man Band, "I spend my time traveling around from place to place. I know all the towns and all the routes. Some people pay as they go. I play as

I go. No, I haven't any family except a sister in Frisco, who's laid up with rheumatism. I'm on my way to Frisco now.

"How long will it take me to get there? Oh, I don't know. I go on bit by bit, but I'll get there. If there's a dollar anywhere, I'll get a piece of it."

The dim blue eyes twinkled merrily and there was a gay laugh, but the gathering of a few stragglers about the corner interrupted the narrative. The guitar went into action, accompanied by the six associate members of the One-Man Band. A poorly clad Mexican woman with a baby in her arms laid down a nickel. Another woman, standing in the rear, pushed forward her little boy. He came up shyly and let slip a coin from a chubby fist. A big man dropped a dime; a shopkeeper strolled over from across the street, listened for a moment, left a contribution, and then went back to his store. Gradually the little group dispersed, and the One-Man Band stopped to dry an errant tear with the big bandana handkerchief.

"Rogers taught me that song," resumed the One-Man Band with a note of pride.

"Will Rogers?" I asked curiously.

Evidently that rival entertainer was unknown to the One-Man Band. With a look of surprise and grief for my ignorance the answer came crushingly, "No, Jimmy Rogers, the famous guitar-player."

Then the One-Man Band grew reminiscent.

"I've been in three wars; I've been in three wars in my time. No, I wasn't in the Civil War. I missed that though I am eighty-seven years old and almost grown. But I was in the World War, the Spanish-American War, and the Indian war of seventy-six."

I wanted to ask him what the Indian war of seventy-six was, but felt that I had displayed enough ignorance already in regard to the famous guitar-player, Jimmy Rogers. So, reflecting that the One-Man Band must have reached about the three-quarter-century mark in 1917, I contented myself with inquiring, "What did you do in the World War?"

"Oh, I played around the camps; I did my bit."

The dim blue eyes looked at me kindly but a little tired, and the big bandana handkerchief was pulled out again to wipe the moisture from a perspiring forehead. I brought a cool drink from a nearby stand, and somewhat revived, the One-Man Band returned to its music. There were some preliminary flutters on the strings of the guitar. Then in a voice firm, if a little husky, the soloist began:

All around the water tank,
Waiting for a train,
A thousand miles away from home,
Sleeping in the rain.

The soloist paused an instant, swept the group with a smile, and resumed:

I walked up to a brakeman,
Give him a line of talk;
He says, "If you've got money, boy,
I'll see that you don't walk."

The words stopped but the seven pieces of the One-Man Band twanged and clanged on as the soloist leaned back and broke into a riotous yodel—he called it a "yudel"—which concluded with a gay shout, after which the voice went on with the ballad:

"My pocket-book is empty,
Not a penny can I show."
He says, "Get off, get off, you railroad bum,"
So he locked the box-car door.

He put me off in Texas,
A State I dearly love;
Wide open spaces all around,
Moon and stars above.

There was another "yudel," a little less abandoned, a little more wistful, and then the conclusion:

My pocket-book is empty,
My heart is filled with pain;
A thousand miles away from home,
Waiting for a train.

The patch of shade from the friendly building had been narrowing as the sun swung into the south, and now the wilting rays fell full on the uncovered head of the One-Man Band. The listeners in the little group drifted away and no others gathered to take their places. Up and down its meager length Wellton's main street seemed practically deserted. The One-Man Band scanned it for a second and then turned a doubtful glance on the collection of coins, neither considerable in number nor impressive in denomination. A little of the gay insouciance of the early morning had disappeared; there was a shade of weariness in its place.

"The stage will be here in about an hour," I said, glancing at my watch, "and you are going along to Yuma in it with me."

"Yes?" queried the One-Man Band, brightening.

"Yes," I returned. "I never traveled with a band before in my life, and probably never shall have a chance to do so again. Yuma may not have any music at the station to welcome me, but I'll have some there to greet it. I'll roll my own. Come into the restaurant and let's have something to eat while we're waiting for the stage."

In the Driftway

AN interesting experiment in good government has been going on of late under the Drifter's very eye, and he has been so amused and even touched by the result that he wishes to pass it on. Near where he lives is a rather large community garden with a shallow wading pool and a very dilapidated frame house just outside the garden limits. Overlooking the garden is a row of tenements, the first of a row in a "tough" neighborhood; the tenements, naturally, are full of kids—just tenement kids. Their playground has always been the street; until fairly late at night—very late in summer—the air has been full of the sound of them and wrung doorbells and broken windows have testified to their energy. Last summer the tenants of the community garden tried a little experiment. Before that they had tried other experiments, all with the same object and all unsuccessful, to keep the tenement kids from swarming all over garden beds, from throwing unpleasant objects in the pool, and from generally making a nuisance of themselves. But the last experiment succeeded: it was to form the tenement kids into a club, and to allow the club the use of the garden and the pool for a stipulated time each day.

THE result was magic. The garden remained neat, and woe to the rash child who attempted to litter it; where formerly gangs from other parts of the city had, at the invitation of the neighborhood kids, stormed the ramparts, the newly created club members now dealt hardly with an interloper. It had become their garden, and they were going to defend it at all possible odds! A little while later they adopted the ancient, tumble-down corner house. Two floors became the clubhouse; they obtained from somewhere—by honest means, one may only hope—whitewash to "fix up" the dingy walls, and bits of wood to make "furniture" with. Much of the time formerly spent in deviling the neighbors is now spent in the clubhouse. And they are as civic-minded about it as they were about the pool. The moral is perhaps simple; the means are a little more complicated. It was not spontaneous group activity that brought all this about, but the endeavors of an already well-organized group, Pioneer Youth. This organization, besides a good deal of interesting work in education, has done much to offer camping opportunities and direct relief in the form of toys as well as food and clothing to the children of workers. But this experiment with tenement kids, which is only one of a number of similar attempts in other crowded districts, seems somehow more immediately touching. Pioneer Youth is asking for money to help make more "clubhouses," more play schools and camps. One hardly sees why they should not get it.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence Cavalry and Generals

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent issue of *The Nation* you said that we had ninety colonels of cavalry to command six regiments of horse. The actual number in October last was sixty-six, and the number of cavalry regiments fifteen. I assume you are aware that the extra colonels of cavalry, some forty-five, are on detached duty. I must further disagree with your opinion that there are to be no more cavalry regiments, and that the War Department is steadily motorizing the cavalry arm. You have perhaps been misled by the newspaper reports of the mechanization of regiments of cavalry and interpreted it to mean motorization of the regiments instead of their trains. General MacArthur's latest report contradicts the theory that the department is abolishing all cavalry regiments.

I do not understand your point as to the four generals in Panama. Why should they not be there if there are appropriate commands for them? As it is, one major general commands the Panama Canal Department, another the division of troops stationed there, while two brigadier generals command, respectively, the coast-artillery regiments and the infantry brigade. I emphatically disagree with your statement that the Reserve Officers' Training Corps is worthless from a military point of view. At least it is our great source of reserve officers. During the last fiscal year no fewer than 5,989 new reserve officers were appointed on graduating from the R. O. T. C. Finally by a slip of the pen, you speak of the Subcommittee of the House Military Affairs Committee, headed by Congressman Collins of Mississippi, when you should have written House Appropriations Committee.

New York, March 25

GEORGE FIELDING ELLIOTT

[It is still our understanding that only six of the fifteen regiments of cavalry (of whose existence we were well aware) are now actually mounted. The fact that the extra colonels are on detached duty we were also well aware of. The actual number today does not affect our point that these surplus colonels are unnecessary, and that there are so many of them that probably some of them are retired before they actually command a mounted regiment. Of course the War Department finds work for them. If it were given 2,000 more officers tomorrow it would still find some duty for them to perform; it that does not mean that it would be worth-while, active military duty. We are also still of the opinion that if rigid retrenchment in army expenses is undertaken it will be quite possible to eliminate two of the present generals at Panama.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Modern Education

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Anyone who studied at an American university of standing in the last twenty years heard a good deal about a new technique of education, popularly known as "experimental," which stressed the importance of group activity in contact with real life. Now if this phrase describes anything, it describes the recent trip of students under the auspices of the National Student League to study conditions in the Kentucky coal fields. Their ejection by a lawless mob was an act which should have aroused protest from all who have sponsored modern education and student participation in public life.

As a matter of fact, university authorities did little to help the students. Officials of one university so far betrayed their own preachings as effectively to deliver their students into the hands of the Bell County mob by informing "I'm-the-law" Smith, attorney of the county, that those students did not represent their institution "officially." Since their return the students have been criticized by some university authorities and some old grads.

A group of twenty alumni, after considering these facts, have organized the National Alumni Association to support and defend the students who went to Kentucky, to protest the treatment accorded them, and to urge a federal investigation into the conditions which the Bell County mob was trying to hide from the students. We hope in this way to discourage those who are trying to discourage students from giving vital content to the academic theories their teachers have expounded. The organization already has almost two hundred members and an executive committee including John Dewey, Waldo Frank, and Morris R. Cohen. Any alumnus of an American university who desires to support us should communicate with the undersigned at 416 West 122d Street, New York City.

New York, April 6

HERBERT SOLOW

Tax Land Values

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A staunch supporter of *The Nation* wishes to express disappointment that the admirable Four-Year Presidential Plan for 1932-36, inclosed as a supplement in the issue of February 17, lacks a fundamental point—a suggestion, at least, of taxation of land values. The value of such a tax being self-evident to the unprejudiced, I urge that in your coming articles on the present depression some space be given to this side of the taxation question.

Worcester, Mass., March 31

MARY L. HASTINGS

Finance

Automobiles to the Rescue

WHETHER the "sales drive" of the automobile manufacturers will serve to rouse business from its lethargy and set a general revival on foot is one of the big questions of the moment in Wall Street. Ford has introduced his new eight-cylinder models, General Motors has presented a great series of exhibits in fifty-five cities, and the Chrysler organization, which is steadily rising in importance in the motor world, has made its bid for patronage. Prices have been reduced, in recognition of the present state of the public purse, but not to the same extent as prices in general. Mass production is the secret of low automobile prices, and with current output at a low ebb there has not been much opportunity for cost cutting in that direction.

Results to date carry no positive assurance of success, but it is too soon to admit failure. No one could have expected an instantaneous rush of buyers, and at best the volume of sales must appear meager in comparison with the sales of boom years such as 1928 and 1929. Enormous crowds have thronged the showrooms, but low purchasing power and the question of the trade-in allowance on the old car have apparently kept actual orders within modest bounds.

This selection of the automobile business as the bellwether which might lead the way out of depression is full of interest to the thoughtful observer of American business. Automobiles represent one of the few commodities of which it is possible to demonstrate that a shortage exists, if we accept certain standards of what a car ought to be. At the end of 1931 there were about 22,500,000 passenger cars registered in the United States. To make up this total, we must add together the output of new cars for all the years from 1931 back to and including 1925. That means that there are now on the roads a considerable number of machines which have seen their best days. Statistically, therefore, a great replacement demand for automobiles exists.

Will it prove to be an effective demand? The answer will depend in large measure upon the public's capacity to buy. It will not do to say that the automobile has determined our way of living to a tremendous extent, and that therefore we cannot do without it. Workmen may find it worth while to go back to the bicycle; low-paid white-collar employees may discover, as their English counterparts have discovered, that the "motor-bike" can provide a thrill and that it carries double; and others who have driven their own machines to work can find a substitute in the bus.

It is, however, premature to assume that the automobile trade, which has been characterized by phenomenal inventive genius and an unquestioned ability to meet the public's demands in prosperous times, will necessarily play a diminishing role, now that times have changed. The industry is still thinking in terms of luxury, swank, and ever-increasing mechanical excellence. Suppose, having concluded that the era which responded to such appeals has closed, it reasoned that it could still sell more cars than it could produce if, say, the price could be cut to \$100. An impossible figure, to be sure; yet somewhere between that price and present prices may lie the point of maximum returns. The car which can meet such requirements will be a lean and stripped affair, without the innumerable gadgets which the public would like to have but cannot afford. What motor manufacturer will be the first to offer utility, and nothing more, at the lowest price on record?

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books, Drama, Films

Blue-Stemmed Grass

By THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

There's blue-stemmed grass as far as I can see,
But when I take the blue-stemmed grass in hand,
And pull the grass apart, and speak the word
For every part, I do not understand
More than I understood of grass before.
"This part," I say, "is the straight untwisted awn,"
And "Here's the fourth glume of the sessile spike,"
And then I laugh out loud at what I've done.

I speak with reason to the blue-stemmed grass:
"This grass moves up through meadow beasts to men."
I weigh mechanical economies
Of meadow into flesh and back again.
I let the morning sun shine through my hand,
I trace the substance bloom and beast have given,
But I ask if phosphorus or nitrogen
Can make air through my lips mean hell or heaven.

All that the grass can make for any beast
Is here within my luminous hand of bone
And flesh and blood against the morning sun;
But I must listen alone, and you, alone,
Far children to be woven from green looms;
We move forever across meadows blowing,
But like no beast, we choke and cannot cry
When the grasses come, and when the grass is going.

Gamaliel Bradford

IN the death of Gamaliel Bradford at the age of sixty-eight, American letters has lost a distinguished figure. What distinguished him was less brilliance than simple competence. His career seems a proof that even in literature it is possible to build an impressive reputation on the copy-book virtues of industry, patience, persistence, careful and conscientious workmanship. Bradford himself was the most modest of men, and would probably agree with this judgment. The two-page autobiography that he contributed two years ago to a book called "Modern Writers at Work" (edited by Josephine K. Piercy; Macmillan's) contained these interesting paragraphs:

I began to make a business of writing forty years ago and as I look back, it seems as if I had met failure after failure and for a long time nothing else. I began with poetry and it took me years to learn that in practically every case poetry as a means of material success and livelihood is quite hopeless. Then I turned to fiction and I have today eight novels, three of which have been published, with only moderate success, while the other five are waiting peacefully in manuscript for their turn to astonish the world. I believe in them, but apparently no one else does.

And for nearly forty years I have been writing plays, and I have the manuscripts of some fifteen completed, and only one in print, and after the most desperate and pro-

longed efforts I have never been able to get a single one on to the stage.

Then twenty years ago, after a long period of utter discouragement and as it seemed final abandonment of literary labor altogether, I literally stumbled into the line of biographical work and made a success which, if in no way remarkable, has been more of an astonishment to me than anyone else. I should prefer to write great novels; but we do what we can, not what we should like.

I have gone into this perhaps rather egotistical disquisition to support my point that a tremendous and undying persistence is at least a very important part of the writer's equipment. I don't know that I have much else to boast of, but I think I have that.

It would be unfair, of course, to accept Bradford's work at the low valuation that he himself sometimes seemed to set upon it. It requires more than industry and infinite pains, it requires undoubted talents to write as smoothly and pleasantly as he did, to master the art of selection, and to marshal one's facts in so finished a fashion. But one did not find in Bradford's work any brilliant flashes of insight; he never gave us any strikingly fresh and original interpretations of historical or literary characters. It was amazing, indeed, that otherwise discerning critics should so often have placed him on a level with Lytton Strachey. He had none of the latter's penetration, aloof irony, quiet but devastating wit, and inimitable flavor. On the other hand, he was perhaps a safer model for the young biographer. For he seldom, like Strachey, yielded to the temptation to *impose* an interpretation on a character; his work was always distinguished for its judiciousness and balance; his interpretations, within their limits, could be trusted. He was often credited with inventing the biographical genre which he practiced, but he never made such claim himself. What he did was to invent the word "psychography" to describe it; the genre had long ago reached full flower in Sainte-Beuve. Sainte-Beuve, indeed, was frankly Bradford's own model, and it would be impossible to imagine one more suited to his talents. From the great French critic he learned the virtues of an unfailing catholicity of mind, of a patient view of the subjects of his portraits from all sides and of a refusal to arrive at a judgment until all the evidence was in.

HENRY HAZLITT

Mental Healers

Mental Healers. By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. \$3.50

THE history of mental healing possesses a human interest out of all proportion to its practical achievements. And it is easy to understand why. It is the only discipline in which mind acts upon nature and gets the thrill of spirit answering spirit. An engineer, a scientist, a physician, no matter how successful he may be in dealing with reality through his mathematico-mechanical methods, experiences something of Pascal's terror at the infinite spaces and the cold, dead objectivity of the material world. In ordinary human intercourse we have consciousness communicating with consciousness, but the whole realm of mind feels itself imprisoned in an alien material world to which it may control but which it cannot know or talk to. It is only in mental healing that the mind feels itself akin to the body and penetrates or seeks to penetrate to the creative

spiritual core behind the objectified material world. The very possibility of mental healing has thus a religious significance. Indeed, one can understand not only why all the religions should have preached mental healing, but also why the modern revival of mental healing, against a background of materialistic science, could have resulted in a new religion—Christian Science. Both their truth and in their superstition the aspirations of religion and mental healing have very much in common.

From the modern history of mental healing Stefan Zweig has selected the three most striking—and most important—chapters. They are represented by the work of Franz Mesmer, Mary Baker Eddy, and Sigmund Freud. A strange company is this trio—a physician led astray by occult beliefs and discovering something he himself did not understand, a poverty-stricken woman invalid who cured herself by organizing at the age of thirty a powerful religious sect on the tenets of metaphysical medicine, and finally a great scientific intellect who introduced scientific order into the spiritual realm. But there is a thread of continuity between all three figures, and that thread is Mesmer's initial discovery of "animal magnetism" as a method of curing disease.

In the second half of the eighteenth century, when Mesmer lived, the medieval ideas of occult qualities and mysterious influences were rapidly being abandoned in favor of rational experimental science, which had conquered physics and was just then conquering the realm of chemistry. These ideas survived, however, among the general public and in medical teaching, which did not become modernized until well into the nineteenth century. Mesmer, who wrote a doctoral dissertation on the astrological theme of the influence of the planets, had his attention called to the "curative properties of the magnet" by a Jesuit astronomer who had been asked by a rich lady to prepare a magnet to cure her ailments. As it happened, the symptoms of the lady were actually relieved by magnetic applications, and thereafter Mesmer was set afire with the belief in the curative virtues of the magnet. He made a number of remarkable cures, and his fame became world-wide overnight. He was sufficiently experimental in his technique to come to realize after a while that the cure was not caused by physical magnetism but by the passes which the physician made with the magnet. He was not enough of a genius, however, to realize just what lay behind his method, and he insisted that the cures were caused by a magnetic fluid emanating from the human organism—hence the name "animal magnetism." An obscure French disciple, Puysegur, repeated Mesmer's experiments and gave them something of a modern explanation in terms of suggestion and the various twilight states of hypnotism. But by a strange irony of fate Mesmer's work was condemned by all the learned societies because it was explained in terms of a material fluid, for which there was no experimental evidence, while the psychological explanation was completely ignored. Mesmer's cures were set down as due to the patient's "imagination," but the learned scientists did not think of taking the realm of the imagination seriously.

For a whole century the phenomena that had been discovered by Mesmer were banned from medical science, and it was not until Charcot in 1882 had the courage to insist upon the recognition of hypnotic phenomena as an integral part of scientific medicine that the work of the Austrian physician began to yield scientific fruit in many fields. It was from Charcot's work that Freud developed his science of psychoanalysis.

In the meantime, through various channels, the phenomena of hypnotic cures had been transplanted to America. A Portland watchmaker by the name of Quimby, listening to an itinerant healer, became a convert to and a very successful practitioner of mental healing. The relations of Mary Baker Eddy with Quimby—how she came to him as a last resort when all her methods had failed, how she learned his doctrine and

adapted it with a truly epoch-making success—all these things are too well known to be reviewed here. In the sketch of Mrs. Eddy, which takes up nearly half the volume, the biographical interest in the personality overshadows the reader's interest in the method of mental healing. And as might be expected, Stefan Zweig is even more at home in the delineation of this remarkable personality than in the exposition of scientific doctrine.

The sketch of Freud's doctrine, which forms the third essay, is built up around the idea that psychoanalysis is a technique for producing health by relieving the patient of the burdens and conflicts that he is carrying within his unconscious. This view, which subordinates the content of Freud's theories of the unconscious to his fundamental method, is at once the simplest approach to Freud and also the soundest. It is easy to pick a quarrel with Freud on the moral and metaphysical ramifications of his theories, and in an exhaustive philosophic criticism of his doctrine it would be necessary to do so. But in a short and synoptic evaluation of the historic contribution of psychoanalysis, it is best to isolate the essential and forget the problems of detail. Zweig has done this very admirably.

The book as a whole is a fine piece of scientific and biographical exposition, forceful and dramatic in its style, accurate in its subject matter. It does not claim to be a complete history of mental healing, but it gives the general reader a fascinating introduction into the most provocative of modern sciences.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

A New Talent

Midsummer Night Madness. By Sean O'Faolain. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN establishes himself in this his first collection of short stories as easily one of the half-dozen most accomplished artists in the genre who have appeared in our time. The comparison is with "Dubliners," or Mary Butts's "Speed the Plough," or the earlier stories of Katherine Mansfield. And yet so strong is the impression of unrealized fertilities of language and imagination left by this book that one is convinced Mr. O'Faolain will do even better work when he turns to the richer scale and larger discipline of the novel form.

The period covered is that interlude of hushed terror in Irish life which followed the last visitations of the Black and Tans and the establishment of the Free State. The background is the lonely hills and valleys of the Irish countryside, whose peculiar quality of mournful beauty has never before been rendered with such unsentimental concreteness. In the contrast between the dead weight of ancient political antagonisms and the living beauty of the land and the people in it struggling to be born, Mr. O'Faolain has found his theme—a theme which remains fairly uniform throughout all these stories. The boy in Fugue is perhaps most representative of all these revolution-weary members of Ireland's own "lost generation." "On the run" in a wild mountain region, cold and tired and with only the dimmest notion of his reasons for such a harsh mode of existence, he is given food and shelter by a lonely mountain woman. Returning later to claim the promise of peace and happiness which she offers, he is warned by a neighbor that his companion has just been killed, and that he must flee at once for his life. Afterwards the memory of the light in the woman's cabin tortures him "as the memory of cool winds must torture the damned in hell." "Yet everywhere they slept abed, my dark woman curling her warm body beneath the bedclothes, the warmer for the wet fall without, thinking if she turned and heard the dripping eaves—that the winter was at last come." So also in *The Small Lady* the incorruptible young Republican is seduced by his prisoner, an enemy spy, without know-

INDIVIDUAL and COMMUNITY SOCIAL WORK

The social worker working with Jews must be trained to deal successfully with the socially maladjusted Jewish family and individual.

He must be able to see the problem in the large. He must "see" the Jews of America as a distinctive group aiming at adjustment to the general environment for its own greater happiness and the enrichment of American life.

Holders and prospective holders of a bachelor's degree are invited to examine carefully the advantages of

Jewish Social Work as a Profession

A number of scholarships and fellowships for each academic year are available for especially qualified candidates who are prepared for professional graduate study leading to the Master's and Doctor's degrees.

April 29 is the last date for filing application for fellowships.

For full information write to the Director

The
Graduate
School



For
Jewish
Social Work

71 W. 47th St., New York City

that it is his youth which has rebelled against the rigors and privations of his trade. The two young people in *The Bomb Shop* emerge into the sunlight, leaving behind the smell of nitrate and the old woman whose eyes are "big with death." In the last story the theme is completely resolved: love is triumphant over the fierce asceticism of the patriot in one young man's heart.

The narrative power of these stories derives from the almost intolerable tension produced by the overhanging terror in which the characters make their movements. *The Bomb Shop* is among other things a psychological study of the effects on a group of normal young people of being shut in with the actuality of death. In *The Small Lady* Mr. O'Faolain need only have developed more fully the possibilities of his situation—that of a pampered woman of fashion awaiting death at the hands of a band of men whom she has betrayed—to have written a full-length novel of great power.

Mr. O'Faolain, who is a student of the ancient Gaelic literature, has made an exquisite fusion of its rhythms and imagery with those of modern peasant speech in forming his style. Yet he manages to accomplish this without the effect of literary artificiality which mars the best passages of Synge and without the strained naivete of Lady Gregory. The result is a fully assimilated narrative style, hardly surpassed by any of the younger writers in the language.

WILLIAM TROY

Books in Brief

Naked Faquir. By Robert Bernays. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.

This is a most readable comment on the Indian political situation, but by no means a thorough or even discussion. The "Naked Faquir" is, of course, Gandhi, and the time is the first five months of 1931, when the Irwin-Gandhi truce was negotiated so that the Indian National Congress might be able to send a representative to the late unsuccessful Second Round Table Conference in London. The author is an Englishman of liberal persuasion; that is, he believes in British imperialism in India provided it accepts an inevitable soft-pedaling. He seems somewhat regretful at the spectacle of the decline of British power there, and he gives no evidence of satisfaction that India is showing the strength to claim home rule. His opinions are drawn from contacts with British officials from the Viceroy down, whom he met socially as well as journalistically. Indians he met only at the demand of his journalistic duty, and he views them without sympathy. The book is a good piece of journalism but poor political criticism, dashed with plenty of Anglo-Indian gossip, never dull, and to be read as entertainment rather than authority.

The Thief. By Leonid Leonov. Authorized Translation by Hubert Butler. The Dial Press. \$3.

This well-known novel of the early post-revolutionary period in Soviet Russia is in the old tradition from Dostoevski through Gorki, both in its manner and in its philosophy. It deals with the underworld of Moscow during the early chaotic years of the new regime. Formerly a brave soldier in the revolutionary army, Mitka, the thief, has sunk to the lowest depths. Mitka's career, in a symbolical sense, parallels the course of Russian revolutionary history. The novel ends on a note of regeneration when Mitka, purged through suffering and having touched bottom, takes his place as a worker in the new social order as "the sun rises over Russia." "The Thief" is a long, chaotic, but powerful book, one of the important novels to come out of Soviet Russia.

See beautiful **GERMANY**
for \$5.95 PER DAY

This is the year when big price reductions in Germany have enabled leading American travel bureaus to offer tours through that wonderful country for as little as \$5.95 per day.

Follow the gleaming trail through the land of legend—haunted castles, ancient towns, modern cities, mountain and sea resorts—for less than the average cost of staying at home.

The modest price of \$5.95 up per day includes traveling in speedy express trains, comfortable hotels, all meals, sight-seeing, tips, bus excursions and baggage transfers. All this is backed by the largest American travel bureaus of national reputation.

Please use the coupon.

"Going to Europe" means going to
GERMANY

Please Send GERMAN TOURIST INFORMATION OFFICE
Booklet 18 665 Fifth Avenue, New York City
and
NAME _____
Tours ADDRESS _____
Folder CITY _____

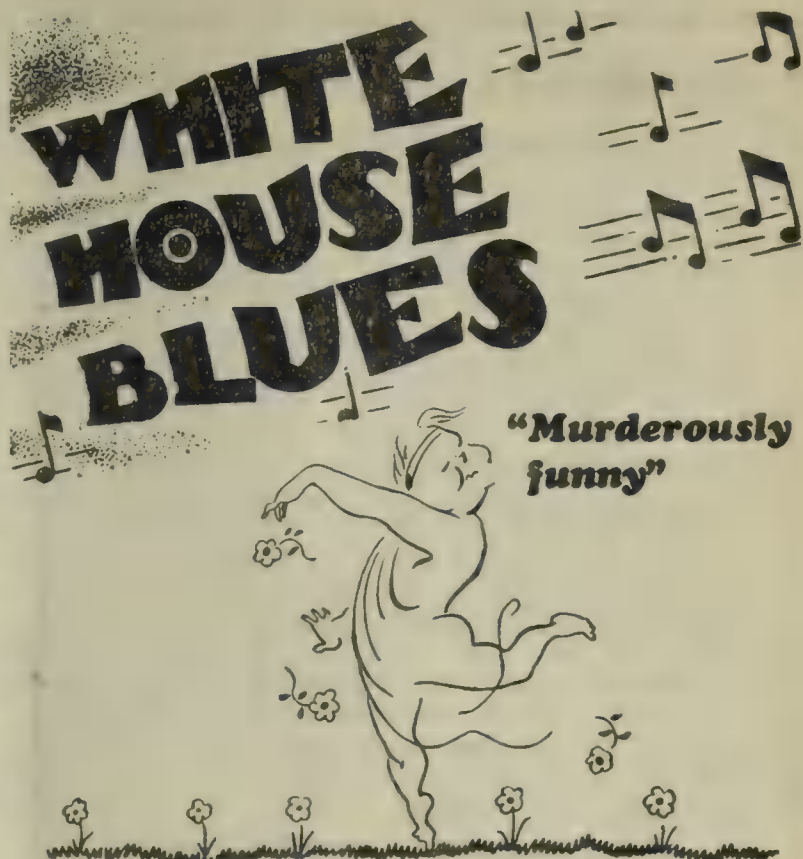
Drama

The Truth About Milne

MR. A. A. MILNE'S "The Truth About Blayds" has stood the test of time a good deal better than its author has managed to do. Revived at the Belasco after a ten-year interval, it is quite as amusing as it ever was, and it serves to remind us of what Mr. Milne was capable of before he began to succumb to hypochondria, or Barrie's Disease. Doubtless even at this early date signs of incipient whimsicality were evident, but they were pleasant enough because they were not yet evidently pathological, and they counted for no more than tuberculosis did in Keats's early poems or madness in Maupassant's middle period. It is best to forget that Mr. Milne has since suffered from an apparently hopeless regression to that infantile level which some few perverted people find charming; and if one can forget that, then "The Truth About Blayds" is a gentle, diverting comedy, pervaded by a kind of intelligence rare enough in the theater. No one in it talks baby talk; no one wishes that he were a child again. And that, to me at least, is a great comfort, since I can never see a play by either Barrie or the later Milne without remembering a photograph reproduced in Dr. Kempf's "Psychopathology." It shows a patient so thoroughly Peter-Panish in her refusal to grow up that she has suspended herself in an improvised hammock and lies quite comfortably in an authentic pre-natal position.

Probably no one who saw "Blayds" before has forgotten the ingenious anecdote which serves as its plot. Oliver Blayds, last of the great Victorian poets, has reached his ninetieth birthday, and by so doing has reduced all his children, grandchildren, and his in-laws as well to the status of mere guardians of the famous Blayds shrine. They have given up any personalities they may ever have had, and they have done it willingly, out of respect to his genius. Blayds the grandfather may not seem identical with Blayds the poet, but they feel that he is, until, almost with his dying breath, he confesses the great secret. All the poems—with the exception of that unfortunate lapse, the 1863 volume—were written by someone else, by the boyhood friend named Jenkins, who died in youth and left the great corpus of his work in care of a man who lusted chiefly for fame. What now is to become of one daughter's wasted life, and what is to become, not only of the official biography, but also of such subsidiary studies as "On the Track of Blayds in the Cotswolds," which the son-in-law was planning to write? What, indeed, until rationalization begins to do its beneficent work? The nonagenarian must have suffered a "hallucination"—a comfortably polysyllabic word. What he really meant—if he meant anything at all—must have been that only the 1863 volume was *not* his. Surely the man who wrote those beautiful lines in "The Ode to Truth" could not have founded his life on a lie. And to try to remember that perhaps he did not write them after all, is really too complicated. That way madness lies. We have the books and his name is on them.

The anecdote is extraordinarily ingenious, and it has even a kind of metaphysical implication. A man of ninety is no more closely related to the poems he wrote sixty years before than he is to a friend of his youth. Blayds is not Jenkins; but neither, at that age, would Jenkins be Jenkins, and the boy we remember as ourselves is, after all, only someone we remember. It is true, however, that even the most ingenious anecdote does not necessarily make a good play. In fact, it very rarely does, for the very reason that a story whose point can be revealed in anecdotal form is seldom substantial enough to last the three acts out. And yet in Mr. Milne's play it actually does so in



by **FELIX RAY**

[HOWARD BRUBAKER]

with 20 illustrations by **FRUEH**

\$1.50 at all bookstores

The Vanguard Press · 100 Fifth Avenue, New York

THE BIG SUMMER QUESTION

Settle It Early!

Don't make that desperate last minute effort. State your requirements in the classified columns of *The Nation*.

Call us for rates.

THE NATION, 20 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK

The Greatest TRAVEL VALUE

30 DAYS
of delightful travel
\$170.50

Tour to **RUSSIA**

Includes: Ocean passage in Modern Third Class, FORMER TOURIST CLASS SECTION, fare to Russia via England or Germany and Finland, hotels and meals en route to Russia and during 7 DAYS IN LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW, with sightseeing, entertainment, conductor's and interpreter's services, visas, etc.

A variety of other interesting trips at surprisingly low rates offered in our booklet "N"

RETURN PASSAGE ON CUNARD LINE STEAMER INCLUDED.

AMALGAMATED BANK

11-15 Union Square

New York City

quite a satisfactory fashion. Suavely written and suavely played, it has a distinct flavor of its own, and must be set down as one of the very few comedies about literature which are really amusing.

With the exception of O. P. Heggie as Blayds, no member of the present cast is the same as that which first performed the piece in New York, but they are all at least good, even though that superb comedian Ernest Lawford does not quite make me forget the ineffably fussy son-in-law created in the original version by Ferdinand Gottschalk. Effie Shannon is perfect as the sillier of the two daughters, and so, too, is Pauline Lord, who adds the correct touch of pathos to the portrait of the other daughter who gave up her lover to be near the "great" man when he needed her. Indeed, I am sorely tempted to refresh my memory by a surreptitious glance at Mr. Burns Mantle's invaluable "Best Plays of 1921-22" and to launch into a discourse upon the respective merits of the two productions. It is also seldom that a dramatic critic today has an opportunity to indulge in this sort of display, and I should, besides, welcome an opportunity to salve the sting left behind when Mr. J. Ranken Towse once shook his finger in my face and declaimed: "Young man! No one under sixty has ever seen a real actor." But I am restrained by the equally vivid memory of a remark committed to print by Max Beerbohm. "Theatrical reminiscence," he said truly, "is the most terrible weapon in the armory of age."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

"Grand Hotel"

HOTELS, like railroad stations, provide a backdrop of the world's indifference against which individual human action, selected and brought close, seems particularly vivid. The overtone of departures and arrivals which pervades the setting heightens ironies; life itself seems more important, contained as it is for the spectator between yesterday's arrival and tomorrow's departure. As a dramatic device, a hotel background offers advantages for characterization and action that must be irresistible to a playwright: there can be any number of leading characters; there may be half a dozen plots, unrelated except as their principals impinge upon one another in the

casualness of a hotel lobby. But there are also dangers: loss of essential unity, and a lack of proportion between various characters and plots. Finally, it is obvious that such play must content itself with being merely good theater.

In "Grand Hotel" Vicki Baum has seized upon all the advantages and avoided most of the dangers (though unfortunately she is not able to abstain from philosophic comment), having the baron play an important, though different, part in each of the narratives, she creates a central focus for the kaleidoscopic scenes. On the other hand, the presence of the unhappy exiled Russian dancer, remote and uninvolved except with the central figure, the baron, lends the play an exciting air of mystery and fatality.

Or perhaps it is only because the part of the unhappy Russian dancer is played by Miss Greta Garbo in the first version of "Grand Hotel" (Astor Theater). The essential appeal of Miss Garbo's acting, it seems to me, lies in her ability to be at the same time innocent and world-weary. Her present role is particularly suited to her—she portrays with fine conviction the disciplined innocence one associates with the cloistered dancers of the imperial Russian ballet, and the loneliness of a temperamental Russian for whom no Russia now exists; her tall and elegant dignity, as she walks through the hotel lobby, contrasts affectingly with the seemingly slight and fragile figure of despair or radiance beyond the doors of her apartment. Her first scenes are somewhat overplayed; from then on she displays a fine capacity for variety of mood and for an understanding portrayal of delicate and subtle shades of feeling. The rest of the cast, which consists entirely of stars, is surprisingly well chosen. To this unsympathetic observer John Barrymore, as the baron with whom Grusinskaya falls in love, is hardly satisfying, but his playing is less arrogant, more restrained, and therefore much more convincing than usual.

Lionel Barrymore, as the poor clerk, gives a moving interpretation, but it would be more forceful if it were handled at less length. Joan Crawford is excellent as the accommodating and realistic stenographer. Wallace Beery, who plays the industrial magnate, is not able to overcome the confusion of the part itself, which begins by being almost burlesque relief and becomes realistic and tragic.

The play moves smoothly through its constantly shifting scenes; and though the action is laid entirely in the hotel, monotony is avoided largely because the camera is able to capture, as no other medium can, the great variety of light, sound and setting in a cosmopolitan hotel.

MARGARET MARSHALL

TOURS

THIS SUMMER VISIT
**SOVIET
RUSSIA**
UNDER
COOPERATIVE GROUPS
TEACHERS, STUDENTS, ARTISTS
AND SOCIAL WORKERS
COMPETENT LEADERSHIP

Sailings on the "Bremen" and "Europa"
June 7, 13, July 9 and August 13
LOWEST INCLUSIVE COST

For Booklet No. 1 Address
PHILIP BROWN, Director

FRIENDSHIP TOURS
10 BERKELEY PLACE • CATH. 8-5315 • BROOKLYN, N.Y.

MEETING

ANTI-WAR MOBILIZATION MEETING

Under the auspices of the Friends of the Soviet Union, and in conjunction with 45 working class organizations in the Bronx, a mass Anti-War meeting will be held Friday, April 22nd, at 8 P. M., at Ambassador Hall, 172nd St. and 3rd Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

Speakers—Oakley Johnson Listen Oakes

Cartoons—B. Gropper

Chairman—Mr. Golomb

EAST BRONX BRANCH
FRIENDS SOVIET UNION

PERSONAL

"CHOCKFUL of Bunk," a friend characterized his human environment recently. Since he joined CONTACTS, only correspondence club for the intellectually marooned, he obtained many versatile, cultured correspondents to compensate his lack of interesting friends. Rare books loaned free. Particulars for 2c stamp. CONTACTS, 211 East 11th Street, N. Y. C.

The Story of the
Past Decade

**Only
Yesterday**
National
Best Seller!
Illustrated \$3.00 Harpers
Frederick Lewis Allen

**CURIOUS
BOOKS** Send for Catalogue
of Privately Printed
Unexpurgated Items
Exotically Illustrated
Limited Editions
THE FALSTAFF PRESS
Dept. N, 260 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1932

No. 3487

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	499
EDITORIALS:	
Hitler's Victory	501
Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment	502
Why We Must Cancel	503
How to Save Money	503
Fathers and Sons	504
GS, PLOWS, AND CHARITY, By Mauritz A. Hallgren	505
EMPLOYMENT INSURANCE—ITS LIMITATIONS AND ITS PROMISE, By Leo Wolman	508
RUSSIA'S NEW RELIGION, By Henry Raymond Mussey	511
PATRICK GEDDES, By S. K. Ratcliffe	513
IN THE DRIFTWAY, By the Drifter	514
CORRESPONDENCE	515
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	517
FINANCE: THE BOND-PURCHASE PLAN, By S. Palmer Harman	517
BOOKS, ART, MUSIC, DRAMA:	
Summation, By Leslie Nelson Jennings	518
Youth Also Is Doomed, By Joseph Wood Krutch	518
"Dry Hollows of the Mind," By Eda Lou Walton	519
Proletarian Fiction, By Edwin Seaver	519
Who Controls Industry? By Gardiner C. Means	520
Books in Brief	521
Art: The World of Florine Stettheimer, By Paul Rosenfeld	522
Music: What is American Music? By Arthur Mendel	524
Drama: Naughty, Naughty, By Joseph Wood Krutch	525

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

REYWOOD BROWN

FREDA KIRCHWEY

MARK VAN DOREN

LEWIS S. GANNETT

H. L. MENCKEN

CARL VAN DOREN

JOHN A. HOBSON

NORMAN THOMAS

ARTHUR WARNER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; Canada, \$6.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

ALMOST SINCE THE BEGINNING of the depression, the Federal Reserve banks, largely, one supposes, under the stimulus of the Treasury Department and of the Administration, have been trying to turn the tide by forcing more credit on the market. They have done this chiefly through the purchase of government securities. Whereas in 1929 their total holdings of government bonds amounted to only \$147,000,000, they now amount to \$1,078,000,000. Perhaps even more significant than the total figure is the rate of its recent growth. For example, on April 22, 1931, the twelve Reserve banks held \$598,000,000 of government bonds; on April 6 of this year they held \$885,000,000, on April 13, \$985,000,000, and on April 20, \$1,078,000,000, which represents an increase in two weeks which is larger than the total amount held in 1929. George L. Harrison, Governor of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, recently testifying before a House Banking and Currency sub-committee, implied that the Reserve banks now intend for some time to buy at least \$75,000,000 of government securities weekly. The ultimate object of all this is to "raise commodity prices." The only obvious effect of the policy so far has been to sustain the market for government securities. What suppose the prices of commodities were raised? If we maintain the dollar at the present gold parity, then by raising commodity prices above the world level we should only further imperil our already throttled export market. A more probable effect of the policy, if persisted in, would be to shake

confidence, not only abroad but at home, in our ability to remain on the gold basis. This would lead to gold withdrawals, which would compel a policy of loan contraction to protect the diminished gold reserve—exactly the opposite of the object that the Federal Reserve authorities profess to have in view.

SAID GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT in his speech at St. Paul on April 18: "This government is not and never shall be governed by a plutocracy." Toward the end of his address, speaking of Woodrow Wilson, in whose Administration he served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Governor Roosevelt said: "It was the voice [Woodrow Wilson's] that the people of the country recognized as the authentic and clear spokesman of the Jeffersonian heritage." Very well, but what did this authentic and clear voice of Woodrow Wilson say about the control of this government? If the Governor will turn to Mr. Wilson's "New Freedom" he will find therein this statement: "Our government has been for the past few years under the control of heads of great allied corporations with special interests. It has not controlled these interests and assigned them a proper place in the whole system of business; it has submitted itself to their control." A little later Mr. Wilson said: "The government, which was designed for the people, has got into the hands of bosses and their employers, the special interests. An invisible empire has been set up above the forms of democracy." He added that the "silent revolution" was coming because "America will insist on recovering in practice those ideals which she has always professed, upon securing a government devoted to the general interest and not to special interest." Will Governor Roosevelt have the effrontery to assert that the conditions which Woodrow Wilson described in 1912 were changed by him, or by his Administration, or by the World War? No; our plutocracy is more than ever in the saddle. As a whole, the Governor's speech was marked by the usual platitudes and was without merit except for its discussion of the tariff.

THAT SENATOR JOSEPH T. ROBINSON has come out for recognition of the Soviets by the United States is of very great significance. If it was coincident with the reiteration by the stupid Daughters of the American Revolution of their opposition to recognition, it also accompanied many rumors in Washington to the effect that practically all the leading officials are now ready for recognition and that if and when the step will be taken depends almost solely upon the President. Senator Robinson's statement was followed by a similar announcement from Senator Hiram Johnson. There should be no question about acting. We are in the throes of a dreadful depression; we have lost a large part of the great trade we were building up with Russia, and here is by far the greatest opportunity for reviving our export trade to be found anywhere in Europe. The Soviets are today the oldest and most stable government in Europe, the only one without unemployment and with a definite program. They are giving to Germany and to

England the huge contracts that were formerly being placed here—and ten millions of our workers are on the streets, many of them approaching despair. Senator Robinson, of course, points out that recognition would “not involve approval of the political policies of the Soviet Republics.” Naturally it would not.

GREAT BRITAIN has now finally joined the ranks of the protectionist countries. The MacDonald Government has abandoned all pretense that its general tariff policy, adopted after the Conservative landslide of last October, was ever meant to be temporary or a mere expedient to help balance the British budget. Responding to instructions to impose additional duties “for the protection of home industry,” the Government’s Import Duties Advisory Committee recommended that the general tariff, which had been fixed at 10 per cent ad valorem, be increased to 20 per cent, that the rate on semi-luxuries and luxuries be set at 25 to 30 per cent, and the tariff on certain iron and steel products at 33⅓ per cent. The new rates became effective April 26. It is true that the policy adopted last winter was followed almost immediately by increases in other European tariffs, which proved harmful to British trade. The only answer the British could think of was to meet the reprisals with still further increases. So the tariff war goes on. The latest broadside hits American trade particularly hard. It is too early to say just what the cost will be in dollars and cents, though a preliminary survey shows that the new tariff will directly affect about \$350,000,000 worth of our trade with Great Britain. But the psychological effect may prove much more harmful.

ALL IS NOT QUIET in India, the assurances of British officialdom notwithstanding. Indian determination has not been broken; eagerness for freedom grows steadily stronger; the same elements that have defeated ruthless oppression in other struggles are operating now, but with accelerated pace. The recent arrest of more than 650 Congress supporters at New Delhi, including the last of the better-known Nationalist leaders, has demonstrated that there is an undying will on the part of the rebellious natives of India. The brutal ordinances have merely strengthened that will and have called forth a sublime indifference to beatings, imprisonment, or worse. The number of Nationalists arrested since the recent struggle began has passed the 50,000 mark, and is rapidly nearing the figure of 60,000 which was the peak of imprisonment two years ago. That any permanently successful settlement can be achieved without the sanction of the Indian National Congress, no one but a confirmed imperialist could believe. The courage that makes Congress followers travel miles to a banned meeting, knowing perfectly what is ahead, is something that can never be broken by jails and lathis. The cause of Indian freedom goes forward with every sign of weakness on the part of the authorities.

NOT SINCE THE MURDER of Sacco and Vanzetti has anything happened more likely to create the spirit of revolt in America than the refusal of Governor Rolph of California to pardon Tom Mooney. If there ever was a political document, a stump speech appealing to votes of the conservatives, it is the memorandum accompanying the Gov-

ernor’s message, which actually berated the protestants against this horrible imprisoning of an innocent man on the ground that they did not sufficiently allow for his bad record *prior* to the alleged crime of the Preparedness Day procession! It has long been obvious that the Governor would not pardon Mooney, else he would have decided long ago. Had he been a statesman he would have given this tortured man the benefit of every doubt. Had he been desirous of seeing to it that, as far as lay in his power, a wise mercy should temper justice—if he thought it was justice to keep an innocent man in prison—he would have raised the prestige of the courts and governments throughout the country by a stroke of his pen within a few weeks of taking office. Nor would he have allowed his decision to be accompanied by sneers at those thousands of honest men and women who have sought to free Mooney. We sincerely trust that this performance will be properly punished by the voters of California in the next election. Meanwhile the agitation for justice for Mooney must not die down for a single second.

TO MARGARET SANGER, noble woman and gallant pioneer that she is, deserved recognition is coming at last. At a remarkable dinner given for her in New York on April 20 there was presented to her a gold medal on behalf of the American Woman’s Association, representing forty different women’s organizations engaged in philanthropic enterprise in the city of New York. We cannot forbear quoting from the recommendation that the award be made to Mrs. Sanger the following sentences: “She has fought a battle against almost every influence which in the past was considered necessary for the success of a cause. She has devoted her life to that highest of all pursuits, social welfare. She has opened the doors of knowledge and thereby given light, freedom, and happiness to thousands caught in the tragic meshes of ignorance. She has borne her hardships gallantly, has been a good mother, a true friend, and an example in human understanding and sympathy.” In the sentiments everyone who knows Mrs. Sanger and her fight must concur. As she said in her speech of acceptance, it was a new experience for her to receive a medal in place of a usual police warrant. But there she was, honored by many men and women of social and intellectual distinction, who once spent months in jail for her belief. It is gratifying to report, too, that her “medical” bill to legalize the dispensation of contraceptive information by the medical profession has been introduced in the House of Representatives by Congressman Frank W. Hancock of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and is to be introduced in the Senate by Senator Henry D. Hatfield of West Virginia. All honors to them; we hope they will receive great commendation.

WE ARE GLAD to be able to report that Columbia University has reinstated Reed Harris, the expelled editor of the daily *Spectator*, and that the university maintained to the last that Lewis Carrollian atmosphere upon which we commented last week. In the presence of the opposing attorneys Mr. Harris’s registration was declared established; a few seconds later Mr. Harris tendered his resignation. Nevertheless, it seems to us that Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union is entirely justified when he says: “Columbia University’s reinstatement of Reed Harris is a plain confession of error.” It acknowledges

public condemnation of the expulsion and it states in plain terms the university's adherence to the principle of free speech. Harris's resignation is, moreover, declared to be entirely voluntary and not the result of any preliminary bargaining. As for the statement of the university that it "sustains" the action of Dean Hawkes, that is plainly nonsensical in view of the fact that it has just reversed the action in question. The incident is closed but it will not be forgotten. Any administrative officer will now think twice before exercising his disciplinary authority in a way likely to arouse a legitimate suspicion that he has forgotten the university's promise to respect the student's right of free speech.

WHEN THE AMERICAN FRIENDS Service Committee celebrated its fifteenth anniversary at the end of April, it had every reason to be proud of its record. Founded in the stress of the World War, it was not satisfied to be the agency responsible for distributing more than \$25,000,000 in money and "gifts in kind" to the war-torn peoples of Europe; nor to rebuild portions of the devastated regions with the labor of war objectors; nor to bring into areas charged with bitterness the healing fairness and serenity which are so often the peculiar mark of the Friends. The development of Quaker centers abroad, in cooperation with Friends of other countries, became, to adopt the Quaker terminology, "a concern." No one visiting these centers in France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and elsewhere could fail to be impressed by the hold they have secured on the loyalty of internationalists. The sending of capable persons abroad for special services of good-will has become an established and effective practice of the committee. In periods of distress among the most seriously oppressed workers in the United States the Friends have also brought succor and cheer; they have, for example, been feeding some 30,000 children in the mining regions at least one meal a day. But no enterprise of the Friends' Committee yet undertaken surpasses in social significance its peace caravans, squads of young people storming the countryside on behalf of peace, or its scholarly but adventurous institutes of international relations, which have grown from simple experiments until they now include summer sessions at Haverford, Wellesley, and Northwestern. To the committee our congratulations, and our hopes for a long life of further pioneering.

THE TRAGIC DEATH by drowning of Edward T. Scott, editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, cannot be less than a severe blow to that distinguished newspaper, as it is a loss to liberalism everywhere. The son of C. P. Scott, whose long career ended only last year, E. T. Scott was an excellent journalist, an editor of great ability and judgment, a most competent leader writer. With the aid of W. P. Crozier, the news editor, he had fully maintained the superiority of the *Manchester Guardian*. He was a resolute liberal who could have been counted on not to sacrifice his principles under any pressure. Indeed, he held the straightest course in the crisis of last year when there was much temptation to an editor to yield to the superficial clamor for national unity in the face of what was falsely represented to be a national crisis. There are so few men of Mr. Scott's ability and journalistic conscience to be found in journalism anywhere that the disappearance of one of them makes the whole world poorer.

Hitler's Victory

RUSSIA has now to choose between a frankly reactionary government and a liberal dictatorship. Whether its leaders will accept the former rather than experiment with the latter depends largely upon the courage of the Catholic Party. In any case the liberal parties of the decade-old Weimar Coalition are now in the minority and they no longer can govern the largest German state in accordance with normal democratic methods. That is the meaning of Adolf Hitler's great vote in the Prussian elections. It has placed the fascist leader, for the first time since his spectacular rise, in a position to bargain for political power. Although the National Socialists and their allies did not win enough seats in the Prussian Diet to give them an absolute majority—together they lack only nine votes—the Nazis were returned as the largest single party. What is more important, no majority government can be erected without them.

In the new Diet there will be 422 votes, so that 212 are necessary to a majority. Even if it were possible to bring the Social Democrats and Communists together, which is not dreamed of, these two Marxian parties would control between them only 150 seats. The Weimar Coalition, which under Prime Minister Braun has ruled Prussia since 1920, and which includes the Catholic Center, the State Party, and the Social Democrats, now has altogether only 162 seats. The parties of the Nationalist Opposition, including the Nazis, the Nationalists, and several minor groups, command 203 votes in the new Diet. The only workable combination that would guarantee a relatively stable majority government would have to embrace the parties of the Nationalist Opposition on the one hand and the Catholic Center on the other. Obviously such a combination would result in a reactionary government, for it would be dominated to a considerable extent by Hitler and Hugenberg. Thus it is left almost entirely to the Catholics, and particularly to Chancellor Brüning, leader of the Catholic Party, to decide whether or not to make this compromise with the forces of reaction. Primarily through Brüning's political skill the Nazis have thus far been kept out of the German government. The Chancellor has shown them no mercy in repelling their attacks. It appears as if Brüning must now either surrender to the fascists, or else go to the extreme length of supporting a minority dictatorship in Prussia.

If the Catholics choose the latter course, they will unquestionably be inviting trouble, for it is to be doubted that the party which has shown itself the largest and strongest in Prussia will meekly submit to being governed by a minority group, especially in view of the fact that that minority is composed of its sworn enemies. But the only alternative seems to be for Brüning and the moderates to admit defeat and give way to the right radicals. However, it is possible that power will have a sobering effect on Hitler. He has already shown himself willing to temper his policies as the growth of his movement has brought him more strength. Indeed, only six weeks ago he revised his reparations policy so that today it is hardly to be distinguished from Brüning's. Hard as it may seem, an alliance with Hitler may be the safest course for Brüning.

Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment

THE NATION has been slow to come to the belief that the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is inevitable and necessary. It is now firmly of the opinion that every effort should be made to remove this issue from the arena of immediate politics by reverting to the condition which existed prior to the adoption of the amendment. While never for a moment, as our readers are well aware, in favor of legislating goodness into people, we have been among those who felt that prohibition, in its first years, bestowed untold benefits upon the working classes and contributed a great deal to the post-war prosperity of the American people by depriving the brewers and distillers of their share of the purchasing power of the nation and turning it into other and better channels. For this and other reasons we have clung to the hope that there would be a genuine and honest attempt to enforce prohibition and that, after it was no longer smart to violate the law, conditions would steadily improve. Here and there we do see signs of improvement, but on the whole, as the years have slipped by, conditions have steadily grown worse so far as the violation of the law is concerned. *The Nation*, therefore, is compelled to join those who favor the reamendment of the Constitution, admitting that a false start has been made and that the step must be retraced.

We have come to our decision today to join the forces urging repeal primarily because of the now entirely demonstrated hopelessness of obtaining enforcement from the government in this era of a collapsing capitalistic system. At least until the government is largely made over, there is obviously no chance of an efficient or honest effort to enforce the law, or to arouse public opinion to its support. The government is today absorbed in saving itself, and will be for a long time to come. Mr. Hoover is plainly as much of a hypocrite in the White House on this issue as were Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Harding. The best that can be said for him is that he, like his predecessors, cannot control his own officials; that the prohibition service and parts of the judiciary are so corrupt and so false to their oaths of office as to make it impossible for the Chief Executive to obtain their fidelity to their trust. We believe that, given an Executive who deemed law enforcement a prime duty, and a civil service of the honesty and incorruptibility of the Germans before the war and of the British at this hour, it would be possible to secure an enforcement which would practically do the trick. Today the President keeps up the false pretense of enforcement, as he misrepresented the wet Wickersham report, makes no effort to eliminate politics in the enforcement service, is oblivious to growing corruption, growing defiance of the fundamental law and the Constitution itself. There is no prospect that his successor will do anything else. Under the circumstances what is there left but to ask for repeal?

We hope that both the parties in their coming conventions will let the world know exactly where they stand, that they will not be content with vague generalities, that they will definitely demand repeal. As our readers will recall, we have for years been urging a popular referendum

upon this subject—that referendum which the dry forces now seem graciously disposed to grant. We had envisaged the taking of a poll of all the voters of the country by the Congress; we have believed that it could be authorized at a single session, and that Congress could provide such a nation-wide referendum without having to go through the process of amending the Constitution. A Congress which could vote at the outbreak of war for a census of all our youth between certain ages, and could create almost overnight the machinery for registering those liable to the draft, could also find a way of achieving a referendum on the prohibition question in a short time, provided that it, and the Administration, seriously undertook to do so. We are now, however, prepared to go farther. We urge that the Congress take advantage of the amending clause of the Constitution, vote a substitute amendment abolishing the Eighteenth, and call upon the several States to ratify this change, not by their legislatures but by conventions specially elected for the purpose of passing upon this question and upon no other.

This is a device never yet utilized by the Congress which has heretofore asked ratification of amendments in the other constitutional way, that is, through ratification by three-quarters of the legislatures of the Union. It has the obvious advantage that delegates to such conventions need only answer one question: "Are you for repeal, or are you against it; are you wet or dry?" There could be no equivocating, no hiding behind other issues, for no other could come before these conventions. There would thus be offered to the voters of the States a genuine referendum. If they were opposed to revocation through the recall of the Eighteenth Amendment, they could make it plain by electing delegates to such conventions.

Should the conventions decide in favor of retaining the amendment, there would be nothing left, we admit, but to continue the process of education until reform was achieved. As far back as April 17, 1929, *The Nation* said editorially that the "existing condition is intolerable," that there must either be enforcement or repeal. Since that time conditions have grown so unspeakably worse that there appears to us today to be no alternative to repeal. That does not mean that we are to turn the country over to the saloon or to the liquor traffic. Practically ever since *The Nation* was founded in 1865 its editors have looked upon the drink traffic as one of the greatest of evils, and have hoped for the day when it would be so limited, if not abolished, as to end the horrible waste of human lives and treasure which the old saloon system involved. We shall continue to fight for rigid control and for the reeducation of the country in the direction of temperance. But for the moment this end must be subordinated to the question of repeal, and so must the question of what system shall take the place of the present rule by bootleggers. The one and only thing today is so to make public opinion that the party conventions will act, and after them the Congress—both, we hope, before the coming summer ends. The slate must be wiped clean before a new start is made.

Why We Must Cancel

OF all the opponents of cancelation or reduction of war debts among our political leaders—and those opponents include, unfortunately, nearly all our political leaders—Senator Borah is without doubt the most intelligent. His argument against ex-Governor Smith's proposal in the Senate was in ~~some~~ respects a model of what such an argument should be.

Mr. Borah began by contending that the United States, in its funding settlements, has already canceled the major part of the debt originally owing to it. At the time of those settlements, he holds, we reduced the debt from a total of \$12,000,000,000 to a capitalized "present value" of only \$5,800,000,000—"a cancelation of approximately \$7,000,000,000." This involved a scaling down of Great Britain's obligations by 19.7 per cent, of France's by 52.8 per cent, and of Italy's by 75.4 per cent. Mr. Borah then went on to subject Mr. Smith's proposal to a realistic analysis, and showed—what *The Nation* pointed out in commenting upon Mr. Smith's plan last week—that it would not, in the direct way the ex-Governor assumed it would, lead to any increased purchases here by the Allied nations, and that it amounted, in reality, to cancelation. The next step in Mr. Borah's argument was to contend that there was no reason to assume that our debtors could not meet their obligations to us. He pointed out that our debt called for only 2.45 per cent of the total budget of Belgium, only 3.75 per cent of that of Great Britain, only 1.41 per cent of that of Italy, and only 2.65 per cent of that of France; and that even these amounts have been more than offset by the receipts of these nations from Germany. And finally, Mr. Borah contended, it would be futile for us to cancel the debts as long as present conditions in Europe prevail.

I should be delighted to see a program proposed which would have for its purpose relieving the conditions in Europe [but] the economic war, the financial war, has never ceased. . . . So long as the peace treaties remain unrevised and in their present form, there will be that continuation of intellectual, emotional, and spiritual war, and there will be, in my opinion, no disarmament in Europe of any moment or of any worth.

The great weakness of this apparently formidable argument lies in the crucial things that it does not say. Mr. Borah talks of "the economic war," by which he can only mean the world-wide system of strangulating tariffs, but he has not a word of rebuke for the United States, the country that is more responsible than any other for that system. He talks of the size of the debts in relation to national budgets, but has nothing to say about the much more relevant problem of transfer, the problem of selling an excess of goods to us of this amount—a problem which our tariff policy attempts to make insoluble. Mr. Borah's position apparently is that we cannot cancel or reduce Europe's debts to us until a sort of millennium has been achieved, until Europe is cleansed of her sins and washed in the blood of the lamb. He is shocked at the military expenditures of our debtors, but he does not say one word about our own military expenditures, which this year will amount to \$721,000,000, greater than that of any of the countries he criticizes.

But Mr. Borah's argument is weak not only in its omissions but in its affirmations. He declares that "the key to the European situation, good or bad, is the reparations problem. If Europe cannot solve the reparations problem, if they are unable to adjust that problem, it is useless to talk to the American taxpayer about aiding Europe by canceling debts." It is curious that it has never occurred to Mr. Borah to look at his own statement from the other side. His proposition to Europe—and incidentally our own present official proposition—is in effect this: that for the sake of restoring economic stability in the world, France and England and Italy should cut down the reparations drastically or wipe them out entirely—that these countries should make the sacrifices, and that the United States should not sacrifice in turn one penny of its claims on them. Does Mr. Borah, or does anyone else, seriously expect that Europe will accede to such a proposal? *The Nation* has never believed that the United States should forgive the debts without a *quid pro quo*. We may announce quite plainly to our European debtors that we will wipe out their obligations to us only on condition that they wipe out Germany's obligations to them. Until we make such a statement we cannot expect Europe to act.

The debt payments, which Mr. Borah is so anxious to preserve for us, amount to \$270,000,000 a year. Our national income in 1929 was estimated at \$84,000,000,000. On the basis of present indices of trade and employment, that income has shrunk to a present rate of about \$56,000,000,000. As long as the present depression lasts, therefore, we may assume ourselves nationally to be losing an income of \$28,000,000,000 a year. But Mr. Borah will be able proudly to point to the fact that while we are losing it, we are saving—if the debts are really paid—\$270,000,000. That is, we are saving nearly a penny in paper debts for every dollar we are losing in stagnation.

How to Save Money

THE inconsistencies of our federal Veterans' Bureau have been made public often enough. It would hardly be necessary to discuss them now if the question of government economy were not so furiously to the fore in a period of hard times and of national inability to balance the budget. President Hoover, while he was proposing, as a matter of economy, a compulsory furlough for government employees which would take 9 per cent from a salary of \$1,350 a year, also proposed cuts in payment of allowances to war veterans. The latter reductions amounted to from \$23,000,000 to \$59,000,000, according to various estimates, or from 2 to nearly 6 per cent of a veterans' budget of one billion dollars. One may note incidentally that the Federal Children's Bureau will probably suffer a cut in its budget of at least 25 per cent.

The cuts proposed by the Administration were to be made not in general but in the following directions: No person having an income of \$1,500 (if single) and \$3,500 (if married) and \$400 additional for each dependent (in other words no person paying federal income tax) should be entitled to any allowance or pension or free hospitalization except those suffering from combat disability. Second, no person receiving free treatment or subsistence in a government

hospital or home should receive more than \$20 a month if without dependents or \$75 a month if with dependents. To many taxpayers it may come as somewhat of a surprise that a part of the money they pay for the conduct of the government should go to the support of persons who are already earning incomes equal to their own. The wisdom of these cuts, small as they are and slight in comparison to the entire veterans' budget, would seem to be obvious to everyone. Indeed, one may go farther and point out that those veterans who are paying income tax and who are at the same time drawing disability allowances from the government are actually paying part of their own pensions in their taxes! Yet both of these suggestions for cuts have been bitterly fought over by the House Economy Committee.

It has been charged and never denied that one man receiving a salary of \$9,000 a year in a government position was also receiving \$187.50 a month for veteran's disability; that while the dependent of a soldier killed in France receives \$20 a month government pension, veterans who have contracted some illness subsequent to their war service, and who are now receiving full salaries in other occupations, are drawing several times that amount for "disability"; according to the *New York World-Telegram*, "official records list the names of business men, lawyers, and doctors earning salaries of from \$4,000 to \$10,000 yearly who are getting full retirement compensation if they are '30 per cent disabled.'" The *World-Telegram* goes on:

The grand total of [hospitalization] cases treated during the fiscal year ending 1925 was 89,542; the grand total treated at the end of the fiscal year of 1931 was 139,960. The grand total of cases treated which had service connection was 63,569 at the end of the fiscal year 1925, and 26,799 at the end of the fiscal year 1931; the grand total of cases not service-connected treated at the end of the fiscal year 1925 was 13,243 against 82,850 at the end of the fiscal year 1931.

Eighty-two thousand men are receiving government benefit, therefore, for illness contracted after their war service was ended. No one knows how many men receive allowances although they have incomes far in advance of the minimum considered necessary for the maintenance of a family of five in reasonable comfort. It cannot be denied, therefore, that even if the Veterans' Bureau were administered completely without graft—which one may doubt—and with the maximum of economy and efficiency, there would still be millions of dollars that not only could be saved the taxpayers but that ought in justice to be saved them by a reduction of this enormous budget. If a government may demand the lives of its citizens in war time, it must rightly take care of its disabled ex-soldiers in time of peace—but only so far as the need for such care exists, and surely only so far as that disablement can clearly be shown to be the result of war service. It is evident that in hesitating to regard this as an equitable basis for determining the payment of war allowances, the members of Congress engaged in drawing up an appropriations bill have been mindful of votes; but taxpayers are also voters, and not all of them are drawing government pay. Every possible pressure should be exerted on the House of Representatives to make up at least part of the economies that are admittedly so sorely needed by cuts in our largest and most heavily padded government expenditure—the Veterans' Bureau.

Fathers and Sons

IN a delightful little volume Clarence Day has just given an account of "God and My Father" (Knopf). For this momentous subject he requires only some eighty pages, but thanks to a cool objectivity which is more detached than ironical he achieves an unforgettable picture and he produces a volume worthy in every respect except size to be placed alongside of Edmund Gosse's more ponderous tale of a Mid-Victorian father and a Late Victorian son.

The senior Mr. Day had noticed in boyhood that there were buildings called churches and though he would never have thought of inventing them himself, he regarded them as inevitable. The right sort of people went to them on Sunday and accepted them as unquestioningly as he did the banks although he would have no more accepted dictation from one institution than he would have from the other. He disliked atheists because they were vulgar, but he believed that the church should mind its own affairs and he did not consider that these latter included either his own business or even his own soul. Sure that his own righteousness was enough, he had no desire to walk hand in hand with Jesus and, for some strange reason, he thought it improper that even a clergyman should be "one of these pious fellows." As for God, he was sure that God approved of him, though he was not quite so sure that he approved of God, since God did not seem to be quite as dependable as He ought to be. Sometimes the bonds acquired by a just man turned out to be no good, and in a properly regulated universe that would not happen. Still, he did his part, and if God was remiss, he would let Him off with a grumbling remonstrance, sure that his complaints were too reasonable to be taken amiss.

The climax of Mr. Day's account is concerned with the struggle which ensued when his more tenderly pious mother discovered by accident that her husband had never been baptized and undertook to convince him that he could not be a Christian—as he stubbornly insisted he was—unless he would consent to go through with that essential ceremony. But the beauty of the book lies in its analysis of a state of mind which seemed perfectly reasonable to one generation and obviously absurd to another. Such an analysis hardly needs to be made again, and we only hope that we shall live long enough to read some similar account of the impressions which our own proudly sophisticated generation made upon its children.

Perhaps they will consider us, not too solemn, but rather not solemn enough. Already, we fancy, we have caught signs that they regard us as rather childishly improper as well as lamentably frivolous, and we had, just the other day, another experience which heightened this suspicion. We were lunching with a lady who left a most respectable family to join the Communist Party and who has been carefully educating her children in a "workers' school." Turning to her fourteen-year-old daughter she said: "Tell us that story about the policeman." And the daughter, who has not only been nourished on Marx but accustomed from earliest infancy to the loose talk of sophisticates, dropped her eyes and replied: "But, mother, that is not the sort of story I tell my mixed company." It was the one thing she had certainly never been taught to say.

Pigs, Plows, and Charity*

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Davenport, Iowa, April 8

HERE in the hog belt, in an industrial and trading center almost entirely dependent upon agricultural prosperity, there has been the same necessity for community charity and food doles as in the steel and automobile towns and the coal country. True, few of the farmers in the Tri-City area are suffering actual destitution. But the workers in the plow factories, tractor plants, and retail stores of Davenport, Rock Island, Moline, and other cities in this vicinity have to partake of the bread of charity because of the slump in grain and hog prices and the break in the market for farm lands. They are, however, being fed and clothed and sheltered for the time being, if not wholly satisfactorily, then at least more humanely than found to be the case in most of the larger cities. Davenport has done its job effectively, and appears to have enough funds in sight to continue its work on the present basis until early autumn. Not so fortunate are the towns across the river in Illinois, although there, too, relief has until now been adequate, if any wholesale emergency charity can be called adequate in the year 1932. But now all the local resources of financial help on the Illinois side are drying up. According to R. B. Lourie, general manager of the Deere farm-implement factories, and one of the leaders in unemployment-relief work in Moline, "there is not enough money in sight to carry us clear through April." He was speaking specially of Moline, but he added: "From my information Rock Island is in a much more serious and difficult situation, and the same may be said of East Moline and Silvis."

Virtually every industrial activity in this section depends in some measure upon the well-being of the farmer. The six plants of the Deere interests in Moline and East Moline make agricultural implements of every kind; the small works of the International Harvester Company in Rock Island make tractors; the Rock Island car shops in Silvis keep in repair much of the rolling stock used in transporting raw materials into this area and farm implements out of it, and in hauling hogs, grain, and other agricultural products to market; the Bettendorf car works near Davenport manufacture freight cars that haul the same goods; most of the smaller shops, mills, and foundries produce equipment used in the larger plants, or materials for the construction of houses for the workers in these plants, or food products to feed these people.

The World War boom—during which the Rock Island plant alone employed 16,000 workers as against a few hundred in 1914—and the land boom that hung on into 1921 gave the Tri-City area a false feeling of prosperity and security. The crash came in 1921, and it was not until four years later that business here began to dig out from under. In the process of reconstruction the business community felt certain it was building soundly, scientifically. It did not want to have to face the agony of 1921-25 another time. Seasonal slumps, the bane of the farm-implement industry, were being

straightened out, employment was being regularized, and retail trade put on a steadier keel. By May, 1929, industrial activity and employment reached the highest point on record—and it was believed here as elsewhere that the apparent prosperity would endure, that the problems of local industry had been definitely solved. Yet today numerous plants, such as that of the Rock Island Plow Company, have closed down entirely and no doubt permanently. The Bettendorf works have been idle for eighteen months. The Rock Island car shops have worked with irritating irregularity; they resumed operations on a limited and temporary scale a few days ago after having been closed for ten weeks. The larger plants in Moline, which in 1929 gave full-time employment to 5,200 men, today, at the height of the busy season, can provide work for only 1,100, and not one of these employees works more than three days a week.

Records of the Illinois Department of Labor show factory employment in Rock Island to have dropped 43.6 per cent in 1931 as compared with 1930. Pay rolls fell even farther, being last year 52 per cent below the 1930 level. Average weekly earnings of the factory workers were \$20.93 in December, 1931, as against \$25.67 in December of the previous year, a decrease of 18.5 per cent. With the resumption of seasonal activity, employment moved up 2.6 per cent in the period from January 15 to February 15, but the wage-cutting drive was reflected in the continued decline in pay rolls, which fell 16.1 per cent in the period, while average weekly earnings dropped to \$19.60. But Rock Island's industrial situation is a happy one compared with that of Moline. Employment there decreased 75 per cent and pay rolls 84 per cent in the period from September, 1929, to November, 1931. The decreases in both categories were proportionately larger than those reported from any other Illinois city. Average weekly earnings in December, 1931, were \$18.22, compared with \$24.71 in December, 1930. But in January weekly earnings dropped to \$16.75, and in February to \$16.10. From November to March there was a seasonal increase in employment, and this brought the pay-roll totals up slightly, but at the end of March both curves turned downward once more. Though no statistics are available, it is not difficult to picture the effect this drastic slump in industrial activity has had on other business in the Moline-Rock Island territory.

Thanks largely to the diversity of its industry, Davenport has escaped some of the worst effects of the general economic depression and the agricultural slump. Its food-product factories—those making cereals, crackers, and bakery goods—have been doing remarkably well. Nevertheless, unemployment is widespread. Moreover, like Toledo and many other communities, Davenport is the victim of incompetent banking, or at least of weak banking laws. A year ago the Chamber of Commerce proudly proclaimed in a beautifully printed pamphlet that the "Davenport banks enter the year 1931 in the strongest position of their history." Yet within ten months, on September 29 to be precise, the American Commercial and Savings Bank, the largest in Davenport,

* The sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Hallgren on unemployment in various parts of the country.—EDITOR THE NATION.

holding fully half the bank deposits of the city, closed its doors. Business activity immediately fell off 50 per cent. "If you were to examine the books of the business houses of the city," said John C. Shenk, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, "you would find that the operations of every one of them were cut in half or more when the bank failed." At the same time an untold number of white-collar workers lost their jobs, numerous professional people were wiped out, and many small storekeepers closed their doors. The American Bank owned 125 farms, acquired through foreclosures, and impossible to sell at any reasonable price. Most of its investments were in agricultural paper of one sort or another.

In southern and northwestern Iowa, in parts of Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, and in entire counties in the Dakotas, Minnesota, and Montana, there are thousands of grain growers and hog raisers receiving public charity. But in Scott County, Iowa, of which Davenport is the seat, only a half-dozen farm families can be said to be actually destitute, and perhaps a few more than that are in want in Rock Island County on the Illinois side. Their principal product—hogs—no longer finds a profitable market. They are all, with a few interesting exceptions, in debt to the point where they can borrow no more money. The exceptions include the conservative farmers who, having more sales resistance than their neighbors, clung faithfully to their horse-drawn implements and so escaped mortgaging their future profits for years to come in order to pay for elaborate gasoline-driven machinery. Some of the farmers are renters, but are paying no rent. The landlords do not dispossess them as they know that paying tenants are almost impossible to find. However, many of these people, by selling a few dairy products and a little garden truck from time to time, manage to scrape together enough hard cash to take them to the movies occasionally, to buy new tubes for the radio, to meet their exorbitant electric bills, and to keep their automobiles running. Frank Shutter, who operates a large farm west of Davenport, said that he did not know of a single farmer in the county who had given up his automobile, or who had had his electricity turned off. On the other hand, the farmers have been economizing by going back to their horse-drawn implements, keeping their tractors idle in the sheds. As for sustenance, they have filled their cellar bins and shelves with vegetables and canned food-stuffs, and many have taken to butchering their own meat, a practice that had died out with the advent of the automobile and good roads. The farmers have been helped in recapturing this lost art by the dozens of bulletins on canning and butchering sent out by the State university—to the financial detriment of the grocers and butchers in the cities near by.

But the workers in the towns are also loaded down with debts, and their cellars are innocent of canned goods and butchered hogs. They have to take what the community can and will provide for them. The Tri-City area is a homogeneous community. Eighty per cent of its population is native-born; the bulk of its industrial and business enterprise is home-owned. It has no extremely wealthy residents and, in ordinary times, very few paupers. Its business men and factory owners have always lived close to their employees. Most of the business men have themselves in one way or another engaged in relief work, usually as members of the boards or committees of the local social agencies, and so they understand something of the human side of the unemploy-

ment problem. Nevertheless, they have made mistakes. A year and a half ago, for example, a \$60,000 relief fund was raised by public subscription in Davenport. A few civic-minded business men collected the money; the existing social agencies spent it. All applicants were provided with relief and no questions were asked; no attempt was made to investigate the requests, and no limit was set on the amount or money value of the relief each applicant received. The affair ended in near disaster; the jobless were left without aid for a time; the business men admitted they had failed. They called in a stranger, O. E. Klingaman, curator of the Davenport Public Museum, an expert in social work who had lived in the town less than three years, and turned the job over to him.

The Klingaman plan is now working smoothly, not only because Klingaman has put relief on a scientific basis, but because of the willingness of the entire community, politicians as well as business men, to cooperate in administering relief. Under the present system the average unemployed family is expected to live on a \$40-a-month scale. A family with no income whatever gets that amount either by way of direct relief or in the form of wages for "made" work. Families with incomes under \$40 a month have the difference made up for them in direct relief. Of the \$40, the sum of \$5 is allocated for fuel, \$5 for rent, \$4 for incidentals such as gas and medicine, and the remainder goes for food. Last September the city raised \$75,000 by a special tax levy to pay for "made" work. However, so heavy was the registration of the unemployed that the Chamber of Commerce in charge of relief found it necessary to finance the "made"-work program out of its own relief fund of \$131,000, which was obtained in a public drive last fall. The men engaged in this work are paid 45 cents an hour, and are usually employed just long enough to give them \$40 a month. Families of unemployed men who get none of this work are given direct relief in the form of grocery orders, the contents of which, for reasons of economy and diet, are made up for them in advance by the relief administration. The orders are redeemable at the local stores. City and private funds in Davenport have now been exhausted, and the financing of relief work has been taken over by the county supervisors. Unlike politicians I have met elsewhere, the members of the Scott County Board have put behind them the temptation to make political capital of the distribution of relief and are permitting the Chamber of Commerce to handle this job, the board simply paying the bills. The business men are confident that this arrangement with the county, which is hampered by no legal restrictions on the amount it may spend for poor relief, will suffice to take care of Scott County 2,350 needy families—10,575 individuals—until next autumn, when another public campaign for funds is to be held.

In the towns across the Mississippi—in Rock Island where 1,350 families are being helped, and in Moline, where the number on the relief rolls is only slightly less—the situation is somewhat different. There the population is likewise 80 per cent native-born, industry is home-owned, and most of the business men are active participants in the work of helping the unemployed. But that section of the Tri-City area has suffered much more from the depression than Davenport. Moreover, a survey by Edith L. Murdock, secretary of the Rock Island Welfare Association, showed that many of Rock Island's workers had been living from hand to mouth for

years before the 1929 boom collapsed. The survey covered 312 men who had applied for help. Their statements showed that 40 cents an hour was the average wage paid in the local factories instead of 60 cents as had been widely reported, and that the average monthly earnings of these men were only \$70. "These people had been drifting downward for five or six years," said Miss Murdock. "The amount of their indebtedness was really appalling. One man owed \$1,250 in bills that he had run up in the stores and with his doctor. That was more than he was earning in a year. Others owed as much as \$600. As a result most of our small grocers and merchants are bankrupt. They are carrying too many 'bad' accounts." Rose Holland, secretary of the Moline Welfare Association, presented another view of the problem. "We hadn't cleaned up the aftermath of the 1921 depression," she said, "when this thing came along. We have been fairly loaded down here with charity work ever since the war. I hate to think how long it will take to correct the situation this depression will leave on our hands. Too many families are being broken up, too many people are getting to the point where they no longer care whether they provide for themselves. They are losing their sense of responsibility. It will take us at least ten years to clean up these problems, to get families running normal again, to help others struggle through their mountains of debts."

In December, 1930, the Rock Island *Argus* raised a relief fund for that city amounting to \$25,000, which lasted only until the following March. A community drive in April netted \$22,000, but this was exhausted by June 27. Since then, although another emergency drive was held, most of the financial load has been taken over by the public authorities, the greater part of the relief work being turned over to the township. Under a State law enacted a year ago the towns are now permitted to levy special taxes for poor relief. Rock Island township has in this manner obtained \$94,500, but already half of this fund has been expended. Welfare officials estimate that additional private contributions for 1932 will amount to no more than \$9,700. The Rock Island situation, and that in Moline as well, has been relieved to a certain extent by the larger manufacturing companies. These companies were prevailed upon to pay the grocery bills of the destitute families of men who were on their pay rolls in 1929. The International Harvester Company has been of some help in another way. Although it had no market for its tractors, it kept the Farmall works running through most of last year and up to April 1 of this year. Very available storage space in the city—the freight yards, abandoned warehouses, vacant stores—was rented or borrowed and filled with these surplus tractors. Thus numerous residents of the Tri-City area were given work that otherwise they might not have had. Last year the company disposed of a goodly number of the tractors, but there appears to be no prospect of repeating the performance this summer. And so a week or two ago the management closed down the Farmall works, and many more families had to begin begging for charity.

In April, 1931, a community-fund campaign netted Moline the sum of \$17,500, but this amount proved inadequate, and together with all other funds available took care of the unemployed only until September 1. It was then decided that instead of calling upon the public to shoulder the burden, the local companies and the wealthier people of the

community should be asked to pay for unemployment relief. The sum of \$20,000 was obtained from the factories that were in a position to reimburse the Welfare Association for relief given recognized employees. An additional \$25,000 was procured by a private appeal to a limited number of Moline residents. This appeal was given no publicity. Forty-eight individuals and firms, most of the former being officers or stockholders in the Deere companies, promised that they would make monthly contributions toward relief for a period of a half-year. Individual pledges ran from \$50 to \$500 monthly. Besides the families being carried by the Welfare Association, the township has several hundred names on its rolls. Last July the township raised \$94,500 by means of a special tax levy. This was to last until April 1 of next year, but by March 1 of this year more than \$34,000 had been spent. However, Township Supervisor Lage estimated that the remaining \$60,500 would suffice if there were an increase in the number of applicants. But, he added, there has been a constant increase during the last several months.

General Manager Lourie of the Deere companies was hopeful that some additional help could be obtained from the community, but declared that "even on the basis of the welfare load not being more than it was this past year, the total budget would have to be raised to somewhere along about \$130,000 to \$135,000, which, of course, is absolutely out of the question. There is no question that Moline has come to the end of her string as far as raising money for this unemployment relief is concerned. Our people here for the last two years have been responding liberally, and now everybody's income has been reduced, and not only that, but even in our factories who ordinarily contributed well to these relief agencies, as well as other relief work, are now without work and without any prospect of it. We will do extremely well if we raise enough money this year to maintain the agencies that have been included in the Moline Community Chest." Lourie looked hopefully to the new Illinois Emergency Relief Fund of \$18,750,000, but added that demands upon this fund from other communities, especially Chicago, were so heavy that Rock Island County might not get all that was needed. He pointed out that bad as conditions were in Moline, they were even worse in Rock Island, East Moline, and Silvis. The county has asked for \$250,000 from the State, a sum that would perhaps tide the local situation over until next winter, but it appears that it will probably get no more than half that amount.

Here in the Tri-City area we have an almost perfect example of that united community effort at self-help which President Hoover has long held up to us as the only practical and American way of meeting the unemployment problem. Cooperation among the various classes and groups in the community has been better and more genuine than I found it elsewhere. The people who still have money have given generously, a few even to the point of personal insolvency. Yet the American way has clearly failed in this locality. Davenport, though it has not yet found it necessary to turn to outside sources, has nevertheless confessed that private contributions are no longer enough. Rock Island and Moline are farther along. Both private donations and the help of local government units have proved insufficient. These two cities have turned to the State for assistance, and if the State should fail them, as seems more than likely, they will have nowhere else to turn for help except Washington.

Unemployment Insurance—Its Limitations and Its Promise*

By LEO WOLMAN

THE world has now had more than twenty years of experience with many kinds of unemployment insurance. The rise and development of this latest form of social insurance has taken place under the unusual conditions of universal war-time inflation and boom, followed by successive periods of the most drastic economic and financial readjustment of which we have any record. Certainly, so far as the period since 1920 in Europe is concerned, it is fair enough to say that unemployment-insurance plans could not have encountered more difficult problems than those existing during the decade of the twenties. Europe, therefore—and in particular England and Germany—has served as a laboratory for the rest of the world and has managed somehow to handle unemployment in a new and more effective way at a time when unemployment has been abnormal both in volume and duration.

As a result of this experience it is not necessary for any country to remain in the dark concerning the important features of workable unemployment insurance and the paths which reform in existing plans and in future experiments must take. The emissaries from President Hoover recently sent to Europe for the study of foreign difficulties, wherever their facts were accurate, reported nothing that had not been known for some time by all students of the problem. And even the disclosures of the last Commission of Inquiry under the MacDonald Labor Government could not possibly have surprised anyone at all close to the English plan and familiar with current reports of the Ministry of Labor and with the findings of earlier investigations by parliamentary committees.

Since it is only sensible to learn from experience, it is best to begin this discussion with a brief appraisal of the benefits and demerits of the English scheme, which has had the longest history and which has been constantly in the public eye. Viewed simply as a source of unemployment relief, the English system of insurance has been an unprecedented achievement. Largely, if not exclusively, as a result of the unemployment insurance, English workingmen have been able to maintain their standard of living. After more than ten years of general depression in the majority of industries and virtual stagnation in the rest, it is the consensus of informed opinion that poverty in England has been reduced and that average standards of life are higher than they were before the war. Compulsory insurance, on a national scale, has proved administratively practicable. The vast machinery for the collection of contributions and the distribution of benefits, covering 12,000,000 insured workers and thousands of businesses, and charged with the operation of a national system of employment exchanges, has been administered with rare skill, honesty, and intelligence. The risk of unemployment has been, in the main, fairly and objectively defined. And the grosser manifestations of malingering have never

been regarded as a serious problem by either the advocates or opponents of the insurance system.

At the same time the insurance plan has suffered from the disability of being unable to balance its budgets without large and mounting subsidies from the government. This condition, in turn, is the direct and inevitable consequence of the persistence in England of unprecedented unemployment, not alone in any single year but during each of the years from 1921 to the present. The prevalence of an unemployment rate rarely dropping below 10 per cent and often exceeding 20 per cent of the working population, with unusually long spells of idleness for thousands of workingmen, completely upset the actuarial calculations on which the original structure of rates of premiums and benefits was based. To continue to regard the English arrangement as an insurance scheme, only two possible courses of action were open to its administration—first, a radical revision of both premiums and benefits, with a view to making the plan self-supporting, and second, the removal from under the insurance plan of all those who had technically and legally exhausted their right to insurance benefits because they had been forced by lack of work to cease all contributions into the unemployment fund. Whatever the reason, successive English governments failed to take either course, and the insurance fund fell deeper and deeper into debt. It is true, of course, that the ineligible unemployed might anyhow have been supported by the public treasury, but they would then not have been a burden on the insurance fund and their support would have been treated as a straightforward problem in public relief.

Aside from this obvious and generally admitted difficulty which the present English government has already taken steps to remove, other important criticisms of the English system are more debatable. The English plan, as everyone knows, provides for the pooling of all unemployment premiums. The contributions by both the stable and unstable industries, therefore, flow into the same national unemployment fund, and during the kind of depression England has had since 1920, the industries with low unemployment rates have to all intents and purposes been subsidizing the more depressed industries, like coal, textiles, and shipbuilding. Those who regard unemployment as a national problem, uncontrollable by single industries, and unemployment insurance almost exclusively a relief measure, still strongly favor the English method. Critics like Sir William Beveridge, on the other hand, believe the single pool to be the source of many evils, since it diffuses the responsibility for unemployment and imposes no effective obligation on individual employers and industries to handle their own unemployment problems. The issue here raised is one of great theoretical and practical importance, involving consideration of the preventive and relief features of unemployment insurance. But disregarding the larger question for the moment, the fact remains that the graver problems of English unemployment might in the long run have been more successfully managed through the estab-

* The fourth of a series of articles on various important phases of our economic life. The fifth, on the housing problem, by Clarence S. Stein, will appear next week.—EDITOR THE NATION.

lishment of insurance plans limited certainly to single industries and perhaps to single firms.

The charge that unemployment insurance has restricted the mobility of labor, and hence retarded inevitable adjustments in industry, is even more open to difference of opinion. The measurable facts disclose considerable mobility within the English labor market, the expansion of industry into new areas, and the rise of "new" industries. The facts are, however, not conclusive; nor can they be made so. Where unemployment is the result of a multitude of the most obscure economic forces, it is plainly impossible to assign the proper weight to any one of them. It is, nevertheless, important to realize that unemployment insurance, administered poorly and on unsound principles, can effectively block the free movement of labor and that, to the extent to which it does immobilize labor, it may do a great deal of harm, not only to industry, but to the beneficiaries of insurance as well. For any form of insurance which tends to prolong unemployment and to increase the numbers unemployed, thereby seriously impairs the benefits it affords through the payment of unemployment relief.

If, then, the sponsors of proposed schemes of unemployment insurance hope to secure the solvency of unemployment funds, to achieve a fair balance between the preventive and relief features of the system, and to preserve flexibility in industrial operations, scrutiny of the history of England's insurance furnishes the experience from which the appropriate standards of legislation and administration can be obtained. While the European systems and the few American plans of unemployment insurance differ substantially in many details from the English, they all show evidence of creating much the same type of problems.

The most effective and perhaps the only safeguard of solvency is a clear and strict limitation of the right to benefit. This limitation is exercised by the application of rules fixing the ratio between the amounts of benefits paid to any unemployed person and the number of his contributions into the unemployment fund. In extreme cases the limitation may be extended to provide for the cessation of all benefits once the unemployment fund has fallen to a specified amount. These provisions are, of course, analogous to the terms of all other insurance contracts. In life insurance, for example, the face value of a policy varies directly with the amount of the premium, and the value of the policy is adjusted when the terms of the contract are changed by the failure of the policyholder to pay his premiums. If life and other insurance companies undertook to distribute benefits in accordance with need, without reference to their premium receipts, they would all shortly become insolvent.

In the administration of unemployment insurance, the enforcement of such limitations would unquestionably work great hardship on many unemployed. In all countries and at all times there are a varying number of unemployed who are in no position to pay unemployment premiums, either because they can find no jobs or because they are unemployable. How large this number is in the United States there is no way of knowing. But it is a fair guess that the unemployables and the long-time unemployed are a small proportion of the total number out of work in both normal and abnormal times. In England, where permanent unemployment is believed to be quite general, the facts do not support the prevailing view. "More or less continuous unemploy-

ment," a recent government report states, "is confined to a very small section of the insured population which cannot include more than 100,000 men and 3,000 women. This group represents the maximum size of the 'standing army' of the unemployed. The number of those who have had no unemployment is at least thirty times as large. Between these two extremes there is a group, about one and one-half times as numerous as the other two combined, and including about 5,500,000 men and 1,700,000 women, among whom employment and unemployment are intermittent. In this group the degree of unemployment is not uniform. Among at least half the group unemployment is almost negligible, and it becomes serious among only about 10 per cent." If these figures are even roughly applicable to the American situation, as they probably are, they show that a limited plan of unemployment insurance, covering more than 75 per cent of the workers of the country, could have been kept solvent even during the post-war years.

It follows from this exhibit as well as from our general knowledge of unemployment that chronic unemployment is not properly insurable. The several hundred thousand unemployed coal miners, who may never again find anything like full employment under decent conditions in the soft-coal industry, cannot be kept indefinitely insured without exhausting the resources of the unemployment fund and thus hastening its insolvency. Because such employees in sick or declining industries face long periods of total unemployment, for which there is no immediate remedy, everything should be done through organized public relief and the provision of facilities for vocational guidance and industrial training to promote mobility and their absorption into other industries. By thus classifying the unemployed and adjusting the methods of handling the problem to the peculiar needs of each group, unemployment-insurance principles and administrative procedure are already taking the first step in what is destined to become a vast elaboration of the machinery of unemployment relief and prevention.

Recognition of the necessity for unemployment classification as an indispensable element in unemployment insurance accounts for the character of the Wisconsin unemployment-reserve law and for the type of plan recommended by the Interstate Commission on Unemployment Insurance. The Wisconsin system undertakes primarily to meet the problem of the permanent or regular employee. From a fund amounting to 2 per cent of the weekly pay roll, such employees will receive moderate benefits during limited periods of unemployment. While highly irregular and casual employees are also eligible to benefits under this plan, their total possible benefits are bound to be too small to do them much good, and the community and industry will be forced to devise further provisions for the treatment of the various types of chronic unemployment.

Limitation of the right to benefit as a means of insuring the solvency of unemployment funds and of classifying the unemployed does not, however, touch the equally important problem involved in making unemployment benefits available when they are most needed. If we may judge by universal experience, we may safely assume that no plan of unemployment insurance so far devised can possibly yield benefits for all types of unemployment. The ordinary workingman with a job in an insured industry is normally exposed to one or all of several forms of unemployment—the unemployment

due to seasonal slackness, the loss of job due to the introduction of machinery, and the prolonged idleness associated with general industrial depression. Unless, in the circumstances, provision is specifically made for each of these contingencies, workingmen may find, as they often have, that they have exhausted their right to benefit at a time when they are most sorely in need of unemployment relief.

For this condition there is obviously no simple solution. But attack on the problem consists in arriving at a clean-cut decision as to the purpose of an unemployment-insurance plan. In the early history of nearly all unemployment insurance, no distinction was made between the many types of unemployment, and, consequently, the liberal payment of benefits for seasonal unemployment, for instance, left the fund in many cases with totally inadequate resources either at the beginning or during the early stages of a severe business decline. With the accumulation of experience it has become clear that the wise policy is to lay aside as much as possible against the extraordinary upheavals of industry and to make only the most moderate compensation for the normal unemployment experienced in good times. Accordingly, in considering the revision of the unemployment-insurance rules in one seasonal industry, it has now been proposed that the waiting period—the period which elapses between the beginning of unemployment and the first payment of benefit—should be extended from one to three weeks a season, or six weeks a year. The effect of this rule is to regard forty-six weeks as a normal year's employment in this industry. If, then, the rule had been in force in the six years preceding this depression, the insured workingman would have received smaller benefits before 1930; but, insurance reserves having been built up, benefits would have been much greater during the past two and a half years, the period of greatest unemployment.

The use of unemployment insurance as a method for the prevention of unemployment or for reduction in its amount is still more a matter of theory than of practical experience. On the failure of the English plan to encourage prevention, there seems to be in this country almost general agreement; and the English failure in this respect is usually attributed to the method of the national unemployment pool. Accordingly, American proposals, by analogy with the terms of our workmen's compensation acts, either provide for insurance by industry and the adjustment of the premiums of individual employers within each industry to their employment records, or they provide outright insurance by individual firms. The Wisconsin law is of the latter type. By its terms, each firm is required by law to set up its own unemployment reserve into which it contributes 2 per cent of its weekly pay roll. Out of this reserve the firm pays benefits for a limited period of time and under specified conditions to its unemployed workingmen. Where, however, the reserve reaches indicated amounts, the firm may either reduce its current contributions or, where the reserve has mounted still higher, may discontinue payments altogether. The payment of premiums is not again resumed until the reserves have been reduced by amounts also specified in the law. By thus imposing responsibility for the unemployment of his work force directly upon each employer and by offering him financial incentives to regularize employment, it was hoped to achieve progress in the prevention of unemployment.

How effective such incentives will be can be learned only from experience. If we may judge by the degree of employ-

ment irregularity in this country and by the intensity of the business depressions of the past, it is doubtful that any considerable stabilization can be achieved through unemployment insurance alone. Serious attempts to control business during a boom, on the theory that control then exercised will mitigate the severity of the next collapse, are less likely to be made through the instrumentality of insurance than by the regulation of the operations of banking and investment. Coupled with such control, it may then be entirely feasible and sound to extend existing unemployment-insurance arrangements by imposing a substantial tax on the expansion of pay rolls and by using the proceeds of this tax not alone for the payment of ordinary unemployment benefits but, more especially, for the provision of adequate separation or discharge wages.

Unemployment insurance of the future, then, is bound to assume a variety of forms. All forms should involve the careful definition of the risk of unemployment and strict limitations on the right to benefit. The details of each insurance system will be in large part determined by its purpose. Where the essential purpose of the plan is the regularization of employment, it will provide moderate benefits for the unemployed and financial incentives to the employer. In such plans premiums into the unemployment reserves will be necessarily paid by the employer alone. The reserves, moreover, designed to mitigate the effects of chronic irregularities of employment among regular employees, will be of little help in long spells of unemployment.

As a source of relief against the unemployment of business depressions, unemployment funds must be assured a substantial period of accumulation. They must also be very large in amount. For the accumulation of funds of this nature, premiums should be paid by both employers and employees and their combined premiums should not be less than 3 per cent of the total pay roll. These funds, moreover, if they are to yield adequate benefits during prolonged depressions without the assistance of public subsidy, should not be drawn upon heavily in times of normal business. Depression reserves of this kind must be administered strictly as insurance funds and must be protected against unpredictable and excessive demands for benefits by the device of a long waiting period, by the enforcement of all restrictions on the right to benefit, and by the elimination from the scheme of all unemployed who are unable to satisfy statutory requirements.

These, in bare outline, are the principles which, in my judgment, should guide American experiments in unemployment insurance. At the best, insurance can in no sense be regarded as a solution of the unemployment problem. It is at the same time an effort toward greater stabilization of employment and the more decent and constructive handling of unemployment relief. Under the most favorable conditions, also, it will be rare that unemployment-insurance systems, however universal and compulsory, will be in a position to furnish adequate relief to all of the unemployed. There will for some time remain, in normal as well as in depression times, a residuum of unemployed unable to find jobs and ineligible to insurance benefits unless the principles of sound insurance practice are violated. The support and industrial rehabilitation of these unemployed, and the task of returning them to industry, are the proper and sole functions of the state, to be financed not out of insurance funds but out of the income from taxation.

Russia's New Religion

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Moscow, March 28

THEY are tearing down the churches as fast as they can in Moscow and Leningrad and dozens of other places where the Bolsheviks are driving the revolution ahead at full speed. In some cases the buildings are being converted into clubs or museums or garages or wireless workshops, but whether they are preserved or torn down, it is apparent even to the casual observer, despite the pictures of pious peasants crowding to services that are so eagerly exhibited here, that the churches in Russia, certainly in the cities—and my impression is that it is only less true in the villages—are a thing of the past. The rising generation, the Young Communists who already constitute the spear-point of the revolution, are militant atheists to whom Christianity is simply a medieval superstition. "They are not pulling down the churches here so fast as in Moscow," I remarked to my Young Communist guide the day we were in Vladikavkaz, in the northern Caucasus. "No," was his matter-of-fact reply; "they are not so progressive." The one sensation aroused in him by the few religious services we saw was apparently one of astonishment that people could be so silly and superstitious; to him the observances meant less than nothing. I was told repeatedly that the children, even in the villages, will not be seen in the churches for fear of incurring the ridicule of the other youngsters, and that in some cases they openly make fun of the religious observances of their parents. Certainly for a country that only a decade and a half ago was so completely dominated by its priests, the Russia of today is an astounding spectacle, and you have little difficulty in believing the eager Young Communists who tell you so positively, just as they tell you everything else, that religion is dead in their country. At any rate the religion of the Russian Orthodox Church has every appearance of being as dead as a whole keg of door-nails, to say nothing of coffin-nails.

Yet I came out of Russia with the feeling that the one really living religion in the world today is at work in Russia. John Haynes Holmes recently returned from three months in Europe to declare that "historic Christianity, if not dead in Europe, is rapidly dying. . . . the Christian churches are everywhere approaching their end, and in some cases have already reached it. Organized religion in Europe, Jewish as well as Christian, is a pathetic spectacle." Most observers outside the church would perhaps hesitate to pass so sweeping a judgment, but the decay of the historic religions as an effective social force is plain enough. I will content myself with the assertion that there seems to me to be one religion in the world that is living, growing, and functioning effectively day by day. That religion is communism. Such an assertion, I am well aware, will make the Communists foam at the mouth, because they use the term religion to denote only a system of organized superstition at the service of the capitalist state, a religion such as the old Russian state church embodied. But religion is much more than that, and, in the sense of the term that is socially important, communism holds a unique place among the religions of the twentieth century.

The important thing socially about a religion is that its beliefs, resting not essentially on the evidence of the senses, be held by its adherents with an intensity sufficient to make them do something. If they are not, then that religion does not amount to much. It is very possibly on this ground that Mr. Holmes sweeps organized religion out of the door. When Christians become the same sort of people, for all practical purposes, as non-Christians, when they think and act like non-Christians, then Christianity has ceased to be a powerful social force. In all candor it must be admitted that that is the situation today. It is not so with communism. Communists act differently from non-Communists because they think differently, believe differently, feel differently. They deny the old faiths, only to affirm their own the more intensely. That faith is none the less the heart of a religion for the fact that it scornfully rejects all supernaturalism and professes for its theology a militant atheism. Like the devotees of other great religious movements in their prime, the Communists are possessed of a somewhat mystic inward faith that has only contempt for such of the hard realities of life as do not fit that faith, and they therefore proceed to make the realities fit the faith. In fact, it is in Russia, and in Russia alone today, that we are witnessing the faith that removes mountains.

But communism has not only the inward faith and the surge of feeling that mark the great religions. It has also its body of doctrines and formulas. It has its saints, its prophets, and its martyrs. It has even its college of cardinals and its pope. And if its doctrine of infallibility is not exactly that of Rome, there is certainly no place in the world where heresy brings more swift and sure excommunication than in Russia today.

Like all the great religions, communism has embodied itself in a personality. In the face of all the manifold difficulties that twentieth-century knowledge interposes in the way of canonization, it has managed, in the brief span of a dozen years, to make of its founder not only a saint but a demi-god. "I believe in no God, and Lenin is his prophet" might well be the motto of the Russians today. Nowhere else in the world, I believe, is there anything to compare in depth and sincerity with the worship accorded in Russia to the little man who from Smolny and the Kremlin in the short space of seven years made over the destiny of a tenth of the human race. Prominently placed in every city and town stands his statue, mostly in the familiar militant attitude, with hand upraised and thrust forward, in which he harangued the crowd. And in every school and club and theater and public gathering place, even in the little towns, you find a big bust of Lenin, very commonly accompanied by those of the two other members of the Communist trinity, Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. And in the shop windows as one goes through the streets there are small Lenin busts, dozens of them, ready for the eager buyers who take them home to replace the ikons of older days. Literally millions of pictures of Lenin look down on the Russians wherever they go and whatever they do.

And every evening, summer or winter, rain or shine or snow or bitter cold, as the hour of seven approaches, poorly clad figures may be seen moving with hurrying feet from every direction through the Red Square and forming themselves silently into an orderly endless line to wait without movement with an endless patience until the clock strikes, and then move slowly down the steps of that marvelous dark mausoleum with its eternal guard of red soldiers, to file reverently past the great glass case where they may gaze for a moment on the mummified face and figure of the man who embodies for them the revolution and its spiritual meaning. And those who were still in the long line outside when the clock struck nine today will simply come again tomorrow, thousands on thousands each day paying their tribute of love and worship. In all the world there is no more impressive sight. Every day his words are read by multitudes, and "Lenin said this" or "Lenin taught that" is the last word to be said on any question. There was a time when Jesus was accorded a like reverence by his followers.

Its martyrs communism has by the scores and hundreds. In the big cities and in the little places, too, one finds always the monument "To the Victims of the Revolution," the men and women who lost their lives in the proletarian cause in the long years of revolution and civil war. Their names sometimes are graven on tablets where they fell, and sometimes are perpetuated in the nomenclature of streets and public squares. Always their deeds and their death are celebrated with oratory and waving red banners, and their memory is kept green by the pious recital of their sufferings.

Like other religions, however, communism has its demonology as well as its hagiology, and as in other religions, some of the most unlovely and dangerous features of communism appear in connection with its demonology. Just as good Christians, in the days when they took their religion seriously, tortured and at need drowned or burned witches and other poor folk unlucky enough to be possessed of devils, so do the Communists, and with equally good conscience, starve off and exile and if necessary execute their fellow-countrymen possessed of the seven devils of bourgeois psychology, the incurable devotion to private property and all its works. I do not instance the slaughter of bad landlords and other property-owners in the first fierce years of revolution and counter-revolution. I prefer to call attention to the systematic suppression of the intellectuals down to this present year of grace, and most strikingly of all, to the "liquidation" of the kulaks in this the high tide of revolutionary success and confidence—the calculated, ruthless stamping out of the whole class of rich peasants, numbering millions of households. The Communists deliberately tax them to death, confiscate their property, exile them by the hundreds of thousands, literally let them starve if necessary—and all with that cheerful Russian cruelty that seems to reckon almost nothing of human suffering. And why? Because the mind of the kulak is hopelessly filled with the wrong ideas, so that he hinders the coming of communism in its fulness; because he is possessed of the devil of capitalism, only they prefer to call it by a more high-sounding and modern name. Cruel, fanatical? Without doubt; but perhaps it does not become the descendants of Cotton Mather and other New England worthies to be too forward in casting the first stone.

But communism has not only its saints, its martyrs, and its demons; it has also its priesthood, who guard the purity

of its doctrine and see to it that its adherents perform their duties. When "the party" has spoken, dissent is stilled. Let the individual member think what he will, once the decree has gone forth, "deviation" is punished with a rigidity and a severity that know no distinction of persons. The case of Trotsky is best known to us in the United States, but the records of a dozen years are filled with like instances of those who were not true in doctrine or in deed to the revolution as the revolution is understood by the sagacious body of men who stand as its ultimate interpreters. Let one of that group itself be guilty of deviation, and he is thrust into outer darkness, it may be until such time as he repents, it may be forever. Rome in its prime never knew more effective excommunication.

Just one other feature that communism shares with the earlier religions. When Lenin declared that religion is the opiate of the people, he referred, of course, to the way in which it dulled people to the sufferings and injustices of this present world by promises of happiness and glory in the life to come. Religions generally have paid their debts by checks on the bank of the future, and because they have been wise enough to date those checks after death, nobody has yet been able to find out whether the paper was good or not. Now communism fiercely rejects all truck with another life than this, but it is exactly at one with its supernatural competitors in compensating its devotees for today's privations with tomorrow's promises. "Russia is no place for anybody who wants things today," my Young Communist guide said laconically one day as we were discussing the complaints of a disillusioned ruble-American who had not found that country quite the worker's paradise he had anticipated. What, short of a religious zeal, combined with centuries of inurement to suffering, could possibly induce a people to put up with what the Russians are enduring today in the feverish determination to carry the Five-Year Plan through in four? And if any one is inclined to complain, the answer is ready: "Tomorrow when the new industrial plant is in operation, it will be better, and before too long we shall come to the Communist heaven where there will be plenty of everything. Just tighten your belt a little more." Here is precisely the same hope for the future, only with a new scientific and industrial jargon, that has made religion a powerful social force through all the ages. From the practical standpoint of today's results what difference that the savior is the tractor and the automobile factory instead of a Judean mystic, that the future is five years off instead of five millenniums, and that the reward is an abundance of bread and shoes for everyone instead of the personal glory and the houris of Islam or the golden streets of St. John's New Jerusalem? In either case the people still work, and if need be, suffer today, patiently cheerfully, even enthusiastically—and tomorrow there will be fresh hope.

In dealing thus with some of the features that communism has in common with the historic religions, I have not wished to overlook its differences. It is only that from the practical standpoint of social action they are relatively unimportant. Communists fiercely reject the supernatural; yet they have a fiery faith in their system and a sure confidence in its ultimate triumph that rings them round with defenders no less invincible than the celestial hosts that have aided the righteous in every struggle from Joshua's long contest with Amalek in Rephidim down to the Battle of Mons. Con-

unists spurn the decrees of pope and synod; but they bow the knee and the neck to the ultimate decisions of Moscow with a complaisance and a faith that pope and synod might well envy. Communists laugh at all theology and profess themselves the devotees of an absolutely hard-headed materialistic science, but they act in the light of a systematic and realistic intellectual construction of the future (I am aware that they would declare it scientific) that would put to shame the best creations of Jonathan Edwards. And so it goes throughout the list; the resemblances are far more important than the differences. Socially speaking, the important thing about any real religion is not, as Lenin suggested, the way in which it drugs the people, but the manner in which its adherents undertake to work out its ideal of the future in the life of today. The Inquisition was a function of churchmen's idea of heaven and how to get there. The Russian Revolution is a function of Communists' idea of a future ideal society and how to attain it.

From this point of view I should like, in conclusion, to look at just one of the main doctrines of the Communist theology, the idea of class struggle, with its corollary of the inevitable triumph of the working class, the oncoming proletariat. Who would study it in detail in its classic exposition will of course turn to Karl Marx's "Capital," a book regarded with vastly more reverence in Russia today than is accorded the Bible in supposedly Christian lands. Never, I venture to think, has there been a more striking example of the power of one of those ideas to which Georges Sorel gave the happy name of social myths than in this notion of inevitable working-class triumph. The Russian worker and

peasant, for centuries the object of a merciless exploitation, the creature of a cruel and corrupt government and an irresponsible aristocracy, beaten with the knout of the tax-gatherer, exiled, if he rebelled, to the dreary wastes of far-off Siberia, and always drugged with the false promises of a venal and wealth-cankered church, was awakened by the drum-fire of revolution to a fierce and burning hatred of the chains with which in his ignorance and superstition he had been bound by landlord and capitalist, by gendarme and soldier and priest and czar—awakened to a sudden hope of throwing off those hated chains, to a growing consciousness of his own power to throw them off when united with his fellows, and finally to a sure confidence in the inevitable triumph of his revolution over all those oppressors so conveniently lumped for him under the caption of the bourgeois class. Small wonder at the volcanic force of the outbreak and the almost unbelievable success that has attended it up to this point. Small wonder that the Russian worker, in the light of his experience at home and his lack of real understanding of conditions abroad, looks forward confidently to a similar triumph of the proletariat of other lands. And small wonder that the Young Communists, these burning firebrands that now constitute the torch of the revolution, these boys and girls from sixteen to twenty-five who all their lives long have known nothing else than revolutionary Russia—small wonder, I say, that they are throwing themselves into the movement with a passionate fervor, an invincible faith, an innocent devotion like nothing else so much in history as like that strange, wild, beautiful story of the Children's Crusade. May it not have an equally tragic ending!

Patrick Geddes

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

PATRICK GEDDES, who died at Montpellier in the south of France April 17, was one of the few men of indisputable genius produced by Britain in our time. He would have called himself first of all a naturalist; and in the whole it was of his absorption in the sciences of life that one was continually aware when listening to the music of his Scottish voice and looking into his deep eyes of Celtic hue. But no label could serve for Patrick Geddes. He was wonderful and inexhaustible: a brilliant intelligence, a spirit of the finest temper, a maker of visions, a weaver of spells. And for some thousands of men and women scattered about the world his memory is a possession that can never fade or be impaired. He used to say that he was known as a fellow who pulled the bell and ran away. His friends were apt to put it otherwise. They said he had foreseen more, and started more creative enterprises, than any man of his epoch.

Geddes was a pure Scot, born at Perth in 1854, and by instinct a wandering scholar. Nothing seemed to him more absurd than that, in an age when universal science had replaced the scholasticism of the Middle Ages, the student could be a graduate of a single university. Hence he worked in the London laboratory of T. H. Huxley, in Germany earned ringing encomiums from Haeckel and Virchow, and made himself equally at home among the marine biologists of the French coast and in the group of geographers

and social analysts headed by the brothers Reclus. In the light of his later amazing florescence it is curious to recall that his first reputation was made as a specialist. He found an almost ideal collaborator in J. Arthur Thomson of Aberdeen, and their book on "The Evolution of Sex" was, for English-speaking students at all events, a door into a new world of inquiry and understanding. Geddes and Thomson made a pair of astonishing opposites. At intervals during forty-five years they worked together, and in the last stage they completed the big "Principles of Biology" in which a reader who happened to know both men may amuse himself by examining the sections and their joints. What Geddes needed more than anything else was a partner like Arthur Thomson in the adventure of the social sciences, into which, during the second half of his life, he threw himself with unrelenting energy and with a steadiness of purpose joined to a power of improvisation that was a continual marvel to his friends. This partner, however, he could never discover. In Edinburgh and London, in India and Jerusalem, and latterly at Montpellier, he brought together a company of enthusiastic disciples who believed—and quite rightly—that there was no such master of knowledge and ideas as he, and no such interpreter of man in society. But it would still be true to say that Patrick Geddes was a lone thinker and explorer. So far as I know, he did not succeed in winning

over any important sociologist to his basic ideas or to the use of his method. His books on sociology and civics, apart from his brilliantly concrete special reports and reconstruction plans, are not expressive of his extraordinary mind; and to me it was always a matter of stumbling that this vivid and sardonic assailant of academic science, and of the endless forms of what he called necrology, should at times run into an orgy of cacophonous terms hardly less awful than the enemy's worst. When he was indulging himself in this fashion, no listener unacquainted with the real Geddes could have been made to believe that here was a wondrous interpreter of life and habit, who held a bunch of magic keys and whose insight at its best was unsurpassed.

It is just a quarter of a century since, in London and at the Sociological Society, I came first into intimate contact with Professor Patrick Geddes. It was a delight to work with him, and a terrible worry. His professorship was a small affair of botany, at Dundee, but as a great newspaper remarked, he was, like Carlyle's most famous hero, Professor of Things in General. He had established the Outlook Tower as a laboratory of sociology and civics on the castle hill of Edinburgh, had founded university halls of residence, been a pioneer of summer schools, had led an onslaught on the slums and a crusade for the redemption of the Old Town, and had started an original publishing house. In London he was an apostle of workers' education, a founder of the eugenics movement, undeniable first leader in the new craft of town-planning, and creator of the method of regional survey—that is, the study and systematic remaking of city and neighborhood upon the basis of their organic relationship. He saw man as made by his world and molded by his occupation; a man is what he does.

Patrick Geddes was a flame of thought and inspiration, darting in all directions. His personal associations were world-wide. He appeared to know everybody who counted, to have the entree into every gathering, commanding the means of approach to any power in the provinces of education and social effort. When Europe plunged into war he turned to the East, gave some years of service to India as teacher and social planner, and then found at Jerusalem an opportunity for designing the Hebrew University as a unifier of ancient faiths and center of a new humane culture. Later still, and this was his last enterprise, he set out to revive the Scots College at Montpellier, with the idea of relating it directly to such organs of a renascent Asia as Tagore's international college in Bengal.

This brief and rough summary of Patrick Geddes's activities must sound to most American readers like the outline of a career lost through an incessant change of direction. Certainly he was the victim of an almost unlimited energy, which spent itself along a hundred roads. And I regard it as a tragedy that he could never transfer the colors of his thought and the jewels of his talk to the printed page, and that he failed to devise any means of giving available form to the diagrams and paper-foldings by which he would hold his listeners enthralled as he flew from point to point of his discourse. I do not know how a genius of this kind could have been imprisoned and preserved for posterity; and we must, perhaps, be reconciled to the conclusion that Patrick Geddes was one of those who, having inestimable riches to share with their fellows, can bestow them only through the light of the mind and the flash of a defiant deed.

In the Driftway

THE Flight from the Machine has already been mentioned in these columns. It is probably safe to say that one modern city dweller out of every three casts longing eyes in the direction of the country at fairly frequent intervals. The energy of the city gets on the nerve at some time or another of all but the hardy few perennials and incurable urbanites. Especially is this true in the spring. The sight of a city tree faintly alive with small green buds arouses such nostalgia for the open fields as only clean country air can cure. A friend of the Drifter's is planning to see the year around on a Connecticut farm. The proposal is greeted with the greatest enthusiasm by everyone who hears about it. Those who have lately tried wintering out of the city are eager to recount their experiences and to protest that never once did they feel the need of any but rural entertainment. There will be countrymen enough for whom this probably naive conception of rural delights, mostly as yet unsampled by city dwellers, will be incomprehensible. Winter fields, late autumn, newly perceived spring are old stories to them. But the harassed urbanite will still dream of them; will still, in many thousands of cases, long for the day when he can watch them uninterrupted, will believe that a constant preoccupation with the weather, which living in the country inevitably affords, is the sweetest employment that man can hope for.

THE next best thing, the Drifter believes, to living in the country is to be a faithful reader of the *Countryman*. This magazine is a fat, green-bound quarterly published in the English Cotswolds. The April number, a sizable affair of 272 pages, costing 2s. 6d., offers the usual variety of practical and romantic articles about country living. It discusses nearly everything under the sun, from the taming of wild young sparrow to the state of rural England in 1980. There is a description of life on an island off the Welsh coast, where the author and his family, together with some thousands of migrating birds, are the only inhabitants. There are excerpts from a petty cash book kept by a country gentleman in 1765, which range from the purchase of a "Bird Day Gown" at £50 to two guineas for "cleaning my teeth not to mention 6s. for a "Pound of Dry'd Apricots," 10d. for "Two Loads of Dung," 5d. for an ounce of coffee, ½d. for "A Boy opening a gate." There is a discussion of the Decay of the Scots Tongue, of what to look for in buying a child's pony, of how to proceed with digging a well, and of the conduct of a well-managed and successful inn, the requirements of which are "14-16 hours a day; some capital with which to have good food ready and to waste; a mind for the tiniest details; . . . to have had first a good time of life oneself; and a natural, not enforced love of the job."

TO the Drifter these subjects, taken entirely at random and by no means exhausting the range of the *Countryman's* interests, are fascinating reading. The adventures of the Welsh islander he has followed with affectionate apper-

tion for several issues. Not by any means a bird fancier himself, he nevertheless reads the *Countryman's* tales about birds with as much delight as he does its account of water. Simply, the best way to plant a garden, and how the servant problem in the country can be approached. In a year of hard times, when vacations may be curtailed and country living is difficult for city people, he recommends the *Countryman*. Its publication address, in case any of his readers are inclined to purchase a sample copy and see for themselves, is Idbury, Kingham, Oxford, England. It is unfailingly interesting.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Krutch on Mr. Shaw

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot understand Mr. Krutch's attack on Shaw's personal character in your columns. Shaw is, I suppose, a healthy man, and he fights for his royalties, I am told. But he does not live luxuriously. That he befriended St. John Ervine I know because Ervine told me this himself some years ago. Frank Harris, on the other hand, was a crook. I had the ironic experience of going to see him at the Hotel Chelsea, when he was ordering his white wine by the dozen and at the same time eating my sister out of the price of two stories that he had bought and printed, bemoaning very much the price of \$50 for the two, which he had agreed to send her and never sent her. This is not a "vague rumor." I know nothing of Harris's dealings with other people. But I know that he was a ruffian, Shaw told him; and I know that he was foul-mouthed and vicious about women, as I told him myself. If I were personally romantic, I'd see in Harris's penury—penury in a fur coat—a proof that the world's awry, especially when Shaw has triumphed without a single redeeming vice. But it is twaddle to denounce Shaw because he is not vicious. You are not a backguard simply because you do not smoke and drink and talk loudly about subjects not formerly mentioned in polite society. It simply disgusts me to see *The Nation* print such a man-spirited attack on a man who, while far from heroic about the war, is in the very nature of things anti-heroic, and who could write "Saint Joan" in an off mood. I can quite see a real romantic case against Shaw, but Mr. Krutch has not made it. He has made a perversely romantic case, and a very fair one. To describe Shaw as a money-grubber and a success-hound is a caricature that isn't even funny.

FRANCIS HACKETT

Newtownmountkennedy, Ireland, January 7

[Mr. Hackett has reference to Mr. Krutch's review of "Bernard Shaw," by Frank Harris, which appeared in *The Nation* for December 23, 1931. Through an inadvertence his letter was not published promptly on its receipt.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Mr. Hazlitt on Mr. Dos Passos

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As one who recognizes, and laments, many of the over-zealous errors of the literary Communists, yet who sees in communism the one approximation to a reasonable ordering of the instruments of the machine age, and as one who has long regarded Henry Hazlitt as a critic of balanced intelligence,

may I protest vehemently against his review of "1919" by John Dos Passos? Not that Hazlitt is guilty in his review of any humanist-fascist callow arrogance or any middle-class American vicious stupidity. Not at all. His estimate is thoughtful; it is good description; it is almost true. But it conveys no sense whatever of the impact of the book. Hazlitt apparently admired it as a work of art, but remained completely unmoved by it. Thus he slights the most remarkable of Dos Passos's powers—the gift of persuading his reader by the fierceness of his wisdom.

My criticism of the critic can take another direction, one possibly more plausible. I suspect that Hazlitt was stirred. But so powerful is the insistence of the liberal intellectual's position—which demands that he appear calmly reasonable in the face of a tornado—that he pulled his punches. It's the old inner check operating in different circumstances.

Hollywood, Calif., March 25

JOHN BRIGHT

Leon Trotsky

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me that Joseph Freeman's review of Trotsky's first volume of "The History of the Russian Revolution" in *The Nation* of March 16 should not go unprotested. Objectivity in historiography is more often a vice than a virtue, writes Mr. Freeman, echoing Trotsky. And that is true. It is the favorite vice of the intellectual coward who leans back "impartially" because he is afraid to indict what is obviously rotten. But there are highly complex phases of contemporary history which we had better study "objectively" unless we wish to make fools of ourselves. And the titanic struggle between Stalin and Trotsky can by no means be "correctly" estimated at present by "Marxian" dialectics. Roughly speaking, Stalinism does not differ from Trotskyism so much tactically as it does psychologically. Stalin may have borrowed, as Trotsky's friends insist, a good deal of the latter's critique and put it to work. But that is not important. What is significant is that Stalin did represent by and large the reconstructive urge of the revolutionary nation. He put the country to work, sublimated much of the international revolutionary fervor of the Russian people into talk, and pursued a cautious, skilful international policy. He did not go back on his revolutionary views, but he harnessed them to the strengthening of the "Socialist fatherland."

About Trotsky the fashionable thing to say is that he is a revolutionary poet, a sort of red Joan of Arc in trousers, a flaming prophet of revolt. The invidious implication is that he is impractical, historically irresponsible, a Socialist romantic. All that is quite nonsensical. He is no doubt a much less practical party politician than Stalin. But unless one makes of Marxism a Jesuitical theology, he is by far a more brilliant contemporary Marxian and social student in general; he is the most superb journalist in the whole history of that estate; he knows the Western industrial world a great deal better than his revolutionary enemies; and time and again he has proved himself a sound prophet. His prediction of the MacDonald fiasco way back in 1925 now appears uncanny. The Northern European and the Spanish revolutionary movements are paying increasingly more attention to him than to Moscow. His influence in the present German crisis is, from the revolutionary point of view, growingly greater than Stalin's. Today this amazing exile on a Turkish St. Helena is becoming the most important revolutionary leader in Western Europe. It is probable that in the next decade the Communist parties the world over will move toward Trotsky, for his position permits them greater cultural autonomy and revolutionary self-consciousness. Who is right, Stalin or Trotsky? The future historian is likely

to show that both of them were tremendous spokesmen of authentic forces in their day.

But Mr. Joseph Freeman already knows. Being a professional Stalin yes-man, he knows that Trotsky is a counter-revolutionary, full of "unresolved contradictions," conceited, and a thoroughly bad "Marxian." And the only way Mr. Freeman could gather all this knowledge from Trotsky's history is very simple. He twists it all out of shape. When he writes that Trotsky's "History" is one "in which personal satire takes precedence over economic factors, and in which all leading revolutionary figures appear as shortsighted, stupid, and timid with the exception of Trotsky, the nameless heroes of the revolution, and—of necessity—Lenin," then all one can say is that Mr. Freeman conveys a deliberately false impression of the book. Trotsky is keeping his own personality almost incredibly in the background; he evaluates with a sort of dazzling fairness all significant revolutionary leaders; and when he insists that the Bolshevik leaders, from the Kerensky revolution to the mid-summer of 1917, were far more confused than the lesser and often nameless proletarian Bolsheviks, he is merely telling the simple historic truth. Over and over again Trotsky shows that the masses could not have moved the way they did toward the October revolution without the intellectual and strategic influence of the Communist Party from 1903 on. And when Mr. Freeman, with amazing gall, calls Trotsky a "caricaturist" rather than a historian, then, indeed, all great writers are caricaturists for imparting the color of their personality and the incisiveness of their biographical and social judgments to their writings. As to Trotsky's "differences" with Lenin from 1903 to 1917, they are, for one thing, by no means so important as they appear to Mr. Freeman, for Trotsky was not a Menshevik but a go-between between the Bolsheviks and the left Mensheviks; and, for another, if these differences did not bother Lenin in 1917, it is hard to see why they should annoy Mr. Freeman in New York City in 1932 in passing judgment on a surpassingly brilliant history of revolution.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Newton D. Baker: Just Another Good Article

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You have no doubt received many letters of praise for your article on Baker in *The Nation* for April 13. This is a letter of criticism! In the first place the article is disappointing for the reason that it is too short. I was disgusted when I got to the end, because the piece is so illuminating, fascinating, and beautifully done, with both objectivity and passion, that it is a pure treat, and I felt like cursing you soundly when you ended my pleasure by closing. It is a really great characterization—I mean really great.

New York, April 7

AMOS PINCHOT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I want to drop you a line to tell you what a masterly article you wrote on Newton Baker. It is important not merely because of its timeliness but because of the general principles you laid down for the real judgment of men who seek political preferment.

New York, April 11

NORMAN THOMAS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Congratulations on your splendid and accurate write-up of Newton D. Baker, the modern Vicar of Bray.

Baltimore, April 13

SAMUEL DANZIGER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your Newton D. Baker article is the finest controversial sketch I have read in a long, long time. It definitely places you with the great writers of our time, and I say this one who admired Baker and once worked with him. No one without an intense realization of the truth he uttered could have written the piece. Many congratulations.

Fayetteville, Ark., April 12

CHARLES J. FINGER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article on Newton Baker is the finest piece of analytical writing on American personalities in many a month. It is a superb and priceless job. It stands out head and shoulders above anything of this kind I have seen in many months. My sincerest congratulations and appreciation.

Washington, April 8

ROBERT S. ALLEN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read your remarkable study of Newton D. Baker: Just Another Politician. I cannot refrain from adding my word of appreciation to one of the best pieces of political analysis and one of the most eloquent instances of moral appeal I have ever read. I want to express to you directly the indebtedness I feel for this courageous service at an hour when straight thinking and outright speech seem to be at such a discount in public life.

Los Angeles, April 13

ROBERT WHITAKER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Please accept my profound congratulations for your article on Newton D. Baker. I do not find myself agreeing with everything you say but I hail and applaud the courage and vigor with which you say it. We need a revival of this type of penetrating analysis and journalistic backbone.

New York, April 11

M. LINCOLN SCHUSTER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I hand you an uncalled-for word of praise for your eloquent article on Newton D. Baker? You certainly can write when you get around to it! I don't know anybody else who can do that kind of thing so well.

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y., April 14

MAX EASTMAN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish earnestly that I had sufficient of your literary ability to express to you my wonder and admiration for the ability as expressed in the story of Newton Baker and Woodrow Wilson in the April 13 *Nation*. I have read many exposures of well-known men of their type, but never before one equal to this.

Arden, Del., April 11

FRANK STEVENS

For Readers in Lancaster

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will *Nation* readers in Lancaster who are interested in a discussion group write or visit me at 107 Pearl Street, Lancaster, Pa., April 1

JOHN WEAVER

A Correction

The article on Hitler by Karl Radek, in *The Nation* of April 20, was taken from the Berlin *Tagebuch* and not from the *Weltbühne* as erroneously stated.

Contributors to This Issue

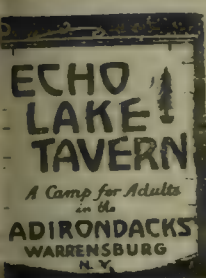
LEO WOLMAN is the well-known economist in charge of the research department of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, formerly managing editor of *The Nation*, has spent the past year traveling in Germany and Russia.

S. K. RATCLIFFE is the well-known British publicist and lecturer.

EDWIN SEAVER is the author of a novel, "The Company."

GARDINER C. MEANS, of Columbia University, is co-author of "The Holding Company, Its Public Significance and Its Regulation," and of a new book "The Modern Corporation and Private Property," to be published soon.



Decoration Week-End

4 GLORIOUS HAPPY DAYS \$22

No Extras—Everything Included

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Round Trip Fare | 3. Busses to and from Camp. |
| 2. Dinners aboard train. | 4. Feasts—Fun—Sports |

Specially Chartered Thru Train

Leaves Grand Central Friday, 6.15 p.m.

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW!

New Attractions . . . New Personnel . . . New Policy

For Information Apply New York Office

270 BROADWAY or Tel. BArolay 7-2888

Other Resorts on page 526

By ROBERT NEUMANN

PASSION

SIX

LITERARY MARRIAGES

*which illustrate
the heights and depths
of Man's experience
in Love*

SHELLEY . . . STRINDBERG . . . GOETHE
DOSTOIEVSKY . . . BYRON . . . BALZAC

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., N. Y.

\$2.00

Finance

The Bond-Purchase Plan

THE latest effort to do something helpful for business has taken the form of an enlarged schedule of government-bond purchases by the Federal Reserve banks. Since the end of February these purchases had been averaging about \$25,000,000 a week, whereas the most recent reports show that this has been stepped up to the large total of \$100,000,000, bringing the aggregate holdings of Treasury securities by the Reserve banks up to \$1,078,000,000. Under the recently enacted Glass-Steagall law the banks can substitute government bonds for gold as a portion, up to 60 per cent, of the collateral required as security for circulating note issues. It was generally supposed that this law was intended to free the hands of the banks in exporting gold, if foreign claimants should demand uncomfortably large amounts; but the new powers come in handily in connection with the new program, for the gold thus potentially freed can be used for buying bonds quite as well as for export.

If the plan now in operation is merely another effort to make money easy and plentiful by pumping credit into the market, and thereby encourage privately owned banks to lend more liberally, it will be confronted with the same difficulty as has existed all along. You can lead a horse to water but you cannot make him drink, and you can offer the banks limitless Federal Reserve credit but you cannot make them lend. Even in Washington, it is said, a pained realization is beginning to dawn that inflation cannot be created by fiat, nor by persuasion.

The new program, however, is widely understood to contemplate something more than suasion. Carried to the limit, purchases of government issues by the Federal Reserve would denude the market of that particular type of investment which the individual banks are most eager to own at the present time, since they distrust most other types. Eventually (in theory) the commercial banks will have sold out all their government bonds, paid off their debts, and converted a great part of their earnings assets into cash, which produces no revenue. What then? Nothing will be left but for the banks to pay off their depositors and stockholders and go out of business—or to turn to those investments which they are now unwilling to acquire. In a word, they will be obliged to lend money and buy corporate bonds.

Thus stated, the scheme looks too neat, by far, to operate with full effectiveness in a world of surprises and hurly-burly. For one thing, it contemplates that the Reserve banks are prepared to absorb whatever amount of government securities may be necessary to accomplish their purpose, and it is far from certain that the government will not continue to offer its obligations in large amounts. Further, instead of seeking to buy government bonds and notes, the member banks as lately as last winter were heavy sellers, and even now the tide of liquidation in bank loans and general investments is running strongly. Whether this tide can be halted by the market operations of the Federal Reserve, or whether something more sweeping is required, no one can tell.

But the new plan may produce results. Assuredly it will, if it happens to provide the one particular thing that an ailing business world needs at the present moment. Business, at the bottom of its depressions, reacts to various stimuli, depending on what is fundamentally wrong with it. The fact that there is no general agreement as to what is wrong makes the choice of remedies an uncertain business.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books, Art, Music, Drama

Summation

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

I

By just that incommunicable word,
So hard to say, so little to expect,
We lost what cannot always be inferred,
Forever answerable to a pride unchecked.
Strange that so rich a silence could not speak.
While darkness held us, I could feel again
Your breath fall evenly upon my cheek,
Waiting what might have made that vigil plain.

But sleep will steal away all good intent,
And afterthoughts defeat us. Who shall say
How passion's vain gratuities are spent,
If they be wasted on another day?
That thing so nearly uttered might have been
More golden than the sunrise flooding in.

II

I can endure what seems, in sober truth,
The futile picking of a rusty lock,
Call by a name less brutally uncouth
My own condign submission to that mock
Marriage of flesh and spirit, which has left
Us fumbling at a blank, impassive door
With hands that once were delicately deft,
Whose touch could open, whose caress restore.

I say I can endure because I know
Love will be tender only as it must
Take home the thing it suffers to forego.
Our foreheads marked with ignominious dust,
We can be wise and gentle, having borne
Full measure of self-pity and self-scorn.

Youth Also Is Doomed

The Doom of Youth. By Wyndham Lewis. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.50.

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS is the most prolific ideologist of our day. He generates classifications, terminologies, and even systems almost as naturally as he breathes, and he appears to be ready at a moment's notice to give a totally new interpretation of almost any social or intellectual phenomenon which happens to be mentioned. One naturally distrusts anyone whose bright ideas are as numerous as his, but he writes in so sparkling a manner that I, at least, always find myself swept along on the tide of his ingenious exposition, and I know no books which provide more sheer intellectual diversion than his do. He can plunge debonairly into the midst of feminism, modern literature, and the new physics, only to emerge a few pages later with a complete philosophy of each, together with all the necessary links between them. Somehow the Gertrude Stein stammer is shown to be the result of that same perverse confusion of space and time which Professor Alexander is responsible for, and somehow the upper Bohemia of the Russian ballet is uniting with feminism and the

Sherwood Anderson Cult of Childishness to bring about the downfall of the family. Every phenomenon gets a name and a place, and everything is very clearly not at all what you have previously supposed that it was.

"The Doom of Youth" is one of Mr. Lewis's minor works. It is not so closely reasoned as "Time and Western Man" or "The Art of Being Ruled," and it takes in less ground than either. But its interpretation of the "youth movement" is characteristically ingenious, and what Mr. Lewis has to say briefly this: What passes today for the liberation of youth is really only the result of a technique of enslavement. Even graybeards, it is true, are proclaiming the necessity for putting "youth at the helm," and Italy as well as Russia and Germany is looking to young men. Trotzky said: "The education of the young is for us a matter of life and death"; and "In Italy the Roman Papa and Duce squabble from morning till night over boy scouts and girl guides." But in these cases it is evident enough that the old are merely trying to use the young for their own purposes, and the same is true in an only slightly less obvious way in the case of all those who seem so anxious to celebrate the superior capacity of the young in industry or affairs. Real youth is the time of irresponsibility, of living for living's sake, and no one who really respected it would desire to make youth otherwise. But the Economic Mind has at last discovered that youth is also the period during which energetic labor is sold at a cheap price. Young men, like women and Negroes, do not have to be paid as much as mature white men who have families. And since, under modern industrial conditions, most labor is of a sort which requires mere energy rather than experience or wisdom, it becomes obviously desirable to replace mature men—who are always expecting advancement—with fresh young animals.

The Economic Mind first discovered this important principle in connection with "natives" of one kind or another. It discovered it next in connection with the women whom it persuaded to enslave themselves by holding out an illusory promise of "freedom," and who, as a matter of fact, shortened their skirts less to show their legs than to dress themselves in fashion suitable to labor. But neither of these discoveries was as important as the discovery of youth. Age is to be cashed in only because it costs too much, and youth is to be put "at the helm"—that is, made to perform those routine tasks for which alone modern organization has much need—because youth has not previously been scientifically exploited. The whole is merely part of a gigantic struggle between the forces which respect life and the forces which respect nothing except economic production. The "youth" that marches in fascist parades and the "youth" which enrolls itself in the ranks of the Young Pioneers is no longer, in any human sense, really young. Economics is attacking not merely the workers' "standard of living" but the whole human standard of living. And when the world has been fully organized in a truly efficient manner, we shall no longer have time to be young or even to be human beings at all.

"The Doom of Youth" is eccentric, extravagant, and cockeyed. But it is also brilliant, and this brief summary can give you an idea of the richness or the ingenuity of Mr. Lewis's argument or suggest what I believe to be his chief charm as a writer—namely, the fertility of his illustration and the neatness of his ideological system. Even the most doctrinaire Communist could not present a more completely watertight interpretation of the phenomena, or present it more glibly. And so far as the pure entertainment value of an ideological system is concerned, that of Mr. Lewis has a very distinct advantage—one always knows what a Marxian is going to say, but it takes a very nimble mind to get a step ahead of Mr. Lewis's expositions.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Dry Hollows of the Mind"

ms. 1928-1931. By Allen Tate. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

ALLEN TATE is distinctly a modern poet, both in his technique and in his choice of subject matter; expert in the handling of conventional poetic form, expert, too, in treatment of the principal modern theme, the sterility of the mind, separated, as it is now, from the emotions. But there is something which keeps much of Mr. Tate's poetry from being poetic and powerful. He is actually one of the best examples of what must happen if the mind becomes dictator over poetry; it is, in a way, a very sterile poet.

What seems to go on when Mr. Tate writes a poem is this: the poem, in its first form which never meets the reader's eye, is probably a fairly direct statement of a feeling or an idea. As he writes, it might, if allowed, communicate itself directly and with classical simplicity to the reader. Then Mr. Tate, I suspect, looks at it and says: "This will not do. I have not given record of the modern intricacies in this idea; I have not shown conflicting associations it must arouse, I have not abstracted from this feeling or situation its philosophical and intellectual implication." Whereupon he begins, I think—and this is all very hypothetical—to rework his poem. He reworks it many times, until not a single remnant of the original emotional impulse from which it may have started is left. The final result is purely a statement of the "mind's briefer and more desert place," "an abstract rage," comment on the "animated dead," torn from the "hollows of memory" and wearing "the long w of flesh-devouring time." In many of Mr. Tate's poems, when they reach print, we find, even as his own images indicate, the most complete sterility possible, sterility of feeling expressed in sterile imagery of the twisted and turning mind, sterility which is no "passion of the mind," but the utter exhaustion of any feeling whatever.

I am not objecting to Mr. Tate's obscurity; he is obscure, but so are many other modern poets whose lines sting with emotion, even though one cannot translate it immediately into a prose paraphrase. I am objecting to that obscurity which is due, like the Alice in Wonderland image, to Alice's concentration:

Bright Alice! always pondering to gloze
The spoiled cruelty she had meant to say
Gazes learnedly down her airy nose
At nothing, nothing thinking all the day.

the poet would stop gazing learnedly down his nose at nothing and thinking all the day, he might write very much better. Several of Mr. Tate's poems, most notably "Ode to the Confederate Dead," "Death of Little Boys," "Elegy," "Mr. Pope," are given us without the poet's having first sucked all the blood out of the lines. These are excellent poems; these show the poet as master of his medium, certain of his subject and his vision concerning it. But the other poems, both in his first book and in this, are highly mannered, a little decadent, reminiscent of (I do not mean imitative) of manners, moods, even of rhythms used authentically by other modern poets. Mr. Tate as critic has digested all these modern poets; he has felt them, they have become a part of him; and Mr. Tate as critic cannot separate himself from Mr. Tate as poet. The result is that he gives the other poets of the "Wasteland" outlook and the sophisticated manner one better. If they feel the death of emotion with a pang, he presents it as an intricately defined blank; if they feel emotion as a shadow upon youth, and with real terror, he analyzes it as a logical conclusion. Always he attempts to be, at one and the same time, the logician and the poet. Sometimes his thinking is merely clever, involved, mannered, pseudo-intellectual. The mind simply cannot do the work for a poet.

Clever reasoning, sound or unsound, is not great poetry. Many a poet has, indeed, been an unsound reasoner, for a poet's way of seeing things is so direct, leaps so many gaps, arrives so immediately at the heart of the experience, that if it is blocked by exposition it is distorted. Now when the mind is so constantly active as it is today, and the feelings so questioned, the only poets who can express both the feeling and the mind's immediate criticism of it are those who at times allow the feeling to leap suddenly free in a kind of passionate declaration of itself, and then present the reasonable mind and its destruction of that feeling—the smoke, as it were, after the flame. Reading such poems, one actually feels the flame and sees the smoke. Mr. Tate very seldom gives the reader this opportunity. He sees the flame before we do, and throws his intellectual cloak over it before it may shoot upward. And all the reader observes is Mr. Tate, the cloak, and the smoke coming from under the cloak.

EDA LOU WALTON

Proletarian Fiction

Men in Darkness. By James Hanley. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.
Boy. By James Hanley. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THESE two books, the first a collection of stories and the second a novel, introduce a new Irish writer of indubitable power and daring. Mr. Hanley is a man of the people; like Arthur Fearon, the tragic young hero of "Boy," he was already a sailor at the age of thirteen. His books deal exclusively with the proletariat, with sailors, stokers, longshoremen, with boys wrenched from the schoolbench and put to labor at the most obnoxious of men's jobs, with old men frantically hiding their years for fear of being sacked and dumped into the poorhouse, with the desolate misfits of life.

The most perfect story in "Men in Darkness," and the one that most adequately determines the tone of the rest of Mr. Hanley's work, is the opening novelette entitled simply Narrative. No more vivid or more terrible story of the sea has ever been written. Narrative tells of men and boys hard up for jobs in war time who sign on a mystery ship bound for an unknown port. The ship is torpedoed, and we follow the destinies of its wretched crew until the last of them, abandoned in the desolate waste of fog and ocean and crazed from drinking sea water, go down. For most writers, to tell this much would have been sufficient and more; not so for Mr. Hanley. The cries of the doomed men are taken up by their wives and mothers and sweethearts on shore as they storm the building of the shipping company, venting their agony and grief on the helpless clerks there until the shipping building becomes a veritable wailing wall.

The novel "Boy" tells the story of a sensitive and intelligent lad of thirteen who is taken from school by his parents and sent to work on the docks. After a single day of filth and horror the boy leaves home and stows away in the coal bunker of a freighter bound for Alexandria. Here again he runs up against the inhumanity of men who have been brutalized by their early experiences and by the enforced abstinence of ship life. At Alexandria one of the crew takes the boy to a brothel, which is to say, to his death. The end is inevitable but appalling.

Mr. Hanley's realism has the impact of direct experience; it is terrific and remorseless. At the same time it is informed with a compassion and a profound pity that are even more overwhelming than the author's remorselessness. Perhaps the finest single thing about his work is his ability suddenly to illumine the character of even the most degraded of his people with a flash of humanity as piercing as a finger of light in the blackest depths. Mr. Hanley's style at its best achieves a starkness of language, a clangor and stridency of timbre, and a sheer driving

eloquence that are extraordinary. His work is still uneven, however, tending to drag on the lower levels of intensity and to overreach itself on the higher. That the author has not as yet quite mastered his demon is seen most plainly in the tale of John Muck, where what promises in its early pages to be a powerful story of "poor people" is permitted to get out of hand and to degenerate into ordinary melodrama.

EDWIN SEAVER

Who Controls Industry?

Concentration of Control in American Industry. By Harry W. Laidler. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$3.75.

Frankenstein, Incorporated. By I. Maurice Wormser. Whit-tlesey House. \$2.50.

The Masquerade of Monopoly. By Frank Albert Fetter. Har-court, Brace and Company. \$3.75.

DURING the last century American economy has developed from a system of private enterprise involving a multitude of small competing units to a system of corporate enterprise made up of relatively few huge aggregates of workers and of wealth. Trite though this statement is, it describes a change of revolutionary importance, the implications of which are only just beginning to be dimly perceived. Until recently analysis of economic activity has continued to be for the most part in terms of private enterprise, as though the modern corporation were essentially an overgrown partnership. Today writers are beginning to analyze modern industry in new terms. It is against such a background that we must consider these three new books dealing with the change in the character of enterprise and the problems it has brought.

Toward the examination of this change, Dr. Laidler's book, though it is the least pretentious, contributes the most. His purpose is modest—to give a close-up, factual picture of the extent of concentration in each industrial field, so as to provide a solid basis for intelligent thinking with respect to the structure of American industry. This he proceeds to do with a precision and clarity which carry the reader through a mass of necessary statistical material with unabated interest. One after another, he covers the major industries, outlines their recent history, names the few huge companies that are in a dominant position, indicates the extent of their control, and shows the composition of the remainder of the industry. The cumulative effect of this process is to leave no question as to the character of modern industry. No longer are we dealing with enterprise which can be analyzed in the old terms of competition and individual initiative. Whatever new terms may be developed, the old have ceased to apply.

Starting with natural resources and the industries growing out of them, he shows that half of the anthracite coal is mined by four big companies, that half of the steel industry is carried on by two companies, half of the copper industry by four companies, and that nickel and aluminum production are both conducted by virtual monopolies. In the field of public utilities, the bulk of railroad transportation is supplied by the great systems. Communication is almost completely monopolized. Three groups of companies control more than half of the electric-power output, while three corporations dominate the new air industry. In manufacturing, two companies make nearly two-thirds of the automobiles, two backers handle over half of the meat crossing State borders, three tobacco companies control 70 per cent of the cigarette trade, one company makes half of the agricultural machinery, two companies make half of the electrical equipment—and so it goes, from industry to industry. In all, two hundred companies control practically half of our corporate industrial wealth.

Following this tour of industry, the author takes us to the financial centers. Here Dr. Laidler is less convincing. Starting with the Pujo report as a basis, he adds discussions of the more recent developments, such as bank mergers, chain and branch banking, investment trusts, and insurance expansion. His discussion is blurred, however, by the fact that he draws no line between concentration of economic control by investment bankers and the concentration of banking resources. He finds italics required for the statement that 1 per cent of the banks in the country (or 250 banks) control 46 per cent of the banking resources. This he seems to regard as a great concentration. Yet in the British Isles five banks control 67 per cent of the banking resources, three control 70 per cent of banking assets in Canada, and concentration nearly as great has developed in Japan, France, and Germany. Compared to other countries, our banking resources show only a mild degree of concentration. On the other hand, it seems quite probable that the concentration of economic control has progressed to a far greater extent in the United States than in the other countries mentioned, with the possible exception of Japan. The picture of concentration in the financial centers would have been clarified if these two aspects had been sharply distinguished.

The importance of this distinction cannot be too strongly emphasized. On the one hand, concentration in the banking field has lagged behind that in other fields. On the other hand the concentration of economic control—which is for the most part separate from ownership—has progressed to the point where approximately 2,000 men control more than half of industry. The more influential of these men are in turn members of the investment-banking groups which dominate the financial centers. The concentration of economic control is thus a concentration in the financial centers and in the hands of men who also dominate the major banks, but, relative to the country as a whole, it is not a great concentration of banking resources. The distinction is in part that between bankers who carry on an active banking business and the men who dominate industry including that of banking, most of whom fall into the class of investment bankers. It is not concentration of banking resources, but of economic power in the hands of a relatively few men who are only in small measure owners of the wealth they control, that constitutes the important concentration in the financial centers. The realization of this distinction brings with it important implications with respect to the possible methods of social control.

The failure to recognize this distinction somewhat weakens the final section of the book, which deals with the possible developments of the future, particularly with respect to the social control of industry. Following a short sketch of the efforts at the regulation of industry, of the increasing distribution of ownership, and of the changing character of competition, Dr. Laidler closes with a statement of the three courses which to him appear to be open. On the assumption that the concentration of industry will continue, his three possible courses are (1) to leave the great industrial giants free from social control; (2) to bring them under an increasing measure of government regulation; and (3) to socialize them through the medium of government ownership. Though he makes no plea in favor of any one of these three choices, he points out that the concentration of industry has in many respects reduced the difficulties which would be involved in the socialization of industry through government ownership. What he leaves out of account is the changed character of industry, due to the development of control as something apart from ownership, which makes possible lines of development not included in the three given above.

Unlike Dr. Laidler, Professor Wormser attempts to present an answer to the problem raised by the modern corporation—an answer which fits into none of the three lines sug-

sted by Dr. Laidler and which, in the last analysis, appears to be dependent on the changed character of ownership. In his most readable volume, "Frankenstein, Incorporated," he sketches the history of the corporation as an institution, touching on the corporate conception of Roman and Canon law—the *societates* and *universitates*—mentioning the chartered companies of the Tudors, and describing the new business associations called forth by the Industrial Revolution, particularly as it developed in America. This is followed by discussions of the rival theories of the nature of the corporation, of the advantages of the corporation as a form of business organization, and of the abuses to which it is subject. A chapter on the encroachment of the corporation on the professions, particularly that of the law, a cursory examination of the anti-trust cases, and finally a chapter on the Corporations and the People complete the volume.

Throughout, Professor Wormser finds the solution for the lesser problems raised by the corporation in part in the acceptance of greater responsibility by those in authority and in part in greater regulation by the state. He believes that corporation lawyers, who draft the over-liberal charters of today, must adopt a new credo. "They must be made to realize or be forced to realize their obligations and responsibilities to the community" (p. 93), though he doubts if many living will see such a development. Equally he suggests that corporations must realize, or be made to realize, that they owe an affirmative duty to the community which supports them as well as to the state which creates them" (p. 54). At the same time he calls for a uniform incorporation law in all States and the creation of a federal administrative agency to pass on trade agreements and the like, with power to supervise their execution.

Finally, Professor Wormser offers his answer to the more fundamental problem of the modern corporation. "The great corporation today must be viewed as a public trust. . . . Corporations with vast power must accept the social responsibility which accompanies such power" (p. 54). "Corporations owe a special duty to so regulate themselves and manage and control their operations that their employees shall not be left to the mercies of public or private charity" (p. 237). It is "the duty of overlords of capitalism to recall that they are the servants, not the masters—of the people" (p. 238). "The entire conception of the business corporation must be modified in the interests of public service" (p. 240). And finally: "Corporate capitalists, if they would meet the serious situation which confronts them, must regard themselves as 'trustees.' They must look to the welfare not only of themselves, but of the general public. So far as they are unwilling to do so, their parent—the state—must compel such consideration. A socialized corporate capitalism is therefore inevitable" (p. 241). Just how this change is to be brought about we are not told, but the implications contained in the suggestions are far reaching. They point to a fourth line of possible development to add to the three suggested by Dr. Laidler, namely, corporations operated as special instruments for the benefit of the community yet maintained independent of the state.

Professor Wormser makes his socialized corporate capitalism a natural and inevitable development of private enterprise and seems to regard it as consistent with private property, even though it involves corporations operated in part in the interests of the workers and the community and only in part in the interests of the owners. Actually it would seem to involve a serious break with the tradition of private property, and as such to be worthy of consideration as a line of development quite as possible as the three already considered. Just as the "divine right of kings" gave way under social pressure and the kingdom became a state operated ostensibly in the interests of the community, so might the "divine right of directors" give way before a popular demand that corporations be run as

quasi-social institutions. The separation of ownership and control has already reduced the probability that the greater corporations will be operated solely in the interest of ownership, and has opened the way to their operation in the interest of a wider group. Though Professor Wormser does not appear to realize these implications, they are implicit in his suggestion. Because of his failure to go deeper, his book remains merely a most readable and suggestive discussion of the corporate institution and not a great contribution to the literature on the subject.

Unlike the authors of the two books already discussed, Professor Fetter approaches the problem of the modern industry with a definite bias. It is his purpose in the "Masquerade of Monopoly" to set forth the iniquity of the basing-point practice of price quotations which appears in many industries, and which he assumes to be a sign of monopoly and to result from a conspiracy to restrain trade. In language reminiscent of the trust-busting days, he traces the practice as it appeared in the great anti-trust cases, filling the first half of the book with this description. The remainder of the volume is devoted to an inconclusive theoretical analysis of competitive markets, to a superficial discussion of mergers, and finally to his recommendation that manufacturers be required to quote all prices on the basis of a mill price at the point of production. The whole theoretical analysis is in terms of the nineteenth-century abstraction "an ideal market" and does not take into consideration the changed character of industry today. Even the single example of actual prices in a competitive market, which he presents to show the entire lack of anything analogous to a basing-point under conditions of free competition, can be used to prove the opposite. A much more thorough factual and theoretical analysis must be made before his conclusions can be accepted.

In spite of the entertaining manner of presentation, the strong bias with which this book is written and the questionable validity of the theoretical analysis destroy much of its usefulness. It contributes little to the understanding of the problems presented by modern corporate enterprise. It can be recommended, however, to the reader who wishes to go on an emotional jag against the "big bold trusts."

GARDINER C. MEANS

Books in Brief

Alice's Adventures Underground. With Illustrations by the Author. By Lewis Carroll. The Macmillan Company. \$1.

This facsimile of the manuscript of the original Alice story will be gratefully bought by all lovers of Lewis Carroll. It is an excellently clear reproduction of Carroll's elegant manuscript hand and of his own drawings of Alice and her friends, inferior as they are to Tenniel's famous pictures. One discovers with interest, in reading it, that a number of the best-known parts of "Alice in Wonderland," as it is now read, do not appear in this first version. There is no Pig and Pepper, no Cheshire Cat; the flamingoes used for mallets in the croquet game are ostriches; there is, actually, no Duchess! And the song of the mock turtle and the gryphon: "Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?" has replaced in later editions a much milder, yet amiable verse:

Beneath the waters of the sea
Are lobsters thick as thick can be—
They love to dance with you and me,
My own, my gentle Salmon!

Salmon come up! Salmon go down!
Salmon come twist your tail around!
Of all the fishes of the sea
There's none so good as Salmon!

The Memoirs of Glückel of Hameln. Translated with Introduction and Notes by Marvin Lowenthal. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

An honest, whole, brave, strong personality paints itself in this extraordinary book. It has the solidity and forthrightness of a portrait by a Dutch master, and as a discerning eye can reconstruct a whole contemporary culture from the details and background of such a portrait, so, with even more fulness and actuality, can Jewish life at the end of the seventeenth and the first part of the eighteenth century be visualized in Glückel's memoirs. Glückel wrote the "little books" as a means of passing the difficult hours of a long period of sleeplessness, and intended them to be a memorial to her children. Her unconsciousness of a "public" is apparent throughout, and gives the volume intimate immediacy. Native literary gifts give it color and movement. Apart from the impact of Glückel's own personality, two facts become impressively clear: how persecution, humiliation, and restrictions concentrated Jewish life in the family and in the synagogue, and turned the idealism and pride of a strong race inward; and how, through the fact that almost the only relationship between a government and its Jewish subjects was taxation and bribery, money became the essential condition of the life of Jewish communities and fostered the myth of Jewish money-madness. Within the borders of their own community, as Glückel's narrative shows, the Jews lived then with the same liberality that characterizes their freer life today.

The Devil in the Flesh. By Raymond Radiguet. Translated from the French by Kay Boyle. Foreword by Aldous Huxley. Harrison Smith. \$2.50.

"The Devil in the Flesh" would be a remarkable novel under any circumstances; as the first novel of an author who was still hardly more than a boy when he died a few years ago, it is extraordinary. This story of the love of a fifteen-year-old boy for a girl slightly older than himself and married to a soldier at the front is told with a delicacy and refinement of style, a directness of intuition, and a precise description of emotion that are a perpetual delight. Probably Radiguet was influenced by the work of Stendhal, and even more by that of André Gide; but the lucidity with which he unknots the tangled skein of adult love and the problems of adolescence—Raymond and Martha face the world as children, but the emotions they experience face to face with one another are entirely mature—is uniquely his own; it reveals the sure touch of genius. Kay Boyle's translation is as excellent as Aldous Huxley's foreword is inadequate.

That Girl. By Jacques Deval. Translated from the French by Lawrence S. Morris. The Viking Press. \$2.

Chérie at ten "knew what a man of thirty often tries to forget," but it may be supposed that Jacques Deval does not forget that a cinematographic novel of a prostitute and of international espionage in the Panama Canal zone may make a reasonable bid for Hollywood. M. Deval is a clever storyteller; he can mix a tender, ironic, and sentimental tale of a little French prostitute whose sole aim in life is to get enough money together to return to her native land with a thrilling tale of intrigue highly flattering to the efficiency of the American navy's intelligence department. "That Girl" ought to appeal to those who are tired of badly written, hackneyed crime stories; it has all the doubtful virtues of these without ever degenerating into anything lower than the highest-class tripe.

This Man Is My Brother. By Myron Brinig. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

In his new novel Myron Brinig returns to his Singermanns of the crude little Montana mining city of Silver Bow. The time is now 1931. The novel proceeds by a process of taking

up the stories of old and new members of the family, weaving these stories into each other, and bringing the varied conflicts in which the people are involved to successive crises—the madness that overtakes the brilliant and neurotic Ralph, the marriage of Sylvia to a Gentile, the disastrous love affair of Nir—the tragedy, with a racial and homosexual motivation, Harry. Brinig's writing has warmth and power and sweetness. The intellectual caliber of his work is high. Yet the novel lets us down. Perhaps the fundamental weakness of the book lies in the too-well-rationalized relationship between the several characters and the dramatic significance of their lives, on the one hand, and the background, themes, and ideas, on the other, as in a propaganda novel. Mr. Brinig is a novelist of emotional intensity and power, and he might well have left the overtones of meaning and purpose to make themselves heard as they do in life—not so logically but more poignantly. "This Man Is My Brother" remains, nevertheless, a fine novel, quite out of the rut, profoundly moving if not completely satisfying.

Art

The World of Florine Stettheimer

THE sensation of the show of the American Society of Painters, Printers, and Gravers at the Whitney Museum this season was surely Florine Stettheimer's wit and satiric apotheosis of popular American art, splendor, a ceremonial entitled Cathedrals of Broadway. All the hierarchies of domes and columns and beds of golden lights of the Roxies, the Paramounts, the Capitols, and the Strands, and their ritualistic scarlets and golds and parades of uniformed ushers, their banners, "art" galleries, and magnificent custodians, were essentialized in it; and built up into a kind of gaudy shrine about a central rectangle of silver solemnly inscribed with the vulgarly handsome mask of Jimmy Walker opening the baseball season, the derby atilt on his head; the face of him hard as a winter crack; the baseball offensive in his twisted hand. And the hubbub the picture provoked was a perfectly legitimate one. "Cathedrals" was observed of all observers not merely for its satiric humor. It is a piercing, an amusing, and elegant picture of work, and very brilliantly pigmented. Originality of idiom distinguishes it from the mass of derivative and compromised pieces necessarily evident in any omnibus show, and certainly without representation in the exhibition at the little museum. Besides, the rarity of the occasions on which works of its gift author have been displayed to the public gave the picture a further distinction of novelty, and tended to set it apart from the productions of the other gifted but better-known craftsmen which figured on the many broken walls.

The canvases of Miss Stettheimer, indeed, stand well among the exceptional works of art now being produced in the United States. Their spirit and their style are quite as individual as the technique by which the painter achieves her luminosity of color, marvelously responsive even to poor and to half-light. There are serious people who claim that she is one of the three important women painters in the country, the other two being Georgia O'Keeffe and Peggy Bacon; and that the three of them compare somewhat as the three typical operas—"Tristan and Isolde," "The Barber of Seville," and "La Belle Hélène"—compare with one another—O'Keeffe representing "Tristan," Peggy Bacon the Offenbach masterpiece, and Miss Stettheimer the masterwork of Rossini. From this comparison it will be gathered that the art of the latter lady is an ornate, a feathery, a spangled or

of trills and coloratura and floritura. Indeed, it is a witty, elfish, a humorous affair; almost a Christmas-tree art, but the art of the most tastefully and exquisitely trimmed of all Christmas trees. Those brilliant canvases of hers do resemble decorations in colored paper, and lacquered red and blue glass balls, and gilt-foil stars, and crepe streamers, and angels of cotton wadding, and tinted wax tapers. That is because she has a highly refined decorative sense combined with a certain predilection for the ornamental, the frivolous, the festive; indeed, a sense of the poetry and humor and pathos of what is purely embellishing. Many of her graceful, delicate shapes are suggested from festoonery, plumage, tassels, rosettes, fringes, bouquets, and all kinds of old-fashioned trappings. Others are the forms of some Oriental elfin world in which everything is minute, diminutive, and tendril-like; and huge bees and dragons and glorified insects and all sorts of non-human, vermicular, and winged creatures are the norm. She seems to delight in bright, tinselly, glittering colors; the colors of "paste" and mac-a-brac and paper flowers; and induces her paint to form many sparkling brilliants. It is a fabulous little world of two-dimensional shapes with which she entertains us; but beautifully, sharply, deliciously felt; and perfectly communicative of the pleasure with which it was created.

It is an expression of aspects of America, tinged with the joy and merriment of a very perceptive and very detached observer. A number of her paintings represent personal and intimate experiences; for the artist ranges herself emphatically among those who find the personal record one of the opportunities of art. They include portraits of the members of a steel family circle, and portraits of friends such as Carl van Vechten, Marcel Duchamp, Stieglitz, Louis Bouché, and Virgil Thomson. Others are Americana: let it hastily be noted that the idea of grandiose documentary caricatures of the kind of the free found expression in Miss Stettheimer's art came while before it was popularized by the *American Mercury*. Besides the Cathedrals, this series contains a very dainty Atlantic City Beauty Contest, a Spring Sale at Bendel's full of exquisite, capricious shapes and figures, a golden Beach at Asbury Park, rich in amusing Negro silhouettes; also a Fifth Avenue, West Point, and several syntheses in a similar vein.

But of course the artist has expressed those aspects of the quality which harmonize with her own idea and way of feeling. Thus, the figures of the family and its adherents have a certain very Parisian dollishness, as befits inhabitants of a refined and not quite probable world. The characteristics of the persons and their surroundings are combined in a dreamily peaceful way, and conceived in terms of archaic popular images. The ignorant and devoted Irish nurse stands masterfully beside the dressing-table as beside an altar, and about her head float cherubically winged heads of the five children she reared and made over in her idea. A romantic sister, her cheeks ablaze with huge dream-bewildered eyes, floats through the erotic light, beneath a blazing Christmas tree on the crimson couch in which her dream has stretched her. As for the various ideal American fantasies, they are full of marvelously chic and delicate diaphanous persons; and if these puppets have the American seriousness mixed with the American childishness, and are all belted and pompous about ridiculous things, they also have an elegance and elfishness which is not quite of this world, and of whose inhabitants might have larked in the train of Titania at Bottom. In fact, the values and relations and accents of Miss Stettheimer's art are so fastidious and incorporeal and weightless that we seem to be moving through them upon a planet smaller than ours, some large asteroid swimming joyfully in its blue ether—the asteroid "Florine"—and getting both the experience of this delicate, remote little sphere and a sense of the grossness and postposterousness of our own earth.

PAUL ROSENFELD

BANANA GOLD

by Carleton Beals

Author of "Mexican Maze," etc.



There is a high-tempered, hard-fisted, colorful, crafty writing about this story of jungles, guns, the bandit Sandino, the politics and corruption, the coffee ranches, bananas and heat of Central America. Mr. Beals describes his spectacular man-hunt through hot murky tropical forests and sleet wrapped mountains for the embattled Sandino—a story and commentary as fabulous and rich as the travels of Marco Polo. *Colored frontispiece and decorations by Carlos Merida.*

\$3.00

LIPPINCOTT - PHILADELPHIA

Rogé's International

THESAURUS

"Words grouped by Ideas"

Complete list of synonyms, antonyms, phrases, slang, etc., in fact everything to help find the right word. The one indispensable book for all writers. A necessary complement of the dictionary.

Now \$3 Copy

from CROWELL'S
THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO.
393 Fourth Avenue, New York

The Greatest TRAVEL VALUE

30 DAYS

of delightful travel

\$170.⁵⁰

Tour
to

RUSSIA

Includes: Ocean passage in Modern Third Class, FORMER TOURIST CLASS SECTION, fare to Russia via England or Germany and Finland, hotels and meals en route to Russia and during 7 DAYS IN LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW, with sightseeing, entertainment, conductor's and interpreter's services, visas, etc.

A variety of other interesting trips at surprisingly low rates offered in our booklet "N"

RETURN PASSAGE ON
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
STEAMER INCLUDED.

AMALGAMATED BANK

11-15 Union Square

New York City

Next Week in The Nation

HOUSING and COMMON SENSE

by
Clarence S. Stein

"Housing for the lower income groups must become a direct governmental service. . . . We will only have decent communities for the vast mass of the population when our cities—houses and all—are financed and built as public services."

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

- Blessed Event—Longacre—48 St. W. of B'way.
 Bloodstream—Times Sq.—W. 42 St.
 Blue Bird—Cort.—W. 48 St.
 Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
 Foreign Affairs—Avon—W. 45 St.
 Face The Music—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
 Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.
 Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
 Riddle Me This—John Golden—W. 58 St.
 The Animal Kingdom—Empire—B'way. & 40 St.
 The Cat and the Fiddle—Globe—B'way. & 46 St.
 The Laugh Parade—Imperial—W. 45 St.
 There's Always Juliet—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.
 Too True to be Good—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
 Whistling in the Dark—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

Music

What Is American Music?

THE festival of modern American music to be held at Yaddo, Saratoga Springs, at the end of April will gather together and focus attention upon several members of the perennially discussed tribe—the American composers. In this Yaddo adds its efforts to those of the lamented Copland-Session concerts and of the Cos Cob Press to give the composer what is felt he needs more than discussion—a hearing. But in sympathizing with these efforts it is not necessary to share completely the indignation with which both the composers and their champions view the meagerness of their representation on regular concert programs. Or to agree with such suggestions as one of their number, Mr. Randall Thompson, in the January *Musical Quarterly*, puts forth—that the contracts of our conductors should require the performance of a certain number of American works.

Who, to begin with, is the American composer? It is claimed on the one hand that men like Loeffler and Bloch are American composers, because for a long or short time they have lived and worked in America. But the nationality of one's personality does not change as easily as one's citizenship. I think no Frenchman listening to Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" or "Le Mort de Tintagiles" would suspect any American influence whereas an American listener can hardly fail to hear its French accent. It is claimed on the other hand—or it used to be—that an American composer must work with American material—that is, Indian or Negro materials. Now Indian or Negro influences may have worked strongly on composers who live in particular sections of the country. But Indian melodies were no more natural materials to MacDowell than Spanish dances to Moszkowski or Negro spirituals to Dvorák. And when one uses the word American to describe both MacDowell and the Indian materials he sometimes used, one is simply punning.

Neither living in America nor using American materials is itself enough to make an American composer—and for the same reason. Nationalism in art may be a fruitful impulse—an insignificant affectation. To be fruitful it must spring from some real kinship between the artist and the material he uses. The New Englander using Indian melodies and the Swiss Jew using "Hail Columbia" and "Pop Goes the Weasel" are all internationalists in music. The nationality of their material is an artistic incident—or accident. There is nothing more consistently American about one than about the other, and the value of their music has little to do with the nationality of the subject matter. In a truly national music folk elements are woven into the entire texture of the composer's idiom, so that it is often—as with Moussorgsky, or Haydn—impossible to state where folk music leaves off and composition begins. But no one is likely to take an Indian melody for MacDowell's own or "Pop Goes the Weasel" for Bloch's.

Nor until our own time has there been a distinctive material that an American composer could call his own. Jazz, unlike Indian or Negro music, is American in the same sense as the composer. He does not have to go off looking for it, transcribing it, recording it, wondering about it, using it in a form and with a significance totally foreign to its original state. It comes to his pen as a natural idiom—one, moreover, that alone can really handle. On a program including MacDowell's "Indian Suite," Dvorák's "New World Symphony," and Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," only the last wears its nationality openly and unmistakably. The American composer, working with jazz materials, is for the first time producing truly American music.

Not that that is necessarily a virtue. The best reason for listening to the music of an American composer is that his music is worth listening to—judged by standards that have nothing to do with nationality. But Mr. Gershwin and his less distinguished colleagues of Tin Pan Alley, to whom the application of such standards would be disastrous, may justly claim that their music speaks in accents distinctively American, that it could have been written by none but American composers, and that the direct response it awakens in American hearers is its own justification. So far, I think, they are the only ones who can make such a claim. But for them, obviously, no plea for hearing is necessary.

As for the others—the stress they place upon their nationality is only a reflection of the stress placed upon it, in the opposite direction, by program makers. There is no reason why Copland, Griffes, and many others should be entirely crowded out by Respighi, Tansman, and Krenek. That is no truer in New York than in Rome or Warsaw or Prague. But it is just as true that there was no reason for Mr. Toscanini to play the silly little salon pieces of the American Mr. Hasins last year. A composer's American nationality should certainly not be ground for his exclusion from concert programs. But programs are made for audiences, after all, not for composers, and when music is neither particularly good nor particularly American, I see no reason why its composer's birth certificate should save it from neglect.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

Naughty, Naughty

FOR central European comedies of the sort turned out regularly by the Fodors, the Vajdas, and even by Mr. Molnar himself, I have, it may be remembered, no very high admiration. Nevertheless, I must confess that I did acquire a rather greater respect for this dubious genre during the course of "Foreign Affairs" (Avon Theater), which turns out to be a somewhat desperately "European" farce concocted by a couple of Americans obviously bent upon showing that they can be just as sophisticated as the naughtiest Hungarian in all Budapest. One consented from time to time to be mildly amused, but the entertainment seemed conspicuously thinner than even that which is usually afforded by plays of the sort, and to say that is to say that it was very thin indeed.

It used to be said that Americans were too pure to write comedy in this manner. We were supposed to take adultery with an inveterate seriousness and to shy off from the necessity of putting our characters fairly to bed. But no defect of that kind can be observed in the present play. The heroine is not only unfaithful to her husband; she is unfaithful to her lover also. Then, to even things up and to provide for symmetry, the lover is unfaithful to her as well, and his second mistress is besides a later appointment with the proprietor of the inn where the whole company is staying. And yet, for all that, it was hard for the spectator to get the impression that he was being so very abandoned after all. The wickedness lacked conviction, and perhaps the famous Anglo-Saxon tradition really does have something to do with the matter. The authors seemed a good deal surprised at themselves, and almost too pleased with the idea of being thoroughly Continental to remember the necessity of being witty besides. Their characters somehow suggested that they had been rather hastily selected out of a marionette-master's trunk and that the wires were being pulled by none-too-expert hands. One felt, too, that it

PLAYS □ FILMS □ DEBATE

THE THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

REUNION IN VIENNA

a comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45 St. & 8 Ave. PEnn. 8-8100
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

THE THEATRE GUILD presents

TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD

A New Play by BERNARD SHAW

GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of B'way
Evenings 8:30 MATS. Thurs. and Sat., 2:30

GILBERT MILLER Presents

EDNA

HERBERT

BEST MARSHALL in THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET

A Comedy by John van Druten

"Utterly delightful."—John Mason Brown, Post.

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd St.
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

GILBERT MILLER AND LESLIE HOWARD Present

LESLIE HOWARD

in PHILIP BARRY'S New Comedy

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

"The season's most gratifying adventure."

—Percy Hammond, Herald-Tribune

Staged by Gilbert Miller

EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway and 40th Street.
Eves., 8:40; Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

THE GROUP

Meets at Auditorium—150 West 85th Street
Tuesday Evening, May 3rd, at 8:30 p.m.

DR. FRITZ WITTELS, will speak on:
"Psycho-Analysis in Modern Literature"

This Sunday Afternoon (May 1st) at 4:30 p.m.

Symposium on: "The Theatre of Today"

Speakers: **PAUL MUNK**, **IRMA KRAFT**, and others

WALDEN SCHOOL GALA EVENING

Tuesday, May 3rd 8:30 P. M.

at the

New School for Social Research

66 West 12th Street

HEYWOOD BROWN, Master of Ceremonies

Dancing . . . **MERKEL'S ORCHESTRA** . . . Refreshments

IF YOU WANT TO RENT

A SUMMER PLACE

don't sit down and worry about it—
Put an advertisement in the classified
advertising columns of The Nation.

Rates: 1/2-inch (30 words) minimum \$3.08
Additional lines of 6 words, each .62

THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., N. Y. C.



was generally a long time between epigrams, and that even when they came they were not always worth waiting quite such a long time for.

The amiable Henry Hull is the lover of the always amusing Dorothy Gish, and when it is discovered that the irate husband is about to arrive it is decided that, for the sake of the young man's diplomatic career, it would be better if each of the guilty pair should be supposed to be guilty with someone else. Hence the wife makes a sudden assault upon a fabulously rich Rumanian who happens to be passing, and the lover makes up to the only other female available—who happens to be a rather unusually pretty kitchen maid. The scheme works, but it works all too well. The wife dallies in the summerhouse longer than is absolutely necessary, and the lover gets beyond

mere acting with the kitchen maid. But where both are guilty neither can refuse too long to forgive, and the curtain goes down upon what looks reassuringly like a happy ending. Besides the actors already named, Osgood Perkins is entertainingly brutal as the Rumanian and Jean Arthur (formerly of the films) handsome enough as the kitchen maid to explain a good deal. Despite a somewhat wobbly direction, they all do as much as could be expected with the play, but that is not enough to make it more than so-so.

Perhaps those who are interested in the theater would do as well to go to see the exhibition of stage models and paintings referring to the stage which is now being held at the Sidne Ross Galleries for the benefit of the Actors' Fund. Some very striking pictures are exhibited. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH



"beegars waltz"
webster hall- 97¢
119 east 114th
green mansions spring dance
friday, may 6, 1932
informal entertainment
lucky number contest
win a weekend or vacation

For Details—Call CHickering 4-1345
or address: 11 West 42nd Street

WESTERN VIEW FARM

Hospitality that is unique. Send for 1932 Colorable Booklet. Address Edward G. Ohmer, New Milford, Connecticut. Phone: New Milford 440.

FOR delightful vacations — or week-ends, TOPSTONE FARM, in the Connecticut hills, restful, secluded. We keep our own saddle horses, and provide instruction. Address: R. F. D. 4, Ridgefield, Conn. Phone Ridgefield 648.

□ OPEN SHELF □

Henry George's Books
Sold here without profit. Ask for price list and appreciations by famous men — sent free
None may call himself educated in social thought (says Dr. John Dewey) who lacks acquaintance with the great writings of Henry George.
ROBERT SCHALKENBACH FOUNDATION
15 Park Place, New York City
SUPPORTED BY ENDOWMENTS



SPRING MAGIC NOW REVEALS ITS SECRETS
Buds peep out bashfully and blossom under your very gaze. The sod underfoot transforms itself into a wondrous carpet of green. And the air is sweet-scented with the breath of Spring. —All this glory of an unspoiled countryside is just an hour from the stuffy, dusty city.
By railway: N. Y. Central to Harmon Station.
BLUE MOUNTAIN LODGE
FURNACE DOCK RD. PEEKSKILL, N. Y.
PHONE PEEKSKILL 1403

REST CUPERATION CREATION at THE CRYSTAL VILLA Woodcliff Lake, N. J.

23 miles from N. Y. Fare 90c. Combines country pleasure with city conveniences. Ideal for convalescents. Cater to diets. Braiding walks, whole-Jewish-American table. Refinement. Congeniality. Rates considerably reduced. Phone Park Ridge 404.

ZINDOREST PARK

MONROE, N. Y. Phone: 300
A Millionaire's estate crowded with beautiful trees, shrubs and flowers.
Bathing, Boating and Fishing. Tennis, Basket and Handball Courts. Saddle horses and nearby Golf.
1½ hours Erie R. R., Bus or route 17.
OPEN ALL YEAR

FRIENDLY ACRES welcomes those to whom vacation means relaxation. Real country life. Comfortable house. Home cooking, vegetarians accommodated. Rates \$14—\$15—\$16 a week. G. M. Greene, Croyden, N. H. Season June 1st to October 1st.

FOR complete relaxation, beautiful country, pleasant companionship, wholesome food.
THE HILBERT HOUSE, Lake Mahopac, N. Y.
Hill Friedberg, Prop. Tel. Mahopac 653

HELP WANTED

HOSIERY — LINGERIE — Sell guaranteed hosiery, lingerie, less than store price, to friends, consumers, etc.; no capital needed; your own hosiery free; biggest commissions; part time permitted. MELIX, 213 4th Ave. (Near 18th).

WANTED: Educated woman as housekeeper in motherless home in country. Especially advantageous terms would be offered to anyone capable of assisting in literary work. Box 654, c/o The Nation.

PERSONAL

THE American Gymnosophical Association offers membership to intellectual men and women of cultivated tastes. Our facilities are a private gymnasium and swimming pool in New York City; a lovely 60 acre farm in New Jersey; calisthenics and games under expert teachers. Kindly send 4c postage for further particulars. Address Box 657, c/o The Nation.

CHILDREN—SUMMER



LILLIPUT

A healthy, happy, homelike camp for 4 to 11 year olds.

A lovely house, ideal surroundings, in the mountains, very accessible. The entire staff is experienced in the guidance of small children. Resident physician, trained nurse. Highly endorsed by educators and parents. Group of 40. Booklet. Raymond 9-4145. Anne Josephson, 1880 University Ave., N. Y.

MOTHER of three, college woman will take two children for summer of directed recreation, manual training—art—riding—swimming—country residence. Ages 6 to 11. Moderate rate Box 641, c/o The Nation.

FAMILY with two children (boy 10, girl 7) having spacious summer home on a lake (fifty miles from New York) would take in board two children, similarly aged, during vacation term. Ideal surroundings, reasonable. Write MS, Room 200, 10 East 43rd St., New York City.

A FEW children from 2 years up can be accommodated in private country home with every modern convenience. Expert care with properly balanced diet and home atmosphere. References exchanged. Reply Box 636, c/o The Nation.

POSITIONS WANTED

CAMP DIRECTORS—Intelligent, experienced couple (30), able to supervise all non-athletic activities in adults' or children's camp, wish placement for coming summer. Moderate compensation. Box 650, c/o The Nation.

HOUSEKEEPER FOR THE SUMMER

Capable woman with boy thirteen and girl eleven, would take charge of household while parents traveling or ill. Has had both large and small homes, knows simple handicrafts, pin and mountaineering. Offers references from progressive private school near Boston, where her children go, as well as from family with whom they lived last summer. Box 655, c/o The Nation.

YOUNG MAN (26); college graduate with training and several years experience in social case work; especially qualified worker with boys, transients, homeless men. Good culture background, intelligent, sympathetic, capable, understanding, willing locate anywhere. Box 653 c/o The Nation.

CAMP COUNSELOR

Tennis Instructor, 30, adult camp experience; knowledge amateur dramatics. Excellent appearance, good mixer, tactful, seeks position Adult Jewish Camp preferred. X, 226 W. 50th St., N. Y.

YOUNG MAN, born in Russia, American citizen, wishes to accompany someone to Russia acting as guide or secretary. Write Box 658 c/o The Nation.

SECRETARY; manuscript typist; intelligent young woman, wants position for summer in country; maintenance, small salary. Box 659 c/o The Nation.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISERS:

Mail your classified ads so they reach us Friday, to insure their appearance in the issue of THE NATION on the stands the following Thursday.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1932

No. 3488

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	527
EDITORIALS:	
Inflation—Blessing or Catastrophe?	530
Stimson at Geneva	531
Hart Crane	531
AN OPEN LETTER TO GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT. By Oswald Garrison Villard	532
HELP WANTED—FOR CHICAGO. By Mauritz A. Hallgren	534
MILWAUKEE HAS A PLAN. By Leslie F. Cross	537
SACRED BULLS AND SINISTER BEARS. By Paul Y. Anderson	538
A JEWISH HOME IN RUSSIA. By William Zukerman	540
HOUSING AND COMMON SENSE. By Clarence S. Stein	541
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	544
CORRESPONDENCE	544
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	545
FINANCE: "STEEL" PAYS NO DIVIDEND. By S. Palmer Harman	546
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:	
To a Friend Who Fears Revolution. By Babette Deutsch	547
The Graces, the Graces! By Henry Hazlitt	547
The Mercurial Sun Yat-sen. By Nathaniel Peffer	548
Short Stories—Mostly Bad. By Clifton Fadiman	548
Wagner's Stanchest Friend. By Ray C. B. Brown	549
Books in Brief	550
Architecture: Housing by "Large-Scale Operations." By Douglas Haskell	550
Drama: A Political Melodrama. By Joseph Wood Krutch	552
Films: Formula. By Margaret Marshall	553

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

WYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; Canada, \$6.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES is on the warpath again. It is busy tearing to pieces both the government economy program submitted by President Hoover and that prepared by its own special economy committee. It is too early yet to see exactly what damage the House has wrought, or, indeed, to learn whether the damage is as serious as has been reported. However, we strongly disapprove the action of the House in rejecting the plan to consolidate the War and Navy departments into a Department of National Defense. This would not only have saved the government an annual expenditure of about \$100,000,000, but it would have recognized the necessity of placing national armaments on a defensive basis. But on the other hand we are glad to note that the scheme to give away the government-owned Panama Railroad Steamship Line has been blocked. This company has been built up by the government until it now shows a profit in most departments. It was intended that the line should be abandoned and the profitable business turned over to private companies. It may be that the good the House finally accomplishes will outweigh the evil. In any case, it must be acknowledged that that body is acting entirely within its constitutional rights. *The Nation* was among the first to demand economy in government after the depression began. It still insists that expenditures must be drastically reduced and extravagance entirely eliminated, but this task must be undertaken in accordance with normal democratic procedure.

IMPRESSIVE as were Al Smith's victory in the Democratic primary in Massachusetts and his run in the Pennsylvania contest, they do not seem to warrant the general verdict that the candidacy of Governor Roosevelt has been stopped. Even though the anti-Roosevelt forces win in the California primary, the results of which will be known before these lines appear, Roosevelt will still go into the Chicago convention with a huge block of pledged votes, perhaps with a commanding majority of the delegates. Such is the temper of State Democratic leaders everywhere—the men whose local machines really keep the national party alive—that they are prepared to accept Roosevelt, whether or not they actually want him, rather than risk a long fight to break down his strength in the convention. On the other hand, Roosevelt, poorly advised as usual, may in the end defeat himself. The proposal of his managers that the two-thirds rule be abolished in the coming convention indicates a fear that Roosevelt has now reached the maximum of his strength, and such wavering before the Smith faction will only encourage the enemy. Again, in testifying in court in behalf of his State Superintendent of Banks, Joseph A. Broderick, who is being tried in connection with the failure of the Bank of United States, the Governor risked a serious political setback. Obviously, he wanted to strengthen Broderick's case in the hope of preventing a conviction that would reflect upon himself. But at the same time he has now so closely identified himself with this appointee that a conviction may prove doubly injurious.

THE COMMENTS FROM WASHINGTON when the verdict of manslaughter in the Massie case became known were nothing less than impertinent. Senator Jim Ham Lewis came through with the statesmanlike remark that the President should at once start an investigation and, if the facts as given in the newspapers are true, should pardon the four defendants at once. Senator McKellar of Tennessee demanded the impeachment of Judge Albert M. Cristy, who presided over the grand jury which brought the indictment, on the ground that the indictment was brought under compulsion by the judge. Representative Rankin of Mississippi urged federal control of Hawaii until "mockeries of justice" are ended. Senator Robinson of Indiana, with exquisite logic, said: "If I had been on the jury, I would have freed them. I think the whole question of administration of law in Hawaii requires a thorough investigation by Congress. There has been a deplorable let-down in the standards of justice and this case is an evidence of it." Senator Copeland declared: "It is distressing beyond words that so cruel a verdict could be rendered in an American possession. . . . I join with every other straight-thinking citizen in the conviction that something is wrong in Hawaii." Finally Representative Crisp of Georgia, where white womanhood is protected at all costs, has introduced a bill in the House which would pardon by Congressional act all four defendants. The fact that the four Americans were convicted in what gave every appearance of a fair trial, that there is no doubt of the guilt of one of them and the aid of the

other three seems to have been overlooked by these estimable legislators. The whole case, from every aspect, is deplorable; but never more so than in these irresponsible proposals from those whose profession is to make and whose first care should be to observe our laws.

EVEN A PUBLIC made callous by daily confessions of political corruption will hardly read without a shock the revelations by Representative La Guardia of the acceptance, by financial writers on some of the most reputable New York newspapers, of virtual bribes from stock manipulators. Comparisons with Europe are not too often in our favor, but we had at least got into the habit of congratulating ourselves on the comparative ethical level of the American press. It is important, however, that whatever indignation Mr. La Guardia's exposures arouse should not fall alone on the stock manipulators and financial writers immediately concerned. The transactions are merely symptomatic of the widespread moral laxity in the whole business of security distribution, and they are by no means the most important symptoms. It may be well to remind ourselves, also, that the kind of laxity exposed is not confined either to politics or to Wall Street. When a celebrity indorses a cold cream or a cigarette in exchange for a thousand dollars or so, he or she is doing something as essentially dishonest in principle as the New York financial writers who took a cut of the "under-writing profits" while they printed a little favorable news about the stocks involved. The cigarette indorser may feel that the thing he is boosting is not without merit and that his boosting-for-pay is at least harmless. Most of the financial writers were probably of the same opinion regarding their own action.

WE CANNOT RESIST a word of praise for the new Secretary of the Treasury, Ogden Mills, without meaning thereby to indorse the positions that he takes, or to overlook the fact that, like a thoroughgoing politician, he constantly changes his position and gives no guaranty that what he believes in January he will believe in March. None the less, it is a delight to read his speeches. They are singularly free from the usual politician's platitudes. They are straightforward, full of meat, clear, and presented in excellent form. He is especially good in his delivery. Indeed, when on his feet, he challenges comparison with some of the best of the foreign statesmen. He has not the reputation of being quite as eloquent as the Secretary of War, Colonel Hurley, but we know that the Colonel's brilliant Hibernian speeches have been written for him by an army officer with an outstanding Hebraic name, thus proving that Irish wit is not necessarily a monopoly of natives of Erin. Plainly, however, Colonel Hurley has been picked to be the chief defender of the Hoover Administration in the coming campaign. Why not? He assured the newspaper publishers in their annual convention in New York that Hoover was quite as great as Abraham Lincoln, and that he was the only living man who had made a constructive move in dealing with the world crisis.

WE KNOW, as does Secretary Hurley, that the campaign is now but a few months off and that there is great need of dressing Herbert Hoover in patriotic robes for the sake of a Republican victory. But we strongly object to

the light-hearted manner in which Mr. Hurley has been dipping into the government treasury, into the taxes collected from the sorely pressed citizens of the country, in his effort to accomplish that purpose. The Secretary of War has been using a government airplane piloted by an army air-corp officer in stumping the country for Herbert Hoover. This is a highly improper, if not wholly illegal, use of government funds. It must be condemned in the strongest terms. The practice is doubly unethical in coming just at the time when the Hoover Administration is raising such a pother about government economy.

LORD IRWIN, VICEROY OF INDIA for the five years ending in 1931, has earned the right to be heard with respect. Mahatma Gandhi, in his first public address in London last fall, spoke of him feelingly as "that great man." Before a Toronto audience, Lord Irwin on April 2 deplored Gandhi's failure to cooperate and favored an all-India federation "within the polity of the British Commonwealth, no longer on terms of subordination, but on a mutually accepted footing of equal partnership." Meantime on the very same day, the present Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, gave an interview to the Associated Press in which he manifested hope of a successful constitution, hinted that the repressive ordinances might be renewed when they expire four months from now, and declared that Gandhi, "if penitent, could make approaches to the Government. Lord Irwin, as might be expected, is at once the more realistic and conciliatory of the two. But even he seems to have forgotten that it was the present Viceroy, egged on by Tory diehards, who refused to confer with Gandhi and precipitated the present break. All talk about "equal partnership" is futile or worse when all that is offered to India in the name of autonomy is government that is British at the center, with the British controlled army, intolerably burdensome, fastened upon the country from without.

CERTAIN OFFICIALS IN INDIA, happily, find their duty to tell the truth rather than voice fantastical optimism. T. M. Ainscough, senior trade commissioner in India and Ceylon, has said in a recent government report:

The phenomenal reduction by over one-third in the volume of India's imports may be attributed to two main factors: firstly, the heavy fall in the purchasing power of the Indian consumer as a result of the drop in the prices obtainable for his produce; and, secondly, the political movement, involving both the boycott of United Kingdom goods, and the closing of certain markets for lengthy periods, violent picketing, and a general state of disturbance entailing severe losses to traders and wide lack of confidence.

Imports of cotton cloth from the United Kingdom, for example, amounted in 1929 to some 280,000,000 yards; in 1930 the figure dropped to 142,300,000 yards; and in 1931 it had plunged downward to 60,000,000. Yarn imports from all countries in 1929 totaled about 27,900,000 pounds; in two years it went down to 18,700,000 pounds. But this same time yarn imports from the United Kingdom alone fell strikingly faster, from 10,300,000 to 4,700,000 pounds. Mr. Ainscough, pointing out that in a single year the United Kingdom's share of the total import trade had dropped from 42.8 per cent to 37.2 per cent, considers this loss "so abnormal that it can only be accounted for by the boycott

United Kingdom goods and their partial replacement by the products of other countries." Later figures covering the early months of 1932 show the same downward trend. Textiles, while hit worst of all, are by no means the only goods affected; the list of articles which the Indian masses refuse to buy has been steadily growing.

MATTHEW WOLL, the most reactionary of our labor leaders, has again come forward with a proposal to suppress radicalism in the United States. He has written the members of the judiciary committees of the Senate and House asking them to support pending legislation empowering the Department of Justice to "deal adequately" with the Communists. The letter contains a list of forest and oil-well fires, bombings, destruction and looting of buildings and banks, and other "outrages," reported from various sections of the country. The list of these incidents was compiled by the National Civic Federation under the direction of the chairman of its executive committee, Ralph M. Easley. One would suppose that the radicals had launched a reign of terror. But Mr. Woll does not make this accusation. "It is not contended," his letter declares, "that any or all of these outrages are the direct result of Communist or other subversive activity." In other words, he has no proof, but has to weave his case out of insinuation and suspicion. He endeavors to paint the radicals as terrorists at the same time that he seeks to escape responsibility for his unsupported charges. Quite apart from the hollowness of the Woll-Easley case, it should be apparent that any attempt to suppress the Communist movement would only drive it underground, where, as history so clearly shows, it could thrive as never before.

WHERE IS THE RADICALISM in the colleges of which we have been hearing so much? A poll of college newspaper editors taken by the *Columbia University Spectator* reveals only slight traces of a turn to the left. Almost half the editors—41 out of 102—favored the election of Herbert Hoover, who received more votes than any other candidate. In second place was Franklin D. Roosevelt with 35 votes, while Newton D. Baker came third with 12. True, a radical turn of mind was expressed in the 11 votes that went to Norman Thomas in fourth place, but there has long been a small minority of Socialists among college students. The remaining 23 votes were scattered among 11 minor candidates in the two conservative parties. On the question of whether they favored the renomination of President Hoover by the Republican Party, 69 editors voted yes, and only 37 voted no. Fifty-seven editors thought Hoover would be reelected; 20 predicted victory for Roosevelt; 11 picked any Democrat to win; and 1 expressed the opinion that anyone but Hoover would win. According to the returns published by the *Spectator*, a majority of the editors did not even bother to answer the questions dealing with political and economic issues. Thus only 1 vote was cast for recognition of Russia, and none against; 18 for reduction of the tariff, and 2 against; 8 for cancelation of the war debts, and 2 against; 5 for social insurance, and none against. Personalities seem to appeal more strongly to the college youth of today than abstract but important political and economic questions. In this, however, the student editors differ little from the general run of American citizens.

THE REVEREND CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON would probably hold up his fastidious hands in holy horror at the to-do that is being made over the visit of his "ideal child friend," Mrs. Alice Hargreaves, to the land of unintermittent ballyhoo. Alice, always young between the covers of Lewis Carroll's book, is now close on to eighty. But the irrepressible publicity boys have her met down New York Bay by a flock of interviewers who ask her what she thinks of the Manhattan sky line, they arrange that she broadcast over a national hook-up, they will doubtless subject her to every publicity device they are permitted in an effort to make the Lewis Carroll celebration "go over big." If this induces Mrs. Hargreaves to believe that the modern Wonderland into which she has come as a thrice-welcomed visitor is even stranger than the lands down the rabbit hole, one cannot blame her. But, in the United States, when we celebrate, *we celebrate!* There is here, as in every English-speaking country and most of the other countries, a secure place labeled "Alice" which will never be empty. There is besides a very considerable amount of friendly interest in Alice in the flesh, and certainly no end of welcome for her when she comes to visit. But it is our custom to express our friendly interest and our welcome in whoop-la. All together, boys, whoop-la for Lewis Carroll, world-famous inventor of Wonderland; whoop-la for Alice, eighty-year-old "child friend," whoop-la for the Lewis Carroll celebration, sponsored by Columbia University and broadcast over WPDQ. Whoop-la for the United States of America, where whoop-la originated and where most profusely and tirelessly it flows.

OUR FAVORITE PLAYWRIGHT has at last been dignified by a Pulitzer prize for the drama. This is George S. Kaufman, who with his collaborator, Morrie Ryskind, wins the prize for "Of Thee I Sing." This astonishing perspicacity on the part of the Pulitzer prize committee—to whom somebody must have whispered that a comedy could be a drama, too—runs through most of the awards for 1931, which are considerably above the average in taste and common sense. Walter Duranty of the *New York Times*, whose Russian dispatches have long been a model of interest, information, and sound judgment, receives the award for correspondence, and divides it with another excellent journalist, Charles G. Ross, of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, who is honored for his article *The Country's Plight—What Can Be Done About It?* The *Indianapolis News* is distinguished for its campaign to eliminate waste in local government. Pearl Buck for "The Good Earth" is honored with the novel award, and a continuous record of best-selling accompanied by the most flattering encomiums from our leading critics will testify that she deserves it. The prize for the best history of the year goes to General Pershing, for "My Experiences in the World War"; the best biography is adjudged to be Henry F. Pringle's "Theodore Roosevelt"; the prize poem is George Dillon's "The Flowering Stone." These awards will be received with varying degrees of appreciation and agreement. But about "Of Thee I Sing," which is chosen as the play which "shall best represent the educational value and power of the stage," there will be none to quarrel—with the honorable exception of Mr. Robert C. Benchley who, like Queen Victoria, was not amused.

Inflation—Blessing or Catastrophe?

AS the economic crisis drags on and shows no signs of betterment; as wholesale commodity prices, which have already fallen to the levels of 1899 after the greatest collapse witnessed in a century, continue to sag; as the country's premier corporation passes its dividend for the first time in seventeen years and fails not only to earn interest on its bonds but even to meet the cost of operating at one-quarter of its capacity; as the country's railroads continue to report their weary string of deficits; as stocks and bonds sink daily to new low levels; as farmers find the prices of their fruit and grain so low that the fruit is not worth picking nor the grain worth planting, while the farm is unsalable and shrunken in value to less than the amount of its first mortgage; as millions of men and women, including one out of every three factory workers employed three years ago, find themselves out of jobs, while hundreds of thousands of them are hungry and desperate, it is not surprising that men's thoughts should be turning more and more to plans of monetary inflation. The demand for inflation is always raised in every great crisis. It was raised in 1873. The issue had to be fought out in a Presidential campaign in 1896. And it can at least be said that if the demand for inflation is ever justified, it is more justified now than it has been at any other time in our history as a nation.

Would monetary inflation prove a cure for our troubles? Or would it make them infinitely worse? Would it turn the tide, or would it mean the final plunge to catastrophe? The answer is not as simple as it may appear either to the passionate advocates of inflation or to its contemptuous opponents. The effect would depend largely, to begin with, on what kind of inflation we should undertake. Let us look at some of the recent plans either proposed or in operation. The most important of these, if only because it is already in effect, is the policy of the Federal Reserve banks, upon which we commented last week. They are attempting to force more credit on the market partly by forcing down interest rates directly, and partly through the purchase of government securities. Both policies are dubious even from the standpoint of the aim that the Reserve system has directly in view. Cheap money always encourages borrowing during a boom; and the cheap-money policy of the federal authorities in 1928 and 1929 encouraged that borrowing to the point of disaster. But cheap money—as one would think the Federal Reserve authorities should have learned a hundred times over by now—does not necessarily encourage borrowing in a period of stagnation. Why should it? If a manufacturer cannot find a market for his goods, why should he borrow, at any interest rate, to increase his operations? And if he were foolish enough to want to do so, would a bank be likely to risk its money on him? Indeed, it never seems to occur to the Federal Reserve authorities that artificially low money rates may actually lead to a contraction of the volume of bank loans. Instead of thinking exclusively of the borrower, they might begin to look at the problem from the standpoint of the lender. When the bonds of such railroads as the Pennsylvania and the New York Central can be bought in the open market at discounts of more than 40 per cent from

parity, why should banks be anxious to force their money on commercial borrowers at rates of $3\frac{1}{4}$, 2, and even 1 per cent? They will do so only with what is called "prime paper," and there is no excess of such paper to be had today. When the risks of lending are high, it requires high rates to encourage lenders.

The purchase of government securities on the present scale is even more dubious. In 1929 the total holdings of government securities by the Federal Reserve banks amounted to \$147,000,000; they amount today to \$1,191,000,000, and \$306,000,000 of these holdings have been acquired in the last three weeks alone. One purpose of this policy is to force the commercial banks to buy securities. It may conceivably have that effect, and if the main object of the Administration's solicitude is the price of securities, the policy may be in small part successful, at least for a time. But the belief that the policy will raise commodity prices is almost certainly doomed to disappointment. Long before that point arrives it will probably lead to gold withdrawals, which will necessitate a contraction of loans to protect our gold supply.

The next most important inflationary move is perhaps the Goldsborough bill, as this has already been reported favorably by the House Banking and Currency Committee. It is in some respects an amazingly naive document, directing the Reserve Board to take steps to raise commodity prices to a predetermined level and keep them there. It does, however, imply the machinery for doing this in its suggestion that the "price" of gold be changed in accordance with changes in general conditions. This is merely another way of advocating changes in the weight of gold in the dollar but there is no evidence that any of the members of the committee have any real notion of the implications and probable consequences of such action. More serious, because it is likely to get further in Congress, is the Patman proposal to issue \$2,200,000,000 in fiat money to pay the soldiers' bonus. If the shock to confidence were not too great, this might possibly lead to no more than a corresponding retirement of Federal Reserve notes and other outstanding forms of currency; but it is far more probable that panicky gold withdrawals would force us off the gold basis, in which case we should be launched on a course of inflation and fluctuating currency of which it would be impossible to predict the outcome. It is altogether probable, however, that the damage done would far outweigh any incidental benefits.

Henry Hazlitt, in his two articles in *The Nation* proposing the devaluation of the dollar, remarked that we must think of such a step as a surgeon thinks of a major operation, and that we must try every possible less drastic remedy before resorting to it. Among these less drastic remedies placed foremost tariff reduction and cancellation of reparations and war debts. The analogy might be carried further. A major operation, however necessary, is not without danger even when performed by a skilled man with clean and delicate instruments; it is fatal when performed with an axe by a butcher, and the crude type of inflation proposed in the Goldsborough and Patman bills could only lead us on a path of self-destruction.

Stimson at Geneva

WHEN Henry L. Stimson sailed for Europe several weeks ago there was great commotion in the European press. Continental statesmen were quoted as saying that his presence at Geneva would give new life to the Disarmament Conference, that this new demonstration of our readiness to cooperate in European affairs would surely help solve many of the political problems which were then—and still are—endangering the Geneva Conference. Unhappily, no details were given as to the precise means by which this desirable goal was to be reached. And now Mr. Stimson is returning from Geneva, "clearly disappointed," as the press dispatches have it. He failed, the dispatches say, to break through the Franco-German deadlock, the greatest obstacle to rapprochement in Europe, and he had no better success in his efforts to bring the French and American delegations together on the armaments question. So Geneva is once more plunged into gloom.

But how could it have been otherwise? Certainly Secretary Stimson could have had no real hope of persuading France and Germany to bury their fundamental differences—unless, of course, he had something to offer in return. What would the French want? Before all else, that full measure of security they have been demanding these last several years. Until that is achieved, France may be expected to cling to its system of military alliances and its own huge military machine, and to insist upon keeping Germany in a weakened condition. The only way the United States could contribute to this security would be by accepting the frequently projected security pact under which we would be obligated to go to the defense of France whenever that country deemed itself in peril of attack or invasion. Mr. Stimson knows only too well that neither the American government nor the American people is prepared to enter into such an entangling alliance. What have we to offer Germany? Nothing except moral support, and in so far as that support strengthens German resistance it is bound to prolong the deadlock with France. The whole disarmament question is tied up with this political problem. The American delegation has proposed the abolition of offensive arms. Premier Tardieu has pointed out that even experts cannot distinguish between "offensive" and "defensive" weapons. He countered the American proposal with a return to the suggestion that an international army or police force be created under the auspices of the League of Nations. In brief, the world, controlled by a League under French domination, could simply be a substitute for a security pact. This the United States would never accept.

There is little doubt that Secretary Stimson was aware of these obstacles when he set sail for Geneva. He must have known that if this was all that he was seeking his mission was foredoomed to failure. Hence the suspicion arises that he had other purposes in making this hurried visit to Europe. Perhaps he discussed the debt question, or, more likely, the increasingly grave Far Eastern situation. Secret diplomacy being what it is, we may never know just what was his chief objective. Let us hope that he did not enter into any secret arrangement that may some day drag us into an unpleasant diplomatic situation in the Far East.

Hart Crane

THE death of Hart Crane by drowning at sea may have a more special significance than that which attaches to the end of any gifted young artist. He was on his way home from Mexico, where a Guggenheim Fellowship had given him a year's vacation from the writing of advertising copy in a New York office and where, so it was understood, he had been composing a long poem concerned with the Mexican past. We are now told by his companions on the Orizaba, which docked April 29, that the Mexican poem was not even begun and that the poet had committed suicide because he was dissatisfied with his own work and was convinced that there "was no place in the world for poetry today."

The public taken as a whole will remain as indifferent to the fate of the Mexican epic as it has been to any poem which Hart Crane published. For he was far from popular. The difficulty of reading his work was enough to account for this fact, though there was the additional argument brought against him by Max Eastman, who in "The Literary Mind" recently took the poetry of Crane as the text for a chapter called *The Cult of Unintelligibility*. But Hart Crane did after all have a public, and although it was small it was devoted; and as time goes on there will be those to whom "White Buildings" and "The Bridge" are no longer unintelligible—or, if they are, to whom it will not matter in view of the fact that they contain phrases, lines, passages of a very great and pure poetic energy. Their energy, indeed, was something almost unique in these days which hear the grand note so seldom. Here it sounded easily and freshly, if only now and then; here, in the midst of much confusion and misdirection, and in a mind which had little more than a primitive vitality to reveal, it did make itself clearly heard. Those, then, who continue to be more interested in the poetry of a poem than in anything else about it—for instance, the ease with which an indolent intelligence can apprehend it—will continue to recognize Hart Crane as one of the few powerful writers of the century; and will find a better explanation of his obscurity in Allen Tate's introduction to "White Buildings" than they will find in Mr. Eastman's charge that this obscurity expressed the deliberate intention of a cult.

"Crane's poems," said Mr. Tate in 1926, "are a fresh vision of the world, so intensely personalized in a new creative language that only the strictest and most unprepossessed effort of attention can take it in. Until vision and subject completely fuse, the poems will be difficult. The comprehensiveness and lucidity of any poetry, the capacity for poetry being assumed as proved, are in direct proportion to the availability of a comprehensive and perfectly articulated given theme." That Crane had found no such theme, Mr. Tate implied, was the fault perhaps of the age, which no longer sees the world as a whole. Crane had to see the world as a special, personal thing, and had to invent a language for it. It was his distinction that the language he invented had so few points of difference after all from that of the great happy poets who have written in English. What he wanted to say it was hard to know. The way he said it was powerful, memorable, and precise.

An Open Letter to Governor Roosevelt

MY DEAR GOVERNOR: If there is one thing clear about the crisis in which the country finds itself it is that the gravity of our plight calls for outspoken, courageous leadership. Unless my thirty-five years of journalistic experience have played me false, the bulk of our people are sick to death of the ordinary political flim-flam, of the pussy-footing, selfishness, and cowardice of our politicians, of their trimming on every conceivable issue. The people are becoming dangerously cynical; they are losing what faith they had left in our institutions; they are immersing themselves in their own affairs and forgetting matters of state because they have abandoned hope of intelligent and trustworthy leaders. They want no more of the familiar bunk, no more glittering, highly moral, and incontrovertible generalities. They are nauseated by the prevailing type of political speeches from Mr. Hoover's down, most of them as devoid of real substance as they are illiterate. They know, too, that the same old worn-out phrases about having faith in America and our unparalleled institutions and about our own surpassing greatness and virtue mean no more in the mouths of Democrats than in the mouths of Republicans. They understand that there is not an iota of fundamental difference between the speeches of a Cox, a Harding, a Joe Robinson, a Coolidge, a Garner, or a Hoover. They realize that not a single bill or issue has come before the present or the last Congress upon which the parties have divided on lines of principle or political theory; that on every measure Democrats and Republicans have indiscriminately voted on both sides. The very remedies urged by President Hoover, which you describe as forwarding the corporations and overlooking the "forgotten man," were enacted by the votes of members of your own party.

The public is also aware by bitter suffering that the crisis which Mr. Hoover and his Cabinet for two years made light of and lied about, until it became too menacing for their Dr. Coué treatment, is something unprecedented in its magnitude and effect; that it is endangering the national life. They do not need to be told that, despite a couple of excellent remedial measures for which the President deserves his share of the credit, the situation is steadily getting worse; that industry, as shown by steel and iron production, railroad earnings, and motor-car sales, is still sinking; that unemployment steadily increases, while charitable funds for the unemployed are becoming exhausted with little hope of replacement. It is no exaggeration to say that the lives of millions of Americans have already been warped by this disaster precisely as the World War (into which we entered only to plunge into debt, to win the ill-will of our Allies, and to bring this economic misery upon us) affected the lives of every man, woman, and child in America. Another year of this crisis and great classes of Americans will be impoverished to a degree that will make recovery impossible for the elder generation, even if our social system survives the shock.

All of which offers an opportunity for leadership unsurpassed since 1861. Do you remember the words with which

Woodrow Wilson warned his countrymen in 1912 of what might happen if the wrong kind of leadership came to pass?

Don't you know that some man with eloquent tongue without conscience, who did not care for the nation could put this whole country into a flame? Don't you know that this country from one end to the other believes that something is wrong? What an opportunity it would be for some man without conscience to spring up and say: "This is the way, follow me!"—and lead in paths of destruction!

Do these words not apply to the present situation a thousand times more than they did to that existing when they were uttered? We were, Mr. Wilson said, in the "presence of a revolution—not a bloody revolution; America is not giving to the spilling of blood. . . ." Few realized it then. Few believed him. Today men's hearts begin to stand still. They dare not look ahead.

What a glorious opportunity for leadership the hour offers! What a glorious opportunity for one like Franklin D. Roosevelt, to whom the gods have been generous to a degree, conferring wealth, social position, family prestige, personal charm, one opportunity after another for public service, only once have they averted their faces, and then to give you the chance to demonstrate superb courage, genuine heroism in overcoming what for many men would have been complete physical disaster. You are now facing the greatest moment of your career. It is within your power to rally to your side untold numbers of men and women who know, as Woodrow Wilson did in 1912, that it is a revolution we need; that "we are in a temper to reconstruct economic society, as we were once in a temper to reconstruct political society, and political society may itself undergo a radical modification in the process." Not a single one of the candidates for public office is in a better position than you to throw aside party shackles, to emancipate himself from political chicanery. You owe to no one but yourself the greatest majority in the history of the State of New York. You owe it to no one but yourself that the movement to nominate you for the Presidency has gone so fast and so far; that the impression has gone abroad that, despite your weakness toward Tammany Hall and your uncalled-for abuse of men striving to free New York City from the curse of that society of political plunderers and grafters, you are essentially liberal; that you have indicated your desire to free the people from the "vicious system" under which we live, which, Mr. Wilson said, is "far-reaching in effect upon the whole fabric of life, touching to his injury every inhabitant of the land . . . stifling everywhere the free spirit of American enterprise."

But this is not enough for you. That is shown by the unfavorable reaction to recent speeches you have made, which you have alienated men who had hoped to give you their unqualified support. No one could read those speeches and not lay them down with disappointment. That you used the same words about the tariff which Al Smith used three days before is perhaps excusable. But inexcusable

your acceptance of the protectionist doctrine, and your failure to utter one word in protest against the proceedings in Washington, where the Democrats, forgetting their old slogan of history, "a tariff for revenue only," are helping to erect additional tariffs against petroleum products, coal, and probably copper—a Democratic procedure which Walter Lippmann has just denounced as utterly indefensible and scandalous and making "ridiculous their whole case against the Republican tariff policy." If you do not speak out before these outrageous tariffs become law you will have no right to open your lips on this subject either before or after the nominating convention. Again, you made the great blunder of correctly charging Mr. Hoover with being more interested in the corporations than in the "forgotten man," the plain American citizen, but of not choosing the right example to prove your case, and you have been unable to reply to your critics, or to your former friend and party associate who declared that you had used the words of a demagogue. Contrary to all the facts, you have said that this country is not and never would be a plutocracy, forgetting that the Wilson Administration of which you were a member came into office partly because Mr. Wilson declared that America was no longer a country governed by the people, but had become "an invisible empire" controlled by "the bosses and their employers, the special interests." You have recalled your attitude on the power problem in New York State, but you have not said what you would do on this issue if you should be elected to the Presidency. Nor have you set forth in detail in any way specifically your position on any one of the great issues of the day, save that you have said that you are, yet, without, however, defining what you mean by that.

Hence men everywhere are thrown back into complete discouragement. I meet every day voters of your political faith, though not of mine, who, I have taken for granted, would be upon your side. They are quite frank in declaring that if this is all that you have to offer they see no reason whatever for a change, although they abominate Mr. Hoover and his works and think him the poorest excuse for an efficient executive that has ever reached the White House. They will stay at home in the absence of a new third party. You have deeply stabbed the faith that is within Americans that in emergency brings a leader, that our institutions are to survive. Yet the thing that stands out crystal clear is that you would but take your stand unequivocally and fearlessly, and give your answer to some dozen questions in words that every man can understand, that are not susceptible of different meanings, that are not spoken in the spirit of one who would be all things to all men, great masses everywhere would rise up to your support.

Here are some of these questions. I challenge you to answer them, with the assurance that if you have the courage to reply you will do more to strengthen and advance your campaign than all the compromises and the promises of

office that you might make in an uninterrupted month of political bargaining.

1. Are you a protectionist or not? Yes or no?
2. If no, will you, if elected, demand radical lateral tariff reductions? Yes or no?
3. Are you for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment? Yes or no?
4. Do you favor canceling or reducing the international debts? Yes or no?
5. Are you for genuine, far-reaching disarmament in land and sea for America, without regard to what other nations may do? Yes or no?
6. If elected President, will you apply the same principles to the power problem which you have enunciated in New York State? Yes or no?
7. Will you favor government operation and distribution of power at Boulder Dam and Muscle Shoals? Yes or no?
8. Do you favor the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations at some future time? Yes or no?
9. Will you favor an immediate international conference for the reduction of tariffs and the regulation of international currency problems? Yes or no?
10. Do you favor the recognition of Soviet Russia? Yes or no?

11. Will you pledge yourself to complete overhauling of the Veterans' Bureau expenditures, which now total more than the cost of the entire government in 1914? Yes or no?

12. Will you favor the amalgamation of our practically bankrupt railroads into a national corporation to be managed by directors appointed by the government, which must now finance them lest they collapse? Yes or no?

13. Will you abolish the Federal Farm Board so that it may not foolishly gamble away any more of the taxpayers' millions? Yes or no?

14. Last and most important: Since the number of Americans without work is increasing, and the plight of many of the destitute is approaching the unbearable, while the prospect of raising from private means the sums needed to support at least 12,000,000 unemployed is plainly not possible, will you advocate direct federal-government relief so that Americans may not starve to death alongside of warehouses bursting with food? Yes or no?

I submit that there is not a single question that cannot be answered directly, effectively, immediately. I repeat that nothing would so advance your candidacy as would an honest, straightforward reply to these questions, which would let every American know where you stand and what you will do if the highest power in the land should be granted to you.

In the hope of an immediate reply, and with the high personal regard which has marked our long friendship, I am

Yours sincerely,

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Nation on WOR

Oswald Garrison Villard, Editor of The Nation, has arranged to broadcast a series of weekly talks on outstanding public issues. In his first address, on May 11, he will discuss the question

Why Recognize Russia?

Station WOR

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11

7:30 p.m. Daylight Saving

Help Wanted—for Chicago*

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Chicago, April 12

CHICAGO must be helped, and that soon. This young, boisterous, and somewhat violent city has about reached the end of its road. True, that road is lined with unpleasant and costly memories, with records of both political and private thievery beyond compare. From the police strike, the gas steal, and the Yerkes franchise case of the last century, through the Haymarket riot, the Pullman strike, and the assassination of Mayor Harrison, up to the race riots, the labor racketeering, the gangsterism and Thompsonism, the million-dollar cinder paths, and the organized tax-dodging of the present decade, Chicago's story has been one of violence and of utter disregard for the legal and human rights of the private citizen and the small taxpayer. Financial pirates, as in the Yerkes railway case, have tried to steal its streets from under the very nose of the municipality; industrial pirates have actually stolen innumerable special privileges; a few leading families have dominated the town socially, politically, and economically, allowing the machine politicians to carry the burden of blame and criticism in return for the pleasure of finishing the job of milking the public. Today the politicians have run the city and county governments into an apparently bottomless hole, and so at last the bankers and industrialists have been compelled to come out into the open to show who really controls the city. They have set constitutional rights at defiance and have erected a supergovernment. But this revolting record can and must be overlooked. Chicago is in desperate need. It cannot pay its debts; it cannot feed its hungry. Here there are 700,000 men and women without work, more than 100,000 families on the dole. These people are being fed for the time being, but not with Chicago's money. State funds are being used, funds borrowed on the strength of the State government's credit, and even this money will be exhausted before long. And no more help from that quarter is in sight.

Chicago's charitable agencies began to feel the pinch of increasing unemployment in May, 1929, five months before the Wall Street upheaval, when their records showed an abnormally large number of applicants for relief. It was not until May of the following year, however, that this abnormal load took on the proportions of an emergency, and not until the autumn of 1930 that the community, through the creation of the Governor's Unemployment Relief Commission, formally recognized the existence of this emergency. Even then those interested in the relief problem, with the exception of the trained social workers, minimized its extent. One of the city's most prominent business men, who now favors federal relief, confessed to me that he recalls with shame the speeches he made a year and more ago; then he was saying that prosperity would soon return and therefore it was unwise to stress the need for relief, but today he realizes that whether prosperity returns or not neither the city nor the State can provide the money necessary to feed,

clothe, and shelter Chicago's unemployed. And so the Governor's Commission, in a public subscription drive, raised only \$5,000,000 for Chicago. That fund was soon spent; unemployment jumped more than 200 per cent in Chicago in 1930—and another subscription drive was launched, this time by an organization of business men and others incorporated as the Joint Emergency Relief Fund. A total of \$10,000,000 was sought and with considerable difficulty was finally obtained. Thirty-five per cent of this money came from business establishments; 33 per cent from individuals—this included a few, but only a few, really substantial contributions, the remainder being small in size; 30 per cent from employees of business houses; and 2 per cent from benevolent and other sources.

The \$10,000,000 was supposed to tide the city over for a year, that is, into the summer of 1932, but by December, 1931, it was clear that the fund would be exhausted within two months. Business and civic leaders became frightened. To make things worse, on December 1 County Judge Jarecki handed down his decision declaring illegal the assessment base used in taxing property in Cook County. While the decision did not affect relief funds, the city and county being already without funds and therefore contributing nothing, it had the effect of greatly increasing the panicky feeling that swept the city. Mayor Cermak talked of closing the City Hall and of thus adding many thousands to the ranks of the jobless. It was agreed all around that only the State could help, but the legislature of Illinois is in the hands of the downstate politicians. At Christmas week a conference of business men, relief workers, and legislators was called, to which nineteen Senators and fifty-six Representatives were invited. But only one Senator and seven Representatives attended. The alarm increased. In fervid editorials published prominently on their front pages the Chicago newspapers called for action, drawing somewhat exaggerated and not wholly realistic pictures of the suffering of the unemployed. Leading business men hurried to Springfield to lobby for State relief. In the first week of February the relief bill came before the legislature. When the voting began in the House it was seen that the bill would fail, and only the parliamentary strategy of the Speaker, who suspended the voting before the roll call was completed, saved the measure. After numerous conferences at which the Chicago lobbyists used every method of persuasion at their command, another vote was taken and the relief measure forced through by a narrow margin.

The emergency relief act sets up a \$25,000,000 fund to be paid for by the counties' share of the State gasoline tax. This is subject to the approval of the voters at a referendum to be held next November. But under Illinois law the anticipation warrants can nevertheless be sold to the amount of 75 per cent of the anticipated tax collection. Thus a sum of \$18,750,000 was made technically available by the action of the legislature, although to date only \$12,000,000 worth of the anticipation warrants have been sold. The special notes bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. Appro-

* The seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Hallgren on unemployment in various parts of the country.—EDITOR THE NATION.

mately \$15,000,000 of the State fund has been allocated to Cook County and Chicago. As the Joint Emergency Relief administration is now expending \$3,000,000 monthly, it can be seen how long this State money will last. There is no hope of obtaining more help from the State this year, which is a political year, for no candidate or office-holder wants to go before the voters with the plea that taxes be still further increased. The \$15,000,000 fund is far from adequate. More than 100,000 families in Cook County are today being fed by charity. At \$25 a week, the minimum subsistence level set by the Charity Organization Society, the maintenance of these families would require a total expenditure during 1932 of no less than \$130,000,000, or almost eight times the funds available.

With the support of many of the liberals and social agencies of the city Joseph L. Gill was in November, 1930, elected Clerk of the Municipal Court. He had promised to appoint trained social workers in place of the usual political hacks to take over the task of adjusting social problems that come up every day in the specialized branches of the Municipal Court. Whatever action he may have taken with regard to the Court of Domestic Relations, the Boys' Court, and other branches, he ignored his pledge so far as it concerned the Renters' Court until August of last year. On August 3 there was a rent riot at South Dearborn and Fifty-first streets, in the heart of the Negro district, three men being killed by the police. After that Clerk Gill heeded the social agencies and installed trained workers, and trouble from that quarter has been minimized. However, there is still grave danger of riots in connection with evictions.

Dozens of times municipal court bailiffs sent to evict families for non-payment of rent have turned around and paid the rent rather than become parties to the awful process of dumping the household belongings of helpless, destitute people into the street. Some policemen, too, in a few individual cases, have refused to be harsh with members of the Unemployed Councils who frequently gather to put the furniture back into flats and houses from which it has been removed. Yet it cannot be denied that there has been a good deal of police brutality and terrorism throughout the unemployment crisis. In a recent week more than eighty persons were arrested in connection with eviction cases and street demonstrations. The International Labor Defense said that one to four arrests were being made every day. Known Communist leaders and other radical agitators are picked up on sight; some have been arrested scores of times. Police Lieutenant Make Mills, commander of the Red Squad, has publicly declared more than once that he is pursuing a definite policy of friendliness toward the radicals. Mills is a Russian Jew who lays proud claim to the fact that he took part in the 1905 revolution in Russia. He says that he sympathizes with the unemployed and the radicals, but adds that he knows how to manage them when they get out of hand. There is considerable substance to his contention. The police present at the street demonstrations are usually friendly but firm, although the unfortunate agitators who are from time to time arrested somehow or other manage to get themselves beaten up in the police stations, away from the sight of the curious public. Yet it is not entirely true that the police brutality is confined to cell rooms. After a demonstration in front of the relief station in Humboldt Park a

few weeks ago three policemen and three demonstrators were sent to the hospital. More than twenty participants needed surgical attention after another demonstration on Michigan Avenue, which was ostensibly directed against the Japanese consulate, but was actually conducted by the Unemployed Councils. In the Michigan Avenue affair from fifty to seventy-five people were arrested, more than half of whom were what the newspapers call innocent bystanders.

The Chicago correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* recently telegraphed his paper: "A consortium of trade and finance is usurping power from politicians as a result of Chicago's 'taxpayers' strike' in an effort to save the city from bankruptcy. A group of bank presidents, department-store heads, and chiefs of manufacturing companies, without legal charter of any kind, has grabbed legislative and administrative authority with scarcely a protest from the regular office-holders." Included in this supergovernment, the dispatch said, were "such men as Sewell Avery, head of Montgomery Ward and Company and the United States Gypsum Company, and usually considered the Chicago representative of the house of Morgan; George Fairweather, business manager of the University of Chicago; President Melvin Traylor of the First National Bank; James Simpson of Marshall Field and Company, and a number of the most powerful railroad presidents, real-estate owners, and meat packers of the city." Since then Fred W. Sargent, president of the Chicago and Northwestern, has perfected an extra-legal committee on public expenditures, which includes the men mentioned above and in addition such members of outstanding Chicago families as W. R. Dawes, Potter Palmer, Stanley Field, Ernest R. Graham, George Richardson, Edward L. Ryerson, Jr., Gordon Strong, Graham Aldis, William M. Ellis, and Albert H. Wetten. Chairman Sargent declared that "unless the business men of Chicago can be awakened to this situation, unless they are united and coordinated in a militant drive, with the single objective of reducing governmental expenditures and balancing budgets, the prosperity of the city will be threatened for years to come." The local press has indorsed the movement, Colonel Robert R. McCormick, owner of the *Chicago Tribune*, declaring that action was necessary because "our city councils and legislatures and Congress have become mere assemblies of 'yes men' to execute the will of a growing class holding office by law and grinding down the producers of wealth as did the tax-gatherers of Louis XIV and John of England in the dark ages of yore." Even Mayor Cermak has come hat in hand to deal with the supergovernment. He is, according to his friends, "morally obligated" to take orders from these men; he conducts the business of the municipality not in the council chambers of the City Hall, but in the comfortable rooms of the Chicago and Union League clubs. His principal adviser is Sewell Avery. It is good politics at the moment to appear to be doing something toward cutting city expenditures, and Cermak needs to be a good politician.

There can be no question that the city and county governments are bankrupt and thus in no position to shoulder any part of the relief burden. Three factors have brought this situation about: first, the usual political corruption, which is always a heavy drain on public funds, but which cannot exist without at least the tacit support of the business men and bankers of the community; second, the multitude of

political divisions and taxing bodies, numbering altogether more than 400; third, the tax strike. Anyone acquainted with Chicago's history knows of the scores of cases in which business houses, banks, department stores, and newspapers have profited directly and handsomely through political corruption. Hence it is not difficult to understand why the business community long maintained a stony silence in the face of the seemingly endless political scandals in Chicago. It is only now when taxes are increasing to a point amounting virtually to confiscation that the business men and bankers are beginning to complain. Should the Sargent committee succeed in bringing about a metropolitan district government for Chicago and Cook County, under which most of the present political divisions would be consolidated and the hundreds of taxing bodies reduced to one or two, it would be doing the community a valuable and lasting service. That, without doubt, is one certain way of reducing governmental expenditures. But the politicians have the power to block such a reform, which would mean the abolition of thousands of political sinecures, and therefore the business men and bankers would once more have to deal with the politicians in order to get something done.

The most important of the three factors is the tax strike. The adherents of the supergovernment are not denouncing political boodles and graft, they are not talking of reforming the governmental structure; they talk only of government extravagance. In short, they are opposed to paying increased taxes, or even the present taxes. Chicago would be no worse off than many other municipalities were it not for the tax strike. The members of the Sargent committee are very obviously putting up a smoke screen for the sole purpose of hiding the responsibility of themselves and their class for having brought Chicago to its present impasse. In his decision of last December County Judge Jarecki found that there was \$9,300,000,000 worth of real estate and \$16,000,000,000 in taxable personal property in Chicago and its suburbs. The total tax rate on \$1,000 of assessed valuation is \$61.50, but on a basis of actual instead of assessed valuation the rate is \$22.76. Thus, if all taxes were paid, the city and county would be collecting \$575,828,000 every year, which should be enough to run the local government and leave a good bit over for relief work.

The wealthy class makes no secret of the fact that it is not paying its taxes. Indeed, some of its more prominent members have organized an association to conduct a tax boycott. Exception must be noted, however, for the individuals here and there who are fulfilling this social obligation in good faith. Collection of the 1929 taxes began early last year, but returns to date show that for the county as a whole only 68 per cent of these taxes has been paid. Yet that is a better showing than has been reported from some of the North Shore suburbs, where many of the city's most influential and wealthiest bankers and business men live. In Winnetka only 43 per cent of the taxes has been collected; in Wilmette, only 38 per cent; in Kenilworth, 32 per cent; and in Glencoe, 28 per cent. Again, in Chicago, the Lincoln Park district, where the wealth per capita is the highest in the city, has reported a 59.84 per cent collection (for park purposes) as against the county average of 68 per cent. County Treasurer McDonough recently said that "of the owners who have paid on 18,129 parcels of real estate, 17,315 have paid in full, but a large percentage are small property-

owners and the total they pay is small in comparison with the aggregate of taxes." This is not only a tax strike; it is open revolt against government. One must consider the present state of affairs little short of anarchy when civic societies feel impelled to flood the town with posters calling upon the residents to "Pay What You Think Is a Fair Tax! Pay Now! Keep Your Schools Open!"

Mayor Cermak has published a list of a few of the leading citizens who have been instrumental in organizing the tax strike. His list includes such prominent citizens as Nathan William MacChesney, Robert P. Bass, Murray Wolbach, and Shirley T. High. MacChesney owes \$25,142 on his 1929 real-estate taxes; Bass owes \$56,303; Wolbach, \$36,003; and High, \$15,938. Previously the Association of Real Estate Taxpayers of Illinois had published a somewhat similar list, revealing the tax records of some of the supporters of the Sargent committee and advisers of Mayor Cermak. Robert R. McCormick, editor and publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*, which has been urging everyone to pay his proper share of the tax bill, listed his personal property, including securities, at only \$25,250, which calls for a tax of \$1,515. Colonel McCormick owns most of the valuable *Tribune* stock, which certainly is worth far in excess of \$25,250. President Traylor of the First National Bank gave \$4,500 as the value of his personal property, and so pays a tax of only \$270. Silas Strawn, head of the United States Chamber of Commerce, and a millionaire many times over, was put down for a personal property tax of only \$120. George M. Reynolds, chairman of the Continental Illinois Bank, the biggest in Chicago, admitted owning personal property worth \$10,000, and therefore was taxed \$600. Albert D. Lasker, advertising man, was taxed \$180 on his personal belongings; Arthur Cutten, the wheat gambler, \$24; Louis Florsheim, head of the shoe company bearing his name, \$90; and S. J. T. Straus, chairman of S. W. Straus and Company, only \$18.

However one looks at the relief problem here, the conclusion is inescapable that not only the city and county governments but wealthy individual citizens as well are dodging their just share of the burden. They are doing so through the tax strike, but they are also doing so in other ways. They gave relatively little to the two relief funds collected in Chicago, much more than half the total amounts contributed coming from wage-earners and other small givers. They are opposed to federal relief, for they know that the cost of such relief can be passed on to them through the federal income tax. The emergency State relief act was carefully drawn with a view to protecting them; it is to be financed out of the gasoline tax, that is, by a sales tax which in proportion to income and wealth takes far more from the salaried man with a small car than it does from the banker or industrialist with a fleet of luxurious automobiles. The relief act provides for the sale of tax-anticipation warrants to make it possible to obtain the needed money in advance. These warrants pay interest at a 6 per cent rate; they are tax exempt, and have the credit of the State of Illinois behind them. The wealthy could hardly ask for a better return, and the security given is as good as any that might be had nowadays. Yet the sales committee is finding it extremely difficult to dispose of these notes, so difficult, indeed, that it has decided to suspend its campaign for a few months in order to give the potential buyers a breathing spell.

Milwaukee Has a Plan

By LESLIE F. CROSS

THOSE horrid Socialists" captured Milwaukee's city government by an unexpected parliamentary coup on April 19, and within two hours laid the basis for probably the most ambitious social and economic program attempted recently in an American municipality. The elections had doubled the Socialist representation in the City Council, and three of the four major administrative offices fell to Socialists. At the inaugural session the twelve Socialist aldermen secured the support of two non-partisan insurgents—in barter for a minor appointment, it is whispered—and proceeded to override the non-partisan bloc by a single vote, winning the privilege of organizing the council. Mayor Hoan then presented his program for municipal banking, city marketing, a general six-hour day for city employees, and steps toward acquisition of the public utilities. Within a few minutes resolutions embodying his suggestions were submitted.

It may shock and bewilder those, on the one hand, who regard Socialists as shaggy-haired dynamitards, and those, on the other hand, who believe Socialists are impractical opportunists, to discover how swiftly and efficiently the party can operate in Milwaukee. It may surprise even a few citizens of Milwaukee to realize that Brisbane Hall can act with the precision and discipline, if without the corruption, of Tammany Hall.

The Socialists of Milwaukee have been neither afraid nor ashamed to play politics. They had been swept into definite control of the city once before, in 1910. Two years later their Republican and Democratic foemen gathered their forces under the single chevron of non-partisanism and succeeded in erasing the Socialist margin of control. That premature flush of Socialist power had left no solid or monolithic achievement in pure socialism. To municipalize the utilities at that time was impossible because antiquated State legislation shouldered an unwieldy financial burden upon publicly owned plants and because the previous administration, notoriously reckless and corrupt, had sunk Milwaukee in a slough of debt which had first to be liquidated. In the years which followed, Socialists in the City Council and in the legislature led an agitation which at length ended in virtual home rule for the municipality and a fairer and simplified procedure toward utility ownership.

Under the shrewd leadership of Mayor Hoan the city gradually shaved its bonded debt, reorganized its financial methods, and set up an amortization fund which has gone far to stabilize Milwaukee's credit. This attentive untangling of the Gordian knot of municipal finances was a *sine qua non* for socialization. So unspectacular was the preparation that the citizenry of Milwaukee awoke the other morning with surprise to find itself in a boiling crucible.

Not content with what is conceded to be the soundest financial standing in the United States, Milwaukee is hard at work on plans for a municipal national bank, designed to sever, wherever it may be expedient, the city's vassalage to private banking. In the program which he laid before the council, Mayor Hoan said:

The complete control of finance and credit is now in the hands of private banks. The national banks have the right to invest their funds in United States bonds, deposit the same in the federal Treasury, and are then given the right to issue bank notes which circulate as money. There is no reason why municipalities, under proper restrictions, should not have the same right, and thus have part, if not all, of the cash needed for public works supplied at a tremendous saving in interest payments.

The money collected by the Postal Savings Bank, which draws 2 per cent interest, is turned over to private banks at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Why should this be practiced when government is forced to borrow money it needs at from 3 to 6 per cent?

I suggest that the city attorney assign one assistant to master this subject and the closest study be given by the Common Council to this problem.

The project, as sketched by city economists, provides for the acceptance of deposits on the security of sound municipal bonds. More delicate and legalistic, perhaps, is the proposal for the valorization of city bonds, under carefully guarded limitations, in some ratio of exchange with federal bonds to permit the issuance of currency. The municipal bank, operating under this schedule, would eliminate Milwaukee's \$48,000,000 bonded indebtedness in twenty years, and in the meanwhile it would save the city more than \$2,000,000 a year in interest charges.

Perhaps a more intimate friend of the pocket-book of the electorate is the marketing plan, which was the storm center of a bitter political campaign. Non-tax funds, of which some \$7,500 in profits realized from the mayor's quasi-official sale of foodstuffs during the war would form the nucleus, are to be used for administrative machinery to distribute necessities at a minimum of profit wherever the councilmen detect the spoor of profiteers. The Mayor declared in his message:

I call attention to the fact that coke that sells for \$6.50 in Detroit and for about \$8 in other cities is sold in Milwaukee for \$12.40 a ton. I recommend that steps be taken at once to transfer this marketing fund and to proceed to put coke on the market at reasonable prices. I request that you also investigate coal prices, and if they are found to be excessive, to sell coal at least as long as the prices are excessive. To avoid any misunderstanding, I should like to make clear that I have not in the past and do not now desire the city to go into the general retail business, with the possible exception of milk and fuel.

I further believe the council would do well to investigate the distribution of our milk supply. It is now a virtual monopoly, controlled by outside capital. If you find that both farmers and citizens can be better protected by municipal control, then why not proceed to take over this business? This will not affect the tax rate but will be maintained out of the earnings from the business itself.

Skyscraping prices in fuel, milk, and other necessities have demonstrated to the satisfaction of the city government that freedom of trade, ostensibly enforced by State and federal legislation, is a myth in congested areas where docking

and unloading facilities and distributive systems are so easily controlled by a few interests. Faced with the realization that the courts are unable to restrict profiteering, Milwaukee has found that city marketing is probably the only cudgel stout enough to force down basic prices.

The entire administration program affords possibly the most courageous and extensive example of balanced city planning in North America. Milwaukee believes that community government is properly a coordinated organism which must adapt itself to changing tides in economics and soci-

ology. A complete reformation in governmental machinery is a part of the program—including the consolidation of city and county governments and councils of department heads to coordinate municipal operations.

The sweeping reforms on which the Wisconsin metropolis has embarked have been made feasible only through foresight and painstaking municipal housekeeping. It is because of foresight and a watchful electorate that Milwaukee's credit leads the nation, that its tax rate is well under the average, and that its solvency has become a national distinction.

Sacred Bulls and Sinister Bears

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, April 30

THE captain of finance who descends on Washington determined to make a monkey of a Senate investigating committee nearly always comes to grief, and President Whitney of the New York Stock Exchange may be listed as the latest casualty. Yet so beautifully did he get away with it during the first few days that I, who ought to know better, pitied the Banking and Currency Committee for its amateurishness and was resigned to a fiasco. The patois of the financial district rippled from President Whitney's tongue with soporific suavity. In dulcet tones he explained that short selling is not gambling, "but an integral part of speculation, the other part being marginal buying, both of which are essential to keep the market liquid." He murmured of "cushioning" and "stabilizing" influences. He was not sure what a bear raid might be, except that it was an impossibility. He had heard some talk of pools but was not certain how they were operated, if at all. About all that he was positive of was that the Stock Exchange is a splendid and indispensable institution and that the chastity of its practices is above suspicion. If he had not claimed most of the known virtues for it, the subsequent disclosures of market rigging and blue-sky promotion might seem less criminal in contrast. He took several days to describe the market as a benevolent institution. Matt Brush took two hours to prove that it is largely a craps game, and in thirty minutes Representative La Guardia showed that it sometimes operates with loaded dice. In retrospect Mr. Whitney's performance sounds like that of a piano-player sitting all alone in the parlor of a certain kind of establishment and playing "Home, Sweet Home" while business proceeds as usual in the upper rooms. I cannot be positive whether Whitney is the babe in the woods that his testimony makes him out or whether he is the wilful deceiver that La Guardia pronounced him, although thus far the weight of evidence is heavily on the side of Brush and La Guardia. In either instance one marvels that he remains at the head of the Stock Exchange.

* ■ ■ ■ ■

SOME inspired hand wrote in the New York *Herald Tribune* that the investigation might result in unfortunate consequences. Sure enough, one of the first consequences was the discovery that several New York financial writers, including one then employed by the *Herald Tribune*, had taken money for puffing certain stocks through the col-

umns of their papers. We may acquit the editors of guilty knowledge and still be warranted in asking how that sort of thing could go on under their noses for any length of time without being detected. Editors should know their business, and systematic puffing is easily recognized. The truth is, as all newspapermen know, that financial writers are allowed to become entirely too much attached to the market and too much detached from their own offices. To those of us here who are familiar with the stern moral lectures which certain types of editors and financiers are constantly delivering to Congress, there is excruciating irony in the revelation that these financiers rigged the market for certain stocks, that the public was induced to buy them by stories written for these newspapers by bribe-taking reporters—and that when the inevitable collapse followed, these financiers and newspapers blamed it on Congress! Marvelous! It could only happen in the good old U. S. A. For the assurance of those who might have doubts, let me state that a great majority of reporters undoubtedly are honest. But don't place too much confidence in the editor or financier who makes a habit of blaming Congress.

* ■ ■ ■ ■

AS for the Senate inquiry, two things may be stated. First, information already in the possession of Chairman Norbeck shows that the committee has not scratched the surface and that disclosures of the utmost significance are inevitable unless someone puts the lid on; and, second, that terrific efforts are being made to put it on. Among the most anxious are men who have contributed heavily to the campaign funds of both political parties, and the pressure they will be able to apply can be estimated. Their anxiety is easy to understand when one knows the methods they employed and the type of characters with whom they associated in their schemes to unload inflated securities on the public. Brush was not overstating the situation when he said that Al Capone was a piker. Of course, none of these gentlemen—or only a few of the indiscreet—took any chance on going to jail. Whether the investigation can be smothered will soon be seen. It started in a curious fashion. Senator Walcott of Connecticut, President Hoover's spokesman on the committee, received an alarming telegram from George Barr Baker, the Administration's New York sentry, stating that a terrible bear raid was being hatched. It was inevitable that such a report from such a source would throw a scare into

the Administration. Poor Mr. Hoover labors under the delusion that the return of prosperity is dependent on the return of a bull market and that forces mysterious and hostile to him are conspiring to keep the market down. In the absence of Chairman Norbeck, Walcott summoned the committee and launched the inquiry. A week later, when it became evident that the sacred bulls no less than the sinister bears were becoming unfavorably involved, the Connecticut statesman made a rather inglorious attempt to stop what he had started, but his colleagues simply brushed him aside and further humiliated him by leaving him off the steering subcommittee which it designated to plan future procedure. From this angle it appears that the thing has gone too far to be stopped, even by the Rockefellers, Raskobs, and Whitneys. But events will bear close watching, because the heat really is being turned on.

* * * * *

THE Senate Finance Committee has by no means immortalized itself by its revision of the tax bill. A combination of Democrats and Progressive Republicans succeeded in making mild increases in the surtaxes, estate taxes, and corporation taxes, but this achievement was immediately nullified by the elimination of the House provision which applied the normal income rate to dividends, and the whole procedure became definitely ridiculous when a group of log-rollers first voted to include tariffs on oil, gasoline, coal, and copper, and then quarreled among themselves and voted them all out. The effect of such tariffs probably would be the destruction of the remaining vestiges of our trade with Canada and South America. To make up the revenue that would be lost by failing to apply the normal income rate to dividends, the committee proposes drastic increases in the normal rates on income from other sources. If that policy prevails, the Treasury deficit will be paid mainly by persons making between \$3,500 and \$25,000 a year. It must be admitted that the hearings did not serve greatly to illuminate the committee. Not even the carefully staged forensic gestures of Secretary Mills shed much light. Once more were heard the two familiar arguments against high taxes on large incomes, to wit: that they wouldn't produce any revenue; and that they would produce an exorbitant and cruel amount of revenue. Once again we were told that a man would become discouraged and refuse to work any longer upon hearing that he would not be allowed to keep more than 53 per cent of his earnings after the first \$5,000,000 a year, and would absolutely throw everything over and resign himself to despair if told that he could not leave his heirs more than 75 per cent of his fortune in excess of the first \$10,000,000. All the arguments rested, as usual, on the premise that the thing which has made this nation great and prosperous is the unparalleled rapacity of its citizens. Individual avarice may be an important factor in the national economy, but I am not prepared to agree with Secretary Mills that the national destiny depends on pandering to it. If it is true that the rich are confessed and incorrigible tax-dodgers, so much more reason for soaking them!

* * * * *

SEVERAL months ago the United States Chamber of Commerce initiated a general 10 per cent cut in the wages of its employees and ever since then it has been urging the

government to do likewise. The force of the government's example would be tremendous and the number of "patriotic" employers to follow it would be legion. Nevertheless, the movement is encountering difficulties in the House, which under its liberalized rules seems bent on demonstrating that it has become a more democratic body than the Senate. President Hoover's generous proposal to bestow longer vacations (without pay) on government clerks already has been rejected, and the Administration's whole picayunish program of "economy" is in a fair way to be ditched. It should be. Government employees always have been notoriously underpaid. In Washington, where an army of them reside, commodity prices have remained comparatively high, and most of them are just now catching up on the instalment purchases made when their pay checks looked like cigar coupons. But if the Chamber of Commerce is disappointed by Congress, it can still "look to the press for leadership." I am proud to report that a 10 per cent reduction in salaries has been initiated by the newspapers owned by Cyrus H. K. Curtis (*Philadelphia Public Ledger*, *Evening Ledger*, and *New York Evening Post*), and that a similar reduction has been ordered by the *New York Times* to take effect May 1. In the case of Mr. Curtis (who also publishes the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and the *Country Gentleman*) this regrettable necessity may be explained. In fact, it has been explained. Writing from aboard Mr. Curtis's magnificent yacht, *Lyndonia*, at Miami Beach, Arthur Brisbane recently reported that Mr. Curtis's net profits fell from \$20,000,000 in 1930 to \$8,000,000 in 1931. By making this cut in salaries Mr. Curtis will be able to keep the *Lyndonia* in commission. When the excellent reporters in the Washington bureau of the *Evening Post* and *Public Ledger* sit in their office on the twelfth floor of the Press Club Building here and watch the *Lyndonia* steam gallantly into harbor bearing its venerable owner to a dinner engagement at the White House—as it does once a year—they certainly must thrill to think of what their contributions meant. In the case of the *Times*, alas, no such comforting explanation is available. Its owners are filthy with cash and have been for years. Just think of writing that tripe for less pay!

* * * * *

HUMBLED by events of the last two years, the Administration is edging nearer to recognition of Soviet Russia. Obviously this development is prompted more by necessity than desire. The bureaucrats in the State Department are no fonder of the despised Bolsheviks now than they were in 1922 when they succeeded in confusing Mr. Hughes. But finally they have reasoned around to the point of recognizing that if we are to have war with Japan, Russia is our natural—and indispensable—ally. But before the white-spatted and side-whiskered young-old blades in the State Department had arrived at this somewhat belated discovery, their brisker colleagues in the Department of Commerce had found that Russia offered the lone hope of nourishing our emaciated export trade. The idea, which has been common property among thinking persons in the capital for four or five years, threatens now to make a real impression on those who direct our foreign relations. The pressure of necessity may yet compel the Administration to do the thing which is both right and sensible.

A Jewish Home in Russia

By WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

AMERICAN Jews celebrated last year the fiftieth anniversary of the great Jewish immigration from Russia into the United States. It was half a century ago, after the outbreak of the first Czaristic pogrom in the city of Elisabetgrad, that a group of Russian intellectuals, actuated by semi-socialistic and semi-nationalistic motives, left Russia for the United States with the intention of establishing a Communist Jewish colony in the New World. That colony was never started, but the much greater and more powerful Jewish communities of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other American cities arose in its stead.

It so happens that now, fifty years after the stream set out from Russia, a similar experiment is being started which may have the effect of bringing it back to Russia. It is a pity that this new experiment is being tried in a country so rich in sweeping social changes that what is in comparison a small experiment tends to become overshadowed. Even the big Jewish press of America has to all practical purposes ignored it. And yet it may well become a landmark in Jewish history, no less important than the first emigration to America fifty years ago.

The experiment in question is the recent opening by the Soviet Government of the Far Eastern district of Biro-Bidjan on the Amur River, near the Chinese frontier, as a place of immigration for Jews from outside the Soviet Union. The plan for settling Jews in Biro-Bidjan is not a new one. It was first proposed in the spring of 1928 by M. Kalinin, the President of the Soviet Union, at the conference of the Jewish Colonization Society held in Moscow. At that time the Jewish colonization movement in Soviet Russia was at its height. All the available land in the Crimea and Ukraine which the government had placed at the disposal of the Jews was exhausted, but the land hunger of the declassed Jewish people, deprived of land by the Czaristic regime and cut off from their middle-class occupations by the revolution, was far from appeased. The government, which was sincerely concerned to find a radical solution of the vexed Jewish problem, felt that new territories ought to be opened to these settlers and greater facilities offered for the expansion of their land movement.

The district of Biro-Bidjan—a vast tract of ten million acres of virgin soil, rich in natural resources—seemed to offer just those facilities which the Russian Jews needed most at that time to enable them to rebuild their shattered economic life. In addition, the area was sparsely populated and offered a unique opportunity for the establishment of a compact Jewish majority, segregated from other nationalities—a fact which would doubtless work toward the elimination of anti-Semitism and the solution of the Jewish problem. With its usual sweeping imagination in such matters the Soviet Government, therefore, offered Biro-Bidjan for the Jewish settlement, promising to declare the entire district an autonomous Jewish republic if Jews would settle there in sufficient numbers.

It is clear, of course, that this project has its resemblances to Zionism. There is a striking family likeness be-

tween the Kalinin and the Balfour declarations; between the Jewish National Home in Palestine and the Jewish National Republic in Siberia. It is quite possible that there was even a conscious desire on the part of the Soviet Government, in making its proposal, to compete with Great Britain. Anglo-Soviet rivalry was at its peak in 1928, and it would not be surprising to find that the Soviet Government saw in Biro-Bidjan another opportunity to "catch up and to outstrip" the bourgeois countries. Whether this was actually the motive or not, the striking resemblance between the two projects has certainly not helped the Biro-Bidjan movement. Zionists in Russia and elsewhere looked upon it as a sort of competition to the Jewish National Home in Palestine, and opposed it from the start. Non-nationalist Jews, on the other hand, were suspicious of the elements of Jewish nationalism in it and gave it a cool reception. Russian Jews lived so long in the compulsory ghetto of the Czaristic "Pale of Settlement" that now that its walls are down at last, they are none too anxious to accept even a voluntary segregation.

To add to these psychological difficulties, the Five-Year Plan, which was started soon after the Kalinin Declaration, raised quite unexpectedly new economic difficulties. For the new Russian factories and plants provided an easier and simpler solution of the problem of Jewish poverty than any colonization scheme, including Biro-Bidjan. Why should the average Russian Jew go to distant Siberia when the brightly lighted factories in the big cities nearer home are clamoring for workers, and are offering much greater opportunities than can be found on the land? The primary Jewish needs of 1928 which were chiefly responsible for the promulgation of the Siberian project were met more effectively by the rapidly growing Russian industry, and the movement of Jewish colonization in general and of Biro-Bidjan in particular received a definite setback. Ten thousand Jewish families were expected to rush to Biro-Bidjan immediately after the Kalinin Declaration, but only 3,800 had actually settled there by last summer, and the prospects of the Jewish National Home in Soviet Russia seemed at that time to be very poor indeed.

It was then that the Soviet Government intervened, and with a single decision changed the situation so completely that the Biro-Bidjan project presents now an experiment infinitely more interesting and replete with much greater possibilities than it ever was before. The change which so revolutionized the plan was the decision of the Soviet Government to open the door of Biro-Bidjan to Jewish workers from outside the Soviet Union. This decision was adopted last summer and met with an enthusiastic response from Jewish workers outside Russia. The general world depression, the raging unemployment with its resultant hardships and starvation everywhere, especially among the East-European Jewish workers, the rising wave of anti-Semitism and pogroms in Eastern and Central Europe, and the glamor which Soviet Russia holds now for millions of workers all over the world have combined to give the prospect an almost instantaneous success. The first experiment in recruiting foreign Jewish

workers was completed last autumn in the small Baltic state of Lithuania, which has a population of only about 200,000 Jews. Within a period of six weeks 1,200 Jewish families applied to the Soviet Government to be sent to Biro-Bidjan, out of whom 340 were selected as suitable colonists and were sent. Six hundred more applicants from Belgium and thousands of other prospective candidates from practically every country in Europe had to be deferred until the spring, when foreign recruiting will be resumed. In a recent speech delivered at Minsk, M. Merezhin, who was then secretary of the Comzet (the Government Department for Settling Jews on the Land), stated that the Soviet Government is prepared to admit 12,000 Jews from other lands for settlement in Biro-Bidjan during 1932. This number does not include Jews from Poland, where enlistment has not yet been decided upon. Should a campaign similar to that in Lithuania be started in Poland, there would doubtless be found ten times 12,000 Jews ready to emigrate from there.

The system adopted by the Soviet Government in the settlement of the prospective Jewish republic in Biro-Bidjan is not the usual system of haphazard, individualistic capitalist immigration. Like Soviet industry and agriculture, Soviet immigration and colonization are strictly planned and directed by the state. The new Jewish settlers are engaged by the Soviet Government on the same principle as all other foreign workers are engaged for Russia, namely, on a contract to work for a definite length of time and at a fixed wage. The only important difference between these settlers and the other foreign workers who go to work in Russia is that these settlers become Soviet subjects as soon as they cross the Russian frontier. In other words, they are not to be visitors from

abroad who come to Russia to work for a time, but settlers and immigrants who come to stay in the new country and to link their fate with it for good or ill. The method is, in fact, not unlike the system of Zionist labor (*Halutzim*) immigration into Palestine, except that the Soviets play the parts of both the British administration and the Zionist organization in Palestine at one and the same time. But there is no collection of funds, no haggling with the Colonial Office over certificates, no land ordinances prohibiting the buying of land even at exorbitant prices, no quarrel with Arabs, no pogroms and no animosity on the part of the natives, no controversy about the percentage of Jewish workers on government works. In a word, the Jewish National Home in Soviet Russia is being built without all those grave problems and tragedies which have confronted Zionism since the Balfour Declaration.

The recently recruited Jewish settlers from Lithuania, reinforced by some 80 more volunteer families from South America, the United States, and Germany and 940 families from Russia, are already at work in Biro-Bidjan. The foundation has been laid of a new communal city, "Icor," named after the American organization which is chiefly responsible for the propagation of the Biro-Bidjan project outside the Soviet Union. Two hundred houses, a school for 2,500 children, a communal house, a labor club, and a library are already in process of erection, and one of the most interesting social experiments—unique even for Soviet Russia—is being launched. At the end of the Five-Year Plan in 1933, 40,000 to 50,000 Jews are expected to live in Biro-Bidjan, and in accordance with the original Kalinin promise the district is then to be declared a Jewish republic.

Housing and Common Sense *

By CLARENCE S. STEIN

THERE is a fairy story about housing that all Americans like to believe. It tells us that any American of sound character and industrious habits can provide himself with "the house of his heart's desire." The picture of that fairy-story dwelling is exhibited in various forms in those home journals and other magazines that carry advertisements of all the mechanical gadgets which constitute the glory of that house. It has all the pretension of a great mansion and the picturesque cuteness of a little cottage. It is always displayed in a spacious garden, free of surrounding buildings, yet it is served by all the conveniences of modern urban civilization.

Now the hard facts are quite different from the fairy story. It is only the man with plenty of money who can have his house planned and built to meet his needs and can place it so as to secure quiet and privacy. Private enterprise does supply homes for this very limited part of the population. Housing for the well-to-do is a good business, but housing for two-thirds of our citizens is nobody's business. The cost of habitation is so disproportionate to their incomes that most people cannot afford new houses. They are forced to live in dwellings left over from another and different age,

most of which are now far below American standards of decency and sanitation. And most of the houses built during the last ten years are no better than the old. They are little more than decorated wooden boxes crowded and shouldered by an army of other wooden boxes. They lack all the elementary needs of decent dwellings: sound construction, adequate sunlight, ventilation, privacy, and surroundings of natural green. They have no architectural sincerity; they are false and artificial settings for a moving-picture life. They ape the customs of a past age instead of meeting the needs of the present.

In spite of the unprecedented progress in all other great industries, the standard of house construction during the past decade has been lower than before the war. Progress there has been, but mainly in such mechanical accessories as bathroom, kitchen, and furnace fittings that are made and assembled in factories. The shell itself—that portion of the house that is put together by labor on the job—shows no technical progress. Problems of insulation against heat and cold and sound and of fire resistance have been generally left unsolved. Most of our houses are still made of wood in spite of the danger of fire and rapid deterioration. Compared with earlier periods, the construction has been slovenly—poor materials badly put together. A large part of it is

* The fifth of a series of articles on various important phases of our economic life. The sixth, *The Control of Big Business*, by Walton H. Hamilton, will appear in the issue of May 25.—EDITOR THE NATION.

the slipshod work of ignorant or irresponsible jerry-builders.

The quality of housing—and in part its cost—is due to the fact that the building industry is organized on a retail basis. Mass production we have in and near our large cities, where the greater part of the houses are produced by wholesale. But the antiquated methods of the days when houses were built one by one for individual owners persist. As a result, housing is our one large industry that has been practically unaffected by the great decade of industrial standardization and mechanization.

Most of the houses built during the last ten years were badly placed because they were planned to fit deep narrow lots rather than the needs of growing human beings who require sunlight and air and the sight of natural green. They have been placed without any regard to the best use of the site or the preservation of open spaces. Similar houses have been arranged in endless lines, like soldiers on parade. Miles of identical, free-standing houses, with no individuality and no privacy. Traditional systems of land subdivision, which bear no relation to actual use, like the typical municipal regulations, lead to the building of monotonous rows, and make it practically impossible to group houses so as to secure beauty or to obtain the maximum advantages of vista and privacy.

In the motor age our municipalities have continued to repeat highway and street layouts patterned for the days of the buggy. All the requirements of living have changed, but the framework of our cities remains the same. In fact, they are extended endlessly according to obsolete and wasteful methods in spite of the apparent need of new types of city planning to meet the requirements of the use of the automobile and the growing demand for peaceful escape from the dangers, noises, and odors of traffic highways.

Vast areas of land have been taken out of productive use for farming long before they were needed for housing. They have been subdivided into small lots and marketed by super-sales methods that add vastly to the cost of the land to the ultimate owner. More lots have been sold in these last ten years than can be used for decades—perhaps a century. Much of the land will lie useless for long periods while the owners' costs are inflated by payments for interest on investments, taxes, and assessments for roads and public utilities. Vast lengths of this expensive municipal equipment—highways, sewers, water supplies, as well as gas mains, telephones, and electric wires—are but partially used as one building after another is erected. The houses that are built fit badly in their narrow lots. But the mold of the future development of this portion of the city has been fixed by street layouts and subdivisions that are in great part already obsolete. Under our present procedure the pattern can be changed, the mold broken, only at vast expense and much labor by repurchase of individual lots.

Subdivisions have been located in accordance with the whim of the speculator rather than as required by a sound economic development of the community or the region of which they form a part. As a result, there is a chaotic relation between the location of industry and the home of workers. Municipalities have been put to vast expense—or more often have borrowed on the future—for transportation systems to connect the two.

A large part of the housing has been recklessly financed. The lending institutions hold the key position in the house-

building industry. It is their loans that make construction possible. It is their final say which decides what houses shall be built. In short, they have been the real leaders in this chaotic industry. Loans have often been made without proper consideration of the quality of construction, the ability and integrity of the builder, the financial ability of the purchasers to meet all costs of upkeep, future assessments and taxes, or the future character of the neighborhood affecting the value of the house.

The causes of our past failures are not far to seek. Basically there are two. First, housing is carried on as speculation rather than investment. Second, housing is looked upon as purely a private affair rather than a public function. The American concept of building a house is a survival of the days when each man could provide his own home in his own way. In the pioneer days the individual could and did build his own home and supply its equipment on a purely individualistic basis. But with the development of the complications of modern urban life all this has changed. Much that we now consider essential to the house, such as good highways, sidewalks, water mains, sewers, telephone gas and electricity, cannot be the individual's affair. It is a public matter, installed by the municipality or as a public utility. Parks, schools, transportation, and other facilities which make a neighborhood of houses desirable are also supplied at the expense of the city. The city's investment in housing is great. It cannot protect that investment under our present system of uncontrolled development of the city growth for speculative gain.

The extravagant type of streets and utilities planned for the newer sections of our cities cannot be supported by those willing to occupy the cheap, free-standing houses within which these sections have been covered. Their cost must in part be borne by other parts of the city. The transportation lines and highways which feed these sections must also be subsidized. Meanwhile, streets, utilities, and the protection of the older blighted areas which have been in large part vacated in the outward growth of these same cities must also be carried at a loss. The uncontrolled growth of our urban regions is one of the factors that are leading all our big cities toward bankruptcy. It is its relation to their fiscal rather than to their social success or failure that will ultimately force our municipalities to accept housing as a public utility.

Although we think in terms of the pioneer—of the individual building his own house—the truth is that most dwellings are produced not for use but as speculation. That is the key to most of our housing difficulties. Houses are built to sell, and so it is mainly on the outward appearance rather than the essential structure that the builder's money is spent. He is not interested in supplying a need; he wants to make a profit. He would rather employ a clever salesman than a competent plumber, an honest carpenter, or an efficient architect. He puts very little real money into the operation. What he cannot borrow he owes to his subcontractors. He gets out as quickly as possible and moves on to speculate with the future development of some other section of the city.

Meanwhile, the house buyer who thought he had made an investment discovers he has gambled away his economic freedom. The fairy-story house he bought is only skin deep.

The ownership of a home which according to the propaganda was to have made him a better citizen has merely robbed him of his freedom of movement. The "Own your own home" campaigns have encouraged many to buy who never should have done so—and never would have done so if they really had understood what they were getting into. The enormous number of foreclosures of mortgages in 1931 illustrates this point. The purchaser has been chained to a house that was ill fitted to his needs in the beginning, and was so badly built and so badly placed that it will be worthless long before the mortgages have been paid and the building really belongs to him. Deterioration of house or obsolescence of neighborhood wipes out his life's savings and one-quarter of his earnings for the better part of his working years. If houses were built as an investment instead of a speculation they would be constructed so that their structural life would be safe during the period in which the investment was being paid off. The neighborhood would be planned, built, and restricted so as to protect their value.

The speculative basis of housing is responsible not only for deterioration of buildings and neighborhood, but also for most of the wasteful and useless processes which make houses too expensive for most families. These include the waste of pyramiding land costs by premature land subdivision and sales; the waste in high-pressure salesmanship; the waste of partially used public improvements; the waste of bad planning; and the waste of small-scale construction methods. But the waste that costs the buyer or the renter of house or apartment most is that which comes from exorbitant charges for the use of money. It is because housing is a speculative business rather than a sound investment that its financing is so expensive. The actual annual costs for the use of money are generally in excess of 9 per cent. If the rate of financing were cut one-third, from 9 per cent to 6 per cent, rents could be cut about one-fifth.

Now if housing were a good and a safe investment, there would be no reason why the charges for the use of money should be higher than the market rates. There is no safer investment than a soundly constructed house in a properly planned and organized neighborhood. It is good for thirty years or more, and rental charges could be reduced not only by decreased rate of interest, but also by decreased amortization charges. Money at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent instead of 9 per cent would mean that a four-room apartment that rents for \$60 could be rented for \$42.

It is apparent that the way to decent housing and communities and to economic housing is the same. If we could forget the fairy stories about housing and would use a little common sense, we would scrap most of our present housing methods and create new processes and new agencies. We could accept as a basis for our program of the future:

1. Housing as an investment rather than a speculation.
2. Housing as a public service rather than an individual function.

Such a realistic program for the future would presuppose:

1. No more subdivisions of land before actual planning and building of homes.
2. No more planning or building of houses as single, unrelated units within urban areas.
3. No more construction by irresponsible, unskilled, small-scale builders.

Now let me put a program for the future on a positive rather than a negative basis. In rough outline, it is this:

1. *Plan and build communities, not unrelated individual houses.* Plan every house as an integrated and related part of the whole town and more particularly of the neighborhood. The neighborhood should be the minimum unit of design. These communities should be created to meet the requirements of a new age—the age of the motor and increased leisure. They should be built spaciouly around great parks. They should offer both the conveniences of this machine age and an escape from its nuisances and dangers.

2. *Build these neighborhood communities as a single operation or a series of related large-scale operations* under the guidance of trained technicians working as an organized group. Thus we can secure towns fitted not only to our modern needs but, what is quite as important, to our pocket-books.

3. *Relate the location of these communities to the most desirable economic and social development of the city and region.* We shall thus secure better environment for living and a saner relation of housing to work and recreation places. At the same time we shall vastly decrease the cost of housing and particularly the accessory governmental costs of roads, utilities, and transportation. We may even escape municipal bankruptcy.

4. *Reorganize the house-building industry as a modern and efficient large-scale industry.*

5. *Put land for housing purposes under government control.* Thus do away with premature land subdivision and turn land directly from productive farm use to the maximum productive use for housing. Every farsighted municipality should purchase surrounding rural land and hold it out of use for housing until it is really needed—forever, if possible. It should also—for the social good of its citizens and its own economic salvation—take over the vast rotting or blighted areas both in the older sections and in those newer regions in which the cancerous signs of blight are beginning to appear. This will require a new type of condemnation law that will give the government a chance to take land on a fair basis of actual value.

6. *Finance housing on an investment instead of a speculative basis.* Large-scale operation would simplify housing financing and help to safeguard investments. It spreads the risks instead of concentrating them as do individual loans. Its scale and the homogeneous character it gives a neighborhood preserve the values for a much longer time than does our present method. Because the risk is decreased, loans on a larger percentage of value, longer periods of amortization, and a smaller return on money are possible. On the basis of a complete new set-up, substantial amounts of capital seeking permanent investment would be drawn into housing, for housing built according to the program outlined above would be one of the safest and soundest investments. It therefore should command money at the lowest market rate of interest. Its securities would market as readily as do the bonds of the Port Authority if each house-building operation had behind it the supervision and the approval of governmental agencies, such as the New York State Housing Board. As a result, instead of housing one-third of our population in the haphazard, wasteful, and unsatisfactory method of the past, it would be possible to produce on a sound business basis decent homes for perhaps two-thirds of our urban population.

There will still remain a great many workers whose wages are too low to pay for new dwellings no matter how efficiently and economically they are produced. They must be housed not partially, as at present, but entirely, as a public service. In the past public-spirited citizens and foundations have attempted to care for the housing of the poor. Their work stands head and shoulders above most of the speculative developments. They have blazed the way in creating neighborhoods of permanent value as a result of unified planning, coordinated building, and sane regulations. Their investments have in most cases been safeguarded by the character of their work.

Housing for the lower income groups must become a direct governmental service—in my opinion a service far more important than the building of roads, utilities, transportation, even more important than schools. Why continue to dodge the problem? Inadequate incomes never will pay for adequate homes. We shall have decent communities for the vast mass of the population only when our cities—houses and all—are financed and built as public services. This means a vast amount of public credit for long terms and at low rates—rates as low as that at which the government can borrow, and even lower for the very poor. This does not necessarily mean an actual loss to the government. Certainly the loss to the city or State will not be so great as that which municipalities now suffer because of our present wasteful methods of city and housing development.

In the Driftway

A GENTLEMAN from Indiana—Mr. H. K. B., of South Bend, to be exact—writes to Heywood Broun of the New York *World-Telegram* for advice. Mr. B., it seems, wants to visit New York for the first time. He can stay there from Sunday noon to Thursday night; when his railroad fare and that of his wife are paid, they will have a hundred dollars left to see the town. How shall they do it? Mr. Broun, that inveterate and incurable New Yorker, tends to dodge the issue. He throws out a suggestion or two about the Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building, and some speakeasy or other. He mentions the George Washington Bridge by moonlight at 3 a. m. But in general he is vague and not very helpful. As a result, probably, of an impecunious childhood—which Mr. Broun never enjoyed—the Drifter has always been beguiled by mathematical problems of that sort. If Mr. and Mrs. H. K. B. ever see his advice, therefore, they may take it for what it is worth.

ONE hundred dollars, New York, and four and a half days: they make somehow an irresistible combination. Let us assume that Mr. B. from South Bend is a good bargainer; that he can go to one of the—almost—first-class hotels not far from the railroad station which will usher him into the metropolis and get a room and bath for two for \$4 a day. That will take up \$16 of his \$100. Let him allot \$24 for incidental expenses—taxi (for Mr. B., not for Mr. Broun!), the Empire State Building, rides on the bus, rides on the subway, ferry rides, and perhaps even a hansom cab from Central Park down Fifth Avenue to Washington Square

(it used to cost \$2.50, but maybe the price has been reduced in these depression days). This must also include newspapers and might even be squeezed to take in a couple of theater tickets at one of the cut-rate ticket agencies. Mr. B. will then have \$60 left. Let him set aside \$25. Of that we shall speak later. He must get his meals for four days out of the remaining \$35. It goes without saying that the B.'s will never eat at their hotel. For breakfast they had better depend on a quarter spent at the nearest drug-store; for lunch they should be almost equally economical. After all, in New York one dines momentarily! And since, by all reports, in South Bend the dinners are sumptuous and tempting to a degree, quantity or even quality of food is not so important as variety. New York is the place where one may dine à la nationalité. French, German, Japanese, Italian, Syrian, Armenian, kosher, Mexican, Russian, and heaven knows how many other kinds of dinner at all hours of the night should enlighten the B.'s on how the rest of the world eats. At a restaurant where food of some other nation than England or the United States is served, the prices are not likely to be so high; the wine, if there is wine, is not quite so dear; the music is often excellent and strange; the patrons supply as much entertainment as does the food.

* * * * *

THERE remains the mysterious \$25. This the B.'s may spend on Thursday night, and they may spend it in a way that is perhaps not peculiar to New York, but which is shall we say, considered peculiar to New York in South Bend. They may dine at a speakeasy, and around midnight repair to a hotel to dance off the effects of their dinner. This frivolity will send them in high spirits to their train, and they will be fully prepared to answer in the negative the question of South Benders: "I hear New York is a swell place to visit, but I guess you wouldn't want to live there would you?" The Drifter would hasten to assure the B.'s that many persons in New York would consider \$25 an insufficient sum with which to enter a speakeasy and expect to leave it alive. But it can be done. One must dine not too well and must drink not too many synthetic cocktails at dollar apiece. But in the course of the evening one learns a good deal about one of the more celebrated phases of New York life. And if the B.'s pick out the right place, they might even run into Mr. Broun.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Eggs: Six Cents a Dozen

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Last winter I canceled my subscription to *The Nation* and I have just received your letter urging me to renew. I would gladly do so if I were financially able to do so. I am a farmer owning 120 acres of land and am entirely out of debt. This is the first year since I bought the place in 1904 that I have not been able to pay my taxes when due. This is a grain, alfalfa, and fruit country, and I do not know a farmer in the country that has paid the first half of his taxes due March 1. There no doubt are some but none that I know. Banks will not loan even for taxes, and farming has not paid expenses for

three years. Apples last fall did not pay cost of picking, to say nothing of cost of growing them. Dairy cows don't pay cost of feed. Eggs down to six cents a dozen; some stores refuse to buy them. Glad to see one paper that will face facts and tell the truth. But I can't help you out.

Lazear, Colo., April 19

P. P. SLACK

Internationalism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The American press has apparently ignored a recent meeting of the League of Human Rights. The following statement by a French delegate, Mme Marcelle Cappy, should not go unnoticed:

The German Krupp needed nickel and it was furnished by the French nickel syndicate; it was shipped from New Caledonia to Norway and then to Germany. Copper was handled similarly, with participation of the English firm, Vickers. Again, Krupp sold to Vickers a patented fuse, and the British fleet at Skagerrack used optical instruments supplied by German firms during the war. In their Newski works, the Austrian Skoda Works manufactured cannons for Russia. French and British soldiers could die at the Dardanelles with the consolation that arms and munitions manufactured in their own countries brought them a hero's death, for Vickers had supplied the Turk plentifully. During the war, as the French deputy, Chouffet, reported in the Chamber, the Conference of Explosives Manufacturers of all warring countries worked harmoniously in Switzerland. For many months entire trainloads of chemicals were shipped from southern France to Switzerland, to be returned to France later in the form of phosgene gas for the killing of French soldiers. In January, 1915, 200,000 kilograms of cyanide were shipped from France to Germany. On the other hand, the barbed wire in which thousands of Germans died before Fort Douaumont was furnished one month before the attack by a German firm.

Indianapolis, April 10

H. STEICHMANN

Progress in Education

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Flounder as we may in the field of economics, have not noted what strides we are making in the technique of education? The latest is the invention by a genius of the University of Chicago of what we may call a soul-meter. The pupil whose soul is to be exposed reads a sentence thrown on a screen before him, and as he moves his eyes from left to right, an electrical contrivance records the movements—many short jerks for a slow, painful reader, one swift glide for a really bright boy. The child speaks, and electric lights flash and record the quality of his voice. But that is not all. The child girds on a strange belt and looks at a painting or listens to music, whereupon his innermost emotions are displayed before his own eyes and those of his teacher. In short, the human being is mentally vivisected. Is this not marvelous?

I have often visited a post-war school in Germany which grew rapidly from 250 children of workers to more than 1,200 from all classes of society; and I brought away with me an indelible impression of a development in just the opposite direction from that of the robot technique. In the Waldorf School of the sixty and more teachers are expected to retain eyes, ears, minds, and even souls of their own. They are discouraged from leaning upon any contrivances of metal, activated by the human forces of electricity, to discover the shy secrets

of a child's heart. It is their primary function to divine these secrets. They do not ask a machine to record the pulse-beat and breathing rhythm when a boy looks at a picture. On the contrary, they supply the child with water colors, and from his choice and use of shades in painting pictures for himself they discern the temperament of the evolving being. I have a feeling of confidence that this is really the way into the future, the road leading to the free individual man and woman, while the machine substitute for the teacher looks toward the extinction of personality.

New York, April 19

OLIN D. WANNAMAKER

Berkeley, California, Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Response from *Nation* readers to a letter printed last December resulted in the formation of a study group here. At our last meeting, incidentally, Miss Josephine Roche, of the Rocky Mountain Coal Company in Colorado, told us, and everyone on the University of California campus, of that unique experiment of hers in cooperative mining. We should like to widen our circle. There are no "dues" or obligations of any sort except an interest in honest study of economics. Full information may be obtained by writing the undersigned at 1109 Sterling Avenue.

Berkeley, Cal., April 9

THE WORKING COMMITTEE

For Ohio Readers of *The Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Any readers of *The Nation* resident in Ohio who favor the Four-Year Presidential Program of the League for Independent Political Action, as published in *The Nation* of February 17, and who desire to cooperate in the formation of an active chapter of the League in Ohio, are asked to communicate with E. M. Davidove, 1812 Guarantee Title Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Cleveland, March 24

WM. W. BIDDLE

Contributors to This Issue

LESLIE F. CROSS is a Milwaukee newspaperman who has contributed to various periodicals.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

WILLIAM ZUKERMAN is a London journalist and manager of the European bureau of the *New York Jewish Morning Journal*.

CLARENCE S. STEIN, a New York architect, was formerly chairman of the Commission of Housing and Regional Planning of New York State.

BABETTE DEUTSCH is the author of several volumes of verse, the latest of which is "Honey out of the Rock."

NATHANIEL PEPPER is the author of "The White Man's Dilemma" and "China: The Collapse of a Civilization."

CLIFTON FADIMAN is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

RAY C. B. BROWN was for many years managing editor of *Musical America*.

THE VOGUE IN TRAVEL

is a visit to

SOVIET RUSSIAWeekly Departures from New York
by Fast Steamers**NEW LOW RATES**

for individual tours in the U.S.S.R.

SPECIAL GROUP TOURS

FOR STUDENTS—SAILING JUNE 25

FOR DOCTORS—SAILING JULY 7

FOR LAWYERS—JULY 7

FOR TEACHERS, Etc.—SAILING JULY 14 AND 21

For Complete Details Apply to Your
Local Steamship Agency or**HAMBURG-AMERICAN**

39 Broadway

LINE

New York

Branches in Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Philadelphia,
Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Montreal,
Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, VancouverSee beautiful **GERMANY**
for **\$5.95 PER DAY**

This is the year when big price reductions in Germany have enabled leading American travel bureaus to offer tours through that wonderful country for as little as \$5.95 per day.

Follow the gleaming trail through the land of legend—haunted castles, ancient towns, modern cities, mountain and lake resorts—for less than the average cost of staying at home.

The modest price of \$5.95 up per day includes traveling in speedy express trains, comfortable hotels, all meals, sight-seeing, tips, bus excursions and baggage transfers. All this is backed by the largest American travel bureaus of national reputation.

Please use the coupon.

"Going to Europe" means going to
GERMANY

Please Send GERMAN TOURIST INFORMATION OFFICE

Booklet 18 665 Fifth Avenue, New York City

and
Tour
Folder

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

Finance**"Steel" Pays No Dividend**

OMISSION of the dividend on the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation, for the first time since 1915, is another reminder of the severity of the business depression. Last year the company reported a deficit of \$6,303,519 before inclusion of certain non-recurring income, and a final deficit, after payment of dividends, of \$49,945,567. In the first three months of this year it failed to cover its operating expenses by \$1,136,607 and revealed a deficit of \$13,218,549 after paying fixed charges and providing for depreciation and depletion reserves. Last September the annual dividend rate was reduced from \$7 to \$4 a share, and in the following January from \$4 to \$2; even this curtailed payment has now been omitted. There are 174,507 owners of the company's 8,687,439 common shares.

A change in the Steel Corporation's common dividend is always a matter of more than casual interest, for the company still stands, in spite of the rise of General Motors to unparalleled size, as the premier industrial organization of America. Its earnings are looked upon as barometric, and its financial policies are widely regarded as setting a standard of corporate practice. Those policies have been conservative. It was only in two years, during the height of the war-time prosperity, that the company paid out more than \$7 a share (\$11.75 extra in 1917 and \$11 extra in 1918). Refusing to yield to the mania for splitting its shares three, four, or five for one, as other concerns were doing, the company confined itself to paying a 40 per cent dividend in stock in 1927, when its shares were selling in the neighborhood of \$170; it was not until two years later that the market placed the fantastic valuation of \$261.75 a share on this increased amount of capital stock. The management in 1929 shrewdly accommodated the public, which had an insatiable craving for common stocks, by selling more than a million new shares at \$140 each and using the proceeds to retire bonded debt. The reduction in sinking-fund and interest requirements thereby effected stands the company in good stead today.

Yet in spite of these farseeing moves, United States Steel has not been able to maintain its common dividends. A stockholder at the recent annual meeting rose to protest the reduction which had taken place up to that time, and moved that the rate be moved back to \$7 as speedily as possible, presenting a combination of balance-sheet figures to prove that the company had \$1,200,000,000 of undistributed net profits, and that net income in 1931, before depreciation and depletion, totaled \$65,000,000—enough to pay \$4 in dividends on the common. The motion was promptly voted down; but the stockholder succeeded in bringing into the foreground the fact that the Steel Corporation's policy of reinvesting enormous amounts of its earnings in plant and equipment, even though this expansion does not result in enlargement of bonded debt or share capital, provides no bulwark against a depression such as now exists.

In the period from 1912 to 1925 the book value of Steel common rose from approximately \$140 to \$280 a share; from 1921 to 1930 the increase was only from \$261 to \$290. In the earlier period the average annual earnings a share were \$15.9 while in the latter they were \$8.39. Even during the 1912-25 period of larger earnings, dividend payments averaged only \$6.77. If the country's industrial activity falls to a slow tempo in the future, as seems likely, we may see a marked alteration in the Steel Corporation's policy of reinvesting heavily in plant; which will not necessarily mean smaller returns to the stockholder.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books, Drama, Films

To a Friend Who Fears Revolution

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

The fragile penates are threatened, the porcelain, the blown glass, and the box of sweet sounds, and satiny woods, are lovingly wrought, worshiped as gods and goods, These may be ravished, dismembered, overthrown! And these gone, what goes too? The hearth is shaken By no violence native to earth or air, But by the mob, the arch-Goth, that cannot care For an image smashed, an idolatrous heart forsaken. These propped, these sheltered you, powerful though frail These magnified your house, miraculously Extended time. Are they endangered? You see Life shrink, peace fly, animal strength prevail. Secure them now, who have so well defended You, saved you: themselves they cannot save. Seal doors, keep close, nor listen. Without a grave, Justice lies crying for burial unattended.

The Graces, the Graces!

The Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, 4th Earl of Chesterfield. Edited, with an Introduction, by Bonamy Dobrée. The Viking Press. Edition limited to 900 copies. Six volumes. \$50 the set.

THE present handsome edition is the most complete record of Lord Chesterfield's letters in existence. The editor assures us that every letter already printed either in prior collections of Chesterfield's letters or in various other publications has been included and printed in full; while the edition also includes, either in full or in *précis*, some fourteen hundred "business" letters never before printed. The great majority of them are "office" letters, but many are private letters of a political nature. While these may be interesting and useful to the professional historian, however, and while they serve to remind us how large a part of Chesterfield's time was absorbed by the technical details of political life, they throw no new essential light on his mind and character.

That character is peculiarly fixed. Chesterfield himself created it; it was a work of art, and it was his masterpiece. In the eyes of posterity he has become, as a result, the archetype of all such characters, and the symbol of a certain philosophy of life. He was, indeed, far more successful with his character than with his career. The first he could form; the second was badly battered, here and there, as the result of slight miscalculations, and almost foundered by some singularly ironic strokes of sheer ill-luck. True, Chesterfield got off to a good start: not everyone inherits an earldom. He did, in time, come to play a distinguished part in national affairs: he was successful as ambassador to The Hague; for a time he was the acknowledged leader in the House of Lords of the government opposition; he was instrumental in the historic process of strengthening the power of the cabinet against that of the king; he became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and during the short time he occupied that post, his enlightened administration made him perhaps the most popular viceroy Ireland ever had; finally, he enjoyed a few years as Secretary of State. But though he

developed beyond any of his contemporaries the arts of pleasing and charming, he never seemed quite to please or charm those few persons who could have been of most use to him. On the contrary, he seemed to have a genius for irritating them. He sought promotion for himself and his friends by cultivating the King's mistress, and merely succeeded thereby in arousing the hearty animosity of the Queen. He rubbed Walpole the wrong way, and made an almost permanent enemy of George II. There was nothing he was prouder of than his oratory, but he was discouraged in the House of Commons by a member who mimicked him cruelly; his polished manners and delicate sarcasm were more suited to the House of Lords, but even here his speeches were more admired than effective. Friend and foe came to hear them, as Mr. Dobrée remarks, "not as utterances connected with practical affairs, but as performances of dazzling virtuosity."

The same fate awaited the letters to his illegitimate son. Originally they were written with one chief purpose—to make that son a polished man of the world. "The Graces, the Graces," he kept writing; "remember the Graces!" But the son grew up to be a dull fellow, honest and industrious and quiet enough, and devoid of the graces, when his education is considered, as it is possible to imagine. Again and again Chesterfield coached him in the art and importance of public speaking; he fairly pushed him into Parliament; but his maiden speech there was deplorable; he got stage fright, and had to consult his notes. Chesterfield, again, kept reiterating that if his son had amours, they should be with women of fashion, and not sordid. He even encouraged his son once or twice to these affairs, in the desperate hope that they would supply him with the imperative graces; he urged his son to make him his friend and confidant in such matters. But Chesterfield was to learn, after his death, that he had been secretly married to a woman of humble origin, and had had two sons by her.

Finally, most unfortunate of all for Chesterfield's reputation with posterity, was his casual encounter with Samuel Johnson, which brought down upon him perhaps the most completely crushing letter ever written, that famous letter which rises to the withering question: "Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help?" Yet, so far as the truth about the actual facts can be learned, Chesterfield had been guilty of little more than thoughtlessness. Johnson had sent Chesterfield a prospectus of his "Dictionary" when the latter was Secretary of State, and Chesterfield had sent him a subscription of £10. Then, apparently, the episode had gone completely out of his mind—not remarkable when one is a busy Secretary of State—and he does not seem to have thought of it again until the dictionary was about to appear, when he wrote several articles in high praise of it in the *World*. These gave Johnson his opportunity. He sent two other shafts in his Lordship's direction, both of which stuck. "This man," he said, "I thought had been a Lord among wits; but, I find, he is only a wit among Lords!" And when the "Letters" were published, he added that "they teach the morals of a whore, and the manners of a dancing-master."

But the criticism tells more about Johnson than it does about Chesterfield. It should no longer be necessary, at this late date, to defend Chesterfield from the charge of "immorality." He is seen in his true light as essentially what Sainte-Beuve called him, the English La Rochefoucauld. His "immorality" is for the most part merely common sense, shrewdness, and absence of cant. As Logan Pearsall Smith has said so admirably, "That we should practice what we preach is generally admitted; but anyone who preaches what he and his hearers practice must incur the gravest moral disapprobation."

That was the fate of Chesterfield. But though his philosophy as expressed in his letters to his son often seems coldly self-calculating, his own political career, especially for the times in which he lived, was singularly honorable. True, his emphasis on mere manners was excessive, and may sometimes even have verged on the ridiculous; but he was in the habit of thinking of manners as an integral part of morals, and it is only fair to point out that standards for manners seem on the whole more permanent, if anything, than standards for morals. Chesterfield's tone and attitude, at all events, are far less alien to the modern reader than Johnson's. To be sure, again, his emphasis on the graces was, as it would now be fashionable to point out, the expression of a leisure-class ideal; but this is almost too obvious for statement. What is much more important to remember is that the kind of urbanity he inculcated would be a most desirable, even an indispensable, ingredient of a genuinely good life even in a classless society.

Chesterfield, in brief, gave the supreme expression in English to a view of life that in some respects must be permanently valid. And from seemingly unpromising materials (his head was too big, his body too small; he kept his upper lip drawn down to hide stains on his teeth, and his voice was harsh and croaking) he nevertheless succeeded in creating a character that has stood as a model for charm and good manners for generations. He could not quite make an art of life because life was full of jolts and beyond his control; but he could make an art of the way he met those jolts: he was serene, amiable, and courtly to the last. On the day of his death, as he was nearing his final gasp, his friend Dayrolles came to see him. "Give Dayrolles a chair," he said; and they were his last words. "Is it not charming," Horace Walpole once asked, "to be so agreeable quite to the door of one's coffin?"

HENRY HAZLITT

The Mercurial Sun Yat-sen

Sun Yat-sen Versus Communism. By Maurice William. Baltimore: Williams and Wilkins Company. \$5.

THIS is a curious historical fragment. Its thesis is that a little-known book by the author induced Sun Yat-sen publicly to reject communism a few months after he had publicly espoused it, thus diverting China from communism and saving it for democracy. Half the case is made out. Mr. William gives a hundred pages of quotations in parallel columns from his own work, "The Social Interpretation of History," and "The San Min Chu I, or Three Principles of the People," a printed version of the lectures which embodies Dr. Sun Yat-sen's valedictory gospel. From these quotations it is patent that Dr. Sun not only based his ideas on Mr. William's book but in places took over even his phraseology. In the first of the lectures Dr. Sun seems to have advocated the class war. In the last he renounces it. In the interval of four months he had read Mr. William's book; he refers to Mr. William, in fact. The conclusion is obvious.

The point is naturally of absorbing interest to Mr. William but of very little importance to anybody else. It would be historically important if the San Min Chu I had had any enduring influence on Chinese life and if Dr. Sun's change of mind on communism had had any influence on his followers. Neither is true. Dr. Sun concluded the San Min Chu I lectures in April, 1924. But it was only after that date that the Communists acquired any real strength in China—in other words, after Dr. Sun renounced communism. And China did not break with the Russians until 1927, and then for reasons having little to do with Communist philosophy. The Chinese nationalists resented Soviet Russia's attempt to dominate. And the San Min Chu I

has never had any real influence in China except for propaganda purposes. The title was accorded lip service; the beliefs were ignored. They had to be. As a social and economic philosophy they can be described only as chop suey. Not only on the question of communism are they mutually exclusive. Now even the lip service is dying out.

Mr. William's thesis reveals more of Sun Yat-sen's personality than of China's history. He was a great leader, a man of lofty character, noble purposes, and high ideals—one of the great men of our times. But he never attained intellectual maturity, and he was completely devoid of the faculty of reason. He functioned mentally in sporadic hunches. It was typical of him that he met Joffe, read the Communist Manifesto, and turned Communist, and then read one book by an American of whom he knew nothing and rejected communism all in a few months. Because of his magnetism and his qualities of character he established his leadership over the new generation in China; because of his intellectual limitations he led the revolution on tortuous courses ending in blind alleys, with needless human suffering on the way. Mr. William's point is well made, but it is not one to make with unmeasured satisfaction.

NATHANIEL PEPPER

Short Stories—Mostly Bad

Twenty Best Short Stories in Ray Long's Twenty Years as an Editor. Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. \$3.

Blueberry Pie. By Thyra Samter Winslow. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Nixey's Harlequin. By A. E. Coppard. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

The Intercessor and Other Stories. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Limits and Renewals. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

I felt that I was an average American, with the reading taste of the average American. That any reading which entertained, or instructed, or thrilled me would entertain or instruct or thrill enough other average Americans to produce circulation in sufficient quantity to enable the magazine to sell advertising profitably.—Ray ("An Editor Looks at Russia") Long.

THE philosophy of the American popular magazine has never been stated more frankly, or in less elegant English. Students of American journalism will do well to ponder Mr. Long's compilation. Among his particular literary heroes are Albert Payson Terhune, Rupert Hughes ("thoroughly an artist at heart," says Mr. Long), Irvin S. Cobb, Fannie Hurst, James Oliver Curwood, Ellis Parker Butler, Booth Tarkington, Peter B. Kyne, and Edna Ferber. He also reprints one of Somerset Maugham's pot-boilers—the sort of thing Mr. Maugham writes in order to chuckle at the people who fall for it—with the pronouncement: "I think it fair to say that he is the most expert in the use of English of any writer of our time." (Fair, Mr. Long? Tut, tut. Generous!)

Inasmuch as Mr. Long proclaims himself the Average American, we should not expect his "twenty best short stories" to be any good. We are not disappointed. The Average American comes through nobly: it would be hard to name five stories by noted authors which are quite as irretrievably bad as, let us say, Fannie Hurst's *Guilty*, Rupert Hughes's *The Rented Body*, Peter B. Kyne's *One-eighth Apache*, Booth Tarkington's *Cider of Normandy*, and James Oliver Curwood's *Kazan*. On the other hand, our confidence in the Average American wavers a bit when we read Laurence Stallings's *Vale of Tears*, Dorothy

Parker's Here We Are! and Ring Lardner's Who Dealt? If not very good tales, these three are at least readable. But what is one to do when one notes that Mr. Long actually includes a first-rate story—Fifty Grand by Ernest Hemingway—in his collection? Yet things are not as bad as they seem—it appears that Mr. Long *turned down* this story, only to admire it after Ellery Sedgwick had published it in the *Atlantic Monthly*. However, Mr. Sedgwick, deplorably enough, is not an Average American.

Of Thyra Samter Winslow's latest collection of magazine-marketed trifles there is very little one can say. They represent no improvement over her first volume, published seven or eight years ago. She has a shrewd eye for the minor tragedies and tragi-comedies of lower middle-class folk, small-town girls, drummers, and vaudeville troupers. Whatever irony lies on the surface of their petty successes and frustrations she captures cleverly enough; but as the irony resides not in the make-up of her own mind but in each individual story-situation itself, her art is flat and insignificant. It is only when she steps out of her own role, however, and—as in the title story—attempts to reproduce Fannie Hurst's peculiar fire-alarm-and-triple-scare-head-shriek, that she becomes downright unreadable.

To turn from Mrs. Winslow to A. E. Coppard is to turn from a precise and superficial observer to a genuine personality. Any one of a gross of assorted American writers might have signed "Blueberry Pie." But only Coppard can write Coppard's poetic and seemingly casual tales, which at their most fanciful are tinctured with the bitter-sweet of deep truth. It is only fair to admit that the present volume shows a falling away from his previous high standard. Nothing in "Nixey's Harlequin" is half so fine as Dusky Ruth or Marching to Zion or half a dozen other masterpieces that come readily to mind. Occasionally, too, a slick note creeps in, as if the author were trying a little too obviously to show his skill. But, after all, everything Coppard writes is worth reading. No student of the English short story can afford to neglect one of his books. Even if he should publish not another line, his position in the literature of his country is secure.

Miss Sinclair's stories will appeal to a very special class, consisting probably of a small group of highly literary ladies given to polite adventuring in the Behind the Beyond. With a skill one would like to see applied to more corporeal subject matter, Miss Sinclair continues that rather *fanée* tradition established by Poe and E. T. A. Hoffmann and carried on in our own day by Algernon Blackwood and Arthur Machen. The trouble with Miss Sinclair's ghosts and night noises and haunted houses and karma-like chains of coincidence and dreamy-eyed Swamis is simply that (evidently) she believes in them. If she didn't (Poe didn't), her stories might be convincing. Since the advent of the New Physicists rationalism is of course unfashionable; nevertheless the present stick-in-the-mud reviewer admits unblushingly that he read "The Intercessor and Other Stories" without a single shiver.

But while he could only blink dumbly at these ectoplasmic emanations from the woman who once wrote "Mr. Waddington of Wyck," he was dumfounded, floored, taken aback, and generally paralyzed by Mr. Kipling's "Limits and Renewals." We are told that this is Kipling's first book of new stories in ten years. If it were only true! If the stories only *were* "new." But they are old, old—old as the Hills he wrote so well about thirty long years ago. Now, in the year of grace 1932, the old man who once wrote "Kim" is still saving the Empire; still jiggling the strings attached to his Eton school-boys dressed up as adult males; still reinterpreting Rome and the Bible in terms of the white man's burden; still recalling the good old War as a stern but glorious game.

And the style is more Kiplingese than ever, more esoterically allusive than ever. His men still employ a kind of ritualistic

gibble-gabble when they talk, in order to make it clear to the reader that they belong to a special caste from which he, poor fellow, is debarred. The dialogue bears a close resemblance to the kind of lingo invented for the initiation ceremonies of the United and Protective Benevolent Order of African Exalted Grand Llamas. In brief, these stories are as unreadable, as irritating, and as anachronistic as today's *Times* editorial page. If one could only go to the trouble of finding out what they are about, one would no doubt discover that they are enormously clever—but why bother? The man who writes them may once have been a genius; but of that genius only his prejudices, his crotchets, and his affectations remain. . . . And yet this pitiful book is the work of a man who thirty years ago wrote *The Story of the Gadsbys*, and *Baa Baa Black Sheep*, and *The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes*, and *The City of Dreadful Night*, and *On Greenhow Hill*, and *Without Benefit of Clergy*, and *The Man Who Would Be King*, and *The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney*. . . .

Hats off! A corpse is passing by.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

Wagner's Stanchest Friend

The Letters of Richard Wagner to Anton Pusicelli. Translated and Edited with Critical Notes by Elbert Lenrow. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

OF all the friendships formed by Richard Wagner, the most steadfast and unbroken by any alienation of understanding or sympathy was the one between himself and Carl Franz Anton Pusicelli, a distinguished and esteemed physician of Dresden. The two became acquainted in 1842, when Wagner was rehearsing the Dresden Liedertafel of which Pusicelli was a member, and the bond was dissolved only by the physician's death in 1878. Unperturbed by those idiosyncrasies of character which caused temporary rifts in other of the composer's attachments, Pusicelli so revered the genius that he accepted the man as he was. This unquestioning deference was exactly the attitude to evoke from Wagner the best of his attributes, and his letters to this faithful friend reveal not only a profound sense of gratitude and a positive affection, but also a frankness in striking contrast to his concealments and self-justifications in other quarters, particularly in his autobiography.

A portion of this correspondence has been previously published in German with omissions and suppressions characteristic of the editing to which the majority of Wagnerian documents were subjected prior to the deaths of Cosima and Siegfried. The value of Mr. Lenrow's edition primarily resides in the fact that this is the first publication in any language of the complete text. Wagner wrote seventy-two letters and ten telegrams to Anton Pusicelli and two letters to his widow. Of these only eighteen have hitherto appeared intact in print; twenty-one were published with sentences and even entire paragraphs left out, and forty-five were wholly suppressed. Mr. Lenrow has restored all the missing material, and has linked the letters together with narrative and commentary in so deft and scholarly a manner that the book has sound merits as critical biography.

How heavily Wagner drew upon Pusicelli's loyal devotion is now fully disclosed. It was Pusicelli who always stood handy with loans of ready cash, who shouldered virtually all the responsibility for Wagner's disastrous venture in publishing his early operas, who acted as intermediary between Richard and Minna after their total estrangement, who refuted in the public press the slander that Minna had been obliged to apply for municipal relief because of Richard's failure to pay her allowance. Literally true were the words Wagner penned in his last note

of the correspondence: "I look back over my years, and there, again and again, I encounter the most friendly man who ever found his way to me."

No shelf of Wagneriana is complete without this book. The letters are of the utmost importance to everyone interested (and what musically inclined person is not?) in the complexities of Wagner's character, for they contain the most candid lines he ever wrote about himself with absolute trust in the discretion of the man addressed. They throw clear light upon many a point left obscure in the official pages of Glasenapp as well as in "Mein Leben," which Mr. Lenrow terms "the most disconcerting autobiography ever left to posterity by a serious artist."

RAY C. B. BROWN

Books in Brief

Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle to Joseph Neuberg, 1848-1862.

Edited with Introduction and Notes by Townsend Scudder. Oxford University Press. \$3.

Here are twenty-seven carefully edited and annotated letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle which will make an interesting addition to her already voluminous correspondence, offering as they do not only further confirmation of various stimulating traits of her own character, but sidelights on certain events which her letters to her husband present in rather a different aspect.

The Autobiography of An Adventurer. By J. L. Trebitsch-Lincoln. Translated from the German by Emile Burns. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

If the reader could feel that he was being told the whole truth, so help the author, God, he would find this book interesting. But M. Trebitsch-Lincoln is as shifty in authorship as he was in his international spying and plotting. Consequently this story of a Hungarian Jew who became an Episcopalian priest, a British M. P., an oil magnate, a counter-revolutionist in three countries, an international spy, adviser to a Chinese general, and finally a Buddhist monk, promises much in outline, but is a frustrated tale in telling. If any value can be ascribed to the book at all, it is in the fresh revelation of the gullibility and petty, sometimes criminal, aspirations of the great men of affairs.

The Story of Medicine. By Victor Robinson. Albert and Charles Boni. \$5.

The keynote of this excellent book is expressed in the following quotation: "The most hopeful aspect of modern science is the victory of the experimental method over the assumptions of authority." Dr. Robinson takes as his criteria of the progress of medicine the liberation of thought and action from the bondage of church, pedantry, and charlatanism. The more palpable later achievements in surgery, pharmacology, and physiology are the natural sequelae of this freedom.

Bantry Bay. Ireland in the Days of Napoleon and Wolfe Tone. By P. Brennan Bradley. London: Williams and Norgate. 10s 6d.

Mr. Bradley has brought together in this book studies of four efforts of the French and Dutch to invade Ireland—Hoche's expedition to Bantry Bay, De Winter's defeat at Camperdown, the actual invasion at Killala by General Humbert, and Sir John Warren's defeat of General Hardy's expedition off the north coast of Ireland—together with a valuable estimate of Wolfe Tone, the inciter of these efforts to free Ireland from English control. Mr. Bradley is of the opinion that bad weather alone was responsible for the French and Dutch failures, notably at Bantry Bay, where, after safely

arriving, the bulk of the invading fleet was driven out to sea and dispersed by furious gales. That French governmental inefficiency contributed largely to the disasters is also true, but the elements were clearly on the side of the English. Had Hoche succeeded in landing his entire force at Bantry in 1796, it is in Mr. Bradley's opinion highly possible that "he would have conquered the country and brought about in Ireland as complete a revolution as that brought about by William of Orange in England in the previous century." Mr. Bradley's attitude is distinctly pro-Irish and not pro-British. He goes out of his way to say, in writing of Wolfe Tone, that no sincere Irishman today will cherish a connection between the two countries if it is based "on the servile and false notion that Ireland is not a nation," and he demands for the Ireland of today what Wolfe Tone championed—a truly national government and that alone.

Makers of Modern Italy: Napoleon to Mussolini. By Sir J. A. R. Marriott. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

Napoleon, by his preparations to unite Italy into a kingdom hereditary under a Napoleonic dynasty, precipitated the national consciousness which in due course produced Mazzini, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel. Mazzini was the orator, Garibaldi the warrior, and Cavour the politician who managed that the jealousies of the great Powers should be turned at last to the advantage of Italy. It was the last process that won unity and liberty, but without Mazzini and Garibaldi there would have been nothing in Italy worth liberating. It is an interesting story, revealing incidentally the mean and stupid and criminal cunning which accompanies the high-scale robbery called empire. The author's fondness for it, his cheerful acquiescence to what he considers "realistic" politics give an unpalatable flavor to a book that otherwise has the virtue of directness, concision, and readability.

Jonathan Edwards. By Arthur Cushman McGiffert, Jr. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

A professor of theology at the Chicago Theological Seminary summarizes Edwards's life and analyzes in detail his more important writings. He has consulted all the available material, including some that is unpublished, but has not discovered much that was unknown to previous biographers. He says little about Edwards's environment, the sources of his doctrines, and his influence and importance; the description of his theology is thorough and reliable but in no way original. He tries to be vivid and conversational, but does not succeed in making Edwards an interesting individual. For students of theology this book will not supersede Allen. A definitive examination of Edwards's place in the history of thought remains to be written.

Architecture

Housing by "Large-Scale Operations"

RUBE GOLDBERG'S fancy mechanical inventions? They do not amount to so much. If you want to see machinery so complicated that cannon and turbines are required for the purpose of tying a shoelace, and all in real life study what is known as the "building industry."

Here is the situation: Roughly two-thirds of the people of the United States are badly in need of a decent shelter. I am speaking not of a private house, but just of shelter—some

ing watertight overhead and alongside, which will still let in efficient light and fresh air, something dry and clean underneath, the whole inclosure comfortable enough to rate as a decent home." But this minimum, for the bulk of the population, does not exist.

The building industry knows it; so it builds, on a Westchester estate, a sumptuous millionaire's country residence. He pays for it. After that the "industry" comes to Park Avenue and builds, for the same millionaire and his friends, a city apartment. They pay for it, still handsomely. The banks are happy, the real-estate men are happy, the architects are happy, so are the materials men and union labor. All is going well. The benefits can now spread. If you can get enough people to live on Riverside Drive or, to make the story short, in the Bronx, crowded into the same kind of apartment (though just a little cheaper and smaller), they will pay the rent. The land is bought, the money borrowed, the mills turn out the steel, the seasons set brick. The people move in, and, although this is something they cannot afford to buy, they pay rent, quite handsomely. Now comes the crux. Enthusiasm has run so high that this stage of the process is rapidly carried to an extreme. It has to be, for the sake of the ultimate purpose in view. It is necessary to build too many apartments, and too many Flatbush own-your-own homes for this third of the people that earns more than \$2,000 a year—the third that is *not* the worst in need of shelter. The result is that there are not enough of these people any longer to pay. The manager has vacancies. The owner tells the banker he hardly knows how to meet the mortgage. The banker, who has been lending most liberally, holds tight. "Whatever you do," he declares, not calmly at all, "no more high-class apartments!" The owner says, "I will reduce the rents, and perhaps some of the people who really need shelter will move in." But the banker will tolerate no such false prophecy. By no such short cuts is the end to be reached. The banker is wiser. He sees that the value of the mortgages must be maintained on the books. Here the process becomes a little blurred and difficult, because the devil himself has to be bought a little. But trust the banks.

But do not forget the man who for some time has been standing quietly to one side, idle—the builder. Having nothing to do is something he does not like, since building is a business that presumes action. He confers with the banker and emerges smiling very blandly, more blandly than he feels. The bank will lend on a class of construction that cannot compete with that which it is now "pegging." Profits will not be so high, and joy does not abound, but you have to do *something*. . . . and thus it comes that the builder is induced to make something for the *upper* half of the shelterless two-thirds.

So the builder sharpens his pencil. He tells his architect what to omit in the way of gables, breakfast nooks, and super-refrigerators. He also finds, on the positive side, how much cheaper it is to proceed if his units are all alike and plenty of them are made at a time. And the banks unite, in certain cases, to exert, by virtue of the I. O. U.'s they hold, enough pressure to keep individual owners of lots from holding out against the necessary assembling of whole blocks at a time. The entire process, with further ramifications not mentioned here, is entitled "large-scale operations."

And here we had better leave it, noting the remarkable event that a leader among builders, Mr. Eken, has appeared before an audience made up largely of social workers and spoken in behalf of shelter for the middle third. It is true that we have not arrived at the bottom yet, but we are certainly on the way. And to describe the coming transition from operations of the kind I have been picturing, carried on on a "large scale," to operations of a new kind, strictly *industrial* and amply capable of housing us all, would require . . . well, I'm no Karl Marx.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Archibald MacLeish CONQUISTADOR

*A Narrative Poem describing the
Conquest of Mexico*

"One of the great tales of the world presented as if it came today from the mouth of a living man."—Stephen Vincent Benet, author of *John Brown's Body*. \$2.50

CZARDAS

*A novel by Jeno Heltai,
with Decorations by Lynd Ward*

"The most enchanting story to come out of the war."—*New York Times*. \$2.50

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

PASSION

SIX
LITERARY MARRIAGES

By ROBERT NEUMANN

SHELLEY

GOETHE

DOSTOIEVSKY

BYRON

BALZAC

STRINDBERG

A dramatic portrayal of the background and married life of six of the most picturesque literary figures the world has ever known. Translated from the German by Brian W. Downs. \$2.00

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY

NEW YORK

The Greatest TRAVEL VALUE

30 DAYS
of delightful travel

\$170.50

Tour to **RUSSIA**

Includes: Ocean passage in Modern Third Class, FORMER TOURIST CLASS SECTION, fare to Russia via England or Germany and Finland, hotels and meals en route to Russia and during 7 DAYS IN LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW, with sightseeing, entertainment, conductor's and interpreter's services, visas, etc.

A variety of other interesting trips at surprisingly low rates offered in our booklet "N"

RETURN PASSAGE ON
CUNARD LINE STEAMER
INCLUDED.

AMALGAMATED BANK

11-15 Union Square

New York City

BOOK AND ART SHOP

Forced to **SELL OUT**

Entire Stock of **BOOKS AND PICTURES** at any price!

Etchings, Water-colors, Reproductions of Paintings by old and modern masters, Drawings, Lithographs, etc., etc., at Reductions of from 25% to 75%!

International Book & Art Shop 16 E. 8th St., N. Y. C.

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

PLAYS TO SEE

- Another Language—Booth—45 St. W. of B'way.
- Blessed Event—Longacre—48 St. W. of B'way.
- Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
- Face The Music—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
- Merry-Go-Round—Avon—W. 45 St.
- Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.
- Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
- Riddle Me This—John Golden—W. 58 St.
- Springtime for Henry—Shubert—W. 44 St.
- The Animal Kingdom—Empire—B'way. & 43 St.
- The Cat and the Fiddle—Globe—B'way. & 46 St.
- The Laugh Parade—Imperial—W. 45 St.
- There's Always Juliet—Henry Miller's 124 W. 43 St.
- The Truth About Blayds—Belasco—W. 44 St.
- The Warrior's Husband—Morosco—W. 45 St.
- Too True to be Good—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
- Whistling in the Dark—Ethel Barrymore—47 St. W. of B'way.

Drama

A Political Melodrama

S EVEN or eight years ago, when I first began to write dramatic criticism for *The Nation*, the various minor theaters were making very important contributions to every theatrical year. In a single season we had, for example, "Man's Man" at the Fifty-second Street, "The Dybbuk" at the Neighborhood, "The Dream Play" at the Provincetown, and "The Great God Brown" at the Greenwich Village. At least three of these plays were among the most important of the year, and we had come to depend upon the little playhouse for intelligent performances of unusual plays. Then, for some reason or other, they began one by one to close their doors until today only the Provincetown comes even intermittently to life; and even it does not generally afford any particular cause for rejoicing when it lights the tiny stage where "The Emperor Jones" and "The Hairy Ape" had their world premières. I take this to mean that the commercial theater has absorbed what that one generation of insurgents had to teach, and that a new group has arisen to take the place of the vigorous iconoclasts who finally succeeded in making room for themselves on Broadway. In any event the one fact is clear: within a period of about five years the little theaters of New York have declined from an almost dominating position to complete insignificance.

These reflections are suggested by the mildly encouraging fact that in "Merry-Go-Round" the Provincetown Theater has for the first time in several years, a play good enough to justify a trip to MacDougal Street. I will not pretend that this political melodrama is to be mentioned in the same breath with some of the plays which graced that playhouse in its heyday but despite its obviousness and its crudity "Merry-Go-Round" has a certain force, and that is more than could be said for any of the rather pathetically incompetent dramas which have recently been exhibited for very brief periods in this theater. It is exciting enough to hold its audience and it is coherent enough to convey its muckraking lesson. One stays to the end and one knows, at least, what one was asked to stay for.

Though the technique of "Merry-Go-Round" is mildly expressionistic, the story is simple enough. Scenes change with cinematographic rapidity and between them one is treated to items of news projected as a moving band across the proscenium but the story of politicians and gangsters is both straightforward and sufficiently familiar in every respect except, perhaps, in its unrelieved insistence that everything is about as bad as it could possibly be. Several references to New York as of a distant city give the requisite legal warning that Mayor Manning is not Mayor Walker and that Stransky is not Rothstein. Nevertheless, the authors will probably not be too much distressed if a certain similarity is observed in the outward incidents, and the investigation which hangs over their politicians reminds the audience of that at present being conducted by Mr. Seabury. In any event, the play tells how the police found it necessary to convict someone of the crime committed by a gangster whom they dared not punish, and how they finally hit upon a helpless bell-boy who happened to be present in the hotel room where Stransky was shot. Many of the scenes—especially that of the inevitable third degree—are managed with considerable skill and if the incidents seem extravagant, one may nevertheless reasonably doubt whether the imagination of any playwright could conceive anything worse than what has probably gone on in some American cities.

The hitherto unknown authors, Albert Maltz and George

klar, wisely refrain from indicating their own political creed. They stick to the task of exposing the corruption of contemporary politics and of making their exposé interesting. Nor can be denied that they are reasonably successful in doing both. I was excited and I was angry. That, I take it, was all the authors expected.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films Formula

AMERICAN mass taste, according to the movies, demands violent action with a tender and virtuous denouement, performed by hard-boiled characters who are soft at the center. Americans, it seems, have not the courage of their miscreants. They must be reassured each night before they go to sleep that romance and innocence are still the guiding beacons of the Republic, that everyone is honest at heart, and no man suspects a girl who lets him get familiar before he gives her a diamond ring.

"The Mouthpiece" (Winter Garden Theater) out-for-us formula, though it does have a slightly new angle in that its principal character is a criminal lawyer whose large and creative practice consists of keeping criminals off the "hot-spot" and out of jail altogether by spectacular but perfectly legal means. All goes cynically and swiftly until the lawyer meets the irresistible force of movie innocence in the person of a new stenographer from Kentucky. From here on, the formula is followed so literally that the film defeats its own box-office purpose, for, in the words of *Variety*, "that a hard-boiled legal character entirely surrounded by flaming blondes should go to pieces for a tepid, mousey country girl . . . isn't reasonable."

Yet despite the fact that credibility is suspended every time the Southern innocence of Miss Sidney Fox (last turned on in "The Mouthpiece") comes into play, "The Mouthpiece" is vigorous and entertaining, first, because of Warren William's convincing performance; second, because of Aline MacMahon's excellent work as the worldly-wise, efficient secretary-manager whom her boss is not a hero but nevertheless lovable; and, third, because Hollywood has learned the technique of urban gangster pictures so well that they are always convincing in details of character, setting, and dialogue, if not in plot. The courtroom scenes in "The Mouthpiece" are extremely well handled, as are the minor criminal characters; and one of the most telling incidents is also profound. The boy, who is a bank messenger, is beaten and robbed. To the lawyer, to whom he comes for help, he tells a shaken and contradictory story. The spectator, at least, is convinced that the boy is guilty of the robbery. When finally it becomes evident that he is not guilty, the lawyer's remark that the trouble with innocent people is that their stories never hang together carries disturbing conviction as well as cynical humor.

Since Roland Young and Charlie Ruggles, separately and together, can make almost any line or situation amusing, "This Night" (Paramount Theater) is worth seeing for all its clumsy, labored sequences and its unsuccessful attempts to imitate the comic touches of Lubitsch and the rhythmic gaiety of René Clair. "But the Flesh Is Weak" (Capitol Theater) forces Robert Montgomery into some humiliating attitudes and antics. Nevertheless, it has engaging and sustained lightness, a content and compact plot, and a leading lady, Miss Nora Gregor, who is charming in a quiet and believable way that will probably not get her very far with the audience for whom films are mainly manufactured.

MARGARET MARSHALL

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

PLAYS LECTURES

THE THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

REUNION IN VIENNA

a comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45 St. & 4 Ave. Penn. 6-6109
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

THE THEATRE GUILD presents

TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD

A New Play by BERNARD SHAW

GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of B'way
Evenings 8:30 MATS.: Thurs. and Sat., 2:30

GILBERT MILLER Presents

EDNA

HERBERT

BEST MARSHALL

THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET

A Comedy by John M. Druten

"Utterly delightful."—John Mason Brown, Post.

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd St.
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

GILBERT MILLER AND LESLIE HOWARD Present

LESLIE HOWARD

in PHILIP BARRY'S New Comedy

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

"The season's most gratifying adventure."

—Percy Hammond, Herald-Tribune

Staged by Gilbert Miller

EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway and 40th Street.
Eves., 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

"ANOTHER LANGUAGE"

A New Play by ROSE FRANKEN With GLENN ANDERS
DOROTHY STICKNEY, MARGARET WYCHERLY, JOHN BEAL

"Remarkably evocative, subtle, beautiful and tender, and as real as the truth. A splendid achievement of acting and direction."

—J. Brooks Atkinson, N. Y. Times.

BOOTH THEATRE—45th St., West of Broadway
Eves. 8:50—Mats. Wed. & Sat.

DAVID VARDI and EVA YOALIT

in "LENIN'S DOWRY"

A Comedy of Russian life in 1920 by Mr. Vardi

OPENING THURSDAY || CHANIN AUDITORIUM
EVE., MAY 12th 50th floor of Chanin Bldg.

"For 9 subscription performances, through Wed. Eve., May 18, including a Sat. Mat., May 14; another on Wed., May 18, and a special performance on Sun. Eve., May 15.

Subscription prices: \$1.50 and \$1 at night, \$1 and 75c matinees. Make all checks payable to Vardi-Yoalit Studio, 125 W. 67th St., N. Y. C.

THE GROUP

Meets at Auditorium—150 West 85th St.

Tuesday Evening, May 10th, at 8:30 P. M.

DR. VICTOR C. PEDERSEN will speak on
"WHAT HOPE MARRIAGE?"

This Sunday Afternoon (May 8th) at 4:30 P. M.

BARONESS CHERKASOFF will speak on
"THE WOMEN OF SOVIET RUSSIA"

THE BIG SUMMER QUESTION

Settle It Early!

Don't make that desperate last minute effort. State your requirements in the classified columns of *The Nation*.

Call us for rates.

THE NATION, 20 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK

□ OPEN SHELF □

CURIOUS BOOKS Send for Catalogue of Privately Printed Unexpurgated Items Exotically Illustrated Limited Editions
THE FALSTAFF PRESS
 Dept. N, 260 Fifth Avenue, New York

□ EDUCATIONAL □

CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH
 Spanish - Italian - German
 Private lessons 75c (Daily 9-9). Native teachers.
UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
 1265 Lexington Ave., Northeast Cor. 85th St.

FRENCH Spanish, Italian, German, Russian, Conversational.
 Native teachers. Private lessons. 75c. Daily 9-9.
Fisher School of Languages, 1264 Lexington Av. (bet. 85-86 Sts.) Est. 1908. ATwater 9-6075.

LECTURER WANTED

A DULT CAMP will give week's vacation to interesting lecturer in exchange occasional talks to guests. Write fully. Box 660, c/o *The Nation*.

POSITIONS WANTED

TUTOR—Geometry, Latin, English, History, Regents preparatory and backward student a specialist. Reasonable. Box 616, c/o *The Nation*.

FRENCH—German-English expert translator, research worker, typist, French-English dictation, Universities Paris, Berlin, Columbia. Box 661, c/o *The Nation*.

A MERICAN family wants work on land or sea in any country. Father, Construction Boss, carpenter, chauffeur, Scout master; Mother, housekeeper, Institutional cook, general office worker; Son, 17, handy, husky; Daughter, 12, good with children. Box 662, c/o *The Nation*.

FOR SALE

WHITE Colonial house, freshly painted throughout, excellent condition, 8 rooms, 3 baths, 2 large screened porches, 2 fireplaces, 2 car garage, gas, electricity, hot-water heating, separate studio with bath, secluded, flourishing perennial flower-garden, ten minutes from station and fine beach, 70 minutes from Grand Central. \$17,500.00. VanWyck Brooks, Westport, Conn.

FARM WANTED

BROTHERHOOD HOUSE

needs gift of real farm for cooperative welfare work. As the "extra" people can be reestablished under competent supervision, in a position of self support, on the land, many problems can be solved.

324 Pleasant Ave., New York

UNFURNISHED APARTMENT

A TTRACTIVE 2-room apartment with kitchenette; southern exposure; wood-burning fireplace; convenient location near Gramercy Park; moderate rental. Stuyvesant 9-1761; evenings 6-10 P. M. Stuyvesant 9-5038.

PHILOSOPHY CIRCLE

Philosophy Circle meeting weekly for the study and discussion of philosophic problems seeks additional members. No charges. Men and women with serious interests in speculative thinking, write Box 663, c/o *The Nation*.

SUMMER RENTALS

AN IDEAL RETREAT

a number of artistically furnished studio bungalows, available at moderate rentals. counselors—social director will help make summer delightful for parents and children. modern plumbing—open fireplaces—electricity. tennis courts—handball courts—children's playground—social hall—fresh water swimming—property. salt water bathing and golf courses nearby. convenient commutation from Grand Central. season June 1—Oct. 1. here one may buy and own a lovely studio on a financially painless basis.

stonybrook—westport, conn.
 lex. 2-7224 171 madison ave., n. y. c.
 room 1612

E XCEPTIONALLY beautiful 5 room bungalows, completely furnished; fireplaces, modern bath, gas range, large porches. Private lake. Mountain altitude. Tennis, golf, riding. Children cared for. Near Carmel. Reasonable. Trafalgar 7-7740.

LINCOLN WEEKEND RANCH

F OR RENT—June 10 to Sept. 10. \$75 per month, charmingly furnished 6 room house, books, piano, community garden, tennis. Close to subway, 2nd Ave. L., 5th Ave. Bus. Sunnyside, L. I. Tel. after 5 P. M. Stillwell 4-8790.

FOR RENT—APARTMENTS

W ILL sublet (June 15 to Sept. 15) four room, well furnished apartment; piano, radio, refrigerator, elevator, situated between Columbia and City College. Apt. 67-A, 49 St. Nicholas Terrace, New York City.

J UNE 1 to OCTOBER 1—The coolest apartment in Greenwich Village. Entire floor of private house, charmingly furnished. Cross ventilation. Overlooks gardens. Two fireplaces, complete kitchen. Convenient to subway. \$75 monthly. Call Walker 5-4252.

S UBLET; June 1—October 1, lease; Bleeker Gardens. Top floor apartment; large living room, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, bath; 2 fireplaces; roof playground; overlooking garden with garden privileges. Unusually attractive. Moderate rent. Van Doren, 393 Bleeker St.

F OR RENT—for fourteen months, from July 1, 1932, to September 1, 1933, or the major part of that time; furnished or unfurnished; six or seven room duplex apartment, two baths, large community garden, roof playground; convenient downtown neighborhood. Mechanical refrigeration. Moderate rent. Box 628, c/o *The Nation*.

T WO rooms, Electrolux kitchen, charming old world apartment, unusually furnished, sixteen foot ceilings, living room 22x26; cool, quiet; all transportation facilities at door. June to October. References. Gramercy 7-4627.

J UNE 1st to OCT. 1st. Sublet, very attractively furnished 2 room apartment, bath, kitchenette. Light, airy, quiet. Well run house. Very reasonable. References. 112 E. 31st St. Near subway. Phone Lexington 2-8588.

W ILL sublet (June 15 to Sept. 15) 5 room furnished apartment; radio, piano, refrigerator, elevator, children's playground. Tudor City. Murray Hill 4-0693.

A TTRACTIVE apartment (furnished), 9th floor, 4 exposures, view and sunshine, spacious studio living room, fireplace, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, kitchen. Rent very reasonable. John Ross Mendenhall, 123 Waverly Place., N. Y. Spring 7-5479.

S TUDIO rooms, attractively furnished; unfurnished. Also 2 or 3 room apartment. Suitable artistic work and living. Club atmosphere. Cultural environment. Lectures and musicals every evening. 321 W. 103rd St., Riverside. Next to Roerich Museum.

W HOLE floor, studio, large living room, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, bath. Terrace. Northern and Southern exposure. Furnished, or partly furnished. Possession immediately until Oct. 1st. 3 entrances; 2 flights up. Reasonable. Watkins 9-6733.

CHILDREN—SUMMER



LILLIPUT

A healthy, happy, homelike camp for 4 to 11 year olds.
 A lovely house, ideal surroundings, in the mountains, very accessible. The entire staff is experienced in the guidance of small children. Resident physician, trained nurse. Highly endorsed by educators and parents. Group of 40. Booklet. Raymond 9-4145.
 Anne Josephson, 1880 University Ave., N. Y.

F AMILY with two children (boy 10, girl 6) having spacious summer home on a lake (60 miles from New York) would take in board 1 children, similarly aged, during vacation term. Ideal surroundings, reasonable. Write MS, Box 200, 10 East 43rd St., New York City.

A FEW children from 2 years up can be accommodated in private country home with every modern convenience. Expert care with properly balanced diet and home atmosphere. References exchanged. Reply Box 636, c/o *The Nation*.

BOARDING PLACE WANTED

W OULD like to get in touch with families of children 10-12, interested boarding 11 year old girl, June, July, August, country or seashore. Progressive education atmosphere. Be. Pasqua 38 Perry St., Tel. Watkins 9-1670.

RESTAURANT

A MIDTOWN DINING PLACE

ROSE BARISH RESTAURANT

44 West 47th Street

between 5th and 6th Aves.

Breakfast

Luncheon

Dinner

Seventy-five cents

?

A Summer House?

A Place for the Children?

State your wants in a small classified advertisement in *The Nation*. (Get results.)

"I believe you would like to know the through a classified advertisement in *THE NATION* I rented my furnished apartment for the summer to most reliable people.

It is a great satisfaction to use medium which eliminates a large class of undesirables and focuses the attention of the *NATION*-reader type."

Minimum 30 words, \$3.08. Additional lines of 6 words, 62 cents.

THE NATION

20 Vesey St.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1932

No. 3489

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	555
EDITORIALS:	
Paul Doumer	557
Recognize Russia	558
Murder	559
Our Watchful Mayor	559
CARTOON: IT SEEMS THERE WERE A COUPLE OF RUGGED INDIVIDUALS—By Edmund Duffy	560
RUSSIA COULD HELP US. By Mauritz A. Hallgren	561
ENLIGHTENED DIPLOMACY. By Frederick L. Schuman	563
CULTURAL RECOGNITION OF RUSSIA. By Joseph Barnes	565
THESE SENATORS SAY YES!	566
WHAT BUSINESS MEN THINK OF RECOGNITION. By Jerome Davis	567
BRITAIN'S PROTECTIVE BUDGET. By J. A. Hobson	568
EUGENICS, 1932. By H. M. Parshley	569
THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	571
CORRESPONDENCE	571
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	573
FINANCE: "PROTECTION" UNDER DIFFICULTIES. By S. Palmer Harman	574
BOOKS, MUSIC, DRAMA:	
Song for Robert Herrick. By Ruth Lechlitrer	575
Carl Schurz. By Louis M. Hacker	575
The Price of Being Sensible. By Barthold Fies	576
Carlyle. By Samuel C. Chew	576
Building New Russia. By Alexander Kaun	577
Notes on Fiction	578
Music: The American Composer. By Arthur Mendel	578
Drama: A Palpable Hit. By Joseph Wood Krutch	580

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

WYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
WIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
N. A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; Canada, \$6.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

ALTHOUGH THE SWING to the left in the French parliamentary elections is distinctly gratifying, we must all await the outcome of the political bargaining preliminary to the erection of a new government before we know what significance to attach to the election results. There is little question that Edouard Herriot, leader of the Radical Socialist Party, now the largest in the Chamber of Deputies, will be the new Premier. But Herriot has not yet decided whether to form an alliance with the center parties led by André Tardieu, which would give him a stable majority, or to throw in his lot with the Socialist Party, which would give him an uncomfortably slender majority. The Radical Socialist Party is radical and socialist in name only. Herriot himself has lately defended the nationalist policies of Premiers Tardieu and Laval even more heatedly upon occasion than the latter have believed necessary. Moreover, in the campaign Herriot was bitter in his denunciation of the Socialists. It would appear, therefore, that his more obvious choice would be to join forces with Tardieu, and thus insure continuance of the present policies of France, which have done much to disturb Europe in the last twelve months. But in throwing the Chamber majority to the left the French voters have made it plain that they want to see the reparations and disarmament policies modified. And Herriot, a shrewd politician that he is, may wisely decide to respond to popular opinion in this case.

HERBERT HOOVER may find more than passing comfort in the results of the Democratic primaries in California. This is not because Speaker Garner was victorious, for it is highly unlikely that the Democrats will choose a dry Southerner as their Presidential candidate, but because Franklin D. Roosevelt was so badly defeated. Governor Roosevelt still has far and away the best chance of winning the nomination. But in the California primary he showed again, as he had shown earlier in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, that he is not a great drawing card or vote-getter. If he is nominated, he will not arouse the country as his supporters expected him to do. Roosevelt's campaign began with a great flourish; in the early primaries his candidacy brought out more Democratic voters than many States had ever seen before. But since then something has happened. The enthusiasm for the New York Governor has noticeably decreased. Perhaps this is due to the fact that the country as a whole is turning away from the Democrats as a result of their performance in Washington, or more probably it can be attributed to Roosevelt's own weakness, to his refusal to speak out unequivocally on the questions of the day.

PRESIDENT HOOVER on May 5 unexpectedly sent a special message to Congress once again calling the attention of that body to what he considers the extreme necessity of balancing the federal budget. In the words of the *New York Times*, he "placed squarely on the shoulders of Congress the blame for the failure of the tax and economy programs." The message declared that "the imperative need of the nation today is a definite and conclusive program for balancing the budget. Uncertainty is disastrous. It must be in every sense a national program. Sectional, partisan, group, or class considerations can have no place in it." These are beautiful and entirely proper sentiments. In the abstract we can and do endorse them. But the President's message must be examined in the light of known political factors. For example, there is the approaching election. If the prospective Republican nominee can make it appear that the Democratic majority in the House is unable to devise a workable tax and economy program, if the prospective Republican nominee can convince the voters that the tactics of this same Democratic majority are contributing directly to the prevailing confusion in Washington and the continued decline in business, will that not improve the chances of a Republican victory at the polls in November? Mr. Hoover's language tends to put the Democrats in bad odor, and it has unquestionably given millions of voters who read the message the impression that only the President and the Republicans have the interests of the country at heart.

REPUBLICANS AS WELL as Democrats had a hand in wrecking the economy bill. Republicans as well as Democrats supported the increase in the Veterans' Bureau expenditures. Republicans as well as Democrats voted for the Goldsborough bill. And what could have contributed more to the current uncertainty than the attitude of the Secretary of the Treasury, Ogden Mills, who has publicly changed his

position with regard to taxation several times in recent months, and whose estimates as to potential revenues have been demonstrably erroneous? And what could be more disturbing to public confidence than the stupid assertion of David Reed, Republican Senator from Pennsylvania, that what this country needs is a Mussolini? Lastly, even the President's premises are not wholly accurate. He calls for a reduction in expenditures totaling \$700,000,000 per annum, thus giving the impression that Congress is refusing to make such a drastic cut in expenses. But upon investigation the Washington correspondent of the New York *World-Telegram* found that reductions contemplated or already approved by Congress total \$833,000,000. So the very result Mr. Hoover is seeking, Congress is already close to achieving.

THAT THE UNITED STATES will not join with other Powers or with the League of Nations in coercive action to "enforce peace" has now been made clear beyond dispute by the Undersecretary of State, William R. Castle, Jr. Every foreign office in Europe has known this for years, but because Washington had never spoken out plainly on the subject European governments and League apologists thought they might, by their ceaseless propaganda, still win this country over to the "peace by compulsion" theory. Now that the State Department has made its position plain, this propaganda should cease. We wholly agree with Mr. Castle, as we have repeatedly stated in recent issues of *The Nation*, that peace is not to be secured by resort to economic sanctions, boycotts, embargoes, or blockades. Those devices are measures of war, and the use of them, as Mr. Castle declared, "would almost surely lead to war." On the other hand, we cannot wholly accept the State Department's new doctrine of refusing to recognize treaties or other political arrangements arrived at in violation of the Kellogg Pact and similar peace agreements. The new doctrine is beyond doubt a vast improvement over the League's system of sanctions. In it there is no room for the employment of coercive action to prevent war; nations contemplating war are to be dissuaded by the foreknowledge that the legality of the spoils they hope to garner will not be recognized by other governments. While we believe this is the best to be had in an intensely nationalistic, imperialistic world, we do not consider the new doctrine to be perfect.

IN OPPOSING economic sanctions, Mr. Castle emphasized the difficulty that would be encountered in determining the aggressor in any given war. But would not the same difficulty exist with respect to the Hoover-Stimson doctrine? Would it not be just as hard under this doctrine for the governments of the world to determine which of two nations engaged in hostilities was the violator of the Kellogg Pact, that is, the aggressor, and which the defending country? And suppose the defending country wins the war and insists by way of reparations upon a slice of territory or upon certain political or economic rights within the defeated country? The victor in that case would certainly not come within the purview of the new doctrine. Yet to all practical purposes its war of defense will have ended exactly as though it had been prosecuting a war of aggression. The defect in the new doctrine is the same as that to be found in the Kellogg treaty. The Pact of Paris does not outlaw all war but only wars of aggression. But we know how easy it

is for the latter type of war to be disguised as a war of defense. Until a formula can be devised outlawing all war this grave problem will defy permanent solution. However the Hoover-Stimson doctrine marks a distinct advance over the "peace by compulsion" school. It recognizes that the world is not yet perfect and that there may be war again in the future, but it at least does not add still another possible cause of war to the many that exist, and that is precisely what the advocates of economic sanctions and of boycott would do.

JUSTICE CARDOZO, in his new position on the United States Supreme Court, has just written two important decisions which strengthen the liberal stand the court has lately seemed to take. By a vote of five to four the court has declared unconstitutional the Texas law which gave State executive committees the right to decide who might be permitted to vote—which was in effect a law disfranchising Negroes. Thus the long fight which began with grandfather clauses as soon as the Fourteenth Amendment had been passed, and proceeded through various circumlocutions and "property" qualifications to the Texas primary law, has had another and, one may hope, a permanent check. The Supreme Court also took action on the so-called Packers Consent Decree, and upheld the decree of 1920 enjoining the five leading meat-packers from dealing in the sale of food products unrelated to the meat-packing industry. In 1930 Swift and Company and Armour and Company appealed for modification of the decree. In refusing the petition Justice Cardozo aptly says:

The case comes down to this: The defendants have abused their powers so grossly and persistently as to lead to the belief that even when they were acting separately their conduct had been subjected to extraordinary restraints. There was the fear that even when so acting they would still be ready and able to crush their feebler rivals in the sale of groceries and kindred products by forms of competition too ruthless and oppressive to be accepted as fair and just.

THE GOLDSBOROUGH BILL, passed by the House by the overwhelming vote of 289 to 60, is either a needless or a dangerous measure. Its simple statement "It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States that the average purchasing power of the dollar . . . for the period covering the years 1921 to 1929 inclusive shall be restored and maintained"—may be taken to be nothing more than a statement to prove that Congress prefers high prices to low prices, prosperity to depression, even though it may not expect this declaration to have any effect on actual policy. But the bill does not stop there. It goes on to direct that this former price level is to be restored and maintained by a specific method, to wit, "the control of the volume of credit and currency." The first difficulty here is that the Federal Reserve Board, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Reserve banks, "hereby charged with the duty of making effective this policy," cannot control the volume of credit and currency except in a very indirect and unreliable way. The second is that even if they could control the volume of credit, the average level of prices would not necessarily rise or fall in proportion. The causation happens to be almost precisely the opposite from that which the Goldsborough bill supposes. In the ordinary course of

business on the gold standard, changes in the volume of credit and currency follow, and do not precede, changes in the price level. The price level can be changed radically through currency manipulation only by the chaos of irredeemable paper money or by changes in the gold content of the dollar. As long as America remains on the gold standard at the present dollar parity, changes in the volume of our credit and currency can have only a negligible effect on the international gold price level.

THE HOOVER ADMINISTRATION'S campaign to rid the country of radical labor organizers by deporting them can be extremely cruel as well as unjust. In the case of Edith Berkman the immigration authorities are showing themselves just this. Miss Berkman was arrested for taking part in the Lawrence, Massachusetts, textile strike in 1930, released on exorbitant bail, and rearrested the following year in the course of another strike in Lawrence. The second time she was not admitted to bail, but was ordered held for deportation to Poland. She has now been in custody more than seven months and lies at the moment in the Massachusetts Memorial Hospital in Boston, suffering from tuberculosis which she contracted during her first incarceration. The immigration authorities know that under the terms of the Polish-Russian peace treaty of 1921 they cannot deport Miss Berkman. Nevertheless, repeated petitions for her release addressed to Secretary of Labor Doak and other officials have failed to move them. Without legal or moral justification, and without having brought her to trial on any charge, they are keeping Miss Berkman in custody under heavy guard. In consequence of this unlawful action on the part of Secretary Doak's agents, her life is hanging in the balance. Meanwhile another drive against labor organizers is being conducted privately in Kentucky. Kentucky's right to persecute and prosecute radical workers has been challenged by the American Civil Liberties Union, which is sending a delegation of representative Southern and Eastern citizens into the State to investigate labor conditions in the coal fields, as well as by a delegation of ministers just returned. The reception the Civil Liberties delegation may expect from the press of Kentucky, traditional defenders of free speech, is indicated by the letters from several Kentucky editors which *The Nation* publishes in the correspondence section of this issue.

THE FREE CITY OF BALTIMORE demonstrates once more its right to the name. This is not entirely because, with a rousing majority, it voted on May 2 to abolish the laws against Sunday closing of pleasure activities, but also because it took the trouble to vote on the question at all. Departing from the time-honored American custom of nullifying laws which have become unpopular, Baltimore more forthrightly took the laws out of their musty pigeonholes and voted on them in the light of day. A majority of some 85,000 votes abolished the statutes forbidding Sunday sports, theatrical performances, including motion pictures, bowling, and the sale of certain commodities. It is true that this liberalizing action was the first of its kind in 200 years, but if somewhat belated, it was none the less admirable. If every community could similarly overhaul its outmoded statutes, we should have a much fresher and more realistic approach to law.

Paul Doumer

IT is reported that the President of France rallied sufficiently after his assassination to inquire what had happened to him. He was told that he had been injured in an automobile accident. Unable to recover any recollection of the facts, he wished to be assured that the injury was unintended. "Surely France does not wish me any ill." Surely no one could wish any ill to this fond old man, weighed down by his years and the burden of his sacrifices.

France has long been famous for choosing her public men from the peasantry and for trying to extend peasant wisdom throughout the whole area of post-war Europe. Professor Sieberg has remarked that the French investor, whenever he can be persuaded to take his money out of his stocking, would rather invest it in the government bonds of some fly-by-night South American republic than in any stock company that has as its aim the development of productive industries. And the truth is that "sound" finance in Paris has continued, even more than in other capitals, to mean the extension to international affairs of the economic ideas of the small-town mortgage-holder.

So it may be worth while, as President Doumer passes from the scene, to dwell for a moment on the viewpoint that he set forth in 1906 in his "Livre de mes fils," published for the benefit of his sons and of other men's sons in 1906, and republished in 1923 when all but one of his sons had perished as combatants in the World War. It is Shakespeare's Polonius speaking. Love your ancestors. Wrestle with your faults. Self-mastery leads to world-mastery. Read the classics in your spare moments, but chiefly apply your mind to advancement in your profession. Brave men and chaste women are what nations chiefly need. God blesses large families. Patriotic duty comes first.

Interesting, in view of Doumer's period of governorship in French Indo-China, is his discourse about the hierarchy of races: "Since the discovery of fire, man has gradually scaled the heights of civilization. The savage tribes of Africa and the mountain people of Asia have remained at the bottom of the slope, like the Indians who dwelt in America at the time that Columbus discovered it or the primitive folk that once dwelt in Greece and in Italy." The great nations conquer and rule these backward races. Charles Martel, when he turned back the Hun, gave to France her mission as the champion of civilization, and the fact that railways and telegraphs and the credit system have altered the face of the globe since Charles Martel, and since Seneca and Augustus and Pericles, who were special favorites of Doumer, only goes to show that Oriental invasions have been vastly facilitated and that France must be vigilant and maintain the birth-rate.

There is something sustaining about a well-defined conception of public duty. "At times in the Far East," Doumer wrote, "Death's wing brushed my cheek, but I did not flinch. I was doing my allotted task. Around me the same calm prevailed in other men's breasts in so far as those breasts were untarnished by baser motives." One may doubt the worth of a civilization that requires to be nourished on human blood. But Doumer has perished in ignorance of all doubts.

Recognize Russia

THAT Congressman Rainey of Illinois, a Democratic leader of the House of Representatives, has joined Senators Borah, Johnson of California, and Robinson of Arkansas in urging the immediate recognition of Russia is highly significant of the changing opinion in our official life. "Our failure to recognize Russia," said Mr. Rainey, "is an economic crime." He pointed out that whereas in 1898 there were eighty-four American ships plying steadily between the United States and the Black Sea ports, what little cargo now goes to Russia is carried by tramp steamers. He declared that there was no forced labor whatever in Russia. "Russia," he added, "is the greatest market in the world, but we won't admit that it exists. We sit back and let our factories stop running and our people stay idle. That is foolish." Quite right, but it is by no means as foolish as some of the other situations that arise out of our attitude. The coming World's Fair in Chicago has invited the participation of the Russian Government, which is eager to take part but cannot do so because the government in Washington declares that the red Soviet flag may not be hoisted over any Russian building in Chicago or anywhere else! This is also the reason that there is to be no Russian building in New York's Radio City. Yet we pride ourselves upon our shrewdness and our common sense!

If the opposition to recognition of Russia were in accord with our historic traditions and our usual course of action, and were based on principle, that would be one thing. It is, however, largely due to the belief that if communism succeeds in Russia it will spread to America, and therefore we must not do anything that would in any wise contribute to that success. It is fear, craven fear, which controls, with the question of payment for the American plants seized by the Bolsheviks and the debt owed to the United States as side issues. Yet that fear was never more ridiculous than today, for if communism is spreading rapidly in the United States, as some people fear, that is due not to Russian propaganda but to the breakdown of our own economic machinery, and to the rising tide of indignation among 12,000,000 unemployed who through no fault of their own are facing destitution and are compelled to beg for charity. It is not the Kremlin which is endangering capitalist civilization in America, but the absence of any leadership at home, and the failure to recognize some of the fundamental causes for the chaos in which we live. Nothing is sillier than to think that we could bring about the downfall of the Russian Government by cutting off all intercourse with the Soviets and forbidding any American to enter that country, as some of our hundred-per-cent patriots would like to have us do. If Russia does not find the cooperation here which it desires, it will be able to buy what it needs elsewhere in the world. There is doubt that the Conservative Government in England will continue to do business with Russia, but Germany, France, Italy, and all the rest of the world are most eager to sell goods to the Soviets. Everybody who has dealt with Moscow declares that the Russian Government could not be more honorable in its dealings, or prompter in its payments. It has disbursed billions of dollars to foreign countries, but there is not yet

a recorded case where a payment has not been made on the day set.

As for the property taken away from Americans, the Russians have repeatedly declared their willingness to discuss indemnities to such American concerns as the International Harvester Company. It has, moreover, repeatedly offered to take up the question of the Czarist and Kerensky debts, subject to certain reservations. The United States has already written off as a total loss a large percentage of the loans made to our Allies during the war. It might just as well write off these Russian loans, and perhaps if it does Russia will not present the large bills which it has a right to send us for the murder of Russian citizens by American troops in the Archangel region without a declaration of war, and for the similar unconstitutional and unwarranted appearance upon Russian soil of the American army of General W. S. Graves. These, we insist, are details which could be worked out in a few days should the government in Washington desire to remove all the obstacles to recognition.

The Administration cannot now remain unaffected by the fact that so conservative a Democrat as Senator Robinson of Arkansas declares that he advocates Russian recognition "as one feature in the policy of promoting amicable international relations and stimulating our foreign commerce." Senator Johnson's position is even more startling. His first point is that "there are billions of dollars' worth of future orders in Russia for American workers to fill and in these times it is simply economic idiocy, by our policies, to exclude Americans from trade and commerce which could so readily be obtained." Far more important is his second contention that the United States ought to recognize Russia as a move to head off another world war. Speaking of the tension existing on the Manchurian border between Russia and Japan because of the latter's aggression, he says that "a spark may set off the powder barrel at any time. Japan seems to think that Russia's downfall would be acclaimed the world over. Some gesture on the part of the United States, therefore, could well be made to rid her of any such idea." We surely have progressed some distance when a United States Senator from the Pacific Coast is willing to have it known that in the event of a conflict between Japan and Russia the moral weight of the United States will be on the side of the wicked Bolsheviks.

Now is the time, if there ever was a time, to recognize Soviet Russia. Every sane consideration demands it even without regard to the existing depression. How a government faced with such wholesale suffering as there is in America today can refuse to act is beyond us. To *The Nation* the subject is of such tremendous importance that we have gladly dedicated this issue to the subject. It is one of the greatest opportunities before America. The Secretary of State may persist in his refusal to move, or Mr. Hoover may either face the possibility, if not the probability, that deaths by starvation of American citizens may yet directly be laid at his door, if he refuses to give to American industry the chance to enter into immediate contracts with Russia for billions of dollars' worth of supplies. O.G.V.

Murder

A WOMAN and three men enticed another man to the woman's house under false representations, murdered him in a bloody and brutal manner, wrapped his body in a sheet, and while they were driving with the corpse to a cliff over which they planned to throw it into the sea, were apprehended by the police. These are the facts of the Massie case. That as a result of this killing the four defendants, convicted of second-degree murder in fair trial in open court, should have had their ten-year sentences commuted to one hour in the custody of the bailiff is to reduce our courts, our responsibilities to a subject people, and our sense of justice to the level of a particularly monstrous and shocking jest.

The Hawaiian, Joseph Kahahawai, was lynched. He was lynched not by a mob of moronic and passion-drunk irresponsibles out for a man hunt, but by a woman of refinement and breeding and by an officer in the United States Navy, who incidentally is guilty not only of murder but of the rankest lack of discipline in ordering to his assistance two enlisted men in the commission of a major crime. As a result of this lynching newspapers in this country have been black with headlines about "honor slayers," and members of Congress have fallen over one another in an effort to extend to the Hawaiian murderers every sort of clemency and favor. Congress is even agitating itself over the fact that the defendants, having been duly convicted of murder, are now to be duly deprived of their civil rights as convicted criminals. Governor Judd is being urged to grant a full pardon; if he will not do it, President Hoover is to be appealed to; and Secretary Adams has "let it be known" that the navy will not conduct disciplinary action against Lieutenant Massie.

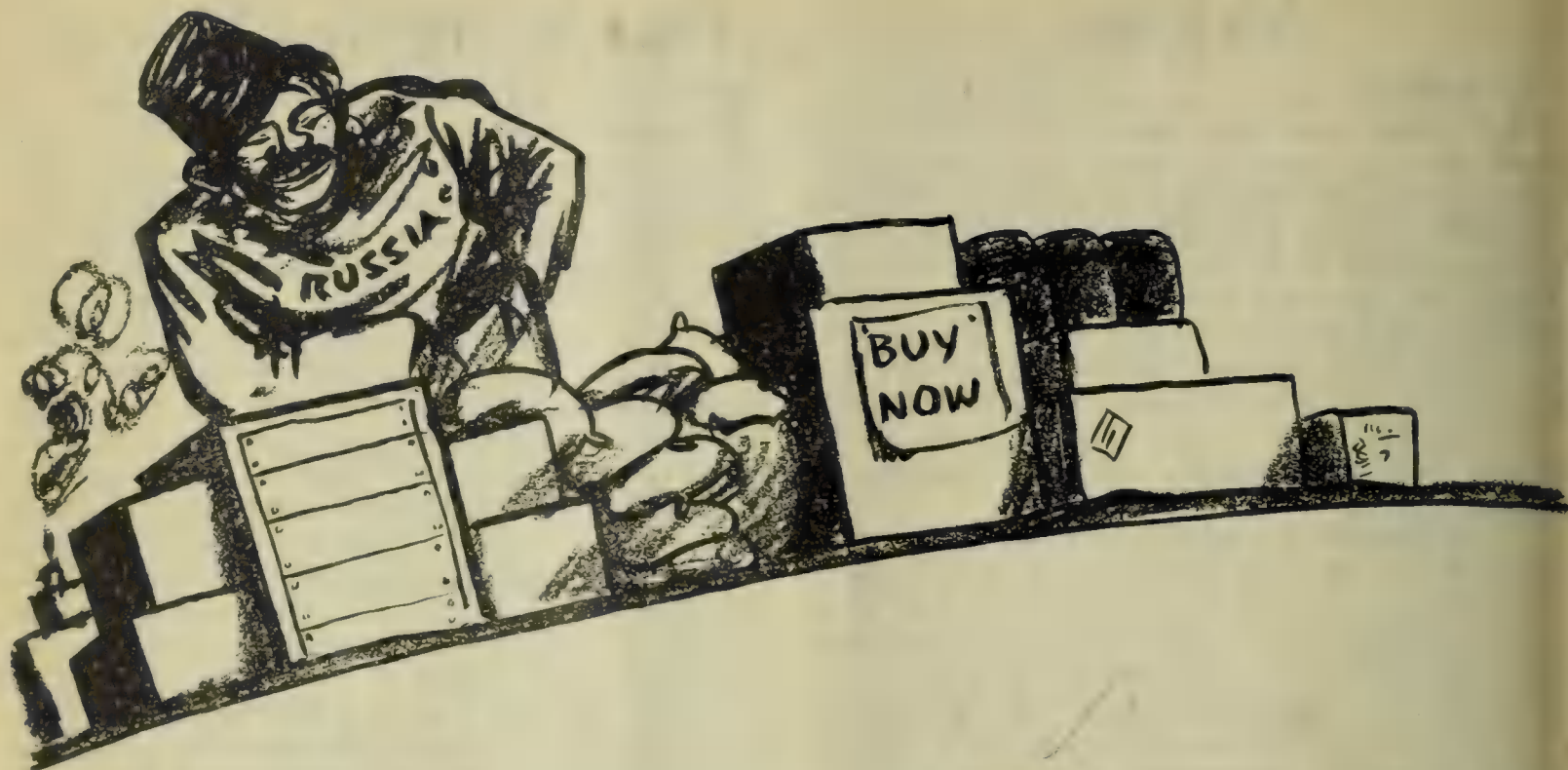
Let us be quite clear on the subject. The assault on Mrs. Massie was a shockingly brutal act; the result of it on her husband and her mother, who saw her not only a patient in a hospital but a young woman—a very young woman—pitifully affected even when her wounds had healed, must have been almost unbearable. But assault, among civilized persons, does not, by any stretch of the imagination, justify murder; and to suggest, as Senator Bingham of Connecticut did, that the defendants were "illegally indicted, improperly tried, and never should have been convicted" is to display a complete disregard of law and of justice. Since Mrs. Massie has now left Honolulu, avoiding a process server who wished to subpoena her as a witness in the assault trial by the football tactics employed by her navy friends, the retrial cannot be held. The Associated Press tells us that "for the first time since the tragic day of January 8, when Kahahawai was killed, the defendants enjoyed an evening of freedom in Honolulu last night [May 4]. They spent several hours in a Chinese restaurant in the Waikiki section with friends, mostly from the navy group" (italics ours). For them the affair is happily ended. For Kahahawai it is also ended. For the subject races who live under navy rule, or the Far East where white justice is not popular, for Negroes in this country who remember lynchings, for every person who believes honestly in government by law and not by prejudice, it will be remembered for an uncomfortably long time.

Our Watchful Mayor

THE New York newspapers have lately published accounts of the solemn hearings held for the purpose of determining whether or not flea circuses and burlesque shows are detrimental to the high dignity of Forty-second Street. Testimony has involved such relevant matters as Heywood Broun's lack of sartorial elegance; and, while interested, we maintain a strict neutrality, for we are certain that virtue will triumph in a city governed by a mayor who trembles every time he reflects upon the fact that we should no longer have a "clean city" if Tammany should lose its power. We are, however, more interested in the curious fact that a play called "Merry-Go-Round," reviewed in last week's *Nation*, is having very unusual difficulties with the city licensing bureau and that these difficulties are generally believed to have something to do with the fact that the play in question deals with the adventures of a gay mayor who is being investigated by a committee strongly resembling that headed by Mr. Seabury.

"Merry-Go-Round" opened at the Provincetown Theater and drew from the critics notices sufficiently favorable to decide its sponsors to move the production to Broadway. It was first booked in the Cort Theater, controlled by the Leblang estate, but for some unspecified reason that booking was canceled. It was then announced to open at the Avon, but when the time arrived a cordon of police appeared to prevent the opening under the pretext that the 1932 license for the theater had not been granted. Now this seems legal enough, but the curious thing is that neither have 1932 licenses been granted to some hundred other theaters of various kinds, none of which has been interfered with. It even appears that the licenses never are granted until later in the year and that no steps ever are taken to interfere with what is an established tradition. Can it be that the Avon was chosen for special attention because the powers that be decided that "Merry-Go-Round" was an affront to their sacred dignity and because they had no intention of permitting lese majeste if they could possibly prevent it? Indeed, Mayor Walker himself, while denying that he had ordered the play closed, is quoted as having said that theatrical friends had advised him that "Merry-Go-Round" was a "rotten show" and that if "that type" of play were permitted in New York the other managers would be forced to give the public the same type in order to make money. The statement is absurd enough to anyone who knows how rarely plays of "that type" find audiences large enough to fill even a minor theater.

Attorneys for the producers will, if necessary, take the case to the courts. We are also glad to notice that the newspapers have prominently recorded the circumstances of the case and we feel sure that the whole business will be settled just as soon as the politicians realize that they have made a grave tactical error both in giving the play its best possible advertisement and also in thus calling public attention to their own supersensitiveness. "Merry-Go-Round" goes to some pains to indicate that New York is not the scene of the play. But its authors have discovered that same tendency on which Pope remarked when he complained of the fact that he could never describe a fool without having several people rise and indignantly proclaim, "He means me."



It seems there were a couple of rugged individuals—

Russia Could Help Us

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

THE Soviet Union has shown by now that it can and will thrive whatever the American attitude may be. We can attempt to embarrass Russia and question the integrity of its government, but we cannot dismiss that country as having no meaning for us. To quote from "Russia: Market or Menace?" by Thomas D. Campbell, the Montana wheat farmer: "One thing is certain—a country which comprises an area equal to Mexico, the United States, and Canada, and has a population of 160,000,000 people thrilled with the desire to become the world's leading nation, cannot be ignored by the rest of the world, either socially, politically, or as a factor in the great business of international trade." Prior to the World War our commercial relations with the Russian Empire were distinctly friendly. Even the Congressional furor over the pogroms a quarter of a century ago, which led in 1911 to the abrogation of the commercial treaty of 1832, did not seriously affect these relations. For a few months after the October revolution in 1917 it appeared as though the two countries would soon return to the same friendly basis of doing business. Ambassador David R. Francis had retired and the American embassy was placed in charge of Colonel Raymond Robins, head of the American Red Cross Mission to Russia. Encouraged, perhaps, by the public statements of President Wilson, but in any case convinced that the Soviet regime had come to stay, Robins recommended the establishment of normal trade relations and the negotiation of a commercial treaty. But his recommendations were not favorably received at home, where the red scare of 1919-20 was already brewing. He was recalled by Secretary of State Lansing in May, 1918.

Thus was initiated the official policy of discouraging trade with Russia, a policy that has, despite formal protestations to the contrary, obtained to this day. Of course, the Washington Administration has from time to time asserted that it would do nothing to impede this commerce. On December 6, 1923, in his annual message to Congress, President Coolidge declared that "our government offers no objection to the carrying on of commerce by our citizens with the people of Russia." In a campaign bulletin issued in 1928 Secretary of State Kellogg said: "It is the policy of the United States Government to place no obstacles in the way of the development of trade and commerce between . . . the United States and Russia." But the only positive encouragement of such trade, and that encouragement was none so sincere, came on July 7, 1920, when the State Department announced the lifting of "the restrictions which have heretofore stood in the way of trade and communication with Soviet Russia." The restrictions had consisted primarily of refusing clearance papers to vessels bound for Russian ports. The suspicion remains that the department was inspired to take this action by the opinion of men like Herbert Hoover, then director of the American Relief Administration, who, testifying before a Congressional committee, urged that the restrictions be removed so as to demonstrate to the Russian people what he considered the "complete foolishness" of the Soviet experiment. He appeared sure that the Bolshe-

vik Government would collapse the moment it came into open competition in world trade with strong commercial countries like the United States. At least the State Department was not moved by any feeling of friendliness, as Secretary Colby unmistakably showed five weeks later in his bitter letter to the Italian Ambassador in Washington.

Since then there has been no change in the attitude of official Washington. In 1927, to be sure, the State Department "modified" its Russian policy by graciously allowing American individuals and business houses to finance their own trade with Russia. But the modification was so conditioned as to make it almost worthless. Only the largest corporations, such as the General Electric Company, can in normal times afford to extend the necessary credit to the Soviet Union out of their own resources. Smaller manufacturers, unless they get help from the banks, cannot do so, and the banks will not help because they are not permitted to issue securities for the purpose of financing such trade. Moreover, Secretary Kellogg revealed what faith the State Department had in Russian commerce when he declared in this connection that "individuals and corporations availing themselves of the opportunity to engage in such trade do so upon their own responsibility and at their own risk." How different is the attitude of Germany and Great Britain!

By emphasizing in its non-recognition policy what it terms the Soviet Union's disregard of "the sanctity of international obligations," the American Government succeeds only in strengthening the belief that Russia cannot be trusted. Activities of individual government officials have the same effect. Immigration authorities have cast suspicion upon the members of more than one Russian trade delegation by hauling them over to Ellis Island for examination before admitting them to the country. Secretary of Agriculture Hyde followed the same course with his unproved charges that Soviet agents were deliberately trying to break the American wheat market. The attack on Russia has since been increased by the propaganda campaign of the manganese and lumber people, who want Russian products barred from this market, and by the Fish inquiry into Communist activities in the United States. It seems never to have occurred to these persons who spread anti-Russian propaganda, or, indeed, to the American business community as a whole, that much of this agitation may be traced, in the words of a prominent American business man, to "European interests anxious to keep the growing Russian trade for themselves." But it must be clear to them that the net result has been to undermine the credit of Soviet Russia in the United States, and so to compel the Russians to buy in other markets.

Numerous efforts were made during the post-war decade to revive commerce with Russia. In 1920 a group of business men organized themselves as the American Commercial Association to Promote Trade with Russia, but their efforts were strenuously opposed by the patriotic societies, the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce (since reorganized), and the American Manufacturers Export Association. In 1923, through the Committee on Russian Trade, the campaign was

revived because of the growing prospect that British and German manufacturers would capture all the best opportunities in the new market. Largely as a result of the work of this committee a number of American houses were doing a profitable business in the Soviet Union by the winter of 1924-25. Several New York banks helped the movement along by accepting appointments as agents of the Russian State Bank. In 1926 the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce was reorganized with Reeve Schley, vice-president of the Chase National Bank, as its president. The chamber opened an office in Moscow to maintain direct contact with the branches of the Russian Government interested in buying goods abroad. But the drive to sell American products in Russia was not one-sided. The Soviet Government did all that it could during this period to induce American manufacturers to take advantage of the expanding Russian market. The Amtorg Trading Corporation was organized in May, 1924, under the laws of the State of New York, for this very purpose. Some months earlier the All-Russian Textile Syndicate opened offices here to buy cotton, dyes, and related products; Centrosoyus-America was organized to act as buying agent for the All-Russian Central Union of Consumers Societies; and Selskosoyus-America to represent the Russian Union of Agricultural Cooperatives.

In consequence of these activities our trade with Russia increased steadily until 1931, as the following table shows:

Year	Exports to Russia	Imports from Russia	Balance in favor of the United States
1910-14 (average)	\$ 24,604,000	\$20,865,000	\$ 3,739,000
1923	4,550,000	1,448,000	3,102,000
1924	42,103,000	8,168,000	33,935,000
1925	68,906,000	13,120,000	55,786,000
1926	49,906,000	14,122,000	35,784,000
1927	64,921,000	12,877,000	52,044,000
1928	74,091,000	14,025,000	60,066,000
1929	85,011,000	22,551,000	62,460,000
1930	114,399,000	24,386,000	90,013,000
1931	103,700,000	13,100,000	90,600,000

It may be noted that the value of American goods sold in Russia greatly exceeds the value of Russian products marketed in this country. Again, American exports to Russia have been increasing in relation to the total American trade, while imports from Russia in relation to our total import trade have been decreasing. In the 1910-14 period Russia took only 1.1 per cent of the goods we sold abroad. In 1930 Russian purchases amounted to 3 per cent of the total, and in 1931 to 4.3 per cent. In 1910-14 we bought 1.2 per cent of our foreign purchases from Russia. In 1930 we received from that country only 0.8 per cent of our total imports, and last year only 0.6 per cent.

But from the immediate business standpoint the decline in exports to Russia in 1931 is disheartening, and thanks primarily to our non-recognition policy and the anti-dumping clamor, this decline has continued at an accelerated pace in 1932. If this could be attributed to the general slump in world trade, it might not have great significance, but such is not the case. The Soviet Government has not decreased its foreign buying; it has simply transferred a goodly part of it to other countries, notably Germany. In 1930 Russian orders to the value of \$131,000,000 were placed in the

United States, while orders totaling \$136,000,000 were given to German manufacturers. In 1931—that is, after the Hyde outbreak, the Treasury's move to restrict imports, and the Fish investigation had all but destroyed Russian credit here—Soviet orders placed in this country dropped in value to \$51,000,000, but those placed in Germany increased to \$219,000,000. What is happening in 1932 is shown by the following totals of Russian orders placed in this country during the first quarter of each of the last three years:

1930	\$31,258,000
1931	18,962,000
1932	2,056,000

In brief, our sales to Russia have decreased 93.4 per cent in the last two years, have dwindled almost to nothing.

In the first six months of 1930 the Soviet Union was the sixth-best foreign customer of the United States. In 1929 its rating was sixteenth. In the first half of 1930 it bought more American agricultural machinery than any other country. During that period two out of every three tractors exported were bought by Russia. At the same time it was the leading customer for oil-well and refinery equipment and air compressors. In 1929 Russia was the third-largest foreign customer for industrial machinery; fifth in the list of buyers of mining and quarrying machinery; fourth in the purchase of electrical equipment; fourth in buying metal-working machinery; second in buying construction machinery; and (in the first half of 1930) third among the buyers of automotive service appliances. This lucrative business is now in the process of being wiped out.

In 1932 the Russian Government plans to make a total capital investment in transportation, industry, and agriculture exceeding 18,000,000,000 rubles, or almost \$10,000,000,000, to be followed with similarly large investments in each of the next several years. A large part of this outlay will go toward the purchase of foreign materials. There is no good reason why the United States should not furnish the bulk of these materials. In the first place, in natural resources, climatic conditions, and geographical and topographical aspects the United States and Russia closely resemble each other, more perhaps than any other two countries. The Russians believe, and correctly, that the types of machinery we have developed to meet these conditions would be more adaptable to their purposes than machinery they can buy elsewhere. Secondly, the mass-production technique we have evolved is in general what the Soviet Union is seeking to duplicate, and here again American machinery and machine products play a large role. Thirdly, the Soviet Government has learned by experience that American engineers have a better understanding of Russian technical and industrial problems than have other foreign experts. And these American engineers work best with American machinery and methods.

Another point generally overlooked by the American business community was raised by the editors of the "Soviet Union Year-Book" in the 1929 volume of that annual:

Such countries as will take part in the reconstruction of the Union's industries will also, undoubtedly, remain in the future the chief sources of supply; for . . . Soviet industry and other branches of national economy, having once been adapted to certain types of plant and machinery, will also continue to import such machinery, plant, and spare parts from the same source.

By getting in on the ground floor, therefore, we should probably retain this market for years to come. Russian trade, if we developed it, would unquestionably continue to run in our favor as it has done for years past. Thus we have everything to gain and little to lose by encouraging this trade. All that is lacking is credit, and that could be more easily provided were we, by recognizing the Soviet Union, to break down the distrust of Russia that now exists among American

bankers and business men. Such distrust is not justified by the record of the Soviet Government. It has fulfilled every international commercial obligation that it has undertaken without exception. Moreover, recognition would mean the extension of diplomatic protection to Americans doing business in Russia, and would in other ways facilitate their business operations. And Russia is the only active market of importance to be found in the world today.

Benighted Diplomacy

By FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

ACCORDING to Sir Henry Wotton's classical definition, a diplomat is an honest man sent abroad to lie for the good of his country. For the past fifteen years the American State Department in its handling of Russian matters has gone Sir Henry one better by keeping its diplomats at home, where they have been even more free than they would be abroad to indulge in all manner of misrepresentation, fantasy, and befuddled skulduggery. What benefit the country has derived from their antics it is difficult to discover. But for a decade and a half a little group of bureaucrats at Washington has stood stock still in firm resistance to all appeals for the establishment of diplomatic relations between the United States and the U. S. S. R. Successive Presidents and Secretaries of State have followed their advice, and the American Government, with its head firmly buried in the sands of its own prejudices and stupidities, has remained unshaken in its determination to ignore completely the government of a nation of 160,000,000 people.

One of the most depressing aspects of the situation is that the question of American diplomatic recognition of the Soviet Union, like so many political issues in the United States, has almost never been discussed on its own merits. Thanks to the recognition policies of the Wilson Administration, adhered to with few qualifications by its Republican successors, the diplomatic recognition of one government by another has been given a meaning in the popular mind having no relation to its real significance. Soviet recognition is opposed by the American Federation of Labor because Communists are sworn enemies of the type of labor unionism represented by that organization; by the D. A. R. and the American Legion because the "reds" are a menace to American institutions; by American manganese producers because the importation of cheaper and better Soviet manganese reduces their profits; by various ecclesiastical organizations because the Soviet regime is anti-religious; and by all right-thinking, 100 per cent Americans because the very existence of the U. S. S. R. is a challenge to their bourgeois complacency with private property and rugged individualism.

All these arguments and a dozen others on both sides are so far removed from the central question at issue that they have left the whole controversy in a state of almost hopeless muddle. This confusion is a result of a sadly mistaken effort on the part of the American Government to use the power to grant or withhold recognition as a weapon of diplomacy instead of using it, as it has been used in the past by the United States and as it is now used by most other governments, as a means of maintaining necessary political

contacts with those in authority in foreign states. For years it was imagined that American non-recognition of the Soviet Government would in some miraculous way contribute to its downfall and that the United States, by withholding recognition, could achieve the same political results in a great country 5,000 miles away that it has at times been able to achieve in Mexico or Nicaragua. This entirely unworkable theory of diplomatic recognition has contributed to the popular idea that recognition is equivalent to moral approval.

Nothing could be farther removed from a sane view of the nature of diplomatic relations or from the traditional recognition policy of the United States itself. During most of the nineteenth century the United States adhered consistently to the de facto theory of recognition, first laid down by Jefferson in 1793, which holds that new governments in foreign states should be recognized as qualified to represent their states internationally as soon as they are in fact in effective control. This is the only conception of diplomatic recognition making possible normal relations between the states of the world. It is the conception all of the other great Powers have adhered to in extending diplomatic recognition to the Soviet Government, which they like no better than do the officials in Washington. Any departure from this criterion necessarily produces an impossible situation in which each state undertakes to tell other states what kind of governments they must have and refuses to remain on speaking terms with states which fail to conform to the arbitrary specifications laid down.

The necessity of maintaining diplomatic contacts between states is so obvious that it would be pointless to speak of it except for the curious misapprehensions and distorted views to which the policy of the State Department has given rise. Only states at war or about to go to war sever diplomatic relations. States at peace must have means of communication with one another in an age in which every great question of world politics affects all states. In the absence of a Soviet Ambassador in Washington and of an American Ambassador in Moscow, the governments of the two largest, wealthiest, and most populous white nations of the earth have no means of speaking to one another about anything. When the State Department is compelled by circumstances to communicate with the government of Russia, it is reduced to such shameful expedients as Secretary Stimson resorted to in December, 1929, when he asked a third government, with diplomatic representation at Moscow, to convey the advice of the American Government to the appropriate authorities. When Commissar Litvinov failed to understand how the

United States could venture to give advice to a government which it refused to recognize, the Secretary of State was painfully surprised at such obtuseness.

Even the State Department and the White House are no longer disposed to argue that it is the function of the American Government to tell the people of Russia what kind of regime they may establish. For some years past they have contended that the Soviet Government, while in power in Russia without doubt and in a position to discharge its international obligations, is, in principle, unwilling to conduct itself properly. It is alleged that the Soviet Government is not the sort with which normal diplomatic relations can be maintained. Its peculiar viciousness is revealed by the alleged facts that it has repudiated the state debts of Russia to the United States and other countries, that it has confiscated the property of foreign investors, including Americans, and that it indulges in, or encourages, hostile propaganda against other states designed to foment revolution. These pernicious activities, it is argued, are violations of fundamental principles of international law, and no government which is so disrespectful of the rights of other states can be recognized. In the words of Calvin Coolidge:

Our government does not propose to enter into relations with another regime which refuses to recognize the sanctity of international obligations. I do not propose to barter away for the privileges of trade any of the cherished rights of humanity. I do not propose to make merchandise of any American principles. . . . Already encouraging evidences of returning to the ancient ways of society can be detected. But more are needed. . . . Whenever there appear works meet for repentance, our country ought to be the first to go to the economic and moral rescue of Russia. [Message to Congress, December 6, 1923.]

The State Department has apparently been waiting for works meet for repentance ever since. And our non-recognition policy has ever since been defended in terms which, to anyone familiar with the facts of the case, constitute the most fantastic nonsense ever uttered by one government regarding its relations with another. No honest student of international law or relations can concede validity to the allegations upon which these arguments are based. At no time have any of the innumerable investigating committees of snoopers, scare-mongers, and ultra-patriotic red-baiters adduced any evidence to support the charge that the Soviet Government has indulged in revolutionary propaganda here.

What is more absurd, the very government which hurls these charges of subversive activities against Moscow is the government which for a year and a half (1918-20) blockaded Soviet Russia, subsidized civil war against the Soviets, dispatched 6,000 troops to north Russia to fight the red army, maintained 10,000 troops in Siberia to keep open the route by which war supplies were shipped to Kolchak's white army, and endeavored by every means in its power to bring about the violent destruction of the very regime which it now accuses of its own sins. The Allied and American military intervention constituted a flagrant violation of international law and wrought incalculable damage to its victims. The Soviet Government has never repudiated any of its own obligations—a record which bourgeois governments may well envy—and it has repeatedly expressed its willingness to meet pre-revolutionary financial claims for repudiated debts and confiscated property if the Allied and American governments

will only acknowledge their responsibility for making reparation to Russia for the injuries inflicted by their illegal intervention in Russian affairs. The interventionists have never been willing to make such acknowledgment. In 1923 Secretary of State Hughes blandly asserted that the United States "has not incurred liabilities to Russia or repudiated obligations." Despite this denial of responsibility, the Soviet Government is prepared to meet us more than halfway.

Apart from the considerations already suggested, even more cogent reasons of a political character can be advanced at the present time in favor of the abandonment of the policy of unintelligent mysticism to which Washington has hitherto adhered. These reasons are simple and clear. They can leave no doubt in the mind of any unprejudiced person that Soviet recognition would now constitute not only a consummation devoutly to be wished in terms of the general desirability of restoring contacts, but would also be an important constructive step in the direction of achieving certain concrete objectives which the United States is pursuing in 1932. The avowed major purposes of the United States in world affairs in the present year are to promote disarmament and to check Japanese imperialism in the Far East. These objectives can be attained only if effective means for their attainment can be devised. It is obvious that they cannot be achieved by the United States acting alone. It is equally obvious that none of the Powers of Western Europe is interested in collaborating actively with the United States in protecting China from Japanese aggression or in bringing about any substantial reduction of armaments. There is only one other Power which has a genuine interest in these purposes and that is the Soviet Union. Japanese control of Manchuria is even more distasteful to Moscow than it is to Washington. And disarmament is desired more earnestly by the U. S. S. R. than by the United States. Here is a community of interests and purposes which clearly calls for a type of diplomatic collaboration that the Soviet Government is only too willing to give. Whatever the final outcomes of the Disarmament Conference and the Far Eastern conflict may be, it is not open to question that Russian-American cooperation would constitute a powerful force for peace and a means toward the attainment of the purposes which the United States is pursuing. Diplomatic recognition is an essential prerequisite to such cooperation. The longer it is withheld the less likely is the United States to achieve its purposes and the more discouraging and dangerous are the situations in Geneva and Manchuria likely to become. Under these circumstances, a situation has been created in which, for the first time in a decade, intelligent self-interest dictates Soviet recognition as part of the international program of the United States.

Only naive optimists will assume, however, that recognition will follow the demonstration of these self-evident facts. The Hoover Administration, in Russian matters as in others, is more Bourbon than the Bourbons. There is, in the present writer's opinion, no probability of recognition being extended by Hoover unless some great catastrophe intervenes and compels action. Vanishing foreign trade is little likely to stir an Administration which gave its blessing to the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill. But a Japanese attack upon Siberia, which quite conceivably might be warded off by a resumption of Russian-American relations, would doubtless lead to recognition, since the United States could not afford to assume the position of Japan's ally in such a mad venture.

Cultural Recognition of Russia

By JOSEPH BARNES

AFTER the American Revolution the last of the great Powers to recognize the United States was imperial Russia. It was thirty-three years after the Declaration of Independence that John Quincy Adams was received in St. Petersburg as ambassador, and not until 1832, one hundred years ago, was the first treaty signed between the two nations. Meanwhile, Russia knew literally nothing of the new country. The United States figured in the conversations of St. Petersburg salons either as an untamed wilderness of fierce barbarians or as a Garden of Eden, unspoiled by laws and institutions, where the Happy Savage had achieved a Golden Age.

At that time, however, the world was in every real sense far larger than it is today. Movement of people and ideas was slow and expensive. Contemporary American views of Soviet Russia are strangely similar to the picture of America held by Russians a century and a half ago, but they must withstand the force of a cultural exchange which in its intensity and its spread cannot be compared with any agencies existing at the earlier time. One American travel bureau offers this year a week in the Soviet Union at a complete cost from New York of \$198. The annihilation of space and time which this represents is a new factor in the diffusion of ideas.

In the first years after 1917, naturally, the separation of the Soviet Union from the rest of the world was more complete. The moral *cordon sanitaire* of the Allies, together with the confused conditions within Russia and the inspired inefficiency of Soviet representatives abroad, provided a very real obstacle to those who wished to travel in Russia, and only the more adventurous succeeded. Today the situation is entirely changed. Bolshevism, at least for the Western world, has become less a dread contagion to be fought by isolation methods and more a domestic disease which demands cure at home. Russia has meanwhile made travel safe and comfortable, and in the American tourist has found at least a partial answer to the remorseless problem of foreign credits. In 1929, 2,800 Americans visited the Soviet Union, in 1930 more than 5,000, and last year the number rose to as high as 10,000.

As tourists became welcome and even helpful to the Soviet Union, various agencies were developed to encourage Russian travel. In the United States, where absence of recognition made the securing of visas difficult, an American organization, the Open Road, began in 1927 to assist travelers to Russia. Its idea of small, coherent groups of travelers, each with a common interest which gives a reason for being, fitted admirably into the Russian scheme, where the group is the social unit. Important groups of educators, students, business men, and even Senators have visited Russia under its auspices. So thoroughly has this organized method of travel entered the Russian consciousness, that almost every foreign group, no matter how frivolous, is looked upon as a *legatzia*, and almost every American is called an "Open Roadovskii tourist," no matter how he travels.

The coordination of all travelers' technicalities by the

government agency Intourist has further simplified matters. Visas are easily secured. New hotels have been opened and de luxe train service has been inaugurated. A corps of young guides has been specially trained to explain with equal ease the intricacies of a Communist state and the glories of Nijni-Novgorod ikons. Special tours are available into the Arctic on the ice-breaker which rescued members of the Nobile expedition, or into the still unknown steppes of Central Asia where Tamerlane the Magnificent built Samarkand. Bear, moose, and Caucasian ibex can be hunted by special groups, and there are even wolf hunts for those who want them. In Moscow the tourist is promised a new hotel where every room has a shower, and where he may sleep in the bed, made of Karelian white birch, of the Czarina Anne or sit in the tooled leather armchair presented to the late Czar by the Emir of Bokhara.

This curious combination of the new and the old, of American plumbing and palace furniture, is typical of the cultural exchange which has resulted from the American discovery of the Soviet Union. The obstacles in the way of real understanding have been enormous. The strangeness of the language, the Asiatic overtones of Russia, and above all the complicated internal background against which the revolution has developed are all factors to handicap the transient tourist.

A large proportion of the Americans who have visited Russia have been of Russian extraction, returning to see relatives or their former homes. Others have been engineers and their families, en route to or from a construction site which may be beyond the Urals. An increasing number, however, are students and technicians who are interested in the by-products of revolution. It is this last class that has accorded full cultural recognition to the Soviet Union. Students and teachers have gone to study museum technique, criminology, painting, social hygiene, town planning, or soil chemistry. Some of them have written books, and they have all loaned and borrowed ideas on their common problems.

The cultural influence of the American tourist has of course worked both ways. The peasant who has never seen an *Amerikanski* in his life is not hard to find in Russia. Every technician is hungry for foreign, and especially American, ideas. The Russian language, like Russian machine technology, has been deeply conditioned in the last dozen years by American influence, and the tourist has played his part in this process along with the engineer.

With every tourist who goes to Russia, our cultural recognition of the new regime becomes more complete. The difficulties which still bar the road to real understanding are many. At the same time there is in Russia, perhaps more than in any other country, something to be read without language—in a crowd of people hurrying along a street in Moscow, in the rows of faces at a theater, in the huddled groups of peasants on the deck of a Volga steamer. Few tourists who have been exposed to this experience can feel entirely confident in verdicts either of wilderness or of millennium.

These Senators Say Yes!

THE members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee were asked by the editor of *The Nation* to express an opinion on the question of recognition by the United States of Soviet Russia. The statements of those who favor recognition appear below. Senator Borah has long advocated recognition of Russia.

SENATOR BRONSON CUTTING OF NEW MEXICO:

The economic crisis in the United States emphasizes the folly of ignoring our one great potential customer, a customer who needs exactly what we have to sell. In essence, however, the problem is not new. If we had followed the continuous line of American precedent from 1793, the Soviet Government would have been recognized in November, 1917. Such recognition would not have implied any approval of Bolshevik theories or practices. It would simply have acknowledged the actual *de facto* government. Failure to act in 1917 is directly responsible for the controversies over debts and propaganda which have formed the pretext for our departure from American traditions.

Such controversies grow increasingly trivial and irrelevant. The Kerensky debts, which Russia has never declined to discuss, form an insignificant fraction of what Russia owes to the European countries which have recognized her. Surely, at this particular stage of history, it can scarcely be argued that we should cancel normal relations with every government which shows reluctance to pay its international debts.

As to propaganda, does anyone still believe that a few agents of the somewhat naive Third International can suffice to overturn the faith of the American people in their own government and institutions? As Radek once said, "Revolutions are not carried in suitcases. They cannot be imported; they grow." Misery and despair are the true breeders of revolution. In the past two years the bankruptcy of economic and political leadership has made Communists out of many American citizens whom foreign agitators could never have reached. These people cannot be reconverted by suppression or distortion of the truth; still less by the withholding of diplomatic recognition. They will give their support to the system which wins out in the open market of free discussion and free competition. And those who profess the greatest confidence in the superiority of American institutions should welcome their submission to that acid test. Meanwhile the logic of events, more potent than all the blasts of rhetoric, is forcing this country to admit the tragic futility of attempting to ignore a government which has proved its stability, and to which fair play and self-interest alike demand that we grant immediate recognition.

SENATOR KEY PITTMAN OF NEVADA:

I am in receipt of your letter asking me to give brief expression with regard to the recognition of Russia. The recognition of a government depends upon whether such recognition is of benefit to our government. Up until the last several months it did not appear that our failure to recognize Russia had any effect upon our commerce with that country. Our commerce with Russia, like that of many other countries, has fallen off to a very large extent. In my opinion it is due to economic causes and not to our failure to recognize Russia. I favor negotiations with Russia looking to a reciprocity commercial treaty. If a

treaty which is of advantage to our country can be entered into, I would approve. The execution of such a treaty would be the recognition of Russia. I prefer this method of dealing with Russia.

SENATOR ROBERT F. WAGNER OF NEW YORK:

The policy of non-recognition is rapidly acquiring with age the characteristics of an unreasoned taboo. It began as a temporary measure. It has become a national habit. As is frequently true in such cases the premises that originally furnished a reason for the policy have been gradually abandoned and new premises from time to time substituted in their place. Once we heard much of the instability of the Russian government as ground for non-recognition. At the present time the very contrary is asserted. The probability of the success of the Russian experiment and the consequent competition with our own industries are the arguments most often used for continuing the present official attitude.

It seems absurd that two nations at peace with each other, trading with each other, should not be on official speaking terms. Recognition would promote international understanding at a time when such understanding is vital to the peace of Europe and the peace of the world. Recognition would stimulate trade between the United States and Soviet Russia and thus provide many opportunities for American employment. The Russian people are today deliberately and energetically attempting to lift their standard of living. The Russian demand for commodities is, therefore, steadily rising. Should normal trade between Russia and the United States develop, there is every reason why it should grow indefinitely for many decades to come.

The resumption of diplomatic relations with Russia, of course, does not imply approval of Russian doctrines. No more did our recognition of the former Czarist Russia impute to us approval of that autocracy. Some lay great stress upon the danger to our institutions if exposed to Russian ideas. I have no such fear. I have sufficient faith in the American system to believe that it will come out the winner in a free field.

SENATOR HIRAM JOHNSON OF CALIFORNIA:

Normal relations with Russia would aid domestic relief and would tend to remove perils from the Far East. Moreover, it would be wise, sensible, and statesman-like.

There are billions of dollars' worth of future orders in Russia for American workers to fill, and in these times it is simply economic idiocy for America, by its policies, to preclude Americans from trade and commerce which so readily could be obtained.

Secondly, Japan has already seized Manchuria and part of inner Mongolia. Troop movements on both the Japanese and Russian sides of the border have been under way for weeks. A spark may set off the powder barrel at any time. Japan seems to think that Russia's downfall would be acclaimed the world over. Some gesture on the part of the United States, therefore, could well be made to rid her of any such idea.

The United States does not want another world war. Japan would not have the moral support of this country in an attempted conquest of Russia and we should make this clear. Some move in the direction of normal relationships with Russia at this time would do more to remove the perils

from the Far East, and therefore from the world in general, than any other single act.

SENATOR JOSEPH T. ROBINSON OF ARKANSAS:

I favor prompt consideration of establishing diplomatic and trade relations with Russia as one feature in the policy of promoting amicable international relations and stimulating our foreign commerce.

Such a course of considering now the establishment of diplomatic and trade relations, in my opinion, does not involve approval of the policies of the Soviet Republic. It means the application of well-established principles of international law as well as the recognition of the significance of export trade to the problem of unemployment, now the most acute of all our difficulties.

Comparing the aggregate of domestic exports from the United States in 1931 with 1929 shows that our foreign trade has been cut in half. The establishment of trade relations with Russia under present conditions should be calculated to promote international peace and good-will.

Henry A. Rainey of Illinois, Democratic floor leader in the House, has also expressed himself favorably on the question of Russian recognition. He said:

Our failure to recognize Russia is an economic crime. In 1928 there were eighty-four ships flying the American flag plying between the United States and the Black Sea Russian ports. This has decreased greatly in recent years. In 1930 there were thirty-five. What little cargo now goes to Russia is carried by tramp steamers. In these times I think we should recognize Russia as a means of giving us an outlet for our surplus goods. I am informed that Russia has canceled thousands of dollars' worth of orders recently, primarily because the Hawley-Smoot tariff act barred imports into the United States of goods made by forced labor. If Russia can't sell to us, she won't buy from us, and there is no forced labor in Russia. . . .

The time has come for us to change our policy and recognize Russia and get some of her trade. . . . It is short-sighted statesmanship that keeps us from selling goods in Russia and it is up to the Administration to recognize that nation. We recognize a revolutionary junta in South America two or three days after it has won an uprising.

Nearly every other country in the world does recognize Russia. They're all working to get her trade. Yet we sit back and let our factories stop running and our people stay idle. That is foolish.

What Business Men Think of Recognition

By JEROME DAVIS

RECENTLY I wrote to some fifty of the largest and best-known firms now dealing with Soviet Russia. They included such concerns as General Electric, Henry Ford, E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, Westinghouse, and the J. J. Case Company. Replies were received from forty-seven, most of them requesting that their attitudes be kept confidential. Of these, forty-five reported that the Russian authorities had scrupulously lived up to all their agreements, only two stating that they had had difficulties. I asked these concerns whether they saw any objection to recognition of Soviet Russia by the United States, provided Russia should settle the claims of our government and of our citizens. Twenty-two favored immediate recognition of Russia; eleven favored President Hoover's appointing a trade commission to Russia to see if business now being carried on could be increased to the mutual benefit of the two countries; four were opposed to recognition. The rest were non-committal, stating that this was a political issue on which they did not wish to express an opinion. The point of view of the few who opposed recognition is stated by the president of a large company in the following words:

This planet is not large enough for two such divergent systems to exist in harmony, and although recognition might possibly help us industrially, such help would be temporary. If their program is carried out successfully, this country will not only lose the Russian business but will have been guilty of fostering competition which will in the end work disastrously against our own industries in foreign countries, and, in fact, in our own markets.

The general manager of the Akron Rubber Reclaiming Company stated it as his personal view that "we should

broaden our trade with Russia rather than restrict it, and that mischievous political propaganda unfavorable to Russia is not in the best interests of the American people." The president of the Sullivan Machinery Company of Chicago said:

I believe that the non-recognition of Soviet Russia has been a handicap to some extent, in that if they were able to do some financing here they would no doubt place more business in this country. Notwithstanding the refusal of the United States to recognize Soviet Russia, they look upon the United States as their model for their industrial development, and are unquestionably doing all they can to purchase American equipment, and employing American engineers as instructors, so that even though they are not recognized by our government, they are placing considerable business here, and would undoubtedly like to buy more from us if we in turn purchased raw materials to a greater extent from them.

The president of the C. O. Bartlett and Snow Company of Cleveland stated:

We are very much of the opinion that it would be to the advantage of business interests generally if this country were to make recognition of Soviet Russia, and if this cannot be done, it would certainly be helpful to a proper understanding of the conditions in Russia, favorable and unfavorable, by business interests in the United States to have a trade commission headed by some outstanding executive examine into and report upon the ways in which and the means whereby business between the two countries can be most advantageously carried on.

Edward A. Filene, of William Filene's Sons Company

of Boston, made the following reply to a letter similar to my own on the subject of recognition of Russia, sent by the editor of *The Nation*:

In answer to your inquiry of April 26 I feel that all the facts are in favor of our recognizing the Soviet Government. The ideas that occur to me directly are:

1. In spite of the fact that I am not a believer in communism as the best way out, yet if the Russian people are willing to make the first experiment of national planning on a national scale, and prove to us just what is the strength and weakness of this movement, then we should be glad that they are willing to do so, and not put unnecessary obstacles in the way of an experiment that will bring out the facts in the case.

2. The 160,000,000 of Russian people need all kinds of things that we produce or make, and they are one of the best markets in the world, and will be for the next few years—a fact of utmost importance in these bad times.

3. The Russian people have the same right that we have to try any form of government that they choose, provided of course that it does not infringe on the rights of

other nations, and therefore they are entitled as a matter of justice to recognition by other nations.

In other words, the most reliable capitalistic concerns in America, which have had actual dealings with Russia and have representatives in that country, are overwhelmingly of the opinion that we should recognize Russia. Last year we lost \$50,000,000 worth of business, in the worst depression the United States has ever had, because of our intolerant attitude against Russia. This is certainly cutting off our nose to spite our face with a vengeance.

One of our most distinguished American jurists, John Bassett Moore, formerly of the World Court, has stated that in signing the outlawry-of-war treaty with Russia we inevitably recognized her government. He urges us to follow the policy of Washington and Jefferson in dealing with the revolutionary government of France, namely, the policy of recognition. Is it too much to hope that our government may soon be willing once more to resume its traditional policy of friendship toward the Russian Government and Russian people?

Britain's Protective Budget

By J. A. HOBSON

THE first budget in Britain's new protective era was announced this week by Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer. The budget speech itself gratified nobody. It failed to fulfil any hopes. The wealthy had confidently anticipated a cut in the too high income tax, which they did not get. The brewers hoped for a lowering of the beer duty. Economists looked for large reductions in the cost of the civil services, and the announcement of some large conversion loan that would ease the debt burden of £300,000,000 which the taxpayers must find every year and which has grown heavier with the lower price level. But none of these hopes matured. The additional taxation, imposed last fall, has been maintained. Some slight changes are made by the restriction of the tea duty and a manipulation of sugar duties and subsidy to farmers and imperial producers. But the budget was a dull stand-still performance with one important exception, the new protection duties, the size and character of which were announced later in the week when the Report of the Advisory Committee was issued. This committee, appointed two months ago to build a scientific tariff on the 10 per cent revenue tariff already adopted, has now made a series of proposals which extend protection to most of our staple manufactures and to some minor agricultural products. The new schedule reeks with taxes upon semi-manufactured goods, articles which are costs of production for the building, the clothing, the machine-making trades. Some of these, indeed, are put upon the highest level of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent duty. The most significant proposal is a $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent duty for "semi-finished steel and certain rolling-mill products," a provisional instalment of the more permanent protection promised to the iron and steel trades. There are five grades in the proposed tariff, extending from a 15 per cent class which includes agricultural machinery, pulp, and paper board to a 30 per cent class chiefly devoted to luxuries, and topped by the small class of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent

products. Is this a high tariff? Is it designed to secure revenue or to keep out foreign goods? It might be supposed that our financial straits, the difficulty of balancing a budget in a period of unprecedented depression, would have led us to prefer revenue to exclusion. But the surprising statement of Mr. Chamberlain that he expected to take only £5,000,000 extra revenue by putting on these higher duties forces the conviction that he is primarily concerned with keeping out imports. Added to the £27,000,000 already available by the 10 per cent revenue tariff, this would raise the revenue value of this subversion of our free-trade policy to £32,000,000, not a very large contribution toward the total estimated expenditure of £846,000,000 for the year.

How is this revolution of our fiscal policy received by our people? Very quietly upon the whole. Partly because they accept the confident assertion of the Government that direct taxation has already reached its limit, and that the yield of income tax, surtax, and death duties in the coming year must show a considerable fall. Partly because they are duped by the assertion that protection will increase the volume of employment, supported by the not inconsiderable reduction of unemployment that has taken place in recent months, owing chiefly to the fall in sterling. It is evident that our free-trade propaganda has not reached the mind of any large section either of the business men or of ordinary citizens. For all the crudest fallacies of tariffism are rife in our press and public speeches. Mr. Chamberlain calmly assures us that adequate provisions will be taken to safeguard the interests of the consumer. But how and why he does not explain. "His" taxes on foods, raw materials, and machinery must enter into cost of production, and everywhere be passed on in higher prices for final products. All attempts to check this process are fatuous. Effective price control in nearly all instances would simply check production. Indeed, it is noteworthy that during recent debates protectionists have seldom

duced the argument that "the foreigner will pay." They prefer to argue that nobody need pay, because a reliable home market will enable industries to utilize more fully their machinery, keep down their overhead charges, and sell more goods at the same or a lower price, with a narrower margin of profit per unit. The childish argument that because some prices of protected articles have not risen—when they would have fallen with the general collapse—therefore tariffs do not tend to raise prices is everywhere accepted as a practical test.

Bearing in mind their mixed mentality, it would not be wise to feel assured that the practical policy of protection will soon make itself manifest. The refusal of Liberal free-trade ministers, like Sir Herbert Samuel, to leave the Government discounts heavily their speeches against the tariff, for it implies that grave dangers are threatening the economic and political safety of the nation. This invisible bogey is never taken from his cupboard, but we are assured that he is there waiting his opportunity to ruin the country. Is he a renewal of unbridled expenditure, unbalancing the budget or the trade balance? Is he disarmament, socialism, or even bolshevism? Nobody can tell, while he is kept in the dark.

Two other points in our new financial declaration deserve mention. One is positive, the other negative. The Government is preparing to borrow a sum up to £150,000,000 or what is called the "exchange equalization account," in gold, sterling securities, at foreign exchange. This is not with a view to an early return to gold, which course, indeed, is deprecated, but with the object of controlling exchange and meeting such calls as upset our finances last fall without disturbance of the value of sterling. The fact that the Govern-

ment does not anticipate any difficulty in borrowing this large sum bears out the view of Mr. Keynes and other economists that an excess of savings uninvestible in productive industry continues to lie idle in our banks, notwithstanding the depressed incomes yielded by recent business operations.

The other points will have a particular interest for American traders. "In the present budget I am including no receipts for reparations and allied war debts and I am including no outgoings for our own war-debt payments." He awaits the results of the coming Lausanne conference! Afterwards it may be necessary to have a supplementary budget. It certainly will, unless America acquiesces in the suggestion, which she has never entertained, that the payments due to her shall be coupled with the payments due to Britain from Germany and her allies. We are making no provisions for our payment to America next December. What will America do about it? Is it to be repudiation on our part? An ugly word and a damaging deed, if it be done. It may well be true that the sane sense of instructed financiers the world over favors full and immediate cancelation of all these international payments. But politicians, especially during election times, do not see eye to eye with financiers. It will, therefore, seem unfortunate that this budget should have assumed that Lausanne will yield cancelations, when the probability is all the other way. Why did Mr. Chamberlain make this assumption? He would no doubt say that the limits of taxation have been reached, and that failing a definite revival of trade and revenue, the country cannot pay what she owes America out of her own resources. But this is an announcement of contingent repudiation. What does America say to it?

Eugenics, 1932

By H. M. PARSHLEY

BREED one pair of gray mice, and as long as their fertility lasts, nothing but precisely similar gray mice will be obtained. Breed another pair indistinguishable from the first in appearance or behavior, and sixteen different types of young will be obtained, quite regardless of the conditions under which the offspring grow up. This is what is wrong with eugenics.

The inherited traits of mice and of men are transmitted by the same cytological mechanism, and in both cases a complicated hybrid pair is bound to produce offspring which are always diverse among themselves and very frequently quite unlike the parents. In addition to the major races of mankind, which have often avoided interbreeding or miscegenation over long periods of time and have thus retained their distinguishing traits, there are within each race numerous strains, or minor hereditary types, equivalent to the variants of animal species and typified by the blonde and brunette forms of the white race. It is the free mating of such variations, frequently encouraged by tribal customs of exogamy and by the traditions of sexual selection, that has produced the condition just referred to—the extreme and universal hybridity of the human species. It is quite safe to say that there is no such thing as a thoroughbred human being. Thus it is that great and distinguished men so seldom

produce sons or daughters of ability equal to their own; and, conversely, that men and women of great native talent are usually the offspring of mediocre parents.

However, a study of a group of mentally deficient people, known as the Hill Folk, carried on by Davenport some years ago, produced good evidence that mental deficiency does tend to run in families, with outcome disastrous to the people themselves and very expensive to the State. Now the new generation of these people has been investigated by Helen Cheney Miller, who reports (MS) that "the results are very discouraging," in spite of better surroundings in many cases. Careful testing and a study of school records show that feeble-mindedness and subnormality of less degree still mark the clan and bring its members in large numbers into State institutions or otherwise under public care. In fact, 35 per cent of the present generation are definitely feeble-minded. They are immoral in a public and objectionable manner, they spread venereal disease wherever they go; they seem to have no redeeming qualities whatever. When eugenicists point out that biological science, at its present stage, is fully justified in recommending practical eugenic measures against such family strains, they are on very solid ground.

How can society cope with a family that is proved to be intellectually deficient in high degree, not only by testing

the parents but also by applying the "progeny test," that is, the test that biologists like Pearl demand, showing not only what they are but also what they produce? Suppose we accept, as we well may, the principle that feeble-minded people will commonly produce children "like themselves" (although distinguished people commonly will not) and regularly present society with an expensive and useless burden. Can anything be done about it? And can prompt results of value be looked for?

There are two enforceable ways in which the production of inherently defective stocks may be reduced—segregation and sterilization. The individuals of low mentality may be confined, males in one place and females in another, or they may be rendered sterile by surgical means. The first method is already socially accepted and in wide use. The States maintain large and expensive "hospitals," "homes," "farms," "schools," or whatever the asylums for the feeble-minded may be euphemistically called; and in these institutions, under varying degrees of restraint, the unfortunates do useful work and live out their lives in circumstances more or less tolerable according to the character of the officers in charge. This method is effective in preventing reproduction, and it is necessary for the more helpless and the more dangerous among the defective. In fact, it would be employed by any civilized society if eugenics had never been heard of. But it is none the less eugenic in result and can stand, in part at least, as a eugenic measure that is now in actual practice. From this point of view, however, segregation has obvious faults. It is too expensive for adequate employment, and it is humanely applicable only to extreme cases.

These faults are not to be found with the second method—sterilization. But sterilization is *not* socially accepted and in wide use. Why? Because of widespread misunderstanding of its nature among otherwise well-informed people. In addressing civic and academic groups on this subject, one always finds that sterilization is commonly confused with castration. As a matter of fact, the two operations are radically different; and until this difference is clearly understood by legislators and by the public, no great progress in this direction can be expected. Castration is the removal of the gonads (ovaries or testes). Performed in early life it results not only in sterility, but also in various fundamental changes in character, behavior, and physical development. Eunuchs, geldings, capons, and oxen are produced in this manner. In human beings the operation is performed late in life only to remedy diseased conditions. Eugenic sterilization of the male consists merely in severing the fine tubes that conduct spermatozoa from the testes to the exterior, a very minor operation that takes only a few minutes and should cause no change whatever in the patient beyond the loss of fertility. The same is true of the female, except that the operation involves opening the abdominal cavity and is therefore more serious. What are the effects of sterilization in actual practice?

Perhaps the most important eugenic research now in progress is concerned with this very question. California is one of the few States that has a sterilization law in actual enforcement, affording abundant material for scientific investigation of the mental, physical, and social results of the operation. Dr. Paul Popenoe, a biologist of standing, working with the financial support of a philanthropist named E. S. Gosney and with the advice of a committee of "recog-

nized authorities in various lines," has published a series of about twenty scientific papers (most of them summed up in a book "Sterilization for Human Betterment"), reporting upon the condition of numerous individuals sterilized since the law went into effect in 1909. More than 6,000 operations have been performed to date, and enough time has elapsed in many cases to warrant the announcement of results.

Sterilization is not a punishment; it is performed only on the insane and feeble-minded with the consent of relatives and usually of the patient and under the direction of several competent civil and medical authorities; its purpose is to prevent the propagation of unquestionably serious hereditary defects; it is practiced in California with absolute racial and social equality; and it has no deleterious effect on the sex life of those who return to their families. Dr. Popenoe and his associates are studying all such points with the greatest care and their published results already justify these statements. They remark:

The families of the sterilized patients approve almost universally of the operation. No one realizes better than they the undesirability of further child-bearing when the parents are unable to support the children or train them properly, and when the children themselves may inherit a handicap that will darken their future lives. If the children are normal, they will suffer by being brought up by a parent who is insane or feeble-minded. They may seem to be normal, but later reveal the inherited tendencies. These facts are present in the minds of relatives as the outgrowth of tragic experience. . . . In no case has the operation broken up a home or disturbed a family relationship.

Nearly all the feeble-minded are sterilized before leaving State institutions, and many come for that purpose only; but of the insane only one in twelve has been treated, since insanity in many of its forms is not known to be hereditary. Socially the results have been extraordinarily beneficial, according to the data obtained by study of paroled individuals and according to the practically unanimous agreement of State officers and social workers. Two-thirds of the released patients have made good, many of them marrying with "reasonable success," but without a flock of defective children.

An especially interesting study has been made of the "effect of vasectomy on the sexual life." Among the patients were thirty-six men who had been in State hospitals for mental disease and sixty-five normal men, who had been voluntarily sterilized. Only 7 of the 101 reported any decrease in sexual activity and these were mostly old. The mean elapsed time since the operation was five years. In general an improvement in marital relations was noted, with no deleterious effects on health whatever. A study of 177 sterilized women disclosed the fact that only three reported a decrease in sexual feeling, while *one-third* of the total number claimed an *improvement* in this respect! Such improvement is probably due to removal of the fear of pregnancy, and again the conclusion is reached that sterilization produces "no effect whatever on the patient's sexual life."

Owing to the fact that unseen, recessive hereditary defects are common in the general normal population—and are bound to appear whenever the Mendelian requirements are fulfilled—no scheme of negative eugenics can eliminate feeble-mindedness in short order. Even if every overt case were kept from reproduction, many new ones would come

in the matings of normal-appearing "carriers," and so a supply of defectives would spring up. But these "expected recessives" are few in comparison to the high percentages produced by the matings of obvious defectives, and sterilization, persistently and universally carried out, would undeniably have a cumulative effect of the greatest value.

In the Driftway

ARE college students radical? Do they think? Are they aware of the world in which they live? These questions may be answered yes or no. Occasionally students offer an answer themselves. The Drifter has received a pamphlet called "Economics for a Depression." It comes from Student Opinion, General Delivery, Iowa City, Iowa—in other words, it is anonymous. It prints letters to which it attaches no names, and describes universities without specific designation. Nevertheless, it makes a number of pointed remarks about the world in general and universities in particular. Discussing the question of what a student thinks about, the Foreword says:

Why are we silent, with no student opinion? It's a lie; we do have opinions. Why not make a noise with them? The answer to that is, just where would we go to make the noise? Most of us don't have noise enough to fill a pamphlet. As for the university press—just try for yourself getting anything in that. We have got to have Ripley and head turnip-headed cartoons about the folks at home, and when that is put in there is no room for student opinion. . . . What follows is for us a very expensive venture in expressing our attitude toward things in general. . . . We would like to use personal names and refer to specific instances, and we are assured we would not be sued for libel. We also take these topics very seriously, and whatever cleverness and humor you find attempted you can be sure are put there in deference to the reader.

• • • • •

WHAT is this serious attitude toward things in general? It is pretty vague. It implies that things are in a bad way, that the university is ready to close down because of lack of money, that lots of people are out of work, that tosh of all sorts is discussed in classrooms and on the campus, that professors have no spinal columns, that the bankers and industrialists have ruined the country. The Drifter does not wish to be unjust, or to make his description of these things too flippant. But as he reads this pamphlet of sixteen pages, he is rather depressed than otherwise. He is forced to conclude that the hearts of these students who desire to think are in the right place. But their heads are not quite so fortunately situated. Not, he hastens to say, that he would quarrel with their point of view, so far as he understands it. But that they are neither clear, specific, nor—outmoded word, but applied to university students—sufficiently learned.

• • • • •

HARD as it will be for them to hear it said, it is probably not important what college students think of things in general. As they gradually become aware of the world about them, they will perceive injustice, partiality, irrationality.

Which is well. But if they can confine themselves to one small portion of the world's injustice and irrationality, no matter what the portion is, and make themselves really familiar with it, they will render a service to themselves and curiously enough to the world in general. For what the world wants is facts, not opinions, except when they are the opinions of experts. The master of facts, no matter how few, is, in a world fed on windy ignorance, master also of his fellow-men. But facts are obtained only by hard work; almost never by loose speculation. And when facts are presented, it is advisable to present them not only clearly but grammatically. It is not well to write, as did the students of Iowa City: ". . . incomes have been diminishing, a good proportion of the population has gone practically unaffected, with the result that we have been muddling through, half undecided what to make of the matter. . . . If all sources of income had been absolutely cut off in 1925, . . . something revisional would have been done." Something revisional should undoubtedly be done.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Kentucky Editors Look at Kentucky

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have your note requesting a "word as to whether you approve the attitude taken by the authorities in Bell and Harlan counties and by the Governor of Kentucky that the borders of Kentucky are to be closed to people entering the State with a view to seeing with their own eyes the existing conditions in those two counties." I assume that your reference to the Constitution is merely in substance the expression of a desire to know whether in my opinion the action of the authorities is legal. May I suggest you should qualify people? Some people, not all, have been barred from Bell and Harlan counties.

It is quite true that "there is nothing in the Constitution which authorizes a State to close its borders to citizens of other States." But there are many other things that are not authorized by the Constitution. It is needless to cite to *The Nation*, which has for years made a valiant fight against the arbitrary exercise of extra-constitutional power by governmental authorities, that there is nothing in the Constitution authorizing the supervision or censorship of mail or the deportation of aliens. Yet I am confident that if Theodore Dreiser's mind were reduced to printed form, it would be barred from the mails under the law prohibiting the transmission of obscene matter. If it is merely a question of constitutional construction, I think it no more violative of the Constitution to bar Dreiser himself, mentally corrupt and physically obnoxious, from the State than to bar the product of his mind from the mails.

I do not, however, opine that it is a question of constitutional construction upon which you want a word from the editors of Kentucky, but upon the situation that has arisen in Bell and Harlan counties. What are the facts? I do not know. I have talked with owners and operators of the coal mines in that section, with county and judicial officers, with miners and citizens not connected with the controversy. I have full assurance that the intent of those with whom I have talked was to speak only the truth. But their statements were so at variance that I have not been able to reconcile them sufficiently to reach a definite conclusion as to the facts. I do know, however, that the situation is most serious; that many of the

men there are endeavoring to the very best of their ability, with as high a sense of obligation to the State and to the nation as I or any of my associates or acquaintances have, to meet and solve the problem with which they are faced.

I regret they did not permit the students of various colleges to complete their jaunt. On the other hand, I readily understand their resentment at the apparent effort to use the situation existing in those counties, and the men who are playing a game in which life and property and established customs are at stake, as a laboratory or zoological garden for the study and amusement of a group of immature boys and girls. I can understand something of the mental attitude of the men charged with responsibility in those counties, who feel that it is the part of wisdom to prevent the incursion of irresponsible men and women or boys and girls who, instead of pouring oil on troubled waters, may pour oil on smoldering embers that may flash into a disastrous conflagration.

Wherefore did Dreiser and his group go to Harlan and Bell counties? I was in New York when every paper had a story of a dinner to discuss and plan the excursion of Dreiser and his associates to those counties. I saw no word of a desire on their part to ascertain the facts for the purpose of bringing peace and accord between the antagonistic elements. The whole project, from the holding of the dinner till the arrival in Kentucky, smacked of the activities of publicity hounds.

What prompted those students to come to Kentucky? I do not believe anyone would have objected to their coming had they come merely as students on a jaunt, or as tourists, or even as investigators controlled by the ordinary precepts of regard for others and appreciation of the situation that exists. Hundreds of tourists pass through that section. No one of them has been attacked or even annoyed. All of them have reported courteous consideration.

I do not speak with authority but would guarantee with my life the verity of my prediction that the people and the officers of that section would not only permit but welcome an investigation by such men and women as Walter Lippmann, Claude Bowers, Bernard Flexner, Justice Brandeis, Jane Addams, Grace Abbott, or others whom I could name, who have the respect and confidence of those who are trying to solve the problems that confront us today. And though I may disagree with the conclusion of those who are on the ground and upon whom rests the burden of decision, I shall not condemn them for opposing the entry of others until I know the full facts; and the citation of a provision of the Constitution will not affect my decision.

DESHA BRECKINRIDGE,
President, Lexington Herald

Lexington, Ky., April 12

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your letter of recent date is received. Of course, I disapprove the denial of constitutional rights, whether in Bell and Harlan counties in Kentucky or elsewhere in the country, and have repeatedly taken this position in both the *Courier-Journal* and the *Louisville Times* with reference to the specific case in Harlan County.

It is true, as you say, that "the good name of Kentucky has been greatly damaged," but this damage has been wrought as much by false reports of what has happened as by the actual happenings themselves. I have repeatedly and publicly expressed my disapproval of some of the methods pursued by the authorities in Harlan County, but at the same time I can understand the resentment of the people of that county against some of the bumptious, insulting, prejudiced people, largely notoriety seekers, who have injected themselves into a situation already difficult and trying. I utterly disapprove of the violent, and I believe illegal, efforts pursued in some instances, but it

must be remembered that there are two sides to this question, as to all others. I know many people who have gone quietly to Harlan County to study conditions there, including representatives of numerous colleges and my own representatives. In no case have they met with any hostility or opposition. There are many people hungry in Harlan County, as there are in other parts of our country. Up to this time, through the efforts of the Harlan County people themselves, aided by the Red Cross, the Quakers, and other organizations, there is no starvation there. When the World War came on, no draft was necessary in Harlan County because a sufficient number of citizens of the county had already volunteered. Many of these people are ignorant and many of them have grave faults, as have other people. But as a class they have a deep-rooted loyalty to their country and a strong religious sentiment. It is the last place in the country where communism has an opportunity to spread. It is very easy to condemn the people of Harlan from a distance. Where they have pursued a violent and illegal policy I condemn them, too, but in the light of full knowledge of all facts, which I have, I can at least understand the attitude of a people, seeking to settle their difficulties in a helpful and peaceful way, when confronted with repeated invasions by persons who do not come as courteous, intelligent, impartial observers, but as notoriety seekers and trouble-makers.

R. W. BINGHAM, President and Publisher,
Courier-Journal and *Louisville Times*
Louisville, Ky., April 12

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There has been a great deal of tragic silliness on both sides of the question regarding the exercise of personal liberty in Bell and Harlan counties. Kentucky authorities in the coal regions have exhibited a deplorable lack of ordinary common sense and ignorance of ordinary public psychology. On the other hand, I haven't much sympathy with a great many of the visitors, regardless of their political persuasions, who seek to make a *cause célèbre* out of an unfortunate situation. The potter that has been stirred up has caused many to forget the deep underlying causes of the coal-field distress, which are economic, geographic, and, in the past winter, climatic, because warm weather lessened the demand for coal.

I believe that if Harlan and Bell counties had said to all visitors, whether sightseers, parlor radicals, or authors pregnant with new books, "Sure, boys, look around all you want as long as you behave yourselves," southeastern Kentucky would cease to be attractive as an excursion ground.

D. E. WEAVER, Editor, *Kentucky Post*
Covington, Ky., April 7

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I think I understand clearly the condition which exist in Bell and Harlan counties and I am positive that agitators N. M. U. organizers, and at least some investigators have been incendiary and seditious disturbers. Because their presence has been positively inimical to the peace and happiness of our community and has incited class hatred and open revolution, our authorities have had grounds to invoke Kentucky's criminal syndicalism laws in dealing with them.

Specific acts may be cited as violations of the right of peaceful assembly and free speech, but because our authorities have done the best they could under trying circumstances to preserve the peace of our community and to protect our citizenry from fratricidal strife, regardless of mistakes which they may have made, I want to say that I stand squarely back of them.

The right of free speech and free assembly guaranteed by the Constitution is a precious heritage of American liberty, but that right cannot be allowed to clash with the life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness of the people. In southeastern Kentucky

we do not propose to hazard our lives, property, and
 useful pursuits by allowing the revolutionary agents of com-
 munistism to stir up sedition and strife among our people.

ROBERT L. KINCAID,
 Editor, *Middlesboro Daily News*

Middlesboro, Ky., April 7

THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have the pleasure to acknowledge your letter in-
 quiring whether we approve "the attitude taken by the authori-
 ties in Bell and Harlan counties." May we correct an impres-
 sion you seem to have? The borders of Kentucky are not closed
 to persons entering the State with a view to seeing with their
 eyes existing conditions there or elsewhere. Those borders
 have been closed to parties of delightful young men and women
 on publicity and determined to make out a case.

We do not dispute that conditions are deplorable and that
 much has been said and done in heat and temper which could
 never have been left unsaid and undone. There has been no
 general denial of free assembly and speech, so far as our in-
 formation goes, and we have generally found it reliable.

If, as you say, the good name of Kentucky has been hurt,
 well, perhaps, be impertinent and outside the question to sug-
 gest that much that has happened in New York has not raised
 a side opinion of that great Commonwealth. We offer this
 as an argument but as an observation.

E. A. JONAS, Editor, *Herald-Post*

Louisville, Ky., April 7

THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Answering your communication of April 4 requesting
 to give our opinion on the attitude of authorities in Bell
 and Harlan counties and of the Governor of Kentucky toward
 persons entering the State with a view to seeing existing condi-
 tions in these places, we are pleased to say that our sympathy
 is with the authorities and the Governor, who in our opinion
 acted wisely. The Constitution, as you say, guarantees the
 right of "peaceful" assembly in any part of the United States,
 but does not guarantee meddling in the affairs of private corpo-
 rations. We do not believe the Bell and Harlan county authori-
 ties would object to any person or any group of persons in-
 vestigating the mines, if they believed these persons were coming
 on a peaceful mission.

J. CURTIS ALCOCK,

Editor, *Danville Daily Messenger*

Danville, Ky., April 7

THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reply to your letter of April 4 with regard to my
 article on the actions of county and State officers in the Ken-
 tucky coal fields, I must admit that I have viewed the situa-
 tion with mingled feelings. On the one hand I have believed
 it was foolish to prevent the students from going into the
 State unless they actually committed a crime, but on the
 other hand I do not believe that a bunch of Kentucky students
 going to New York City to investigate gang slayings, rotten-
 ness in the court system, acceptance of graft by public officials,
 and all the fanfare that accompanied the students visiting our
 Commonwealth, would be accepted very graciously.

The students have had their publicity; they have basked
 in the limelight of the nation for a day. The officers of Ken-
 tucky have been made to appear as warring on students whose
 crime was a desire to see for themselves. At the same
 time the fair name of Kentucky has been bespattered. Expul-
 sion of the visitors was just pouring so much oil on a fire that
 had and flamed higher at each attempt to put it out.

DUDLEY H. TAYLOR,

Managing Editor, *Daily Kentucky New Era*

Hopkinsville, Ky., April 7

Contributors to This Issue

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN, a member of the department
 of political science at the University of Chicago, is the
 author of "American Policy Toward Russia Since 1917,"
 and is now working on a general study of "International
 Politics" which will be published next fall.

JEROME DAVIS, professor of practical philanthropy at the
 Yale Divinity School, has spent much time in Russia.

JOSEPH BARNES returned recently from a nine months'
 stay in the Soviet Union, where he studied finance and
 economic planning.

J. A. HOBSON is one of the foremost British economists
 and a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

H. M. PARSHLEY is professor of zoology at Smith College.

LOUIS M. HACKER, in collaboration with Benjamin B.
 Kendrick, is the author of "The United States Since
 1865."

BARTHOLOMEW FLES is a translator and foreign-language
 reader for various publishers.

SAMUEL C. CHEW is professor of English at Bryn Mawr.

ALEXANDER KAUN, associate professor of Slavic languages
 and literatures at the University of California, is the
 author of "Maxim Gorky and His Russia."

The Failure of Big Business

Oswald Garrison Villard

on WOR

Wednesday, May 18

7:30 p. m.

SOVIET RIVER

By LEONID LEONOV, author of "The Thief."

\$3.00

A novel based on Russia's Five-Year Plan.

"It is an important, revealing book."

—William Allen White.

"Masterly."—*New York American*.

"I place Leonov in one rank with the greatest figures
 of our literature."—*Maxim Gorky*.

LINCOLN MAC VEAGH

THE DIAL PRESS, INC.

NEW YORK

SPECIAL OFFERINGS AT UNUSUAL LOW PRICES

Russian Linen Smocks \$9.75

Effective Hand-embroidered Voile Dresses 7.50

Peasant Voile Blouses 3.95

Distinctive Silk Dresses, hand embroidered and
 exquisitely made 15.00

Children's Dresses 2.95

PEASANT ART IMPORTING CO., Inc.

38 W. 57th STREET

NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE VOGUE IN TRAVEL

is a visit to

SOVIET RUSSIAWeekly Departures from New York
by Fast Steamers**NEW LOW RATES**

for individual tours in the U.S.S.R.

SPECIAL GROUP TOURS

FOR STUDENTS—SAILING JUNE 25

FOR DOCTORS—SAILING JULY 7

FOR LAWYERS—JULY 7

FOR TEACHERS, Etc.—SAILING JULY 14 AND 21

For Complete Details Apply to Your
Local Steamship Agency or**HAMBURG-AMERICAN**

39 Broadway

LINE

New York

Branches in Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Philadelphia,
Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Montreal,
Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver

New Low Rates to the

SOVIET UNION
\$175.50**DIRECT TO LENINGRAD**

on the S.S. LANCASTRIA JUNE 1st, 1932

OTHER SAILINGS WEEKLY ON FINEST, FASTEST
STEAMERS includingS.S. BREMEN, EUROPA, MAURETANIA,
BERENGARIA, NEW YORK, PARIS**SPECIAL SOCIAL STUDY TOURS**23 days in the U. S. S. R. including
Leningrad — Moscow — Ivanovo Vosnesensk —
Kharkov—Rostov—Dnieprostoy and Kiev**\$285.50 up**

Sailing on the:

S.S. AQUITANIA June 29

S.S. NEW YORK July 7

S.S. EUROPA July 19

For further information call

WORLD TOURISTS, INC.175 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.
Phone AL 4-6656—7—8

BRANCH OFFICES

Chicago—6 N. Clark St.
Detroit—107 Clifford St.
Boston—775 Washington St.Washington, D. C.—409 Columbian Bldg.
Philadelphia—629 Chestnut St., Room 406.
Cleveland—808 Engineers Bldg.

Finance

“Protection” Under Difficulties

THE vacillation of the Senate Finance Committee with regard to taxes on imported commodities (solemnly distinguished from tariff duties on imports) affords striking evidence of the confusion of the public mind in meeting the fiscal problem which confronts the country. Import taxes on coal and oil have been voted into and out of the bill in progress through the House and Senate committees with such rapidity as to bewilder those who sought to analyze their effect on American producers of these commodities. Protection of these producers, strongly tinged by the feeling that something ought to be done to raise prices wherever possible, is the dominant motive; but the proposal to tax rubber at rates equivalent to from 166 to 333 per cent ad valorem on the present price of three cents a pound is advanced as a revenue measure. Surely would be, since none of the material is produced here and for that reason it should receive the same careful consideration as the proposed tax on motor vehicles, which goes no higher than 6 per cent.

Copper affords as good an illustration as any of the difficulties confronting the tax framers—not the least of which is the campaign of the so-called lobbyists, who in many cases are genuine experts in their commercial fields. A tax of four cents a pound on imports was written into the bill; it was removed, replaced, and may be removed again by the time these words appear; but it is worth considering. Copper now sells for about six cents a pound in the international market. Under the proposed tax on imported metal, domestic products would have to compete with foreign competition until the price got up to ten cents, which would be reckoned with.

Copper entering the United States, however, is foreign only by the accident of location. It is produced by American enterprise and American capital. The Anaconda Copper Mining Company has a stake in foreign production in its Andes mines in Chile and its control of the Chile Copper Company. Kennecott production comes from Alaska, from the Braden Company in Chile, and from various sources in the United States, including Kennecott's ownership of 98½ per cent of the Utah Copper Company's stock. Cerro de Pasco, dominated by American capital, is wholly outside of the domestic fold, drawing its supplies from Peru. Phelps Dodge works principally within American territory, but American Metal has investments in Cuba, Mexico, South America, and South Africa.

A tax on imported copper, therefore, would not hit the foreigner directly, but the American who happens to do copper mining abroad. Even so, it seems obvious that the tax would not raise the domestic price. As with wheat and corn, the United States has been an exporter rather than an importer of copper; the argument for protection leans heavily on the fact that in a few recent months imports have exceeded exports. The simple fact is, however, that the enormous stocks of metal above ground in the United States, and the productive capacity now idle, militate far more powerfully against an advance than does foreign competition. Supplies from American mines in South America and Mexico would be diverted to Europe, if taxed, would break down prices there, and would cut off the American export market for copper and (if the American domestic price actually were higher) injure the foreign market for American automobiles, electrical equipment and machinery, and other products containing copper. No immediate benefits, but many future evils, are inherent in the copper import tax.

S. PALMER HARMA

Books, Music, Drama

Song for Robert Herrick

By RUTH LECHLITNER

Now may the ghosts of heaven break
Their prison; winds that keep
Young Beauty locked in willow, shake
The cradle of her sleep.

And may all lovely things forget
No greater grief than lies
Beneath the lids of violet
That open with her eyes.

May lovers kiss, in gentle rain,
The swan-white breast of cherry;
And Julia lift red lips again
From beds of wild strawberry.

Carl Schurz

Carl Schurz: Reformer (1829-1906). By Claude Moore Fuess. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.75.

THE reader will find himself very easily falling under the spell of Mr. Fuess's persuasion. This first complete life of Carl Schurz—which is, at the same time, the best of the series—should prove a model for all those persons who would erect enduring monuments to their heroes. Biographer and subject are so completely in agreement; Mr. Fuess, like Carl Schurz, is so whole-heartedly sympathetic toward the cause of reform, so fully convinced that good men, by their leadership and example, can cure a society's distempers; as a result, the personalities happily merge and Mr. Fuess has eyes only for the things that Carl Schurz saw.

The book is therefore an appealing though, if I may say so, somewhat ingenuous study. Carl Schurz is the ardent young German rebel who seeks a refuge in the land of opportunity after the collapse of the revolution of 1848. He masters a foreign tongue so well that only Bob Ingersoll and Wendell Phillips are his rivals on the popular lyceum platforms of the 1850's. He becomes so quickly grounded in the history and institutions of his adopted land that before he has reached thirty he plays a leading part in the Lincoln-Douglas contest of 1858. He makes Lincoln President; he comes out of the Civil War as a major general; he forms an independent party; he sits in the United States Senate; he helps elect Hayes governor of Ohio and then President of the United States; he adorns a Cabinet; he is named the editor of the country's outstanding weekly. In any way, or nearly always, he is so plainly on the right side of every public question.

It is at once apparent that the catalogue of causes Schurz championed reads like a liberal text in the political issues of the Gilded Age. He was the first public protector of the Indians; he could justly lay claim to being the father of the conservation movement; he never joined the G. A. R., and he always refused to lift a finger in aid of the shameful pension agitation of the returned soldiers; he calmly forsook party loyalty and all hopes of political recognition by his defections from the Republican ranks in 1872 and 1884.

If the record in certain other particulars was not all that one might wish it, the fault was not entirely Schurz's: the trouble lay not in his character but in the role he assumed. He

chose to be a reformer, a molder of public opinion. Often, therefore, he was compelled to move before he was fully aware of all the perplexities at the heart of a question; sometimes he had to pick between two sets of evils; now and then he helped launch a train of events whose consequences were immeasurably worse than those he sought to eradicate.

Thus, Schurz was an abolitionist before the Civil War and a consistent friend of the Negro race ever afterward. But his attachment to the cause of the blacks permitted him, in 1865, when he made his report to President Johnson on the condition of the South, to play into the hands of the radical Republicans. The South had to be disciplined—to Schurz this was necessary to gain civil liberties for the Negroes; to the radicals it was a cloak for the realization of the economic aims for which the war had been fought.

Schurz was a theoretical free trader. But zeal for this principle did not prevent him from supporting first Greeley and then McKinley, both vocal and unashamed protectionists. For Schurz, in these instances, the greater benefits were the downfall of Grantism and the defeat of Populism; yet one of the fruits of McKinley's victory was the tariff act of 1897.

Schurz was a pacifist and an anti-imperialist. In 1866, however, he was looking forward to a war between Prussia and France as a necessary step in the unification of Germany; less than twenty years after he had fled his native land, an exiled revolutionary, he was hailing Bismarck as the man of the hour.

Schurz was, from the beginning, the stalwart defender of the "sound"-money cause. But like all other good friends of the gold standard, apparently he was not able to look behind the soft-money programs for the reasons for Western and Southern agrarian discontent.

Schurz was, during his whole adult life, a civil-service reformer. How was he to tell that taking the federal jobs out of politics was to help accelerate the entry of big business into it? In the campaign of 1880 Garfield was interested in "what the office-holders are doing," for these were the only ones who really contributed to the party strong boxes; in the campaign of 1888 John Wanamaker and Matt Quay were shaking down all those manufacturers who were afraid of Cleveland's low-tariff heresies—the party hacks had turned to the tapping of new sources of revenue when legislative fiat had dried up the old ones.

For fully half a century Schurz flung a lance against the oppressive forces, the corrupting influences, the evil factions in American affairs. "In my public life," he declared, "I have not seldom seemed to stand alone and deserted, but never long." This was true. Sooner or later all the friends of honest government rallied about him—the Adamses, the Storeys, the Curtises, the Eliots, the young Lodges and Roosevelts—not a respectable American of the Gilded Age that did not follow him, at one time or another, when he marched out against the foe. There can be no question that his was a useful and a happy life.

If this reviewer has permitted a note of doubt to creep into this recital it is perhaps because he is a little irritated at the complacency of Carl Schurz—and Mr. Fuess. Did Schurz see nothing else? Were the unregenerate Southern whites, the stupid bureaucrats in the Indian Office, the politicians of easy virtue, the expansionists, the protectionists—were these the only devils to be exorcised? It would seem so. Carl Schurz lived in an age when Rockefeller, Carnegie, Armour, McCormick, and a host of other "captains of industry" were building up huge fortunes by predatory devices. He sat in Hayes's Cabinet when federal troops were dispatched to break up the railway strikes of 1877. He was a leader of public opinion when Frick sent 300 Pinkertons up the Monongahela River to attack the Homestead strikers. He was lecturing up and down the land

when the alleged leaders of the Haymarket riots were railroaded to the gallows. He was the editor of *Harper's Weekly* when the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was solemnly invoked to throw Debs into jail and wreck the American Railway Union. He was one of New York's first citizens when the greed of ground landlords and sweatshop operators permitted a hideous city of slums to fester and grow so that the death-rate of children under five, in some of the tenement areas, was as high as 140 per 1,000. He knew the Western country out of which emerged Jerry Simpson, W. A. Pepper, and Mary Lease to sound the tocsin of revolt for the oppressed tillers of the soil. An occasional reader may wonder, with this reviewer, that none of these matters is given even passing attention in this full history of the life and times of Carl Schurz. Mr. Fuess tries to explain at one point by saying that Schurz was not interested in "social reform." It was perhaps simpler than that: Schurz was but too well not only a man of his times but a representative of his class.

Mr. Fuess, in commenting on Schurz's entry into the Senate in 1869, says approvingly: "... Schurz had, for the first time, an opportunity to turn his passion for reform into workable channels. Instinctively he desired all his life to improve conditions around him and he was untiring as an advocate of the basic principles of humanity, equality, and justice." Do the "basic principles of humanity, equality, and justice" change from generation to generation? Or were all the great causes for which Schurz battled so valiantly not quite as important as they seemed?

LOUIS M. HACKER

The Price of Being Sensible

Two Living and One Dead. By Sigurd Christiansen. Translated by Edward Bjorkman. Horace Liveright. \$2.50.

THIS inter-Scandinavian prize novel treats of a strange interlude, a phantasmagoria, lasting nine years, in the humdrum existence of a mail clerk in a small Norwegian town. The story starts off with a sensational hold-up in the post office. Of the three clerks on duty, one, Kvisthus, resists and is killed; the second, Lyderson, raises an outcry and is knocked unconscious; but Erik Berger, the third clerk, after a moment's hesitation, steps aside and surrenders his cash box to the two masked robbers, who escape, leaving the "two living and one dead" on the scene.

Public opinion condemns Berger as a coward; conversely, Lyderson is praised as a hero and rewarded, first by a cash bonus, later by an early promotion over Berger's head. Although the case is dropped officially, Berger feels that he is dishonored, and develops a persecution complex through his frustrated resentment at the unfair treatment he receives. Even his wife is disappointed in him. At his request he is transferred to Oslo, where a casual meeting with Rognaa, a bank clerk, develops into a warm friendship. Berger is horrified when one day his friend confesses to having been one of the amateur hold-up men; the other robber in the post-office affair has died in an accident.

Rognaa had been inevitably drawn to Berger by their mutual interest in the case, and deliberately planned to meet him. He tells about the cowardly part Lyderson played in the affair, and soon leaves town, unmolested, after anonymously replacing the stolen money. Berger, now satisfied that he, too, would have been killed had he resisted, is overjoyed that he was too level-headed to sacrifice his life and the future of his wife and child merely for some government money, as did his friend Kvisthus. He proves to his own satisfaction, by means of a clever trick, that Lyderson really is a contemptible coward and a windbag, and feels like a new man, exonerated in his own

eyes; and when he tells his wife everything, she at last feels as he does.

The novel is written in a simple, straightforward manner, in clear prose, and is presented in a smooth translation closely following the original. The moral—if any—is conveyed by implication. The psychological end is particularly well handled, as is the craving of Berger, just an average man, when under suspicion, to be "like an ordinary human being again." One cannot but sympathize with this unfortunate, lonely under-dog, who simply substitutes common sense for useless heroism and is forthwith ostracized. Christiansen here proposes a problem, but he does not provide a solution, probably because there is none. Berger can regain his self-respect only by losing his one remaining friend, proving once more, one supposes, that in life we pay heavily, and often exorbitantly, for all we get.

BARTHOLOMEW FLES

Carlyle

Carlyle. By Emery Neff. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.

TO Froude must be attributed the credit for Carlyle's escape from exploitation at the hands of the debunking biographers who ran roughshod over great reputations during the nineteen-twenties. He was outspoken; and his opponents were quite as frank. The Carlyle-Froude controversy left little opportunity for the debunkers. They looked elsewhere, selecting as victims those Victorians whose prestige had been inflated in official biographies. It was of course possible to "expose" the Sage of Chelsea as a philosopher, a critic, a historian, and a sociologist; but hardly as a man—the latter exhibition had been very nakedly accomplished before the debunkers came along. The most severely hostile criticism of Carlyle the thinker and writer is perhaps that of Mr. Norwood Young, published some four years ago. Mr. Young took as his text the remark made by a contemporary that Carlyle "loved earnestness rather than truth." He proceeded to state his case with so much exaggeration as to heighten the reader's sympathy for Carlyle.

Professor Neff has no thesis to propound. His purpose is to retell, at moderate length, the story of Carlyle's career, interweaving into his narrative a certain amount of criticism of his work. The personality and the work are set against the background of nineteenth-century English society and politics and thought; and this background, carefully composed, is most valuable for an understanding of Carlyle. Particularly excellent is the account of the conditions in the publishing world with which a writer had to contend at the time that Carlyle was slowly making his way. Mr. Neff does not break new ground here; the facts were already well known, and Mr. Sadleir has recently had to cover much the same field in the first volume of his new biography of Bulwer. But there was a need to "place" Carlyle in this milieu. Strictly speaking, there is not much of novelty in Mr. Neff's book. He has visited the places associated with his hero; he knows intimately the abundant literature of the subject; he has examined the documents. But his book is not the product of what we call original research. Perhaps it is all the better for that. It is a serene, lucid, and dispassionate narrative, an interesting summary of a fascinating story.

Though books about Carlyle—more frequently of late about "the Carlyles"—are very numerous, there was room for this one. Jane is relegated to her proper place. So are gossip and scandal. Mr. Neff's work does not take the place, and it was not intended that it should take the place, of D. A. Wilson's enormous biography, still incomplete. But most people have not the time to read Mr. Wilson's many volumes. Mr. Neff

offers them a convenient substitute, of moderate length, of moderate tone, and of moderate price. Within its narrow limits it is of course not exhaustive. In particular, more might well have been said of Carlyle's work as a critic of literature and as the importer into England of German ideas. The fundamental effects of the three histories are barely glanced at, though Mr. Neff admits them in passing, especially with regard to the "Frederick the Great." The most serious charge that can be brought against Carlyle's sincerity is that though before he finished the "Frederick" he came to realize that his initial conception of his "hero" was a mistaken one, he did not acknowledge the mistake when the final volumes were published. Mr. Young held that he was here guilty of deliberate deception. This Mr. Neff denies. Nor does he touch upon the matter of the forged letters of Cromwell which Carlyle thought genuine.

Mr. Neff believes that with the contemporary decline in implicit faith in democracy there may be a revival of interest in Carlyle. He calls attention to the interesting fact that translations of selected passages have sold widely in Fascist Italy and even more widely in post-war Germany. If such a revival comes in the United States, Mr. Neff's book will be useful as an impartial and informing introduction to the subject. Perhaps it may aid in bringing about the revival.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Building New Russia

Soviet River. By Leonid Leonov. With a Foreword by Maxim Gorki. The Dial Press. \$2.50.

ONE of the youngest Soviet writers, Leonid Leonov, has been rapidly maturing in his grasp of contemporary realities. Even the Communist one-hundred-percenters are almost ready to accept this "fellow-traveler," with reservations to be sure. For us who are, like Leonov, not of the party, his value is patent, regardless of whether his ideology meets with the approval of Soviet Torquemadas and Sumners. In his stories and novels he has shown a steady growth of mastery in handling the vastly complex subject which Russia of today presents. At the same time his style has become free of the involved mannerisms that made him akin to the early Boris Il'nyak. "Soviet River" is limpid and direct, with occasional virtuositities in the pattern, delectable in the original, but often obscure in the English version.

"We are engineers!" might be the motto of the novel. This proud phrase opens the gates of an ancient monastery in the dead of the night to a group of strangers. The engineer is looked upon with awe and respect, and he cannot help being aware of his responsibilities. What Leonov says about the old engineer, Renne, has a general application:

The engineers had risen and, as though fuddled by the after-effects of a carouse, examined the world that was suffering from shock. All was taking place higgledy-piggledy, as invariably occurs when moving to a new flat. Like an overturned lorry, the Russian machine was puffing away, while little men ran around it, striving to set it once more on its wheels.

Leonov's engineers do not dominate the story. They do not display the heroics of so many "cast-iron" characters in Soviet penny-dreadfuls. They fittingly reflect the time and the place—Russia in transition. The ambitious tasks of these engineers and the tremendous obstacles they encounter in one specific enterprise are easily seen as typical of national undertakings. "We are engineers!" declare the experts, and doors are thrown open to them, millions of rubles are put at their disposal, and thousands of workmen appear on the scene, ready to carry out the transformation of nature and man and life. The engi-

Studies in Adult Education Educational Experiments in Industry

by NATHANIEL PEFFER

WHAT is the education offered by modern, industrial corporations to their employees? Here is a study in cross-section of the efforts made by various industries to instruct their workers along purely cultural lines as well as along lines of training on the job for the job. The whole inquiry shows clearly what are the possibilities of education for workers, and what has already been accomplished in that direction. Published May 3. \$2.50

Other Titles in the Series

<i>Adult Learning</i> by E. L. Thorndike and others	\$2.25
<i>Libraries and Adult Education</i> by A.L.A.	\$2.50
<i>The University Afield</i> by A. L. Hall-Quest	\$3.00
<i>New Schools for Older Students</i> by Nathaniel Pfeffer	\$2.50
<i>Correspondence Schools, Lyceums, Chautauques</i> by J. C. Noffsinger	\$1.50
<i>Reading Interests and Habits of Adults</i> by W. S. Gray and R. Munroe	\$3.50
<i>Educational Opportunities for Young Workers</i> by O. D. Evans	\$3.00
<i>Urban Influence on Higher Education in England and the United States</i> by P. R. Kolbe	\$2.00
<i>The Making of Adult Minds in the Metropolitan Area</i> by Frank Lorimer	\$2.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

The Greatest TRAVEL VALUE

30 DAYS
of delightful travel
\$170.⁵⁰

Tour
to **RUSSIA**

Includes: Ocean passage in Modern Third Class, FORMER TOURIST CLASS SECTION, fare to Russia via England or Germany and Finland, hotels and meals en route to Russia and during 7 DAYS IN LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW, with sightseeing, entertainment, conductor's and interpreter's services, visas, etc.

A variety of other interesting trips at surprisingly low rates offered in our booklet "N"

RETURN PASSAGE ON
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
STEAMER INCLUDED.

AMALGAMATED BANK

11-15 Union Square

New York City

neers command, but their importance is relative. Leonov employs the right emphasis in outlining the individuals in the story against the background of elemental force and collective action.

The task is, indeed, too stupendous not to overwhelm individual interests and values. The foreign engineer, brought to the spot over impassable roads in an archaic cart, cannot comprehend Russia and its contradictions. He is to assist in changing three hundred acres of backwoods into an industrialized community, with a giant paper factory as its center. The foreigner fails to reconcile this scientific enterprise with the surrounding poverty, squalor, and ignorance. In normal countries life follows the slow processes of evolution. The Soviet leaders are attempting to impose the twentieth century directly on the seventeenth, the laws of evolution notwithstanding. Leonov's engineers and workmen penetrate the hoary regions of Sot River, and hurl the challenge of man-made machinery at the gates of a monastery, at entrenched tradition and bigotry. The problem is not only to destroy and supersede the old, but to reclaim and win over whatever is not moribund.

Rural Sot is still the prevailing Russia. The engineers, the builders of a new life, must face a wall of inertia and superstition. There is no timber, though all around luxurious forests are dying from decay and lack of protection. The villagers dread innovation as something of the devil, whether it be a chicken incubator or a radio in the local club. Though the church is obviously a thing of the past, the monks exert enough influence on the older generation to make them resist the new order. On the numerous feasts of Our Lady the standpatters forgather as of yore, and drink vodka, and swear at the Bolsheviks. Even the younger men are drawn to these celebrations—yes, even the construction workmen. These sprees result in costly negligence and damage when the celebrants resume their work on the morning after. The monks chuckle. They encourage fantastic rumors and attempts at rebellion. The natives complain when the engineers force them to move to new quarters, even though their new cottages are clean and roomy. They are alarmed by the large windows, by the absence of bugs, by the "inexplicable Soviet kindness" in the form of a club, a school, even a hospital. They miss the coziness of the old stench and stuffiness sanctified by their Byzantinist "gods."

The builders of the new are inexorable. In their own camps they meet inefficiency, bureaucratic red tape, doctrinaire pedantry, and other obstacles inevitable when a group of honest but inexperienced men undertake to remake a sixth of the globe and its inhabitants. In the scene when Sot River, in revenge against the newcomers, demolishes one of the dams and menaces the whole construction, one gets an inkling of the new spirit in Russia. The voluntary brigades formed by the workmen make desperate efforts to save *their* enterprise—the emphasis can hardly be understood in capitalistic countries. One comes to realize that with all their faults and failures the Soviet builders—engineers and workmen alike—are engaged in a grand adventure which gives them the sense of mastery, spiritual as well as material, over the machine and nature and life itself.

ALEXANDER KAUN

Notes on Fiction

Rumour at Nightfall. By Graham Greene. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

If it is true that there can be no beauty without strangeness, it is still a nice question precisely where the fulcrum must be placed to achieve the proper aesthetic balance between the two qualities. In "Rumour at Nightfall" Graham Greene has written a passion play in terms of a psychological romance revolving about the enigmatic leader of a rebellion in the Spanish

Pyrenees. Mr. Greene's mysticism, however, is so often akin to mystification that it is difficult to say just where the true ends and the false begins; the author depends too much on strangeness to achieve the effect of beauty. Fortunately, his rhetoric is excellent and his novel in part makes up in subtlety of style for what it lacks in wisdom.

Let the Day Perish. By Paul Padover. Jonathan Cape and Robert Ballou. \$2.

In this short novel, probably mostly autobiographical, the young author tells of the terrible indignities and persecution suffered by the Polish Jews during the war and the year immediately following. Evidently the cruelties inflicted on them by the invading Cossacks were insignificant compared with those visited upon them after the war by the people for whose country Polish Jews had fought and died. Mr. Padover's talent lacks maturity; his novel is hardly more than a sketch. But it is a remarkably vivid sketch and the events he depicts arouse our horror and pity and indignation that such things should ever be permitted in a supposedly civilized world.

A Street in Moscow. By Ilya Ehrenbourg. Translated by Sonia Volochova. Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

The citizens who live in "the" Protochny Street, near the Moscow River, do not argue the principles of Marx and Engels. Kulaks, hunchback fiddlers, broken-down aristocrats, betrayed maidens, misfit journalists, dismissed Latin instructors, hangers-on, "abandoned" children—they are the backwash of the revolution and spend most of their energy keeping alive. Mr. Ehrenbourg's purpose in writing about them is not to tell a story, though he helps himself freely to the devices of narration; his purpose is really to reveal his encyclopedic knowledge of slum life in the U. S. S. R. Like his characters, he is not a Communist himself, though we are told that the Communist chiefs, including Stalin, read him for the sociological information that his work contains. Artistically this book is not interesting, being a mixture of superficial brilliance, sentimentality, hokum, and Grand Guignol horrors. But as a piece of fictional journalism it is exceptionally informative.

Music

The American Composer

THE American composer wants the critic to answer three questions, according to Aaron Copland, who spoke for the composers represented on the programs of the Yaddo Festival, at the "conference for critics and composers." How does my work differ from all other works? How does it relate to what I have done, and to what I am going to do? What is it worth, as music? By answering these questions the critic will, Mr. Copland thinks, best help the composer to an understanding of himself, and the public to an understanding of the composer.

When I look over the list of the twenty odd works performed at Yaddo I find only one work about which I could attempt an answer to the first two questions, and not more than one or two more about which I could essay even the first. Roy Harris's Sonata and Aaron Copland's Variations seem to me the outstanding music of the three programs; and both are works whose whole significance and direction I completely missed the first time I heard them. In a day when each composer hammers out his own quite individual idiom—changes it, perhaps, even from work to work—I think it is entirely impossible for the average competent listener to form definite opinions

any of the three crucial points from a single hearing. I now it is for me. One of the composers present had no hesitation in saying, when he had barely finished his first hearing Roy Harris's Sonata, that while the beginning and end were brilliant, the slow movement could be cut. Now, although I am far from knowing the work as thoroughly as I should like I have heard it six or eight times and am fairly familiar with the score; and I am much surer of the structural soundness of the slow movement than of either of the other two.

It would be very convenient for all concerned if one could go to a work once, describe it, place it, and appraise it. But to begin the first two processes I need at least two or three hearings; and for appraisal years would not be too much. I have changed my opinion too often of works that I thought I knew intimately; it would be nonsense to attempt to evaluate music whose very idiom is in many cases quite new to me. The tentative remarks that follow express or imply nothing but impressions subject to later correction.

Certain broad classifications it is, nevertheless, possible to suggest. The Polyphonic Piano Pieces of Vivian Fine, the Rhapsody for String Quartet of Marc Blitzstein, and the String Quartet of Silvestre Revueltas, all seemed to me definitely beyond the level of competent writing that Aaron Copland claimed for all the works presented. Mr. Blitzstein's piece, in three long movements, was, it seems hardly necessary to state, an affirmation of Larghezza pushed to truly dogmatic lengths, and the continuous use of imitative entries of material that seemed to be introduced, deposited for inspection, and forgotten, did nothing to alleviate its dreariness. In the other two works a little dogmatism would have been welcome; their lack was not insisting too much upon a point, but in failing to make any.

Jazz, which a few years ago would have been a conspicuous influence on any such program, was represented by only one work, a very entertaining one—the Sonatina for Piano of Mr. Aaron Levant. It was the real thing, as real as Mr. Gershwin and much more competently treated; it was no mere medley, but put together and developed convincingly. At the same time it retained something of that sweet-and-sour sensualism which is an essential feature of jazz and which was always lacking, for example, in even the jazziest music of Aaron Copland, as Virgil Thomson recently pointed out. Dadaism, too, for which Mr. Thomson could formerly be counted on, was absent, for he has forsaken it. His Stabat Mater, for soprano and string quartet, a straightforward work of a quiet severity and characteristic excellence of workmanship that made one of the biggest impressions of the festival. George Antheil, who was to have played three 1922 Sonatas and a Sonatina of 1932, could not be present; the sensational side remained unrepresented.

Two works struck me as having chiefly their slick instrumentation to recommend them—Louis Gruenberg's Four Divisions for String Quartet and Nicolai Berezowsky's Quartet. Each came at the end of its program, and each was brilliantly played by the League of Composers Quartet, both of which may partially account for my grouping the works together. Two more—the Two Pieces for Piano of Carlos Chavez and the Five Songs of Paul Frederick Bowles—seemed pleasantly enough contrived but unsubstantial. Defying classification were the Seven Songs of Charles Ives—of startling imagination, vitality, and humor. One of them—"Charley Rutlage—Cowboy Ballad"—stopped the show and had to be repeated. It had, I thought, a recognizably American twang—the only piece, it seemed to me, of a definitely national tinge except Mr. Levant's Jazz Sonatina and the Berezowsky Quartet, whose nationalism is Russian, not American. Two works stood out for the distinction of their workmanship—the Three Songs of Chaucer by Robert Russell Bennett and the Flute Sonata of Walter Piston, the latter brilliantly played by Messrs. Laurent and Sanroma of the Boston Orchestra and enthusiastically received.

A vivid story-telling sequence of 230 selected gravure photographs of Soviet life under the Five-Year Plan. \$2.50

The achievements of socialist planned economy and the futility of planning under capitalism, as presented by the Soviet Delegation at the International Planned Economy Congress in Amsterdam. \$1.50

The classic Marxist interpretation of Russian history to the rise of commercial capitalism. \$3.50

Reminiscences of a Russian student-officer who became a Bolshevik and played a leading revolutionary role in the army and navy. \$1.00

A survey of the Five-Year Plan and the foreign relations of the Soviet Union, by the head of the Soviet Government. \$1.25

Write for a descriptive catalog
International Publishers
381 Fourth Avenue New York

Land Without Unemployment

Edited by Ernst Glaeser and F. C. Weiskopf

Socialist Planned Economy in the Soviet Union

by V. Ossinsky and Others

History of Russia

by Prof. M. N. Pokrovsky

From the February Revolution to the October Revolution 1917

by A. F. Ilyin-Genevsky

The Success of the Five-Year Plan

by V. M. Molotov

"The character portraits

are unforgettable."

—N. Y. Herald-Tribune

PASSION

SIX LITERARY MARRIAGES

By ROBERT NEUMANN

SHELLEY

GOETHE

DOSTOIEVSKY

BYRON

BALZAC

STRINDBERG

"His characters are astounding, his drama intense. Any one who reads *Passion* is likely to find indelibly in his mind six literary men—all absurdly human."—N. Y. Herald Tribune.
"These six dramatic episodes leave one with the feeling of having read six exciting and provocative one-act plays . . . The excellent workmanship, and the spirit behind it, make it a book of considerable significance." — *Book-of-the-Month Club News*. \$2.00

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, N. Y.

□ PLAYS □ FILMS □

THE THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

REUNION IN VIENNA

a comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

MARTIN BECK THEA., 45 St. & 8 Ave. PEEn. 8-8109
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

THE THEATRE GUILD presents

TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD

A New Play by BERNARD SHAW

GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of B'way
Evenings 8:30 MATS.: Thurs. and Sat. 2:30

THE THEATRE GUILD presents

EUGENE O'NEILL'S Trilogy

Mourning Becomes Electra

1st Perf., "Homecoming," 5:30 to 7 p.m.
2d Perf., "The Hunted"—"The Haunted," 8:10 to 11:20.

Prices \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50 \$3

ALVIN THEATRE, 52nd Street, West of Broadway

GILBERT MILLER Presents

BEST MARSHALL THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET

A Comedy by John van Druten

"Utterly delightful."—John Mason Brown, Post.

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd St.
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

GILBERT MILLER AND LESLIE HOWARD Present

LESLIE HOWARD

in PHILIP BARRY'S New Comedy

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

"The season's most gratifying adventure."

—Percy Hammond, Herald-Tribune

Staged by Gilbert Miller

EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway and 40th Street.
Eves., 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

"ANOTHER LANGUAGE"

A New Play by ROSE FRANKEN With GLENN ANDERS
DOROTHY STICKNEY, MARGARET WYCHERLY, JOHN BEAL

"Remarkably evocative, subtle, beautiful and tender, and as real as the truth. A splendid achievement of acting and direction."

—J. Brooks Atkinson, N. Y. Times.

BOOTH THEATRE—45th St., West of Broadway
Eves. 8:30—Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ALL IMPORTANT
SOVIET FILMS
HAVE THEIR
AMERICAN PREMIERE

at the

R
K
O CAMEO B'way & 42 St.

9 A.M. to 1 P.M.
ALL SEATS 25c

STARTS FRIDAY, MAY 13th

"SIBERIAN PATROL"

BASED ON THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE
PLAY "ARMOURED TRAIN"

SEND YOUR NAME TO RECEIVE WEEKLY ANNOUNCEMENTS

But the meat of the programs was in Roy Harris's Piano Sonata, of which I wrote some months ago in this column, Aaron Copland's Variations, and doubtless in Roger Sessions Piano Sonata, which I heard for the first time. The Harris Sonata I like more and more, even though I feel more and more strongly that certain passages limp. But it has a warmth and a generousness of invention that seem to me just what Copland's Variations lack. The Variations do Copland credit as composer; they are worked out with a skill and conscientiousness that deserve juicier material. That is what one must expect of Harris; he is running over with material, and particularly rare phenomenon—with melodic material. Where he handles it best, and there are many such places in his Sonata, it is moving music, and that I cannot yet say for any of the other things I heard at Yaddo.

But most of them were entirely worth listening to, and the excellent judgment of Aaron Copland in building the program, the admirable performance of almost everything heard, and the skilful management of the festival made it easy and pleasant to listen. Copland's contributions were not confined to his composition or his choice of the works; he appeared as pianist in every program and did the most brilliant playing of the festival. He is to be credited with one of the most intelligent and effective efforts yet made to advance the appreciation of contemporary American music, an effort which Yaddo promises to continue doubtless with even increased effectiveness, each year in the future.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama A Palpable Hit

"ANOTHER LANGUAGE" (Booth Theater) has just scored an instantaneous hit. Dispirited by a long series of worse than mediocre plays, the critics of the daily press accorded it a surprised approval to which the public responded with encouraging alacrity. A week after the opening capacity houses were the rule, and that means something at the very end of a season which has been driving playwrights to despair and managers to bankruptcy. The incident proves once more that there are no bad years for plays which the potential audience really wants to see, and the play itself proves something else very often forgotten—namely, that no theme seems merely "old stuff" if only the characters which set it forth are freshly observed and if only the emotions which it is intended to arouse are freshly felt.

Certainly there is nothing superficially novel in the story which "Another Language" undertakes to tell. The boy who is forced into business when he wants to be an architect is, anything, even more common on the stage than he is in life. The selfish mother who dominates the lives of her brood of sons even after they have acquired wives and children of their own is another familiar figure; and there is, still further, nothing longer anything novel in the situation produced when a sensitive adolescent falls in love with the experienced woman who also understands his callow aspirations. Indeed, it would be easy to say that the present play was compounded by adding a dash of "Main Street" to equal proportions of "Fata Morgana," "Young Woodley," and "The Silver Cord." It would be easy to say that, but it would not be true, for the simple reason that "Another Language"—in some passages at least—is what the critics are accustomed to call in our more perfunctory moments "authentic." And that, of course, is another way of saying that it makes us forget the other plays which it is "like," and moves us afresh.

CHILDREN—SUMMER

LILLIPUT

A healthy, happy, homelike camp for 4 to 11 year olds.

A lovely house, ideal surroundings, in the mountains, very accessible. The entire staff is experienced in the guidance of small children. Resident physician, trained nurse. Highly endorsed by educators and parents. Group of 40. Booklet. Raymond 6-4143. Anne Josephson, 1880 University Ave., N. Y.

"OPEN ROAD" CAMP ON WHEELS

Let your boy realize the dream of a lifetime and join a small group to see Washington, Grand Canyon, Olympic Games, Scenic Wonders of our national parks. A summer of wholesome outdoor living and travel, including visits to basic industries, with experiences making for real progressive education.

START JUNE 29th. TEN WEEKS
\$550. Covers All Expenses

Write Paul E. Drost, 351 Pulaski St., Bklyn., N. Y.

A FEW children from 2 years up can be accommodated in private country home with very modern convenience. Expert care with properly balanced diet and home atmosphere. References exchanged. Reply Box 636, c/o The Nation.

MOTHER of three, college woman will take two children for summer of directed recreation, manual training—art—riding—swimming. Country residence. Ages 6 to 11. Moderate rates. Box 641, c/o The Nation.

FOR SALE

WHITE Colonial house, freshly painted throughout, excellent condition, 8 rooms, 3 baths, 2 large screened porches, 2 fireplaces, 2 car garage, gas, electricity, hot-water heating, separate studio with bath, secluded, flourishing perennial flower-garden, ten minutes from station and fine beach, 70 minutes from Grand Central. \$17,000.00. VanWyck Brooks, Westport, Conn.

LAKE PEEKSKILL COUNTRY HOMES: A small community after your own heart. High elevation, charming landscape, beautiful lake, carefully planned, solidly built homes completely appointed. Various sized bungalows to suit your needs, built to your order on a large plot. Outdoor sports for adults and children. 40 miles from New York, 48 trains daily; excellent auto roads. Prices from \$1,550, convenient terms.

B. CANICK, 3424 Gates Place, Bronx
Tel.: Peekskill 3192; evenings—OLinville 2-7306

FOR RENT—APARTMENTS

ATTRACTIVE apartment (furnished), 9th floor, 4 exposures, view and sunshine, spacious studio living room, fireplace, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, kitchen. Rent very reasonable. John Ross Menenbhall, 123 Waverly Place, N. Y. Spring 7-5479.

WILL sublet (June 15 to Sept. 15) 5 room furnished apartment; radio, piano, frigidaire, elevator, children's playground. Tudor City. Call evenings. MURray Hill 4-0693.

SUBLET—attractively furnished, 4 room apartment, near park. Frigidaire, large kitchen, 5 closets. \$75. 7 West 65th St., New York City. Rafalgar 7-5545.

FOR SUBLET. Furnished. Beautiful 8 room apartment in the heart of the city, near theatres and Park. Wyoming Apartments, 853 Seventh Avenue at 55th St. Price to suit your pocket or bank balance. Do not make an offer if you do not wish it accepted. Will rent from June 5th to Sept. 15th. R. R. La Monte, 853 Seventh Avenue. Circle 7-3680.

SUBLET—June to October or less. Attractively furnished 2 rooms, kitchenette in Greenwich Village. Piano, linen, silver, dishes, etc. Walking distance N. Y. University. Very reasonable. All evenings after 8. Apt. 3 E. 295 W. 11th St.

35th ST., 32 E.—To responsible literary couple or friends, sublet at substantial reduction for art-time literary work: Attractive three-room apartment, real kitchen, roof, end of May to middle of August. Phone: CAledonia 5-6967.

SUBLET, for summer, a charmingly furnished, 3 room, all modern apartment. Half a block from private beach. Two minutes walk from Brighton Beach station. Rabinowitz, 2991 Ripple t. SHEephead 3-8691.

SUMMER RENTALS

AN IDEAL RETREAT

a number of artistically furnished studio bungalows, available at moderate rentals. Counsellors—social director will help make summer delightful for parents and children. modern plumbing—open fireplaces—electricity. tennis courts—handball courts—children's playground—social hall—fresh water swimming on property. salt water bathing and golf courses nearby. convenient commutation from Grand Central. June 1—Oct. 1. here you may buy and own a lovely studio on a financially painless basis.

stonybrook—westport, conn.
lex. 2-7224 171 madison ave., n. y. c.
room 1612

EXCEPTIONALLY beautiful 5 room bungalows, completely furnished; fireplaces, modern bath, gas range, large porches. Private lake. Mountain altitude. Tennis, golf, riding. Children cared for. Near Carmel Reasonable. Trafalgar 7-7740. LINCOLN WEEKEND RANCH.

FOR RENT—June 10 to Sept. 10. \$75 per month, charmingly furnished 6 room house. books, piano, community garden, tennis. Close to subway, 2nd Ave. L., 5th Ave. Bus. Sunnyside. L. I. Tel. after 5 P. M. Stillwell 4-8790.

MANHATTAN BEACH—five room bungalows, completely furnished, a few minutes from the beach, sunny, light, airy and reasonable. Telephone Mrs. S. Hess, SHEephead 3-4144.

BUNGALOWS on a beautiful lake in the foothills of the Berkshires, three hours from New York. Hardwood floors, built-in tubs, showers and all modern improvements. Tennis and handball courts, clubhouse, boating, swimming, fishing; also bathing crib for children. Very reasonable rent to right party. ABCA, 55 W. 42nd St., New York. Phone CHickering 4-2529.

CROTON—Rent summer furnished; practically new stone house, 9 rooms, three baths. Terrace. Magnificent view Hudson. Lovely gardens grounds; 2-car garage; convenient golf, tennis—50 minutes Grand Central—Reasonable rental; really unusual, cannot be appreciated unless seen. Phone: Greenberg, Croton 442.

WRITER will rent small Pennsylvania Dutch stone farm house, electric cooking, books, fully furnished, to responsible party. \$200 season. Brook, wooded hills, garden. 75 miles from New York. Box 667, c/o The Nation.

PARIS HOUSE for summer; furnished; with garden and garage, completely modernized, bordering Bois de Boulogne, 6 bedrooms, free June, \$150 monthly. Davis, 10 Rue de l'Elysee, Paris.

SMALL FURNISHED HOUSE

On artist's farm, Northern Ramapo Mountains. 1 1/4 hours out, short walk from railroad station, adjoining 1,000 acres of wild mountain land. Concrete swimming pool. Two people only. References required. \$250 by year. C. W. B., 120 West 41st Street, N. Y. PE 6-1086.

LOG CABIN, 4 rooms, bath, screened porch. Lattice, fireplace—\$250; old farmhouse—\$150; apartment, 2 rooms and porch—\$100. Sanitary plumbing, electricity, swimming pool; 50 miles city. Lena Gordon, Kent Cliffs, N. Y.

FREE ACRES, N. J. 4 room bungalow, bath, garage. Frigidaire, electric range, fireplace, swimming pool, archery, tennis, community activities. Good commuting. Season \$250. July and August \$200. F. Lowe, R. F. D. No. 1, Scotch Plains, N. J.

FOR RENT—new house, attractively furnished, semi-detached. Five rooms, and bath. Residential section. 3 minutes from Lackawanna Station. Only adults desired. June 1—Sept. 1. \$50 per month. H. Meier, 3 Belmont Ave., Madison, N. J.

WESTPORT—Old Colonial farmhouse, charmingly furnished, seven rooms, modern, bath, electricity. 15 acre orchard. 7 miles from station, 20 minutes from beach. Ideal for children. \$550 long season. Box 647, c/o The Nation.

THREE bungalows in the Watchung Mountains within commuting distance from New York. All conveniences. Open fireplaces. Doubles court. Phone Slocum 6-8200. Ask for Superintendent.

OFFICE FOR RENT

TO SUBLET—June to October 1st, light corner room, 15 x 16, in mercantile building, near Union Square subways. Quiet, southeast exposure, running water. Several tables and 12 folding chairs. \$45 monthly. References required. Box 670, c/o The Nation.

OPEN SHELF

LEON TROTSKY



THE MAN WHO LED
THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION...



THE MAN WHO WROTE IT...

THE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

BY LEON TROTSKY

Translated from the original Russian
By MAX EASTMAN

SIMON AND SCHUSTER • \$4.00

Henry Sold here without profit. Ask for price list and appreciations by famous men. —sent free.
George's call himself educated in social thought (says **Books** Dr. John Dewey) who lacks acquaintance with the great writings of Henry George.
ROBERT SCHALKENBACH FOUNDATION
15 Park Place, New York City
SUPPORTED BY ENDOWMENTS

POSITIONS WANTED

COUPLE NEED WORK. City or country. Man experienced electrician; woman—housework, sewing, cooking, good with children. 2038 Fourth Ave., Astoria, L. I. Tel. Astoria 8-9694-J.

YOUNG MAN, graduate student, desires position with Nudist clan during summer in exchange for material for thesis and small salary. Experienced tennis coach. Box 668, c/o The Nation.

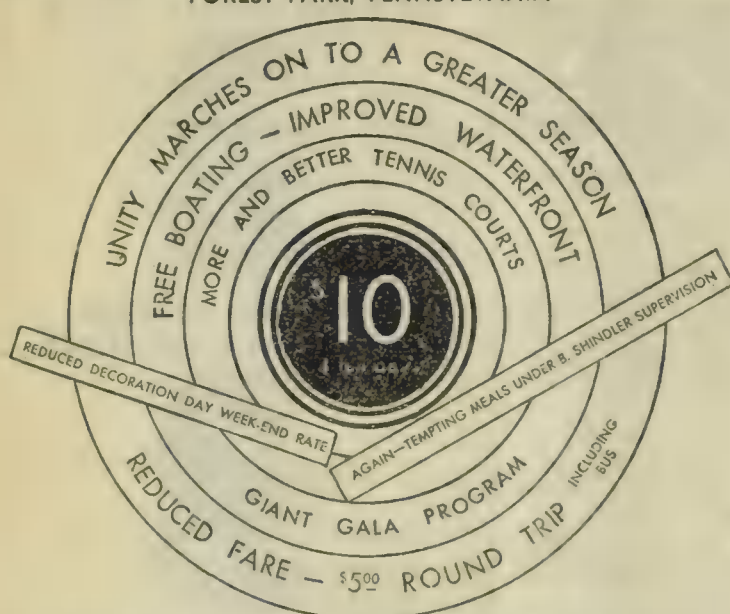
YOUNG LADY, 25, experienced dictaphone, general office, and research work, wishes exchange services room and board summer camp, hotel; or assist writer. Box 669, c/o The Nation.

APARTMENT TO SHARE

PROFESSIONAL woman will share 2 room, North skylight studio apartment. Spacious, airy, rear. Beautifully furnished. Kitchenette, modern bathroom. Office phone, Lafayette 3-10053, weekends and evenings, CHelsea 3-6684. 7 Charles St., N. Y. Bessie Bush.

UNITY LODGE

FOREST PARK, PENNSYLVANIA



Write for booklet, 3 W. 16th St., N. Y. C., CHelsea 3-2148
J. HALPERN, Manager MORRIS NOVIK, Associate Mgr.
Owned and operated by the I.L.G.W.U. on a non-profit basis

ARE YOU

LIBERAL, COMMUNIST, SOCIALIST?

Three leaders will discuss their respective philosophies:

HARRY ELMER BARNES.....Liberal

NORMAN THOMAS.....Socialist

JAY LOVESTONE.....Communist

Friday, May 13

8:30 P.M.

NEW SCHOOL FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH, 66 W. 12 St.

Under Auspices of Upper West Side Unemployed League

Admissions 75c and \$1.00

Tickets at Rand Book Store, 7 E. 15 St. or New School

TRAVEL BARGAINS

- A. Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, France.....\$128 up
- B. 30 Days Russian Tour: England, Finland, Leningrad, Moscow, France.....\$169 up
- C. 35 Days Russian Tour: Germany, Leningrad, Moscow, Kiev, France.....\$182 up
- D. France, Egypt, Palestine, Italy, Austria, Germany.....\$205 up
- E. All-European: France, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Turkey, Soviet Union, Poland, Germany, Belgium, England.....\$260 up
- F. England, Finland, Leningrad, Moscow, Volga River, Dnieprostroy, Ukraine.....\$280 up
- G. Grand Tour: France, Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Turkey, Soviet Russia, Poland, Germany.....\$310 up

For other tours and particulars apply

GUSTAVE EISNER

Popular Priced Tourist Agency

1123 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY
CHelsea 3-5080 - 8

Unique Non-Mechanized Tour of THE U. S. S. R.

THIS is no regimented rush through the conventional "sights." Friendship Tours, a non-commercial organization, brings you inspired leadership and intimate contact with the heart and soul of the New Russia and its great projects.

Sailings on the
BREMEN and EUROPA
June 7th & 15th
July 9th & August 13th
Lowest Inclusive Cost

For
Booklet
No. 7
address

PHILIP BROWN, Director

FRIENDSHIP TOURS

136 Berkeley Place

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Naturally I am not prepared to say how familiar the author, Miss Rose Franken, may or may not be with the plays which her own work resembles. Perhaps she knows them well, and perhaps she does not know some of them at all. But one fact is certain: she did not borrow anything from them except, possibly, the bare situation, and she has gone to life itself for her characters and her atmosphere. The middle-class family into which she introduces us is one which she has observed for herself, and, unless I am very much mistaken, some of the remarks which its members make were taken down pretty literally from the lips of the originals. Indeed, I should not be very much surprised if she lost a few friends; in any event, she has given to her minor personages that particularity which contributes to plays like this something of the local interest of accomplished gossip. The stodgy sons, the dominating mother, and the dull, overeating wives are in one sense, of course, representatives of universal types. They belong to every age and to every country. But the sub-variety of their stodginess, the technique of their domination, and the kinds of food they eat too much of are all, like the language they use, unmistakably of the here and now. It is this fact which makes the audience chuckle forth its recognition and which gives to the whole play its distinction.

Frankness, to be sure, compels me to confess that not so much can be said for either of the two principal characters. Neither the aspiring boy nor the sympathetic aunt is very much more than an aspiring boy and a sympathetic aunt. They are credible, and they will serve, though not very much more can be said for them. But the steady sons and, above all, their variously exasperating wives are straight out of somebody's family album. Nor would it be fair to omit to mention the fact that the actors who play these minor roles contribute quite as much to the amusement of the evening as does Margaret Wycherly, who is restrained and generally excellent as the mother, or Dorothy Stickney and John Beal, who are quite satisfactory as the other two principals. Miss Franken, the author, is a successful writer of short stories who reveals, besides other good qualities, a sound and dependable knowledge of stage technique which enables her to manage the difficult last act with considerable effectiveness of a purely theatrical sort. This is her first play to reach Broadway but I do not think it will be her last.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ EDUCATIONAL □

CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH

Spanish - Italian - German

Private lessons 75c (Daily 9-9). Native teachers
UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1265 Lexington Ave., Northeast Cor. 85th St.

FRENCH

Spanish, Italian, German
Russian, Conversational.
Native teachers. Private lessons. 75c. Daily 9-9
Fisher School of Languages, 1244 Lexington
Av. (bet. 42-43 Sts.) Est. 1905. ATwater 9-6076

RUSSIAN

by university man, instructor in
Russian at Berlitz School
Private lessons or classes. Phonograph records
used. Michael Jerlitzyn, 2018 Fifth Avenue. Tel.
HARlem 7-8446.

ART INSTRUCTION at Gray's Farm in the
Berkshires—247 acres, private pool. Instruction
and board, limited to 8 students. \$100.00
for 5 weeks; July 2 to August 6. Esther Gray, 66
Manhattan Ave., Crestwood, N. J. Tel. Tuckahoe
2686.

PERSONAL

LADY, 35, travelled, artistic, literary, whose
business keeps her intellectually marooned
seeks correspondence contact with reputable men
and women of broad experience, ideas and ideals.
Box 664, c/o The Nation.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1932

No. 3490

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	583
EDITORIALS:	
The Failure of Big Business.....	586
The Problem of Federal Relief.....	587
Smashing the Atom.....	587
Negro Children in New York.....	588
LAYING WITH MATCHES. THE RISE AND FALL OF IVAR KREUGER. By Max Winkler.....	589
THE CONTROL OF BIG BUSINESS. By Walton H. Hamilton.....	591
DIARY OF AN EX-PRESIDENT. By Morrie Ryskind.....	594
POLITICS—TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY. By Paul Y. Anderson.....	595
THE JEWS AND THE FIVE-YEAR PLAN. By Louis Fischer.....	597
ON THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	599
CORRESPONDENCE	600
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	601
FINANCE: RAILWAY LEGISLATION. By S. Palmer Harman.....	602
BOOKS, FILMS, DRAMA:	
Light Will Be Wisdom. By Hal Saunders White.....	603
On "Effective" Criticism. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	603
Predatory Patriots. By Arthur Warner.....	604
A History of Biology. By Benjamin Ginzburg.....	604
How Often We Murder—and Why. By William Seagle.....	605
Class-Conscious Fiction. By Robert Cantwell.....	606
Books in Brief	606
Films: Importations. By Margaret Marshall.....	607
Drama: Comedy and Despair. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	608

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DRAMATIC EDITOR LITERARY EDITOR
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH HENRY HAZLITT

DEVERE ALLEN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

FRANK WOODBURN FRED KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER
DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; Canada, \$6.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

COMING SO SOON after the assassination of President Doumer of France, the murder of Premier Inukai of Japan by a gang of army and navy officers has horrified the world. Though both crimes, at least indirectly, were the product of the growing unrest prevailing in all countries, the killing of Inukai presents a special case. It is impossible to determine just what factors lay behind the assassination of this venerable and reactionary statesman, for we have not been permitted to learn what has actually been happening in Japan during the last several months. The murder of Inukai may presage a fascist revolution. There have been many hints of such an upheaval. Public opinion is turning against the irresponsible militarists and their misadventures in China; the working class is in a state of ferment; the military clique doubtless realizes that it must, if it wishes to remain supreme, come into absolute control of the country before the pacifist and working-class agitation results in another kind of revolution. Curiously enough, the reaction against militarism finds most of its support among business leaders who see that the Manchurian and Shanghai affairs have gravely injured Japanese commercial interests. In their view the militarists and their allies, the *ronin* or political gunmen, have now suddenly become anti-capitalist. They are attracting many discontented working people to their banners, which, viewed at this distance, appears a dangerous omen for the future of Japan and the peace of the Far East.

Should the military absolutists come into power, there is no telling where their mad ambition will lead them. They have long looked greedily toward Eastern Siberia and Inner Mongolia, both Soviet Russian territory.

NO MORE SOLEMN WARNING has come to the President of the gravity of the unemployment situation than when, on May 13, the presidents of one-third of the standard railway unions, seven in all, said to him with complete directness: "Mr. President, we have come here to tell you that unless something is done to provide employment and relieve distress among the families of the unemployed, we cannot be responsible for the orderly operation of the railroads of this country; that we will refuse to take the responsibility for the disorder which is sure to arise if conditions continue." They explained that they would ask for a dole with the greatest reluctance, but, said they: "Mr. President, what other alternative is there available? Everything else suggested has either failed or been denied. If something is not immediately done we will be obliged to demand a dole." But they did not merely ask for aid. They had a number of constructive suggestions to make, including the appointment of a commission of five, to be called the International Trade and War Debt Commission, to negotiate a twenty-five-year moratorium with each debtor country individually, provided each country agrees to cooperate in aiding the United States to regain and develop its foreign trade, and declares a similar moratorium on war-reparations payments. Reviewing the situation, they also said: "Why under such conditions do we shout, 'But a loan is a loan and a contract is a contract'? . . . Why should we demand the flesh closest to the hearts of our brother-laborers abroad, while at the same time it means the ruination of our own earning power, our own economic system, and the ruination of the American home?"

THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MEDICINE, through a report issued on May 15 by its council, reiterates and reinforces the charges of extravagance and incompetence leveled against the Veterans' Bureau. Unnecessary duplication of hospitalization work, relief and allowances to war veterans who either are amply able to take care of themselves or who are disabled for causes long postdating the war, and insufficient allowances to war-disabled veterans who are actually in need are among the charges brought by the Academy of Medicine council. They are not new, but coming from a reputable and distinguished body, they have a force which makes them doubly impressive. The report declares: "Savings in federal expenditures resulting from the elimination of subsidies of all kinds to ex-soldiers who are not suffering from war disabilities would exceed \$450,000,000 a year." These figures, it is alleged, were verified by the Veterans' Bureau itself, and by the legislative offices of the American Legion. Half a billion dollars, therefore, is the approximate sum which might be saved the taxpayer by a reconstitution of the Veterans' Bureau. Where is Mr. Hoover? Where is Congress?

Where are the Secretary of the Treasury and all the other estimable public officers who seek so furiously to balance the budget, whether or not that balancing is only precariously on paper? How much would half a billion dollars help? What stands in the way of saving it except a plain, ordinary desire to play politics, a cowardly fear of losing votes?

THOUGH VERY LITTLE SPACE was devoted to it in the daily press, the collapse of the three major enterprises identified with the Insulls—the Middle West Utilities Company, Insull Utility Investments, and Corporation Securities Company of Chicago—was the largest corporate failure in American business history. The most charitable thing that can be said for the Insulls is that they completely lost their perspective in the 1928-29 period, and feeling certain that the public-utilities industry would continue to grow by leaps and bounds and that investors would continue to be awed by the magic of the Insull name, they piled additional holding companies on top of an already preposterously pyramided structure. The financing of the Middle West Utilities Company was the most scandalous. That company controls operating subsidiaries in about 5,000 communities in thirty States. It is a holding company which controls other holding companies. In some instances the operating company is five places removed from the Middle West stockholder. John Flynn has calculated that in the case of the Georgia Power Company every dollar of Middle West common stock controls \$1,750, and that with an investment of only \$20,000,000 the Insull family controls not only the \$2,500,000,000 Middle West Company but the three great Chicago companies. It took but a minor decline in the profits of the operating companies to eliminate the parent company's equity entirely; and despite the fact that such stop-gaps as skimpy depreciation and inclusion in "earnings" of stock dividends and other items were resorted to, the too liberal bankers were finally unwilling to pour further funds into a sinking ship, and the company went into bankruptcy. The losses of the bankers and the security holders run into hundreds of millions of dollars. The stock market valued Middle West common at \$565 a share in 1929; it now values it at less than four cents on the dollar. The financing of the Insull companies was merely typical of public-utility financing in the new era. No effective steps have yet been taken, nor are there any under serious discussion, for controlling this frenzied holding-company finance.

THE PROPOSAL to retire 2,000 army officers has aroused part of the press, the Secretary of War, and the Chief of Staff, General MacArthur. They are wringing their hands and assuring the country that if these officers are retired the country will be ruined. Twelve thousand trained officers, they admit, are too many for our small army, but we must have them, they insist, for use when the army is expanded for war. Very carefully they fail to point out that retired officers are always available for service in an emergency, remain subject to the President's orders, and can immediately be returned to troops if they are physically fit. There is not an argument advanced for the retention of these officers which will hold water. The War Department has difficulty in finding real jobs for them and in giving the line officers the service with troops required by law. Quite

amusing in this connection is that after finding some members of the Military Affairs Committee unyielding with respect to these officers, Secretary Hurley and General MacArthur suddenly discovered (having assured the President and Congress that they had cut their estimates to the bone) that they could accept cuts of \$15,000,000 in other items so that the 2,000 officers might be retained. Thus seriously do his department heads take President Hoover's appeal for real economy. We are glad to note that the House voted against the 2,000 officers on May 13.

NOT IN THE WHOLE HISTORY of the Civil Service in America has there been a more unblushing violation of the spirit of the Civil Service and the laws governing it than that of the Second Assistant Postmaster General, W. Irving Glover, in Springfield, Missouri, on May 14. In an address before the Missouri Postmasters' Association this official spoilsman demanded that postmasters "get out on the firing-line" in support of President Hoover or resign. "I'll be back in Washington Monday," Mr. Glover said, according to a dispatch in the *New York Times*, "and I'll be glad at that time to take the resignations of any of you postmasters who don't want to do it." Some of his other choice remarks follow:

You are a part of this Administration. When you hear anyone assailing that man Hoover, remember what I've said, or go and read a book and answer them. As long as you do that you are filling the job of postmaster. To make the world safe again for democracy, you must stand behind that man of peerless leadership, of brains, ability, and steadfastness. I ask your faith in God that our country shall not fail.

We beg to assure Mr. Glover that nothing is quite so calculated to insure the failure of this country as to turn its government officials into a political machine, and thereby to degrade the entire public service. We have built up the merit system as it is over a period of fifty years by fighting this exact spirit. One would have to go back at least to the eighties to find a similar crass piece of spoilsmanship, which every federal employee ought to resent when he comes to cast his ballot next fall.

WHAT HERBERT HOOVER would do if the United States entered another war, and if he could have his way, is no longer in doubt. Discussion of a war-time program by the War Policies Commission has included various suggestions made by Mr. Hoover when Secretary of Commerce, and embodied in a letter to Representative John J. McSwain during a hearing of the House Committee on Military Affairs in April, 1924. Most significant among the Hoover recommendations is his advocacy of "a blanket authority to the President to fix prices, wages, transportation charges, compensation, embargoes on imports and exports, to exercise the war powers of requisition under circumstances that 75 per cent of the estimated value may be paid and the balance determined by the courts in case of disagreement suspend habeas corpus, and generally complete an absolute authority in all ramifications over the whole civilian life with the provision that he may delegate these authorities. . . ." No one need harbor romantic illusions, of course, about the fate of free speech or war opponents in a future conflict. It is interesting, however, to say the least, to find the man now

President, sworn at the present time as he was in 1924 to uphold the Constitution, prepared in advance to urge a total war-time dictatorship in any war, even going so far as to "suspend habeas corpus," a privilege allowed by the Constitution only in case of "rebellion or invasion." It is not to be wondered at that belated efforts have been made to withhold this extraordinary letter from general publication.

AGAIN CHANCELLOR BRUNING has declared that Germany cannot resume the burden of paying reparations. Again he has warned that this question must be disposed of without further delay; otherwise there can be nothing but ruin ahead for Europe and the rest of the world. "The time has come for a decision," the Chancellor declared in his speech before the Reichstag. The economic position of Germany and Europe is clear; it needs no further investigating or discussion; continued procrastination can only be disastrous, for the longer the inevitable decision is put off the worse the real situation becomes. Of this the statesmen of the world are aware. But they are doing nothing about it. Headed, in Brüning's opinion, toward chaos, they seem paralyzed. The Hoover moratorium year has all but expired. The purpose of the moratorium, the President explained at the time, was "to give the forthcoming year to the economic recovery of the world." But the year of respite has been wasted. The Lausanne conference is to meet June 6, only a fortnight away, yet the governments of Europe, though it was months ago that they agreed to hold this conference, have no agenda, no program prepared. Their representatives will gather at Lausanne in what appears now to be complete confusion. How they will ever manage to bring any workable or permanent solution out of the conference is beyond ordinary imagination.

HAVING DEMONSTRATED for legal purposes that the embattled officialdom of Bell County, Kentucky, will not or cannot allow citizens of the United States there to exercise their constitutional rights of free speech and assembly, the Civil Liberties Union party, headed by Arthur Garfield Hays and Dudley Field Malone, have filed a damage suit for \$100,000 against certain Bell County officials, and have announced that their appeal on the denial of a protective injunction will be carried to the United States Supreme Court. A slightly more sober tone is apparent in the defense of County Attorney Smith and Mayor Brooks of Pineville, but when their excuse for turning away visitors desiring to make a free-speech test is the need for prevention of violence and preservation of peace, they only proclaim thereby that law and order have broken down under their methods, and that mob rule prevails. The civil-liberties aspect of this struggle is, of course, extremely important. But it has recently been so dramatized that a more immediately crucial issue has almost been lost from view. On May 1 forty-one miners and miners' sympathizers will come up for trial on charges of murder and conspiracy to murder in connection with the deaths of several deputies, and there are indications that the operators' hirelings will not be appeased unless a dozen or more are sent to the electric chair. Perjury charges against two well-known men who testified in behalf of accused miners in a previous trial are being ruthlessly pressed. Funds are urgently needed by the General Defense Committee, 555 West Lake Street, Chicago,

especially since the miners' defense has been temporarily blanketed by the popular appeal of the free-speech fight.

IN A BALLOT of its national council the National Economic League has arranged the "permanent problems of the present economic depression" in a scale of descending significance. The executive council of this organization is impressive, comprising as it does in its membership Charles G. Dawes, John Hays Hammond, James Rowland Angell, George W. Wickersham, Frank O. Lowden, A. Lawrence Lowell, Edward A. Filene, Nicholas Murray Butler, Harry A. Garfield, and Silas H. Strawn. As for the list of issues itself, we note with interest that first, with 2,238 votes, comes "economy and efficiency in government, national, State, city," while last of all, in a condition of insignificance hard to exaggerate, and drawing only 141 votes, is "unearned increment." "Taxation" stands second with 1,582 votes; "reparations and international debts" third with 1,528; "banks, banking, credit, finance" comes in fourth with 1,460. "Reduction and limitation of armaments, disarmament," gets fifth place and "tariffs" sixth, but "restoration of confidence"—golden phrase!—and "administration of justice" come in ahead of "international tariff conference." Only 808 votes were accorded to "unemployment, unemployment relief," 766 to "economic planning," 643 to "agriculture, farm relief," 592 to "money, the gold standard, silver," 573 to "equitable distribution of wealth or income," and 299 to "public utilities, regulation, government ownership." "Capitalism" ranks third from the last with 174, and "Russia" next to last with 153. The national council which did the balloting is "made up of men who are nominated by the best-informed and most public-spirited citizens of the country." Public-spirited they may well be; that they are well-informed we who read their answers may express a couple of polite doubts.

THE TRAGIC OUTCOME of the Lindbergh case at least brings to the unfortunate parents surcease of uncertainty, as it also brings to them the renewed sympathy of the entire country. Now, we trust, the press will cease to make life unbearable for Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh and leave them to their friends and to their grief. It has acted so outrageously that the least it can do is to vow to make no mention of the Lindberghs for at least a year—no matter how many news items are thereby missed. We have read various defenses of the conduct of the daily press in this horrible affair; we can only repeat the familiar line in this matter that he who excuses accuses. If two honorable and unusually fine persons have not had life in their own country made impossible for them, it is certainly not the fault of the dailies, whose sinning against the Lindberghs far antedates the tragedy of Hopewell. Typically American are the outbursts one hears from every side—"those kidnappers ought to be burned, or torn limb from limb"—and the demands that Congress pass a law at once to make kidnapping a capital crime. This is not helping to remedy the situation, but is merely invoking again the lynching spirit. We yield to no one in our desire to see the guilty punished, but no torture, no lynching, will bring back the child or heal the parents' wounds. Nor will death sentences in the slightest degree deter criminals of this particularly inhuman type, especially if they are deranged.

The Failure of Big Business

IT would be unfair to charge the sins of omission and commission of the bankers involved in the Kreuger and Toll collapse against bankers and business as a whole. Yet it is impossible to deny that such a financial disaster could not have occurred at a worse time, especially as it was practically simultaneous with the collapse of the Insull properties and the greatest receivership in the history of American business. That it will further destroy public confidence in our big business leaders is obvious, all the more so because the heads of the house of Lee, Higginson and Company have been recognized as men of extraordinary probity of character and of high ideals. At the very best, Mr. Donald Durant of this firm has proved that in its blind confidence in a great rascal it showed its unfitness to carry on the business that it set itself. But the incompetence of our business men appears at every turn, right in their own fields. They have berated the government again and again because of what they call its mismanagement of the railroads when it took them over during the war, yet they know no better way of meeting the existing railroad situation, after obtaining reductions in wages, than to crawl to Congress on hands and knees begging help from the Treasury in order to pay off loans from their bankers—the same bankers whom they have favored with their business without competitive bidding on the ground that if you help them out in good times they will stand by you in lean.

Just at this moment comes a reminder from the Interstate Commerce Commission that the investigation it has been making into the subject of economies through scientific railroad management has been completed; it brings out in bold relief the waste and mismanagement in purchasing that have been going on. No more than the railroad men do the bankers see any fault in the government's loaning them large sums of money and becoming their chief creditor. But all together they make the welkin ring with their denunciation of Congress and the proposed new income and inheritance taxes. It would seem as if the mess that they had made of things ought to debar them from criticizing anybody. But they are arrogating to themselves the right to tell Congress what it shall do, and how it shall think, what taxes it shall put on, and what it shall not levy. With some of their investment trusts in ruins, their security companies in bad odor, their super-holding companies either collapsing or on the verge of collapse, they are the last people to have the impudence to tell Congress what is or is not good for business and the American investor. A short time ago, speaking before a club in this city, one of the leading bankers denounced the extravagance of our local and municipal and State governments precisely as if his salesmen and a whole locust swarm of others had not swept through the land urging all local and State governments to issue bonds so that their sales forces might be kept busy. The bond salesman did not merely make his living by disposing of securities. He helped to create the issues which he marketed, precisely as real-estate mortgage-bond salesmen, and their employers, brought about the construction of far more buildings than were necessary. There could be no more dreadful indictment of the

big-business point of view than the address of this banker, who bewailed the fact that there were 750 vacant apartments on Park Avenue in New York City, but had not one word to say about the 860,000 workingmen and their families in the metropolis who are unable to pay any rent and are subsisting upon public or private charity. Not once in the course of his entire address did he give evidence of any thought of anybody but himself and his own crowd.

Moreover, when they denounce Congress and the government for failure to save them overnight, the bankers and big business men overlook the fact that the problems which their mismanagement of our affairs have put up to Congress are extraordinarily difficult and have not yet been solved by the parliament of any country on earth. Still more important is the fact that if we are without leadership in Washington today it is more the fault of the privileged classes than of anybody else. Who has owned the political parties in this country? Woodrow Wilson declared in 1912 that the bosses of the party were owned by the masters of the bosses, "the great capitalists." Theodore Roosevelt was equally vigorous in denunciation of the powers that prey, and called the politicians of his own party "robbers and thieves" when they denied him the nomination in 1912. Then he suddenly discovered that they were merely the tools of big business. The "invisible empire," as Mr. Wilson called it in 1912, has continued to rule this country ever since we got into the World War, and the result is what we now see it to be. The time has certainly come now, as Mr. Wilson and Colonel Roosevelt said it had come in 1912, for the people to get hold of their own government, and for Congress to do the legislating. We do not say the legislation will always be wise or just or farsighted, but that it will be just as reliable as and much more intelligent than the combined judgment of Wall Street, we have no question whatever.

As for leading us out of the crisis, the captains of industry have plainly no vision, no plan, no economic program. They are united on not a single remedy, and cannot even agree what our attitude should be in respect to those phases of our relations with Europe which can help this country out of economic distress. Indeed, they have no understanding of the fundamental forces underlying the whole problem. They have been unable to produce as excellent a program as that of the Brotherhoods referred to on another page. If we work out of this situation they will wish to go on doing business just as before, supremely happy in the belief that they alone are fit to rule us, without making the slightest effort to reorganize our social, political, or economic life. They will continue to show that they are concerned only with their own aggrandizement. That will, however, not keep them from complaining bitterly if nemesis overtakes them. Today even to think of the fate of the unemployed masses is beyond them. Yet the handwriting is plain on the wall. Big business men would be wise if they for once took the lead in yielding some of their special privileges and heading a movement for the reorganization of our economic and political life. For if they do not do so, other will.

O.G.V.

The Problem of Federal Relief

SENATOR ROBINSON'S proposal on May 11 for a \$2,300,000,000 federal bond issue for public works and the relief of unemployment seemed at last a ray of hope in the Washington fog. Mr. Robinson urged the issuance first of \$300,000,000 in bonds to provide funds for advances to States and municipalities facing increasing unemployment. This was to be followed by the issuance of \$2,000,000,000 in federal bonds to provide money for construction loans to States and municipalities, to be spent upon "self-liquidating and profit-making enterprises," principally toll bridges and tunnels, and possibly housing projects. What seemed particularly heartening about this proposal was that it was made by the same Senator Robinson who in mid-February voted flatly against the Costigan-La Follette bill providing \$375,000,000 for unemployment relief. If the Democratic Senate leader had been brought by the inexorable course of events to reverse himself on this question, it seemed probable that enough other Congressmen could reverse themselves to pass the new proposal.

No sooner had the proposal been made, however, than President Hoover, under the guise of cooperation, began to disembowel it. He suggested first that the whole question be handled by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. This suggestion involved merely a change in machinery, and was itself unimportant. Next he reiterated that there could be no change in the "fundamental policy" that "responsibility for relief to distress belongs to private organizations, local communities, and the States"—in other words, it belongs nowhere and everywhere but to the federal government. However, municipalities are not to be helped; the government is to lend this money only to States. This means, of course, that nothing would be done under this section except upon the initiative of the States; and they, and not the federal government, would carry the burden. The States, of course, would not need to borrow the money from the federal government unless they could not borrow it themselves on their own credit. As \$300,000,000 divided among all the States would mean an average of only about \$6,000,000 a State, very few of them would be likely to need to call upon the federal government at all for such help.

Mr. Hoover's second proposed alteration is more serious. He is against bonds "for public works, non-productive revenue," on the ground that this would mean a "direct charge either upon the taxpayer or upon the public credit." He proposes instead loans for "income-producing and self-sustaining enterprises . . . whether undertaken by public bodies or by private enterprises." What exactly would this mean? It would mean that a federal government which will neither give nor lend a dollar to an unemployed man so that he may keep himself and his family alive will lend money to a private capitalist so that the capitalist may have the opportunity of making a profit with it. The federal government has no responsibility whatever for relieving the starving man—that responsibility is purely on the State or the local municipality; the responsibility for relieving the local capitalist, however, is the federal government's, and

not that of the State or municipality. So far Mr. Hoover's theory of the respective fields of local and federal responsibility is, we hope, perfectly clear. Now, if the particular enterprise which the capitalist proposes were reasonably sure to be self-sustaining, it could be financed by private money. What the government would be asked to lend to, therefore, are enterprises which private lenders are not sure would be self-sustaining. If the enterprise failed, the government—that is, the taxpayer—would lose the money, and the capitalist would express his sincere regrets. If it succeeded, however, the capitalist would repay the loan and keep all the profits for himself. This is Mr. Hoover's theory of the true field of government.

We need hardly add that Senator Robinson's original proposal, while far from ideal, is immensely to be preferred to President Hoover's. There is no sound reason why the federal government cannot make loans for relief to municipalities as well as to States. It would of course be better if it went further, and at least offered to share directly a certain percentage of that relief. Senator Robinson's proposal that the \$2,000,000,000 construction loan should be made only against self-liquidating and profit-making State and municipal enterprises has the merit of allaying fears regarding non-productive debt, but such fears have clearly become pathological. A nation that has reduced its debt by \$10,000,000,000 in little more than a decade need not fear to raise it by a few billion dollars in the greatest economic crisis of a century, particularly when such an increase in debt is for the vital purpose of providing employment and perhaps giving the necessary impetus to genuine recovery.

Smashing the Atom

IT has recently been announced in the public prints that Professor Albert Einstein has changed his mind and no longer believes that space is curved. The general public may therefore give up its unsuccessful efforts to imagine what curved space would be like, and if it feels inclined to blame Professor Einstein for having caused a good deal of unnecessary bother, it had, perhaps, better remember that he is less at fault than those newspapers which insisted on making news out of a hypothesis which should have properly been the concern of only a very few people.

But if the theories of scientists are of restricted interest, the plans of scientists are another matter, for the very simple reason that after two hundred years we have good reason to suppose that they will accomplish any concrete project they set their minds to. When the man in the laboratory announces that he has solved the secret of the universe, we may permit ourselves a simple "ho-hum"; but when he tells us that he is about ready to launch television or even to send a projectile to the moon, then the chances are that he is actually about to do just that thing. Hence it is that all the recent fuss about the atom is beginning to look serious—not because of the quarrel between those who take a common-sense view of the quantum theory and those who insist upon what may be called its mystical interpretation, but because the possibility of releasing the almost incalculable inner energy of the atom seems to be coming closer and closer. An admirable article by Waldemar Kaempffert in the New

York Times sums up the situation ■ it now stands, and we recommend it heartily to the attention of any persons who find the depression and the next war insufficient subjects for worry.

It is true—and probably fortunate—that a really efficient method of smashing the atom has not yet been devised. Cockroft and Walton of Cambridge calculate that the projectiles which they shot at atoms hit the target only once in ten million times and that, accordingly, the energy produced by the occasional lucky hit is insignificant. But the fact remains that certain atoms have been disintegrated and that energy has been released. Dozens of scientists in all parts of the world are seeking a more efficient method, and when that method is found, all present sources of power will become negligible and man will be in control of energy sufficient not only to perform all the work that could possibly be thought of, but also, of course, sufficient to blow our whole planet to smithereens.

It is believed that the transformation of ■ given quantity of lead into gold would produce about a hundred million times ■ much heat as the burning of an equal quantity of coal—which is to say that a fraction of a grain of lead would do the work of a ton of coal and that, as Mr. Kaempfert says, it is the owners of coal mines and oil wells rather than the owners of gold who have most to fear from a realization of the alchemist's dream. And yet, as he goes on to suggest, it is perhaps all of us together, whether we own anything or not, who have ■ cause of alarm even greater still, since, as Professor Jeans and others have suggested, there is no reason to believe that man is by any means yet a creature who could safely be trusted with power so nearly inconceivable. Mr. Kaempfert, it is true, counters with the suggestion that perhaps "each new discovery about the atom makes man more consciously ■ part of the world around him—and thus impresses him with the littleness of his greed and the puerility of his disputes." But surely no one who is familiar with history, no one who has observed how little the gradual revelation of the wonders of nature has tended to produce any general realization of "the littleness of [man's] greed and the puerility of his disputes," is likely to get much comfort from that suggestion. Neither is anyone who contemplates the still unsolved problems produced by the coming of our crude machines likely to look forward without alarm to the coming of ■ new mechanical revolution which—if by chance the human race should survive it—would make us seem to future historians only slightly different from the peoples of the Stone Age. H. G. Wells used to talk about the race between knowledge and destruction. Perhaps now we can begin to hope only that we do not learn too fast.

With relief, therefore, we turn to a pleasanter invention which seems to be just around the corner and to which no less ■ person than Leopold Stokowski has given his approval in advance—namely, to a synthetic prima donna whose voice will come from one of the contemporary leviathans of the operatic stage but whose body, seen via television or something of the sort, will be supplied by a beautiful young lady who looks the part. It would be some consolation to know that, during ■ few years before the world was destroyed in ■ conflict fought with atoms, we were going to have the pleasure of contemplating, let us say, performances of "Tannhäuser" in which Venus had the voice of Tetrassini, the face of Greta Garbo, and the legs of Marlene Dietrich.

Negro Children in New York

NEW YORK is the largest Negro city in the world. In 1930 the Negro population of the metropolis numbered 327,000, and of these, more than 75,000 were children under fifteen years of age. There is not, fortunately, in New York the discrimination in amounts spent for education of Negroes and of whites which prevails in many other parts of the country. But in other ways it is plain that Negroes, and especially Negro children, suffer disadvantages which place them in a far less fortunate situation.

The Children's Aid Society has just conducted an extensive study which shows that proportionately more Negroes are out of work, that Harlem housing is proportionately more congested, that crime is more prevalent, that the death-rate is far higher, among dark-skinned New Yorkers than among whites. All this will be deeply felt by the children. It will undoubtedly come ■ ■ surprise to citizens of New York to know, for example, that the death-rate from tuberculosis was three times as high in Harlem ■ in the city as a whole; that the infant-mortality rate in central Harlem is the highest of any district in Manhattan; that expectancy of life is fifty-five years for a white man and forty-five years for ■ Negro. Part of this is certainly explained by housing congestion and unsanitary living conditions. It may be interesting to note in this connection, that density of population in the Negro sections of New York is 336 per acre; in Philadelphia it is 111; in Chicago, 67; in Louisville and New Orleans, 30.

It is inevitable that where poverty, overcrowding, disease, and unemployment are disproportionately high, children will suffer, and the need for playgrounds, vocational occupation, health stations, and general public health work will be correspondingly greater. A study of neglected and delinquent Negro children made in 1927 showed that, in 192 of 11,512 cases in the New York City Children's Court, 97 per cent were Negroes (the proportion of Negroes to total population is 5 per cent); that the largest number of neglected Negro children were under seven years of age; that the largest number of delinquents, boys and girls, were between thirteen and sixteen years of age; and of fifty cases picked up at random, only one child was found to have had contact with organized recreation. The Children's Aid Society has very sensibly, been making playground and club work in Harlem one of its major activities. That it may expect results from this work is clear when it is noted that in 1880 Negroes were 97½ per cent illiterate and without any property, real or personal; that forty years later illiteracy had dropped to 70 per cent; and by 1920 it was 22.9 per cent. In New York only 2.9 per cent of the Negroes over ten years of age were classed as illiterate in 1920.

The Negro child in New York, therefore, has this time as great a chance to become a competent sharer in the economic life of the nation as had his slave grandfather. And where there is no discrimination against him in kind of school and training or salary of teacher, he can learn. Opportunities are made for him to learn also, through recreational activities, how to make more secure his place in society. The level of the race will irresistibly be raised.

Playing with Matches

The Rise and Fall of Ivar Kreuger

By MAX WINKLER

A QUARTER of a billion dollars may reasonably be estimated to represent America's stake in the Kreuger and Toll combine. The present value is probably less than \$10,000,000. Of the total, \$115,500,000 represents what may euphemistically be termed investments in International Match, an American corporation with the majority of the board Americans. The present value of this "investment" is less than \$2,000,000. The amount placed in Kreuger and Toll bonds and shares is also estimated at \$115,500,000, with a present value of about \$4,000,000. The balance is made up of miscellaneous "investments" in a number of enterprises affiliated with the late Mr. Kreuger.

Once more America has succeeded in creating a record. This time, it is the greatest financial scandal of which history can boast. Not since the days of Rome with her consuls and proconsuls has the innocent and believing public been duped to such a tremendous extent. It is almost incredible to learn of the doings, or rather undoings, on the part of organizations headed by men to whom the public looks for guidance in matters financial and economic. And, curious though it may seem, all was done in strict accordance with provisions of contracts, indentures, documents, agreements, and various other implements concocted in juridical laboratories.

In the mad, confident spring of 1929 there descended upon the American people, with the aid of the nation's mighty monarchs of finance, a less than fifty-year-old Swede, Ivar Kreuger by name. He had been in the match business and had prospered. Contact with American bankers may be assumed to have taught him that size was prerequisite to everlasting fame. He yielded. And thus began Kreuger's spectacular career. The campaign was financed by American bankers who liberally furnished the people's millions.

Of the \$250,000,000 of good American money given by American bankers to Kreuger for whatever he was pleased to do with it, \$50,000,000 represents an original investment in the so-called Secured Gold Debentures issued in March, 1929. Bonds were issued in accordance with an indenture containing eighty-four pages of reading matter. From the viewpoint of meaninglessness the indenture is, in the opinion of the writer who is merely a student of economics, a masterpiece, and deserves to go down as such in the annals of financial writing.

The offering syndicate comprised America's finest: Lee, Higginson and Company; the Guaranty Company of New York; the National City Company; Brown Brothers and Company (now Brown Brothers, Harriman and Company); Dillon, Read and Company; and the Union Trust Company of Pittsburgh. The price was 98, and the yield over 5½ per cent. Thus, price and yield denoted first-class quality. Legal matters in connection with the bonds were in the hands ofopes, Gray, Boyden, and Perkins of Boston, and Carter, Cadyard, and Milburn of New York. The loan was said to be specifically secured by pledge, under a debenture agreement, of the following securities:

Issue	Amount (Par Value)
Jugoslavia 6¼'s, 1958.....	\$ 7,000,000
Latvia 6's, 1964.....	6,000,000
Poland 7's, 1945.....	5,100,000
Ecuador 8's, 1953.....	1,986,900
Ecuador Mortgage Bank Guaranteed 7's, 1949	1,000,000
Greece 8½'s, 1954 (£979,902).....	4,768,693
Rumania 7's, 1959.....	2,000,000
Rumania 4's, 1968 (£380,690).....	1,852,628
France 3's and 4's (Fr. 344,000,000).....	13,477,576
Belgian National Railway Pfd. (Fr. 80,000,000).....	2,224,460
Prussian Mortgage Bank Gold 8's (RM. 12,000,000).....	2,858,400
Hungarian Land Reform Mortgage 5½'s, 1979.....	12,000,000
Total.....	\$60,268,657

It will be noted that the par value of the above-listed securities aggregates well over \$60,000,000. With the exception of Ecuadorian bonds and with the possible exception of Latvian bonds, every one of the issues pledged or said to have been pledged was in the spring of 1929 regarded as a fundamentally secure investment. Many of the securities had a market value in excess of par, while those which had no official market could in those days easily have been disposed of.

The syndicate was headed by Lee, Higginson and Company. The trustee was the Lee, Higginson Trust Company. The depositary was the Skandinaviska Kredit A.B. of Stockholm. These facts are significant.

The indenture provides that the ratio of the par value of pledged securities to the par value of outstanding debentures must always be 120 per cent. The same applies to the income from pledged securities. Failure to maintain such ratios does not constitute default, unless there is a default in the interest or sinking fund on the debentures, but provision is made for deposit of additional collateral to restore the ratios. Pledged securities may be withdrawn provided the above ratios are maintained. There may also be substitutions. In case the latter take place, "eligible" securities must be put in place of pledged securities withdrawn. The following are "eligible":

1. Issues of sovereign countries or bonds of cities with more than 300,000 inhabitants. In other words, Russia, Mexico, China, Peru, and Bolivia would qualify, as would also Moscow and Leningrad. Inasmuch as the indenture does not specify that the currency in which bonds are scheduled to be serviced must be stabilized, it appears that paper-mark obligations of Germany would also be regarded as eligible; so that it would have been permissible to remove the above \$60,000,000 par value of bonds and deposit, in their stead, \$60,000,000 par value of German Government Forced Loan of 1922, which can be bought for \$5 a million. That is to say, the above collateral could have been withdrawn and

other bonds deposited at an expense of only about \$300. It is for this reason that one cannot unqualifiedly subscribe to reports that Kreuger had forged \$100,000,000 worth of Italian bonds. Since the indenture drawn by American lawyers made it possible for Kreuger to obtain, without much ado, \$60,000,000 worth of good bonds at a purely nominal expense, why should Kreuger have gone to the trouble and expense of having bonds forged? We made it possible to accomplish the same things with much less inconvenience.

2. Issues of mortgage banks.

3. Railway shares, dividends on which must be guaranteed by a sovereign government. The various Mexican railway issues and some hopelessly defaulted Latin American railway shares would qualify under this provision, which says only that dividends must be guaranteed. Apparently nothing is said about their having to be paid.

The circular contains four pages of material descriptive of the Kreuger and Toll Company, with particular reference to the Secured Debentures. Elaborate statistics, balance-sheet figures, and earnings statements are presented. One looks in vain for the name of an accounting firm. It is not there. Is it not strange that a loan involving tens of millions of dollars of the people's money was contracted merely on the word of one man who was unable to furnish any dependable information regarding so gigantic an enterprise? In this connection, it is of interest to quote from an article in the *Svenska Dagbladet*, written by Gustav Cassel, the renowned economist. Professor Cassel says:

When such firms as Lee, Higginson and Company placed their names under Kreuger emissions, it was natural that we in Sweden [and most certainly we in the United States] imagined that they had carefully examined the firm's position and that they exercised reliable and thorough supervision over its leadership. In this we have been deceived. If abroad at this moment we are held responsible to a large degree for the Kreuger fiasco, we too, to a lesser degree, may hold foreign interests responsible. . . . Year after year they have given Kreuger and Toll tremendous moral backing without bothering to test the firm's position. Responsibility for this lies with these people, not with Sweden.

This confidence of Professor Cassel in Lee, Higginson was justified. No banking house in the United States has held a higher position. Its leading partners—Frederic W. Allen, Jerome D. Greene, George C. Lee, and Norwood P. Hallowell—have always ranked as men of the highest standing, of great public spirit, and of unquestioned probity. The firm itself has always stood in Boston like the Rock of Gibraltar; its position was considered the very best in New England and its reputation was that of absolute conservatism and the wisest judgment. Hence the double shock of the present disclosure. The Kreuger and Toll and International Match securities are scattered all over New England; they are held in trust funds and in accounts of all sorts of institutions and by innumerable widows and orphans—the same class that suffered so terribly in the collapse of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford a few years ago.

Under date of August 14, 1929, the governing committee of the New York Stock Exchange approved the admission of the Secured Debentures, on the basis of an application submitted on behalf of the Kreuger and Toll Company by Donald Durant, director of the company and identified with

the banking house which originated and distributed the bonds. In this application the company agrees (the agreement bearing the signature of the above-mentioned Donald Durant): "Not to dispose of an integral asset . . . without notice to the Stock Exchange; . . . to publish promptly to holders of bonds and stocks any action in respect to interest on bonds, dividends on shares . . . ; to notify the Stock Exchange if deposited collateral is changed or removed."

After the suicide of Kreuger rumors began to spread that there had been certain irregularities in connection with the handling of the pledged securities. It was stated above that the company had the right of substitution. So it did. But notice had to be given to the Stock Exchange. Was it given promptly, and, if so, what did the Stock Exchange do with such information? Furthermore, holders of bonds were apparently promised "prompt" information regarding "action in respect to interest on bonds. . . ." When Hungary announced last fall suspension of payments on external loans, \$22,000,000 worth of bonds representing part of the collateral for the above bonds became at once affected. Were the holders of bonds notified of this "action"? Are not the holders of the Kreuger and Toll so-called Secured Bonds entitled to an explanation?

At any rate, late in March, 1932, there was released for the public some information regarding the nature of the collateral. The changes which have been made are almost sensational. With the exception of about Fr. 74,000,000 of Rumanian Monopolies 7½ per cent bonds, which are listed in Paris, not one issue said to comprise the present collateral has a market. All marketable or reasonably sound securities have been taken out. The French bonds are gone. So is the Belgian National Railway preferred stock, on which the Belgian government guarantees a minimum dividend of 6 per cent. So are the Greek 8½'s; so are the Rumanian 7's and the Polish 7's; and so are the Prussian mortgage bonds. In their place there are more Hungarians, in default or affected by the moratorium, and more Jugoslavs without any market, although of course not entirely without value.

The dates on which substitutions were made are also significant. A recently published statement by the New York Stock Exchange refers to a statement made by the Lee, Higginson Trust Company, according to which the information relative to substitutions had "been currently available" for debenture holders at the office of the trustee. However, debenture holders had complete faith in the bankers who had sold them the bonds, and it probably never occurred to them to inquire what collateral had been removed and what issues put in their place. Even if they had obtained such information they would not have been able to interpret it properly. On the other hand, if the trustee had such information, to whom was it given out? The trustee doubtless knew that the removal of French or Belgian bonds and the pledging instead of Hungarians changed the picture very radically. The market value of debentures secured by such pledged collateral became at once most seriously affected. Was someone using this information to his own advantage? If so, the facts should be brought out. They would throw light upon the circular sent out by Lee, Higginson and Company, under date of October, 1931, in which the Kreuger and Toll Participating Debentures were "recommended," on the ground that they were "at their present price . . . distinctly undervalued and afford an unusually attractive opportunity to

make new commitments or to add to one's holdings." This commendation was made in October, 1931, when the Participating Debentures, which are junior to the Secured Debentures, were selling around \$9 (present price 12½ cents).

In January, 1932, the bankers once again recommended them as "an undervalued security" on the ground that "taking into consideration facts alone and not general apprehensions unsupported by facts, they represent, in our opinion, an interesting commitment from the standpoint of price in relation to intrinsic value." This recommendation also points out that "at their present market price the equity issues of the Kreuger and Toll Company are selling for about \$64,000,000." It would be of interest to inquire how the authors of this statement determined "the present market price."

Under date of January 28, 1932, they distributed a statement by Ivar Kreuger according to which "the company's holdings of foreign government bonds are now carried on the books at approximately \$50,000,000." The statement also pointed out that "the net assets . . . correspond to about \$16 per Participating Debenture." Were they, one may ask, aware of substitutions on January 28? If so, why should not the holders of the Secured Debentures have been apprised of the changes?

A prominent Stock Exchange house, with offices in cities all over the United States and Canada, including Dallas, Philadelphia, Burlington, Plattsburg, St. Albans, Saranac Lake, Toronto, and Montreal, shortly before Kreuger's death published a special analysis of Kreuger and Toll, in which they recommended the Participating Debentures, which have an equity of around \$16 for each certificate." The report concluded by advocating them as "an attractive pur-

chase." Another Stock Exchange firm, in a special analysis prepared for the firm's numerous clients, also recommended the purchase of the certificates, that is, the Participating Debentures. "We can," the circular read, "see little or no point in disposing of the Participating Debentures at these levels and, in fact, we consider the American certificates attractive." A reputable statistical organization whose records were "revised September 3, 1931," lists the collateral securing the debentures as it was given in the original prospectus. It would be interesting to find out how the organization goes about revising its records.

The whole picture is shocking. It shatters whatever faith the investor may have retained in those who are supposed to guide the financial destinies of the nation. A thorough investigation is imperatively needed. Such is not likely to result from the committee recently formed under the auspices of the very firms which are responsible for the origination and distribution of the bonds, to "protect" the holders of Kreuger and Toll securities. To begin with, the committee to "protect" the Secured Debenture holders is composed of six men of whom five are connected with the houses referred to above. For the sake of diversification, the head of a New England textile mill is added as a sixth member. One cannot be both plaintiff and defendant.

In order to afford real protection—not to the committee against the investor, but to the investor—an absolutely independent committee may prove essential. This can, however, only be accomplished if the investors desire it. If they do not, it will merely bear out the truth of the Latin saying: "Populus vult decipi; decipiatur" (The people wish to be deceived—let them be deceived).

The Control of Big Business*

By WALTON H. HAMILTON

A FEW weeks ago the staid United States Supreme Court took "judicial notice" of the depression. It found "the change in conditions" to be "the outstanding fact, dominating thought and action throughout the country." A little later, in a dissenting opinion, Mr. Justice Brandeis declared that "the people of the United States are confronted with an emergency more serious than war." He did not attempt to catalogue reasons for our current plight or to impute blame; but he did set it down that, rightly or wrongly, many persons insist that one of the major contributing causes has been unbridled competition." And he did assert that "there must be power in the States and the nation" to correct "the evils of excess productive capacity" and "through experimentation" to "remold our economic practices and institutions to meet changing social needs." In this restrained expression of judicial opinion a sense and reason which are current challenges a sense and reason which are outworn.

Our anti-trust laws express the common sense of another age. Toward the close of the nineteenth century a nation which had been composed of farmers and small business men was confronted by a crisis. A revolution in the ways

of production which had been gaining momentum with the passing decades was no longer to be ignored. The hand trades were giving way to manufacture; the machine process was transforming the ways of production; businesses were becoming great corporations; captains of industry were coming into possession of wealth and power; and the strange and wicked city was dominating the country. A society made up of almost self-sufficient farms, with its complement of local trade, was being transformed into an articulate, even if rather unruly, industrial system. In the whirl of change small traders who saw their enterprises crowded to the wall cried out against the iniquities of big business. The public, which distrusted size as much as it feared extortionate price, realized that untoward things were going forward. An industrialism which had got its start by stealth came on with such a rush as to leave the people bewildered. The world was no longer as it used to be—and ought to be.

In the emergency a policy had to be formulated. In the task it seemed to occur to no one, at least among those in strategic places, to ask whether industrialism was not rather different from anything society had known before, and whether experimentation might not be used to contrive for it a suitable scheme of control. Instead, the thinkers and the statesmen of the times brought to the problem the best wis-

* The sixth of a series of articles on various important phases of our economic life. The seventh, Planning for Power, by Morris Llewellyn Cooke, will appear next week.—EDITOR THE NATION.

dom they could muster—and this wisdom was the product of a social experience which was passing. If the farmer found difficulty in making ends meet, or the small merchant was threatened with extinction, or the customer had his pocket picked by the extortionate dealer, or the workingman put in his long hours for a pittance, it was all because the system of free competition was not working.

At the time, the case for an enforced competition seemed to be quite reasonable. Fact may be on time, but thought usually arrives on the scene a little late. The people talked quite grandly about every man being "the architect of his fate"; and they believed quite sincerely in the creed of "each for himself and the devil take the hindmost." In that climate of opinion only individualistic notions of the province of government and the control of industry could gain currency. Moreover, a long experience with petty trade had produced its own economic policy, and the sense of the man in the street was confirmed by the wisdom in the learned books. It was perfectly clear that the competition of seller with seller and of buyer with buyer gave assurance of efficient service, high quality, and fair price. The interests of one party to a trade—seller, lender, or employer—were balanced by the interests of the other party—buyer, borrower, or employee. Nor could any trader help himself at the expense of his customer, for his desire for gain was checked by the rivalry of others for the very dollars he was trying to secure. The ups and downs in prices which came in the wake of competition attracted or repelled capital, and thus in each industry kept the capacity-to-produce adjusted to the demand for the product. In fact, free enterprise was "a great and beneficent system" which kept industries organized, eliminated the inefficient, gave survival to the fit, insured to labor good working conditions and fair wages, and protected the consumer. For all "the blessings of free competition," the Supreme Court of the nineties called them, a single provision had to be made. Trades were to be kept open, if need be through a legally enforced competition, and an automatic, self-regulating system could be depended upon to secure for the public all the business system had to give. The thing to be done seemed obvious; and an attempt was made to stay the development of large-scale enterprise and to make big business behave as if it were petty trade.

So it was that in the name of laissez faire the law was invoked. For some time, even if not from time immemorial, the common law had forbidden "conspiracies in restraint of trade," and a number of States had in the decades following the Civil War aimed statutes at the growing evil of monopoly. In 1890 the Sherman Act, designed to prohibit combinations in "commerce among the several States," was enacted into law. In 1914 the Clayton and the Federal Trade Commission acts were passed in an attempt to extend and to strengthen the federal anti-trust act. The great majority of the States—almost all in the South and West—passed their little Sherman acts.

The resort to law carried its own peculiar hazards. The ideas of common sense had to be translated into the language of legislation; the ends of public policy had to be vindicated through a process of litigation. Economists and statesmen might talk of an enforced competition, but the judiciary gave its attention to "conspiracies in restraint of trade." The language of the statutes caused the courts to consider modern industrial mergers in the light of precedents from a pre-

industrial era. The decisions of a former age were invoked in suits to punish offenders or to "dissolve" monopolies; the litigation had to go forward, from issue to issue and from court to court, under a formal code of procedure never designed to draw a line between desirable and undesirable forms of industrial organizations. The cases were heard before benches of judges far more experienced in the discipline of the law than in business, and far better acquainted with Cooley on Blackstone than with texts on the economics of monopoly. It is hardly strange that questions of anti-social practices were subordinated to the antecedent questions of decorous procedure, and that ingenious attorneys found ways to "wear the case out" before the larger issues were raised.

It is small wonder that the resort to law has not been a conspicuous success. Our era of federal "trust-busting" covers a period of more than forty years. In this period has occurred the greatest movement in the concentration of productive wealth known to history. Yet the statistics of the Department of Justice present a most illuminating picture of law enforcement at work. A little more than two score criminals have been jailed, and eight have fallen afoul of the law for contempt—a matter of a little more than one person a year. A little under 1,400 persons have had to pay fines aggregating about \$1,750,000—or roughly 40 offenders and \$50,000 a year. A number of States have derived far more revenue from trust-busting than has the federal government. Yet the prosecution of cases has not been a profit-making enterprise; the fines collected have fallen far short of the costs of administration. On its face this record is a glorious tribute of respect paid by men of big business to the letter, if not to the spirit, of the anti-trust acts.

This does not mean that the statutes have been without their effect upon the practices of business. They have been ineffectual in preventing corporations from acquiring the physical properties of their competitors and in staying the progress of industrial combination. They have put serious obstacles in the way of agreement among rival manufacturers to restrict output and to maintain price. The barriers have not been insuperable; captains of industry are anxious to live within the law, but they also love to have their own way, and the art of doing both is not unknown to able lawyers. If resourcefulness has often failed the emergency, the credit is not always due to the law. The ups and downs of business strain the morale of all industrial groups; and lapses into the established ways of competition are due more often to a break in discipline from within than to the vigilance of public officials. It is of interest that a number of gigantic corporations have escaped the toils of the law, and that severe penalties have often fallen upon small businesses and upon trade unions. Even where they have not been effective, the acts have been at least a petty nuisance to the interests affected.

But the roots of failure are far more fundamental than a resort to law to give effect to a public policy. The course of industrialism has come with too much of a rush to be stayed; its forces have been too turbulent to be subdued by legislative fiat and court decree; business men have been too powerful to allow their activities to be crowded into the grooves chiseled out long ago for a simpler industry. The universe of petty trade was one sort of place; the world of big business is quite another. In the small town the trader knew his customers personally; he could enlarge his business

as his market expanded; his out-of-pocket expenses furnished adequate bases for his prices. As invention brought changes in technical processes, time allowed an easy accommodation. Under the prevailing system a knowledge of the future intent of customers and of the hidden plans of rivals is essential to a sound policy. The business judgments of today determine the capacity-to-produce of tomorrow; yet, in an impersonal market, the demand may go to a rival or pass on to another ware. In many lines of business overhead costs have become dominant; and as fixed charges are spread over a large or a small output, the market determines the unit cost of production rather than the unit cost the market. In adapting the capacity-to-produce of an industry to the demand for goods, a far neater and less wasteful adjustment is demanded than the separate judgments of business rivals can effect. They must respond just enough and not too much to market trends, and the unity in action essential to order cannot be secured by a policy of competition.

In fact, the competitive system at work presents problems unknown to the competitive system in books. The good people of the nineties were disturbed because rivals might get together and conspire to impose extortionate prices upon their customers; and that danger still exists. But quite as important is the bill of costs which competition imposes upon the producers. It makes for plant waste and surplus capacity; it fails to articulate tidy establishments into orderly industries. A capacity which cries to be used and overhead costs which click on with the clock lead as often as not to an overdone competition which drives prices relentlessly down. In its wake comes a plague of bankruptcies, irregular employment, and wages too low to support a decent standard of life. Under such conditions there is no chance to get answered, or even to have raised, the larger questions of policy which affect all who have a stake in the industry. It makes ail who are concerned—executives, salaried officials, investors, laborers, and consumers—creatures of an undirected industrialism.

The cry today is for a revision of the statutes; and yet that revision is no easy matter. An influential group demands that trade agreements be submitted to an official body, such as the Federal Trade Commission, and that advance opinions be given upon the legality of the proposed practices. The proposal has much to recommend it; the bother is that it will probably fail in operation. The spokesman for the government is likely to be guided in his advice by what the courts have said in the past, and to hand down general and platitudinous statements which have little relation to the novel practices for which approval is sought. A business must meet changing conditions; its policies must be adapted to the course of events as they emerge; a declaration that a policy on paper is legal can hardly apply to the policy as it works out in practice. Another group demands the right to "exchange information" and promises to abstain from a regulation of output and a control of price. The bother is that if discipline can be sustained and resourceful lawyers can be retained, the practice prayed for is all that is needed to effect a rather far-reaching monopoly. A third group boldly demands the repeal of the acts and offers no constructive scheme with which to replace them. It insists upon enlarging the control of business over industry when recent events have proved the incapacity of business for the proper exercise of the control it already possesses. The anti-trust statutes are

a declaration that business is affected with a public interest; the moral commitment of that declaration is much too important to be lost.

But no mere expedients can get to the heart of the problem. The demand for change comes from an industrial world; it is not to be met with the devices and procedures of a craft society. The simple idea of the uniformity of all trades, which underlies current legislation, must give way to an accommodation of public control to the varying necessities of different industries. For our businesses are not all alike; banking, railroads, power, and radio-broadcasting have already been accorded their own schemes of control. The methods of production and of marketing in various other trades—building, retailing, milk, coal, textiles, cotton-planting—have their own peculiarities with which the problem of industrial direction must come to grips. In all cases, if there is to be order, if the nuisance of bankruptcy is to be abated, if workingmen are to have regular jobs and adequate wages, there must be some central direction. The formal control, or understanding, must certainly extend to capacity, probably to output, and possibly to price. In all cases, if there is to be flexibility, there must be some local control.

This general end is to be served by no simple and uniform economic organization. We have ceased to think in terms of panaceas; and neither a return to the good old competitive system of our fathers nor the adoption of a ready-made, hand-me-down substitute will meet current need. If our industries are to become instruments of national well-being, we must employ a varied program of economic control. Three distinct types of organization seem to be promising. Industries which produce non-essentials and can win only a limited trade against the allurements of unlike wares demand little public control; their activities may well be intrusted to the capricious solicitude of the market. Industries, such as railroads and power, which are linked with all the activities of the economic order demand a large social oversight; this may be met either by an administration commission or by public ownership. Industries, such as coal and steel, which have distinctive groups of customers may be organized from within under a control in which producers and consumers alike share. Industries must be kept going and their dependents must be given adequate livings; consumers must be accorded protection against an anti-social restriction of output and a monopoly element in price. This problem is not to be solved by any "either this or that" formula; its solution demands clear vision, full knowledge, and neat adjustments.

The plain truth of the matter is that the rewriting of the anti-trust laws is the beginning, not the end, of the problem. We may indulge in tinkering and console ourselves with make-believe and pretense; but the fundamental question stands out in clear-cut relief. Today a lack of harmony exists between the technology of industry and its organization. An economic order in which the productive processes belong to big business and the arrangements for its control to petty trade cannot abide. We cannot banish depression and summon order by invoking the ideas which the people of the 1890's borrowed from a small-town culture. We must devise a scheme adequate to the task of the direction of great industry. In a world of change a society cannot live upon a wisdom borrowed from our fathers.

Diary of an Ex-President*

By MORRIE RYSKIND

APRIL 2. The editor of *The Nation* called me up today and asked me what I intended to do about Peru.

I asked was it important, and he replied that that was not the question. *The Nation* was going to press and didn't have enough foreign news; consequently they hoped to carry something about Peru, which had not been mentioned for several issues. I don't mind helping a fellow out, so I said, "Well, what do you want me to do?" He explained that he didn't care much, as long as it was something he could attack. Well, I don't know much about Peru, and he doesn't either apparently, so it looked as though we were stuck. Finally, he said, "Are you going to take the American marines out of Peru?" Of course I couldn't do that, because there are no marines there. That seemed to tickle him pink, and he is going to denounce me for not taking the marines out of Peru. That was all right with me, and next week I am going to send some marines down there, so he can denounce me for that, too. He is going to try to run something about me every issue, and while *The Nation* hasn't much of a circulation, the way I feel about it is, all publicity helps.

May 25. Congress raised the postage rate to three cents today, but turned down my recommendation that Congressional seeds be rated as first-class postage. Their argument was that the only good thing Congress ever did was to send free seeds to its constituents, and that this year many of the constituents are eating the seeds. To charge Congress for this would be the equivalent of starving the American people. It sounds fair enough, and I withdrew my objection, and even suggested the inclusion of poppy seeds for rolls. This was also turned down on the ground that most of the people have no rolls.

May 29. This was really a hectic day with all sorts of world events happening. Japan and China signed a truce at noon. The opposing commanders met at Shanghai at 11:45, went to the American Legation where they had a drink and pledged themselves to peace, posing for the newsreels with their arms around each other. They took this opportunity to stick knives in each other's backs, and by 12:10 the casualties on both sides exceeded ten thousand. At 12:30 there was a temporary cessation of hostilities for lunch. After a hearty meal, consisting of cream of celery soup, roast beef, combination salad with Thousand (1,000) Island dressing, French fried potatoes, choice of strawberry shortcake or vanilla ice cream, and coffee, the Japanese Army retreated and the Nineteenth Chinese Army went to sleep.

June 1. Henry Ford called today, and sold us one of the new Ford V-8's, giving us a reasonable length of time to pay for it. He is thinking of sending a peace ship to Shanghai, hoping to end the Sino-Japanese peace negotiations thereby. I think this is visionary, but, after all, a man with that much money can't be wrong.

June 2. Out on a stag party this evening with ex-Senator Heflin, John Sumner, and Dr. Clarence True Wil-

son. Sumner has a dandy collection of postcards, and showed us one or two extracts from the Bible that I hadn't realized were there. Must remember to read the Bible. Heflin and Wilson have a plan to dry up the Potomac. What I really would like to dry up would be Heflin and Wilson.

June 8. The Senate took up the question of Filipino independence today. Some of the hot-heads—I prefer not to mention any names—were in favor of giving the Islands their immediate freedom. This was voted down on the ground that to grant the Islands self-government would be to undo the lesson we had taught Spain in '98. As one Senator put it, "This is tantamount to telling Spain she is again free to blow up the Maine." This brought down the house, and Vice-President Throttlebottom played "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" on a harmonica lent him for the occasion by the Chief Clerk. The majority joined in, and the insurgents left the bloc to unite with the majority, and the Philippines remained in our possession. If we retain possession for one more year, they become ours permanently. After that, we can go after the Davis Cup again.

June 11. Senator Huey Long called on me today, and through some mistake was admitted. . . . I asked Huey about the colored vote in his State, but to my amazement I found out there is none. It seems that the colored people don't care to register in Louisiana, and, even if they did, the whites don't care to have them register. So for one reason or another they don't register and so they can't vote.

June 13. A local speakeasy was blown up around midnight last night, and Communists were suspected until it was learned that the Democrats had held a get-together dinner there. All the party chiefs had already made speeches pledging party harmony when the bomb was thrown, so that nothing was lost except two members who were blown into the ranks of the Progressives, seriously damaging the latter.

June 14. I have just had presented to me the cause of Philippine independence in such a manner that I feel I must swing around and demand it as a true patriot. It was pointed out to me that America in 1776, France in 1789, Germany in 1848, all fought for freedom, and that to deny the Islands their independence would be to ally America's name with that of the Tories. I am unwilling to have my Administration put this blot on the fair name of America. Especially when it was further pointed out that by recognizing the sovereignty of the Islands we could then put a tariff on the sugar they sell us. Said tariff would net us, it is estimated, some \$27,000,000 a year. . . .

June 15. I had an attack of insomnia last night, but Mary fixed me up by reading the *Congressional Record* to me. She fell asleep on the first page herself. I was a little more hardy, and had to count Congressmen before I really succumbed. I counted only two Congressmen and went right off. Very much refreshed this morning and tackled the day's work with a zest. After breakfast I went out and ordered four summer suits, one for each summer. The

* Excerpts from a book, "The Diary of an Ex-President," by Morrie Ryskind, to be published by Minton, Balch and Company.

ilior tried to sell me eight, but, after all, how do I know will be reelected?

June 29. The Secretary of Commerce disappeared today, and rumors of foul play were heard. But it turns out that his microphone is also missing, so it is certain that he was conscious when he left. The general suspicion is that he threw himself into the hands of a receiver. Poor Julius! I shall miss him very much. He had great moral courage. No matter how bad things were, you could always count on him to issue statistics denying the situation.

June 30. Things are not the same around here with

Julius gone. Mary is inconsolable, though she perked up a bit when, in an effort to snap her out of it, I brought home a parrot that keeps saying, "The depression is over! The depression is over!" . . .

June 27. *The Nation* attacked me again today on the Peruvian situation. It seems six Peruvian rivers overflowed their banks last week, and *The Nation* wants to know why I didn't give the Peruvian banks the same support I gave the Bank of England in a recent crisis. I may appoint a commission to look into this, or I may do nothing at all and accomplish the same result.

Politics—Twenty-Four Hours a Day

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, May 14

TALK about *playing* politics! The boys are *working* at it these days, in twenty-four-hour shifts. One day Secretary Mills emerges from a session of the Senate Finance Committee with the jaunty announcement that it has consented to a compromise tax plan which will "balance the budget"; next day his chief in the White House utters a thundering blast against Congress for failing to "balance the budget"! For days the Capitol is infested with Cabinet members and other Administration dignitaries screeching that proposed cuts in appropriations will wreck their departments, whereupon the President issues another bull denouncing lobbyists and scolding Congress for refusing to practice economy! To the outsider it may seem a somewhat dizzy business, but it is only the old, old game with new variations to fit the times. Having no choice, Congress has been proceeding with the unpleasant task of raising new revenue and reducing expenditures. Hoover knows that perfectly well but wants to grab credit for forcing Congress to do its duty. Let us hope that nobody outside of a few simple-minded newspaper editors have been deceived by the accompanying ballyhoo. There has never been the slightest chance that receipts and expenditures would not be brought to an approximate level. The Government's credit has never been remotely threatened. This is simply a Presidential campaign year.

THE conflicting strategies of the moment have produced a game called "Relief, Relief, Who's Got the Relief?" The medium is elusive. Now you see it; now you don't. At the moment it seems to be in the possession of President Hoover or General Dawes; the next it is being juggled by Senator Joe Robinson. If such awful factors of human misery and social demoralization were not involved, the spectacle would be amusing. First the Senate Democrats discovered that Hoover and Dawes were toying with the idea of extending help to exhausted States and municipalities through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. So what did Robinson do but jump the gun on them by rushing on to the Senate floor to announce a "Democratic program" which pointed somewhat vaguely toward federal loans to States and cities and a federal bond issue to stimulate employment through public works. Naturally Mr. Hoover was surprised, but he knew his Joe. The Arkansas thinker was promptly invited

to bacon and pancakes at the White House, after which a statement was issued declaring that efforts were being made to unify Robinson's plan with "the plans of the President." This was the first information that the President had any plans, but that deficiency was remedied by a hasty explanation that the President's "plan" contemplated loans to States through the R. F. C., to be used for relief and public construction projects. It is a little difficult at this precise instant to tell which side has the ball, but it doesn't matter because it will be fumbled by each side and recovered by the other at least three times before these burning lines can get into type. Next to the urgent necessities themselves, the important thing for the public to remember is that the La Follette-Costigan committee three months ago presented a carefully studied, scientific relief plan which was defeated by a coalition of Hoover Republicans and Robinson Democrats. Who made that interesting remark about "playing politics with human misery"?

DESPITE all the cheery yocks of my New York colleagues and the popularity of what the original Associated Press calls "bipartisan White House breakfasts" (consisting, no doubt, of Republican ham and Democratic eggs), I am under no illusion that the revenue bill will go through the Senate on greased skids. Already Jim Couzens has spoken his mind on the cowardice and hypocrisy which prevented a return to war-time surtax rates. And blood is certain to flow over the ridiculous tariff items, which threaten not only to destroy our remaining trade with Canada but also to wreck negotiations over the proposed St. Lawrence waterway. An amazing if belated disclosure is the confession of Acting Chairman Crisp that the Ways and Means Committee permitted Alexander Gregg and E. C. Alvord, former assistants of Andrew Mellon, to aid in writing the administrative provisions of the bill. Gregg and Alvord are both engaged in private practice before the Treasury Department in behalf of large corporations and wealthy taxpayers. The application of the administrative provisions may determine the taxes which their clients are required to pay. The impropriety of permitting private tax attorneys to write the law under which their present and future clients are to be assessed never seems to have occurred to committee members. Indeed, Crisp told me he saw nothing improper about it. Yet one of the pro-

visions these experts helped to write was that governing the revaluation of estates, and Alvord is attorney for a large estate that would be affected by it, while Gregg's brother represents one of the very largest—that of Harry Payne Whitney! While these private tax lawyers were closeted with the committee over the bill, other members of Congress were not permitted inside the room, but the indefatigable La Guardia discovered what was up and prepared an amendment that would have barred any private individual who participated in writing the bill from practicing before the Treasury for a period of three years. The "patriotic" and "public-spirited" leaders over whom so many fulsome eulogies have been pronounced dissuaded him from offering it.

* * * *

TO me, however, the most incredible and dismaying thing in the whole history of the revenue bill is the cumulative testimony given by the representatives of wealth. A Communist wishing to demonstrate that the wealthy people of the United States are, as a class, mean, selfish, and unpatriotic to the verge of treason could make no better case than by quoting the words of their own spokesmen from the printed record of the hearings. Over and over the House and Senate committees were told flatly that big business and big finance did not intend to bear their proportionate share of increased taxes and would resolutely and successfully evade every attempt to compel them. The commonest argument of Secretary Mills and those sharing his viewpoint against higher taxes on wealth was that wealth would certainly dodge them. It was nearer to being a case of indecent exposure than anything staged by the Minsky brothers. Of course, I do not believe that the great majority of the rich are quite as black as their spokesmen painted them. Mr. Mills, for example, very often gave the impression of being intoxicated with the eloquence of his own miscalculations. Nevertheless, under such conditions as now prevail in this country and in the face of those which are likely to prevail soon, it was sheer madness for wealth to place on record such an appalling indictment of itself. There has been considerable ribaldry in public and private over Huey Long's proposal to limit net incomes to \$1,000,000 a year and net inheritances to \$5,000,000. But ask the taxi driver, the cigar clerk, the farm hand, or the unemployed mechanic what he thinks about it—and don't ever think he hasn't heard of it! Gentlemen who come to Washington these days to tell Congressional committees they will precipitate further unemployment by withdrawing their money from industry unless allowed to keep more than 46 per cent of their incomes after the initial \$1,000,000 a year are doing no less, in my judgment, than firing off Roman candles in a powder house. Huey is no Cicero, but he spoke a mouthful when he said: "I'm not trying to hurt the rich; I'm trying to save them; because this country won't be safe for them much longer if something isn't done to redistribute its wealth."

* * * *

TURNING from the serious to the commonplace, we can all agree that the political situation was temporarily clarified by the virtual confession that Owen Young was a candidate for the Democratic nomination at Chicago. All along I suspected that the wily Owen was the man for whose benefit the Raskob-Smith-Baruch maneuvers were

planned. His indorsement of the equalization fee, his demand for unemployment relief, and the Mona Lisa glance which he cast toward the veterans were sufficient to remove any lingering doubt. Among the professionals in this vicinity opinion was almost unanimous that he could not be put over. I shared that impression, with reservations. A "superman" myth similar to that which put Hoover in the White House still clings to Young, despite the present unhappy condition of Radio and Electric Bond and Share, and I am not so sure that "supermen" are out of fashion. There are, of course, no genuine supermen in big business. There is very little ordinary intelligence in it—as the present state of the country so well discloses—but Young approaches the definition more nearly than any captain of industry whom I have seen. He is, in fact, an extremely shrewd and resourceful man—infinitely abler than Hoover—and he is no coward. Now, however, with his unequivocal letter to John Crowley, Young has clarified his own position by a firm refusal to accept the nomination; but he has muddied the waters again for his sponsors. If Roosevelt succeeds in pussyfooting himself out of the nomination, Young undoubtedly would have been given his chance. Failing in that, where will his sponsors go? It would not be a complete surprise if they went to that handsome and distinguished gentleman who loves all the other candidates almost as well as he loves all the public utilities—Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland. By that time it may not make much difference where the nomination goes. The more one contemplates the summer political prospects the more one is drawn to golf and fishing—provided, of course, there is any golf or fishing left by that time.

* * * *

ANOTHER illustration of the supple conscience and agile scruples which characterized George W. Wickersham's handling of the celebrated report on prohibition has just been resurrected by Carter Glass from the dusty files of the Department of Justice. Twenty-one years ago, we now learn, President Taft asked for an opinion on the question of whether a bank could lawfully establish and maintain subsidiary dealing in securities. The institutions concerned in the inquiry were the National City Bank and the National City Company. Attorney General Wickersham referred the inquiry to Frederick W. Lehmann, probably the most learned lawyer who ever occupied the office of Solicitor General. The reply was complete, categorical, and crushing. He declared that the arrangement was a plain violation of the law—indeed, that it was conceived for the obvious purpose of evading the law. The report was buried. Not only was the National City arrangement unmolested but similar Siamese twins were born wherever powerful banks existed. That this growth was responsible for flooding the country with billions of dollars' worth of phony securities, foreign and domestic; that it caused the failure of hundreds of small banks; that it impoverished millions of trusting investors—these things are known now even to bus boys in Greek restaurants. To Republican Attorney General Wickersham who suppressed the opinion originally, Democratic Attorney General Palmer who suppressed it subsequently, and Republican-Democratic Attorney General Mitchell who surrendered it finally—and reluctantly—there remains only the easy, congenial, and familiar task of salving their conscience

The Jews and the Five-Year Plan

By LOUIS FISCHER

THE Five-Year Plan is revolutionizing the character of Soviet Jewry. At the same time it promises to save the Jews of the Soviet Union from the economic eclipse which threatens the Jews of almost all other East European countries. The tragedy of European Jewry is its middle-class composition. In Poland, Rumania, the Baltics, and the Balkans a new national petite bourgeoisie is expelling the Jew from his chief profession—commerce. Using anti-Semitism as a crowbar, it is quickly loosening the Jewish hold on marts and rialtos. The Jews are being pushed out of the capitalist class and prevented, by administrative discrimination and economic circumstance, from becoming proletarianized. In Russia, too, bolshevism is fast exterminating the last remnants of the Jewish bourgeoisie. Simultaneously, however, it has opened new and vast professional prospects to the 2,853,000 Jews who live under the sickle and hammer.

For reasons of larger policy, the Bolsheviks proceeded from the first moment to eliminate the private trader. Whether he was Russian or Jew, Armenian or Tartar, made no difference. The Bolsheviks are opposed to private capitalism and therefore, necessarily, to private trade. The Jews suffered not because of their Jewishness but because they were subjected to influences that affected the entire population of the U. S. S. R. The Bolshevik Revolution, consequently, was followed by a rather prolonged period of material misery and spiritual darkness for Soviet Jews. The small Jewish towns suffered woefully under the Communist attack on petty commerce. The Jew lost not only the possibility of earning a livelihood by honorable means; he enjoyed no rights. He did not vote, he paid higher rents, his children entered school with difficulty if at all, and he was a pariah in the eyes of society and even of his own offspring. Sons and daughters, impressed by the dominating spirit of the revolution, first despised and quarreled with their parents and then forsook them to lead an independent, unhandicapped existence. The Jewish families of Russia rocked with these internal dissensions.

In the midst of this period of distress came the Jewish agricultural-colonization movement. It was the bright light. Jews could join the privileged class. The mere transfer from the city to the colony made the Jew a full-fledged citizen. It cemented his family together, for he became a producer instead of a "capitalist." His children now found the door to education wide open. Above all, of course, agriculture gave the Jew a permanent and state-favored occupation. He stood on firm economic ground. Whoever could, migrated to the colonies. The volume of settlers was determined largely by the availability of funds contributed by foreign Jewish organizations. For a time agrarian colonization appeared to be the solution of the Soviet Jewish problem. Approximately 100,000 Jews settled in the colonies of the Crimea and the Ukraine between 1924 and 1927.

But many Jews could not go. Funds sent from America were limited. Adaptability was likewise limited. The Bolsheviks, nevertheless, continued their persecution of domestic traders. Taxes sometimes exceeded turnover, and

when a man could not pay he was often thrust into prison. The state merchant and the cooperative competed with the private merchant and succeeded, usually, in driving him to destruction. For all practical purposes, the struggle has already been won by the state. Domestic wholesaling and retailing are now almost a public monopoly.

The Five-Year Plan closed this bleak chapter in the history of Soviet Jewry. It introduced a radical change. The merchant expelled from his shop can now be absorbed by the factory and office. Soviet Russia's greatest problem is the scarcity of skilled and unskilled labor. All persons who have the slightest qualification, and hundreds of thousands who have none, find jobs waiting, begging for them, at every turn. Today, therefore, the majority of those Jews who a few years ago were disfranchised and deprived of the privilege of working are employed by the government and have been reinstated in their civil rights. Many Jews who can no longer support themselves by trade and who did not migrate to the colonies are being absorbed into industry. Jews are becoming workers. This is an epoch-making national mutation. Between 1926 and 1929 the number of Jews in the Donetz coal field doubled. The tailor has forsaken his needle, the shoemaker his last, the merchant his store, and now some farmers their plows to accept work in the many gigantic industrial undertakings rising over the face of the Soviet Union. The Jew prefers the city. The transition is easier. The town offers cultural and social advantages which he misses in the collective village. Earning possibilities, too, are greater in the city. Soviet figures reveal that of the 2,853,000 Jews in the Soviet Union, 1,300,000 are between sixteen and fifty years old and gainfully employed. They are divided as follows: workers, 480,000; employees, 450,000; artisans, 200,000. One hundred and seventy thousand Jews are engaged in farming. No Jews are registered as unemployed, and only 15,000 come under the rubric of economically active but not productive, in other words, "capitalists."

The outstanding fact is that 300,000 Jews found positions in Soviet industry between 1926 and 1929. More have gone into factories since then. A nation of go-betweens is busy at the lathe, in the mine, on the tractor, in the director's office. The people of the book are becoming a race of city-builders. Early in the history of the revolution a few brilliant figures stood at the head of the state, but very few Jews occupied the economic jobs of second rank. Now Jews manage huge state farms, guide the work of oil refineries, run railroads, lay highways, and manage plants. It used to be a commonplace that you could find Jews where knowledge of foreign languages, bookkeeping, commercial understanding, and writing were necessary, but not in offices which required engineering skill or constructive ability. This is no longer true. Jewish engineers, Jewish agronomists, and Jewish technicians are issuing from Soviet universities in thousands. Magnitogorsk and Kuznetskstroy, two Soviet "supergiants," are being built under the guidance of Jews.

These changes which accompanied the Five-Year Plan

have affected the future of Jewish agrarian colonization in the Crimea, the Ukraine, and Biro-Bidjan, a region near the Pacific which the Bolsheviks have set aside as an autonomous Jewish territory. When the Forward-to-the-Farm movement was started by the Soviets in 1925-26, thousands of declassed Jews seized upon it as their only salvation. Without that escape they would have been condemned to eternal poverty and social ostracism. But now the situation is quite different. While Jews from the small town are still settling in the village colonies, many earlier settlers are going back to the city. Statistics gathered in a part of northern Crimea indicate that 80 per cent of the inhabitants of some Jewish colonies are under fourteen or over fifty years of age. The mature youth and middle-aged men and women, in other words, flock to urban centers. Colonization has ceased to be the only outlet for the Jewish ex-merchant.

Socially, too, the large-scale absorption of Jews into industry has made a vast difference. Once in 1927 I waited twelve hours for a train at Sinelnikova, a Ukrainian junction town. During that enforced idleness I strolled through the overgrown village to collect impressions. At one place a woman was whitewashing the exterior of her home. I paused and watched. She turned toward me after a while and seemed to invite conversation. I began to ask questions. "How did the Ukrainians live with the Russians?" "Were there any Jews in the neighborhood?" "How did the non-Jews live together with the Jews?"

"My husband," she said, "works in the factory. No Jews are employed in it. Most of the Jews have jobs in the local Soviet and the cooperative." This was her way of registering contempt. Jews gravitated toward "soft" positions. That same day, toward evening, I stood with a group of men over some homeless waifs, black with soot and dirt, ragged, sleeping on the cold stone slabs of the station floor. "You won't find any Jewish *bezprizorni*," one person said with bitterness. "These are all our own folk." Both he and the whitewashing woman were venting the same feeling: the Jews were people apart. They did not share in the work and woes of the nation. That conception conduced to anti-Semitism. But the merging of the Jew with his environment and his participation in Soviet life have tended to reduce the volume of anti-Semitism. Czarism nourished the roots of anti-Semitism with gold and with rivers of Jewish blood; the revolution withdrew these foods. The Bolsheviks, indeed, tried to burn out some of the roots and to poison others. The roots, to be sure, are deep. Anti-Semitism is a hardy plant. Nevertheless, anti-Semitism in Russia is waning. The state, the Communist Party, and social institutions like schools, clubs, and trade unions are making every effort to combat it. The Bolsheviks condemn anti-Semitism as reactionary and as a weapon used by capitalism to inflame racial animosity in order to obstruct class antagonism.

Active propaganda against anti-Semitism is conducted in Soviet schools, clubs, and newspapers. The struggle with it also takes the form of trials to demonstrate its evils. In a factory, for instance, a Russian worker has insulted a Jew. The incident is not very serious. It might have been overlooked. But the authorities seize the opportunity for educational purposes. The worker is tried in public. A prominent political figure is the prosecutor. He points out

the anti-social and anti-Bolshevik character of anti-Semitism. Frequently the worker confesses and explains the reasons of his guilt: that he has not yet shaken off the traditions of his pre-revolutionary past, that he went to church in his youth and imbibed the anti-Jewish spirit, that he has not attended Communist courses sufficiently and has not learned the Marxist approach to racial questions. In this manner such trials are exploited to expose the significance and purpose of anti-Semitism. It is a misdemeanor to make an anti-Semitic joke in a Soviet theater or vaudeville performance. Russians have been arrested for applying the uncomplimentary epithet of *Zhid* (Yid or Sheenie) to Jews. Jews are not caricatured or mimicked.

All pre-revolutionary disabilities have, of course, been removed. Before 1917 only a few professional Jews could receive permission, usually on payment of a large bribe, to live in big cities like Moscow. Practically all the Jews of Czarist Russia were confined to an officially demarcated Pale of Settlement, which included the Ukraine and White Russia. Today most Soviet cities have large Jewish populations. There were 131,747 Jews in Moscow in 1926 and about 200,000 in 1931, and they tell the story of a Jew over seventy who, asked why such an old man should want to travel to Moscow, replied, "I want to die among my people." No door in the U. S. S. R. is closed to Jews and none could be. All restrictions have been lifted and no person would dare to impose his own without immediately inviting the wrath of the state. Soviet universities enrol thousands of Jewish students. Whereas Jewish young men and women in European universities are exposed to offensive discriminations and at times violent attacks, race is completely ignored in the matriculations in Soviet higher institutions of learning.

Of all the benefits conferred by bolshevism on the Jews, the greatest is the abolition of pogroms. These massacres occurred frequently before the war, and when they did not occur, the fear of pogroms was ever present. Life was nerve-racking and precarious. But no pogroms have ever taken place in the Soviet Union. Experience in Czarist Russia, in post-war Poland and Rumania, and more recently in Palestine has shown that a pogrom is, by definition, violence perpetrated with the active assistance, or at least the connivance, of the authorities. Pogroms are therefore impossible under the Soviet regime. Thus the worst form of anti-Semitism has been eliminated. And this security means more to Jewry than any hardships it must undergo during a transitional period of economic adjustment. Far from discriminating against Jews, the Soviet Government has been known to discriminate in favor of Jews. Agricultural colonization is the outstanding illustration. The Bolsheviks submit—and President Michael Kalinin once enunciated the policy in public—that more money and more attention should be given to the settlement of Jews on the land than to the settlement of non-Jews, because conditions before the revolution militated against the creation of a Jewish peasant class. The revolution must wipe out the handicaps imposed by the monarchy. This is one of the fundamentals of Bolshevik policy vis-a-vis nationalities. At one time the Jewish colonies in the Ukraine, the Crimea, and Biro-Bidjan were regarded as nuclei of a future Jewish state. In fact, Biro-Bidjan has actually been proclaimed an autonomous Jewish territory. Their internationalism

withstanding, the Bolsheviks are not against nationalities. Nationalism, albeit with a Socialist content, may actually witness its finest flowering in the Soviet Union.

Nevertheless, I am rather skeptical of the formation of an independent Jewish territorial unit in the U. S. S. R. in the near future. Biro-Bidjan is several thousand miles from the centers of Jewish population. It is wild, uninhabited, and undeveloped. They say that a Siberian tiger is the only policeman in the region on the day it was declared a Jewish territory. Some day, to be sure, Russia may fill the role which America played for decades as the land which absorbs Europe's emigrant Jews. Biro-Bidjan was perhaps conceived as a colony for Jews from Poland, Rumania, and Lithuania. But the consummation of that plan is very distant. Had not the Five-Year Plan opened new avenues for urban employment, the colonization districts in the Ukraine and Crimea might have been constituted Jewish administrative units. Today the colonies are no longer attracting great streams of settlers. On the whole, therefore, I am inclined to discount all hopes and predictions of the imminent practical establishment of a Jewish autonomous republic in the U. S. S. R.

Nor, in my opinion, is there any prospect in Russia for that form of Jewish nationalism known as Zionism. Time was when Zionism was explained to American Jews as a movement to help Russian Jewry. American Jews, the propaganda ran, perhaps did not need Palestine, but the Jews who lived under the yoke of Czarism did. At present, however, the Soviet Jews would argue that they too have solved their economic problems at home, and that the Bolsheviks are helping them solve their cultural problems as well. The revolution promises to bring prosperity to vast numbers of Jews in the U. S. S. R. Palestine, moreover, is not believed capable of absorbing any appreciable number of settlers. As a matter of fact, more Jews have settled on the soil in the Soviet Union since 1924 than in Palestine since 1920.

The greatest outside stimulus to Zionist sentiment was withdrawn when pogroms became impossible. Now material well-being is more accessible to a larger number of Jews. Even the older generation of Jews, therefore, has forsaken Zionism; and as for the youth, they have been caught in the romance of the revolution. They are grateful for the educational and professional opportunities it offers them. They wish to identify themselves with the epochal events that are shaping Russian life. A new world is being built. The Jewish young man and woman wish to participate. The numerous gigantic tasks facing the Bolsheviks invite the gaiety and enthusiasm of Soviet Jews. In comparison with the problem of founding a new society, Palestine becomes small and insignificant. The Jewish idealism which may find its outlet in Zionist channels in other countries is being harnessed to bolshevism. One may, if one desires to ignore an important situation, seize on the sensational facts of Communist persecutions of Zionists, and forget that repressions alone would never eradicate Zionism. If the Bolsheviks limited themselves to the prohibition of Zionist activity, they would probably make martyrs of Zionists and encourage Zionist work. The circumstance that the Soviets have succeeded in weakening Zionism suggests that they have used much more statesmanship than shortsighted people wish to credit them with. Soviet Russia has undermined the pillars

of the Zionist movement by guaranteeing Jews safety from pogroms, equal treatment, an honorable social status, and cultural facilities which are non-existent in even the most advanced Western nations.

No Jewish nationalism. No Zionism. Inter-marriage on a large scale. The gradual disappearance of religion. Do these developments imply the rapid assimilation of Soviet Jewry? Will Russian Jews disappear as a racial unit? I do not know. But I doubt it. Certain factors contribute toward a diminution of Jewish consciousness. Other factors strengthen Jewish consciousness. The Soviet Government maintains hundreds of public, state-financed schools where Yiddish is the language of instruction. The curriculum in a number of higher Soviet institutions of learning is likewise taught in Yiddish. Three Yiddish dailies and numerous Yiddish periodicals and publishing houses function in the Soviet Union. In thick Jewish settlements in the Ukraine and White Russia courts are conducted in Yiddish, and the testimony of non-Jews is translated into that tongue. The Bolsheviks are at pains to encourage all these forms of Jewish culture. No one will be foolhardy enough to make prophecies. Complicated elements are at play. They will be keenly watched. The prejudices of vested Jewish interests, however, merely cloud the vision and prevent calm judgment.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has a friend who had a turtle. The friend also has a passion for tropical fish, and at considerable expense has arranged an elaborate natorium for them, with waving grasses, stone grottoes, snails to sanitize the water, and a heating system equipped with a thermostat that protects them from the harsh temperatures of a New York steam-heated apartment. But he made his first essay with turtles during the past winter. The turtles, too, had their glass-enclosed house; at one end was a small dish of water surrounded by tastefully arranged green plants; the rest was sand, with other plants grouped here and there. It was an altogether charming habitat, but one cannot be quite sure that the turtles appreciated it. Two out of three of them, in fact, passed on to another sphere, where grass is forever green and water always fresh and sparkling. The third turtle lived, but may be said to have languished. Finally the friend left New York for the country. Carefully placing the turtle in a large envelope, he drove with it a hundred miles away from the city. He had planned to place it in the brook, the natural environment at least of its ancestors. But for the first afternoon he arranged a washbasin with a couple of stones in it, a bit of turf, and some water, and put the turtle in it to await transference to its new home.

* * * * *

THE basin was set in the sun, and turtles are said to enjoy sun. But this turtle, with a celerity that it had not displayed in a winter of steam heat, buried first its nose and then its whole shell-covered body in the mud from the lump of turf. It had never known any life but an artificial aquarium, yet it seemed perfectly at home in a more natural

situation. And later, more astonishingly still, when it was put on a rock above the turbulent spring brook, with some doubts on the part of its owner for its safety in so new and forbidding a place, it seemed perfectly at ease. First it put out its head and evidently took stock of the landscape; then it began, quite surely and serenely, to plod toward the water; tentatively it tried the stream; more confidently it took another lurch; and with a magnificent gesture of assurance it finally took off, swimming slowly along the cold spring water to the other shore, where it mounted another rock to dry in the sun.

• • • • •

THE Drifter has told this story of the turtle at such length not for its intrinsic interest—for except to turtle lovers perhaps it has none—but for its application to the many persons he has met lately who yearn for a more natural life. They want to shake the sand from their feet, to leave forever their glass-inclosed, synthetic dwellings, and depart to simpler shores. Watching the turtle, whose ancestral memories stood him in such perfect stead, the Drifter wondered if such would be the felicitous result of a recapture, by city folks, of a rural life. To one who is accustomed to the various interests, not to say comforts, of the city, what will it seem like when almost the only topic of interest is the weather? When, indeed, weather becomes the beginning and end of existence; when snow and rain are not natural phenomena to watch casually from the window of a warm room, but the Elements which one must brave to fetch provender or firewood, or to care for animals? Will these transplanted urbanites take to the weather as the turtle took to the brook? Or will they presently beat a retreat to their steam-heated flats, their protected aquaria, where the more unrestrained natural forces are hardly ever met with.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Trotsky Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Benjamin Stolberg's letter in *The Nation* of April 28 implies that he is answering statements contained in my review of Trotsky's history of the February revolution. Actually a large part of his letter is devoted to matters which I did not mention, and the rest to distortions of my review. I can only outline his main errors:

1. Mr. Stolberg betrays lack of insight when he says that "Stalinism does not differ from Trotskyism so much tactically as it does psychologically." The differences between the Communist Party and the Trotsky opposition were not "psychological" but economic and political. The main question at issue was, Can socialism be built in one country? This is an economic, political, and social issue of far-reaching practical consequences.

2. "Trotsky's influence in the present German crisis," Mr. Stolberg says, "is from the revolutionary point of view growingly greater than Stalin's." This is contradicted by the fact that the German Communist Party has nearly half a million members and polled five million votes in the last presidential elections. This is no accident. One of the greatest forces at

work in stimulating the revolutionary thought and activities of the proletariat of various countries has been the inspiring example of the successful Five-Year Plan. A basic achievement of the plan and one of the indispensable premises for socialism has been the collectivization of two-thirds of the peasant households. Trotsky, proceeding from his theory of the Permanent Revolution, which he said "directly contradicts" the theory of socialism in one country, had no program for the collectivization of farming.

3. When Mr. Stolberg says Trotsky was not a Menshevik, he reveals the carelessness with which he read the history he so ardently defends. The introduction to that history contains Trotsky's official biography, which says, "After the split in the party, he joined the Mensheviks." Later he "broke with the Mensheviks and attempted to form an extra-party group."

4. Trotsky's differences with Lenin before the revolution may not be important to Mr. Stolberg; they were important enough to Lenin for him to fight Trotsky until the latter finally accepted his leadership. The differences between Lenin and Trotsky from 1903 to 1917 have not only historical but contemporary importance. Certainly—if I may cite my review—"a history which lays so much stress on the alleged errors made by individual revolutionary leaders in the past must be suspected when it ignores the errors of the author." My point was that if one devotes a lot of space in a history of past events to the differences between Lenin and other party leaders, one ought also to mention Lenin's differences with Trotsky, which were of a basic conceptual nature.

New York, May 4

JOSEPH FREEMAN

Not "Feebly" but "Terribly"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Murray Hickey Ley has called my attention to the fact that my review of "Thurso's Landing," by Robinson Jeffers (*Nation*, April 13, 1932) contains an unfortunate error. In my second quotation I carelessly substituted the word "feeblely" for the word "terribly." I wish to apologize for this mistake, and to call attention to the fact that the two sentences following the quotation are invalidated by this correction. Otherwise, the error does not affect the review.

Troy, N. Y., April 29

GRANVILLE HICKS

Penny Wise—Pound Foolish

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Board of Education has recently announced a retrenchment program which, if enforced, will have disastrous effects both on elementary school children and teachers. The board's proposal to increase class registers to forty-five, fifty, and more must result in overcrowded classrooms, increased retardation and delinquency, and inefficient teaching, with the teacher acting as policeman rather than as guide and educator. Dr. O'Shea himself has said in his thirty-second annual report that 90 per cent of retardation and delinquency is due to oversized classes in the lower grades of the elementary schools.

There are in New York City at the present time more than 5,000 licensed teachers and more than 10,000 qualified teachers without employment. Of these more than 300 teachers on the 1928 License Number 1 list are doomed to have their licenses expire if they are not appointed before December, 1932. The Board of Education's new economy policy not only precludes any chance of their appointment, but also means that 500 substitutes who now have classes will lose their positions.

Approximately \$144,000,000 is spent annually on education in the New York public schools. Yet the Board of Education refuses to spend \$500,000 more—even if this comparatively small sum means the difference between teaching and policing.

The New York Association of Unappointed Teachers and the Unemployed Teachers' Association are holding a joint mass-meeting on Friday evening, May 20, in the auditorium of the Textile High School, to protest the false economy program of the Board of Education. Vigorous support is necessary for their campaign.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION OF UNAPPOINTED TEACHERS
UNEMPLOYED TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION
New York, May 12

For the Scottsboro Defense

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The execution of seven of the nine Negroes involved in the Scottsboro case has been set for June 24. Having exhausted all remedies in the Alabama courts, the only course open is for them to seek relief from the United States Supreme Court. They are fortunate in having secured Walter H. Pollak, an attorney peculiarly fitted by his training in constitutional law, to act as chief counsel in presenting the case to the Supreme Court.

The defendants have no funds of their own and the legal proceedings must necessarily be expensive. Lengthy records will now have to be printed for the first time. There will be other necessary legal disbursements and fees to be met, all of which cannot come to less than \$5,000. I have been selected by the International Labor Defense as treasurer of a fund for the legal expenses, and I urge that readers of *The Nation* give all they can possibly afford so that these defendants can present their case to the United States Supreme Court.

Please make checks payable to Joseph R. Brodsky, treasurer, and send them to me at 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

New York, May 5

JOSEPH R. BRODSKY

Contributors to This Issue

MAX WINKLER is associate professor of economics at the College of the City of New York, and president of the American Council of Foreign Bond Holders, Inc.

WALTON H. HAMILTON is professor of law at Yale University, and is coauthor with H. R. Wright of "A Way of Order for Bituminous Coal."

MORRIE RYSKIND is coauthor with George S. Kaufman of the Pulitzer prize play, "Of Thee I Sing."

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Why Recognize Russia?"

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE is a member of the English department of New York University.

ARTHUR WARNER, a contributing editor of *The Nation*, is author of "A Landlubber's Log."

BENJAMIN GINZBURG is the author of "The Adventure of Science."

WILLIAM SEAGLE is an assistant editor of the Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences.

ROBERT CANTWELL is the author of the novel "Laugh and Lie Down."

*The Leader of American Communists
Explains Communism*

TOWARD SOVIET AMERICA

By William Z. Foster

The Communist candidate for President, leader of American communists for years, Mr. Foster is the person best qualified to do what he has done here—dissipate foggy speculation about Communism in this country. He gives naked, unhesitating statement about what his party intends to do, analyzes the downfall of capitalism, and describes the "United Soviet States of America."

\$2.50

COWARD, McCANN, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

☐ RESORTS ☐ TRAVEL ☐

ENJOY DECORATION DAY WEEKEND

at SCHILDKRAUT'S Pine Terrace Hotel and Camp
Highland Falls, N. Y. (Bet. Bear Mt. & West Point)

America's most beautiful Vegetarian vacation resort. A gorgeous 50 acre estate and woodland. For Health, pleasure, rest and recreation. All outdoor sports and attractive indoor entertainments. Write or phone for reservations.

NOW \$22 to \$30 per week (Formerly \$40 to \$50)

By the day, \$5. — \$6.

Highland Falls 340 or 923 City—Chickering 4-8547 to 9 P.M.

Other Resorts on Pages iv and v

See beautiful **GERMANY**
for \$5.95 PER DAY

This is the year when big price reductions in Germany have enabled leading American travel bureaus to offer tours through that wonderful country for as little as \$5.95 per day.

Follow the gleaming trail through the land of legend—haunted castles, ancient towns, modern cities, mountain and resorts—for less than the average cost of staying at home.

The modest price of \$5.95 up per day includes traveling in speedy express trains, comfortable hotels, all meals, sight-seeing, tips, bus excursions and baggage transfers. All this is backed by the largest American travel bureaus of national reputation.

Please use the coupon.

"Going to Europe" means going to
GERMANY

Please Send
Booklet 18
and
Tour
Folder

GERMAN TOURIST INFORMATION OFFICE
665 Fifth Avenue, New York City

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ CITY _____

GREAT WRITERS *and their marriages*

Whatever you may link it up to—civilization and its discontents, the exigencies of the temperament of genius, the quality of emotion in the artist—the *grandes passions* of six of the most picturesque literary characters in history, as revealed by Robert Neumann in *PASSION*, constitute a new understanding of their lives and their books.

PASSION SIX LITERARY MARRIAGES

BY ROBERT NEUMANN. "In these six dramatic sketches, Robert Neumann has beaten Maurois at his own game. They are short, concise, revealing. . . . The psychology is true. . . . The six heroes are Shelley, Goethe, Strindberg, Dostoevsky, Byron and Balzac."—Llewellyn Jones, *Chicago Post*. \$2.00

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., 383 Madison Ave., N.Y.

"Indispensable Reading"

A PLANNED SOCIETY

by George Soule

"Indispensable reading for any citizen concerned in unraveling the tangled skeins of trouble in which mankind has recently become enmeshed."
—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*.

"The most distinguished American contribution to the literature of depression . . . of absorbing interest to anyone who is intelligent enough to be disturbed by the prevailing mental chaos . . . Mr. Soule's book is in the class of required reading for those who would understand and deal with the world of today."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

At all Bookstores \$2.50

M A C M I L L A N

Finance Railway Legislation

A NEW theory of railway regulation and control, conferring sweeping powers upon the Interstate Commerce Commission both in the matter of rate-making and of holding companies, has been favorably reported by the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. In view of the steady drift toward government ownership of the carriers, particularly since the Treasury has had to take on the burden of financing many of them, the proposed legislation must be regarded as one more attempt to set up a rational scheme of private operation; and with the other alternative before them, it may be expected that railway managers and bankers will be not too emphatic in their opposition to the new proposals.

The bill has been considerably enlarged since it was introduced and printed last December. It repeals the "recapture clause" of the Transportation Act of 1920, which required the roads to pay over to the Treasury one-half of their net earnings above a fair return on their property investment. The clause has been abortive, and only a few thousand dollars have ever been paid in, though a good many millions have accrued. This debt to the government will be canceled if the Rayburn bill is enacted. The Interstate Commerce Commission has repeatedly urged the repeal of recapture, largely on the theory that the railroads, like other corporations, should be allowed to accumulate surpluses in prosperous times, to the end that they would not need to ask for rate increases in hard times, when business cannot support an increase in transportation costs.

Again in accordance with Commerce Commission wishes, the basis of rate-making is totally changed, being no longer founded on the futile attempt to determine the money value of the railroads' physical property and assess rates which would produce a fair return thereon. Hereafter, it is proposed that rates shall be established with an eye to the amount of earnings required to provide adequate transportation, while full consideration is given to the interests of the public and of business. No solution is given, of course, if it is found that the two requirements are mutually destructive; but they should not be.

It is with regard to the control of railways by holding companies, however, that the bill makes the most striking extension of the Interstate Commerce Commission's powers. Without the approval of that body no carrier or group of carriers can obtain control of any other carrier; neither may one or more persons affiliated with a carrier; neither may any similar combination be effected unless the commission decides it will be in the public interest, to be judged from the standpoint of efficiency and economy of operation, and of adequate service. If acquisition of control by a holding or investment company is authorized, that company shall keep its accounts, make its reports, and obtain permission for the issue of securities, as though it were itself a common carrier. Persons or corporations already owning any part of the stock of a railroad company may be required to divest themselves of their holdings if the commission believes that those holdings may hinder railway consolidations under the commission plan, or may affect competition.

Not since the enactment of the Clayton law of 1915 has such a far-reaching rule been proposed for the control of interlocking businesses. It has the weakness inherent in nearly all mandatory business legislation where an investment is involved: holders of railway securities may be ordered to sell, but no buyers are provided. It cannot cure existing railway troubles, but for the future it offers an alternative to government ownership.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books, Films, Drama

Light Will Be Wisdom

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

Day that will take these hills entire
That are undone upon the dark
Will forge each leaf in ■ faint fire
And the blind bud will be a spark.

Light will be wisdom on the vines
And burn upon ■ shadowy stem,
Burnish the pale thistle's spines
And to the grass be diadem.

And light will grow upon the hill
Nudging the pallid birch from sleep;
And a wing stir, and the sky fill
And earth be gathered from the deep.

O certainly the bird will sing
That from his blooming tower of air
Sees the great globe, awakening
Turn on her poles of quiet there.

And certainly the heart goes free
That has a wing within the breast
When wisdom grows upon the tree
And slow light resurrects the clover
Dimensional for the risen bee
And every stone is counted over
And every common weed possessed
Till earth be builded perfectly.

On "Effective" Criticism

traits. By Desmond MacCarthy. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

On an excellent review recently contributed to *The Nation* Lionel Trilling remarked that no critic could possibly be very effective unless he wrote from some definite point of view. Even narrowness or wrong-headedness was, he maintained, preferable on the whole to mere detachment, because the narrow and the wrong-headed stand for something, because it is only by standing for something that one can exert an influence.

Undoubtedly there is much to be said for the contention, undoubtedly the fact that Desmond MacCarthy does not, in his sense, "stand for anything" has something to do with the other fact that after many years of admirable critical writing he is mentioned far less often than other men who are certainly his superiors in nothing unless it be a more definite assertiveness. And yet, firmly as I believe what Mr. Trilling says, I cannot bring myself to regret Mr. MacCarthy's detachment as much as perhaps I should, or really bring myself to wish that he adhered less consistently to the famous formula: "n'impose rien, je ne propose rien; j'expose." There are, after all, so many activities in which one must be "effective" or fail, so few in which ineffectiveness is compatible with ■ kind of success. Not only lawyers and statesmen but even novelists and essayists must get somewhere; and I confess that

I find something infinitely refreshing in the work of a critic who is content to be merely sensitive, receptive, and intelligent. Some kinds of criticism seem, in other words, the last refuge of that spirit which resists the world's insistence that we do something, go somewhere, or at least say something aggressive and "effective." Is it, I wonder, pure lackadaisical perversity occasionally to feel that one would rather be merely not wrong than either President or, shall we say, a "challenging" critic? Is it not, rather, one of the charms of literature that it does permit just that attitude?

In any event, I must confess that I like Mr. MacCarthy's volume none the less for the fact that the thirty-four essays which it contains are so plainly in the tradition of Sainte-Beuve and Anatole France. Apparently written at different times and dealing with the most diverse men, they aim chiefly to "expose" their subjects, and they achieve both clarity and a graceful ease of that particular sort which could hardly coexist with the passionate advocacy of any set of dogmas either literary or moral. If they defend anything, it is just the right of Mr. MacCarthy's kind of intelligence to stand somewhat aside from even the intellectual battles, and it is interesting to speculate whether or not he was aware of a certain pertinence to his own case when he wrote of Arthur Hugh Clough the following acute passage:

The main point is, I think, that Clough belonged to ■ type rare among imaginative minds, and was therefore particularly interesting. He was ■ man who could believe the reason to be divine, but not the will. The will was a useful means of clearing life of muddles, avoiding ignoble things, getting other things done, but it had ■ horrible way of also dictating to a man what he ought to think, putting its case in the most insidiously persuasive form, saying, "If you don't batter yourself into ■ passion over this, if you don't conclude before you have sufficient evidence, you will end by being a burden to yourself and useless to everybody else."

Surely that is a very excellent way of stating the argument by means of which the public is always trying to force the skeptic into action; surely it is only by allowing the will to mix itself up in the affairs of the mind that one ever does come to any general conclusion at all. But surely, also, the very statement of the argument in that form is enough to persuade the true skeptic that he would rather, after all, stick to his skepticism even if that does mean making him "a burden to himself and useless to everybody else."

Perhaps, however, Mr. MacCarthy's general temper of mind is most clearly revealed in that essay which is concerned with Anatole France and his late conversion to Communist dogmas. Here again the point is not one which has to do with either the usefulness or the dangers of dogmas in themselves, but with the fact that they half destroyed France for the simple reason that they were inappropriate. The man who had rejected all systems of thought had no right suddenly to embrace one, and he could not, as a matter of fact, really embrace opinions to which, "privately and as an artist, he continued to be disloyal. . . . Henceforth he carried on his shoulders, with, it is true, many a shrug, ■ pack of opinions which, as a skeptic, he had no right to possess."

All this has been bad for his fame. What is more serious, it goes some way to support the contention of his intellectual opponents that there was nothing helpful, nothing human beings could live by, in his earlier attitude of detachment. If this were true I should be sorry, having still myself some faith in doubt, and in the sense of proportion which doubt engenders. . . . But a skepticism which is not evenly applied all around becomes malicious, and a tolerance which does not tolerate what may be odious to

one's self is a sham. After rejecting every religion and every system of thought as impostures held together by sophistry, it was inexcusable in Anatole France to swallow Karl Marx.

The penultimate sentence of that paragraph contains, I think, the most telling warning to those skeptics whom the importunities of the will tempt to renounce their natural doubts. It does not necessarily imply that some men or even most men ought not to believe. But it does show why those who are not really capable of faith are less dangerously and more truly what they are when they do not try to delude either themselves or others. Even a critic who is trying against the grain to be "effective" merely because he thinks he ought is a very sad spectacle.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Predatory Patriots

King Legion. By Marcus Duffield. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$3.

IN 1920, when the American Legion was only a little more than a year old, I presented a brief study of it in a series of articles in *The Nation*. Already the organization had aroused distrust among fair and thoughtful people, although for tendencies other than those which seem most alarming today. Swayed by hot-heads and to a considerable extent supported by hysterical public opinion, the Legion was leading in the hunt of the reds and baying raucously against aliens. It had carried over war violence into peace times and, secure in a privileged position, frequently broke up meetings and beat up individuals objectionable to it.

Happy days! But they will not come again. The Legion of that time was pristine and its technique primitive. Carefully fathered by the War Department, the leadership continues to be militaristic, but under the tutelage of business the organization's methods have grown more subdued and more subtle. Mr. Duffield notes that nowadays posts are advised not to break up meetings and make martyrs of the speakers but to use influence quietly to get invitations to speak withdrawn and, failing in that, to offset the effect by counter propaganda.

The Legion's constitution provides that it shall be "absolutely non-political," but this was interpreted first to mean non-partisan, then to permit a stand in regard to which there was substantial agreement within the organization, and finally to justify any policy which could command a majority vote in a national convention. A Legislative Committee in Washington, than which there is no more powerful lobby in the national capital, seeks through legislation what once was attempted by direct action. To the tenth annual convention the Legislative Committee reported that in the year previous it had worked on 1,064 pieces of projected legislation.

Since its organization in 1919 the Legion has become progressively less patriotic and more predatory. In olden days soldiers used to plunder the enemy. Now they prey on their own people. The Legion does not even scorn such petty graft as having the proceedings of its national conventions printed and distributed at government expense as public documents. The activities of the Legion as a plunderbund began with a demand for pensions and hospitalization for those disabled in war service. Entirely legitimate at the outset, this effort soon degenerated into a graceless scramble for the swill trough. Mr. Duffield mentions a prize fighter who boxes only occasionally since he has been drawing a pension as totally disabled, while an employee of the Veterans' Bureau at \$9,000 a year supplemented this meager stipend with an allowance of \$187.50 a month because he had been declared physically unfit. Legalized preferences for veterans in the Civil Service of the nation and

of many States have been another scandal. In New York City in 1931 there were twenty-eight firemen who were disabled veterans and therefore in a preferred position for promotion.

But other plunder becomes relatively insignificant by comparison with the mass invasion of the Treasury since bonus legislation began. For several years there was an honest and effective sentiment in the Legion against asking for a bonus, but the opposition began to crumble when some inspired soul thought of the phrase "adjusted compensation." The theory that all soldiers incurred financial losses while every civilian coined money during the war is as full of holes as a nutmeg-grater, but the Legion was able to instil such fear into Congress that a bonus law was passed over President Coolidge's veto.

This law, it will be recalled, provided that the bonus was not to be payable immediately but should accumulate at interest as an endowment due in twenty years. This was not good enough after the prosperity bubble burst, and last year, when the Legion again advanced on the Treasury, Congress—with hardly a show of resistance—turned tail and ran. Over President Hoover's veto nearly \$1,000,000,000 was made available in cash as "loans." Wise observers predicted then that an effort would follow soon to collect the full \$3,500,000,000 by getting Congress to cash the certificates at their 1945 value and forget the "loans." Strong sentiment for such a demand had in fact developed by the time of the Legion's national convention last September, but President Hoover prevented action by appearing personally at the gathering.

"The indications are that the renunciation was temporary," says Mr. Duffield, who finished his book soon after that date. Safe prediction! From the front page of a newspaper nearby as I write stares the heading: "Soldiers' Bonus to Go to House at This Session." Upon the shoulders of a nation which is already paying in behalf of war veterans \$900,000,000 a year—or about \$7.50 for each man, woman, and child in the United States—it is proposed to pile another burden of \$3,500,000,000.

The Legion's invasion of the Treasury was begun in boom days when it made no great impression. Mr. Duffield does a service to call the facts to the attention of a deflated and somewhat more clear-seeing public today. He has written a sound and sober book. He states the case with fairness, restraint, and apparently bullet-proof documentation, presenting a volume which not only is valuable as data but is an absorbing narrative as well.

King Legion in truth! It might equally well be called Dictator Legion. For in thirteen unlucky years what was begun as an organization for fellowship has burgeoned into a major nation-wide racket.

ARTHUR WARNER

A History of Biology

The Story of Living Things. By Charles Singer. Harper and Brothers. \$5.

THE historiography of science is a much-neglected educational art. Invaluable as a means of making the movement of science intelligible to the cultured general reader—a category which, as Professor Singer points out, includes not only laymen but even scientific specialists outside of their own specialty—it has been frowned upon by men of science as something that belongs to history and not to science, and at the same time it has been avoided by general historians as requiring too much specialized scientific knowledge. Professor Singer has long been a leader in combating such prejudices and in promoting the movement for the history of science studies in England. In his own field of biology and medicine he has written a number of works of rare excellence in scientific

scholarship and literary presentation. The present work, which is a history of the biological sciences, is doubtless his most important undertaking thus far and brings to fruition the accumulated results of his researches.

Within the covers of a single volume Professor Singer has not only "covered" the history of the various branches of biology, but has written a complete introduction to contemporary biology by the historical method. In so doing he has fulfilled his main contention that the best and most simple method of understanding science is through its history.

"The Story of Living Things" is written without any forced popularization, but it manages to achieve its effect through a lucid and non-technical style and through perfect organization of its subject matter. History is not written for the sake of history, but for the light it sheds on contemporary living doctrine. Only three chapters, comprising less than a fifth of the volume, are devoted to ancient, medieval, and Renaissance biology—in which last is included Harvey and the discovery of the circulation of the blood. The historical foundations of modern biology take up another third of the volume, and comprise such themes as the seventeenth-century movement for inductive science, the rise of the classificatory systems, the development of comparative method in biology, the charting of the distribution of living forms in space and time, and finally the doctrine of evolution.

With these two divisions as a background, the latter half of the book is given over to what Dr. Singer calls the emergence of the main themes of contemporary biology. Here we have in effect an outline of the various branches of biology, but an outline in which the members retain their genetic connection with one another and with the parent trunk of biological investigation. The contents of this division include chapters on the cell, on the development of physiological analysis, biogenesis (the germ theory of disease), embryology, sex, and heredity. No phase of modern investigation is left out, everything is balanced in accordance with its importance, and everything is illuminated through a knowledge of the problems and circumstances which gave rise to the particular science. At the same time there is a current of philosophic criticism running through the work which does not hesitate to reveal what the author regards as the shortcomings as well as the utilities of many of the modern theories.

On the whole "The Story of Living Things" is a remarkable piece of synthesis. It should not only be a highly useful and profitable book for the general public, but should also serve as a model for scientific exposition in other fields of science.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

How Often We Murder— and Why

Homicide in the United States. By H. C. Brearley. University of North Carolina Press. \$2.50.

THIS is one of those university-press books that should be of interest to the general reader. It is the most complete sociological survey ever made of homicide in the United States. The average American probably believes that human life in this country is enormously less safe than in any other part of the globe and attributes this sad state of affairs to prohibition, an impression gained from the notoriety given to gang killings by the newspapers. Professor Brearley casts many doubts upon this theory.

It is true that the United States seems to have a very high homicide rate. According to F. L. Hoffman, an insurance actuary who has been publishing homicide statistics for many years,

the number of slayings is probably not less than 12,000 a year. This equals one-fourth of all the soldiers lost by the United States in the World War. Professor Brearley estimates that in 1927 homicide accounted for more deaths than diphtheria, or typhoid, paratyphoid, and malarial fevers combined. Moreover, homicide rates seem to have steadily risen. In 1906 the rate per 100,000 population was reported as 5.0 and in 1929 as 8.5. It is also claimed that the American homicide rates are very much higher than those for European countries.

The first difficulty is with the comparability of statistics. There is nothing axiomatic about the legal definitions of murder and manslaughter, and they vary considerably in different countries. Even where the legal conceptions are the same, the basis of statistical compilation may vary. In general, criminal statistics are notoriously unreliable, and this is especially true with regard to homicide, for the victims, alas, are no longer there to testify. But even assuming the homicide statistics to be true and comparable, a composite homicide rate for a country as great in extent as the United States is very misleading. It is the special merit of Professor Brearley's survey that it undertakes a sectional analysis. It establishes pretty clearly that in the New England States the homicide rate is generally very low, while in the Solid South it is extremely high. In the period 1919-27 the homicide rate for the registration area in continental United States was 8.26 per 100,000 estimated population, but State figures varied from as low as 1.43 in Vermont to as high as 29.55 in Florida. Moreover, when the homicide rates for individual cities are compared, it is discovered that the highest are not those for such supposed havens of murderers as Chicago and New York. In 1930 the honors were borne off by the city of Memphis. The rate for New York was 7.1, for Chicago 14.4, and for Memphis 58.8!

The reasons for this situation constitute the most interesting part of Professor Brearley's survey. The important factor apparently is not the practice of gang killings, for even in Chicago such killings did not account for more than one-seventh of the total number of homicides during 1926 and 1927. Since the East acquits itself so well, it also cannot be asserted that the alien is to blame. It is the presence of large Negro elements in the population that is definitely related to high homicide rates. The Negro homicide rate is generally seven times larger than that for whites, a proportion that seems to hold good for both North and South, and for urban and rural areas. Of course, it is not the innate depravity of the Negro, but the social conditions under which he is compelled to live, that accounts for the situation. It is not shown to what extent the slayings were interracial, but such figures as are available seem to indicate, as might be expected, that convictions of Negroes for homicide are more frequent than of whites. Incidentally, it is a popular myth that the Negro relies upon the razor to dispatch his enemies. Of the Negro homicidal deaths 72.3 per cent are caused by firearms, while only 68.3 per cent of slayings among whites are accomplished in the same manner.

It may reasonably be argued that it is the Negro homicide rate that makes the general American homicide rate so high. Moreover, the contrast with the homicide rates of European countries seems less marked when those of South European countries are taken into consideration. Southern countries have generally had much higher homicide rates than northern countries. From 1911-15 the homicide rate in Italy averaged 4.1 per 100,000 population. Moreover, the rates have been rising markedly in European countries since the war. The social disorganization of the post-war period seems to have everywhere had much the same effect. Unfortunately Professor Brearley does not carry his comparison with the European situation far enough. It is confined practically to England and her dominions, which have generally had very low homicide rates. The homicide rate for Australia for the period 1911-21 was only 1.88 per

100,000 population—a fact that should cast some doubt on the theory that a pioneer tradition necessarily encourages criminal activity.

On the whole, however, there are few factors bearing on the problems of homicide which are not examined by Professor Brearley. He even considers the possible effects of the weather. But despite the fact that he has examined the crime in question from all aspects, he is extremely cautious about committing himself as to the factors which may normally be associated with crimes of homicide. This seemingly excessive caution, often attributable to a strict adherence to "scientific" sociology, is in the present instance justified by the great complexity of crimes of homicide. While social factors play a very great part in their causation, they are not as directly related to economic motives as are other crimes. Murderers are not usually habitual criminals. They are often mentally subnormal, but they may also be of superior intelligence. Often murders are simply "crimes of passion." Two out of three persons murdered in England are women. Almost anybody may become a murderer—a bank president, a traveling salesman, a chorus girl, a plumber.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

Class-Conscious Fiction

Call Home the Heart. By Fielding Burke. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.50.

FIELDING BURKE'S first novel can be confidently referred to the rising group of critics who stress the necessity of class-conscious fiction; it is an excellent illustration of the difficulties which confront a novelist attempting to make his political and social convictions explicit rather than implicit in his writing. The problem it raises, or some variation of it, is a major literary problem of the moment and can be expressed in this way: many writers who accept the need for a revolutionary correction of social evils are still uncertain, or perhaps completely baffled, as to how this belief can be expressed dramatically, in terms of action, without the loss of certain qualities they believe good writing should possess.

Fielding Burke's novel is most interesting because such methods—implicit and explicit—are utilized in it. The first section belongs to what may be roughly characterized as the "down yonder" school of American fiction. The picturesque phraseology and customs of the North Carolina mountaineers provide the substance of the story, and the action revolves around the struggle of Ishma and Britt to establish themselves in spite of their overwhelming poverty. The author gets humor and pathos in abundance from this familiar material, and is most expert in utilizing local color and in isolating the poetic quality of native speech. If all of "Call Home the Heart" were confined to this locale and to this situation, it would be a good novel of its kind. But Fielding Burke goes on; Ishma runs away to a mill town, where she identifies herself with the strikers and becomes a Communist, and the remainder of the novel is given over to the strike. Or, rather, it is given over to discussions of the strike, to discussions of the workers' movement, to theories and statements of belief. Instead of the minute dramas of characteristic speeches and characteristic actions building up a clear picture of the poverty of Ishma and Britt, Fielding Burke gives us comments about the strike. And the comments are not particularly original or enlightening; the workers and their leaders are good, and their enemies are bad—insincere, stupid, selfish, and unscrupulous. Consequently the strike has none of the reality of the earlier scenes of the novel and does not emerge as a dramatic conflict in itself so much as an excuse for generalizations. When the reader most desires illuminating details, clear particularizations of the lives of the

workers, the author gives opinions on the nature of the struggle.

But Fielding Burke is breaking new ground. There is no very impressive revolutionary tradition in American fiction to guide a writer in these matters, and there is no critical support for such attempts. Thus far the Marxian critics, in spite of their vigor in establishing a point of view, have not given any positive suggestions. What is most apparent about "Call Home the Heart" is that it needs criticism; not mere support for the point of view behind its writing, but aesthetic guidance so that the ideal may be brought to a more effective expression.

ROBERT CANTWELL

Books in Brief

Hoover's Millions and How He Made Them. By James J. O'Brien. New York: James J. O'Brien Publishing Company. \$2.50.

Although this volume is the richest in detail of the books which have recently appeared purporting to give a picture of President Hoover's business career, and although it is buttressed by photostatic copies of documents relating to his activities, it leaves the ordinary reader somewhat bewildered by the maze of complex financial undertakings in which Mr. Hoover was engaged. There is a feeling of unreality which is possibly due to the apparent inability of the author to grasp and interpret Mr. Hoover's career in either human or social terms. The book, however, offers much in the way of supplementary material which is deserving of careful attention. One of its most interesting documents is an affidavit said to have been prepared by Mr. Hoover in 1904 which contains an admission that the suit of Chang Yen-mao against Bewick, Moreing and Company involved "the most serious allegations" against himself personally—a fact which has been repeatedly denied by his apologists in this country. Toward the close of the volume the author gives a list of ninety-eight companies and thirty-three syndicates alleged to have been organized either by Hoover himself or by Bewick, Moreing and Company while he was associated with them. Nearly all these organizations were later liquidated at a loss to the shareholders which in the aggregate Mr. O'Brien estimates at \$322,000,000. The American public has the right to demand a detailed refutation of the evidence which Mr. O'Brien has presented before passing its judgment next November.

Napoleon. By T. M. Kircheisen. Translated by Henry St. Lawrence. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.

Mr. Kircheisen, putting into action a boyhood hero-worship of Napoleon, has literally spent a lifetime upon his biography of Napoleon, which is being published in Germany in nine volumes, and in the preparation of which a bibliography of 100,000 books was collected and consulted. It is one of the awesome edifices of German scholarship. The present volume is a digest of the major work, which is not yet completed, and is itself the size of five average books. It takes rank at once as the most accurate and complete "short" biography of Napoleon in existence; but while it is readable, it lacks those focusing concepts of personality and historical significance which have given distinction to works of less authority.

The Care and Feeding of Adults. By Logan Clendening. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Dr. Clendening employs a very dull scalpel in this analysis of popular health fancies. It is really a good book presenting a sound, conservative attitude, but the author's burlesque method of approach gives an impression of smartness that prevents unprejudiced judgment of either the subject or the book.

Films Importations

THE Germans have exported of late too many pictures in which the Old World richness of background, which they undeniably possess, has been lost in mediocrities of direction, photography, and plot. Now they have sent all at once three pictures of merit, of which "Trapeze" (Little Carnegie) is by far the best. It is directed by E. A. Dupont, who made "Variety," and it is inevitably reminiscent, since it employs the same circus background and a similar plot. Nevertheless, the obvious excitement with which Dupont exploits the range and sensitivity of the camera imparts a quality of freshness. Again and again one is made aware of the possibilities for subtle and beautiful expression in the motion picture. One is also reminded of the difficulty of combining the delicate and significant tracings of character and mood with the robust and essential elements of dramatic action, for Dupont sometimes slows up the story for the joy of spinning a wine glass on a gleaming bar one moment too long. Most of these lapses occur during the first few reels, which are both slow and confusing. It is in the last reels, when a genuinely thrilling circus accident fuses with an emotional climax well built up, that Dupont demonstrates his power as a director.

The other two German films are not so significant as they are pleasant. "Liebeskommando" (Europa Theater) is a successful romantic film. The romantic mood is captured and sustained throughout, and the remoteness of mood is combined with immediate realism in detail which makes the highly implausible plot convincing while it lasts. "City of Song" (Hindenburg Theater) is notable chiefly for its beautiful pictures of Capri and Naples, where the story is mainly laid, and for the voice of Jan Kiepura, the Polish tenor, who plays the leading part. It fails where "Liebeskommando" succeeds—in capturing the romantic mood—and its pace is slow, but it has charm, of both setting and character.

"Cry of the World" (Vanderbilt Theater), is the first effort of the independent International Film Foundation. As a unified, dramatic production "Cry of the World" is not successful. As a collection of selected newsreels from 1914 to 1932 it is very interesting, if disturbing. The chaos in which the world now finds itself is set forth with distressing conviction. The distress is intensified tenfold as the officials of the world are displayed upon the screen in the full regalia of incompetence, stupidity, sinister shrewdness, and personal ambition which at present characterize our official rulers.

"Siberian Patrol" (Cameo Theater) was apparently made for provincial Russian consumption. Except for a few fine scenes, its photography is not as interesting as we have come to expect from the Russians; its propaganda is extremely naive, not nearly so effective, in fact, as that of the accompanying newsreel which shows the Bolsheviks to be ski-jumping, hockey-playing human beings.

Hollywood, after the burst of glory that was "Grand Hotel," has relapsed into box-office routine typified by Joan Crawford's latest picture, "Letty Lynton." Miss Crawford in "Grand Hotel" gave an excellent account of herself, probably because of intelligent direction. In "Letty Lynton" she becomes once more the rich but unhappy heroine who moves spectacularly through at least one illicit affair to a husband and happiness. It is a silly role, much overplayed and thoroughly unconvincing. I mention it only because it brought in the huge amount of \$73,000 in its first week's run in New York.

MARGARET MARSHALL

IN SPITE OF EVERY UNSUCCESSFUL EFFORT ALREADY MADE TO SUPPRESS THIS GREAT BOOK, IT IS CERTAIN TO BECOME THE CHIEF ISSUE OF THE COMING PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

Read John Hamill's

THE STRANGE CAREER OF MR. HOOVER • UNDER TWO FLAGS •

A WHOLE nation gasped with amazement when the revelations contained in this stupendous work became known. Here are a few significant comments out of that portion of the press which *dared* to make any:

- from the *New Haven (Conn.) Times*: "There isn't much that can be said of this book except that it's the most sensational expose this reviewer has ever seen."
- from *The Nation*: "If only a small fraction of the accusations against Mr. Hoover . . . is true, they (the publishers) have performed a public service in bringing them to the attention of the country, regrettable as they are. . . ."
- Robert Morse Lowett in *The New Republic*: "The book shows up the President as 'a man of that familiar get-rich-quick type which played such a large part in bringing on the crisis. . . . Why should Japan respect protests over Manchuria from a man who took the Kaiping coal mines for his firm, and the coaling station of Ching-Wan-Tao for England?'"

BUT, of course, most newspapers, severely warned in advance, either ignored the book or just denounced it as a tissue of lies. Book stores were threatened with loss of trade—and many were afraid to offer it. Yours may be amongst them, in which case we will supply you directly. The continual pressure brought to bear upon this history-making book makes it advisable for you to order your copy NOW, to make sure you will not miss it.

384 Pages \$3.75 Wm. Faro, N. Y.

USE THIS COUPON

WILLIAM FARO, Inc., 1140 B'way, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Please send _____ copies of "The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover" at \$3.75 each, postpaid, to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Drama

Comedy and Despair

A FEW years ago I published a book about things in general which was commonly regarded as perversely somber by that part of the public which chanced to read it. A good many reviewers accused me of being very much behind the times with what they were pleased to call my old-fashioned pessimism, and I myself, without of course believing that I was wrong, had about come to the conclusion that a faith based on curved space and the mystic doctrine of the quantum theory was coming in. Just now, however, I am beginning to suspect that I am not so much alone in my doubts as I feared. Only a few weeks ago I had the dubious pleasure of welcoming that hitherto incorrigible optimist Bernard Shaw into the castle of despair, and a few days ago there came to my desk a printed copy of that excellent comedy "Reunion in Vienna" (Charles Scribner's Sons), preceded by a ten-page preface which is certainly one of the most extraordinary ever used to introduce a comedy.

In the course of this preface Mr. Sherwood mentions his gay little piece only twice: once in the first sentence when he writes, "This play is another demonstration of the escape mechanism in operation"; once again in the very last paragraph when he says, "It is relieving, if not morally profitable, for an American writer to contemplate people who can recreate the semblance of gaiety in the face of lamentably inappropriate circumstances." Between these two statements the ten pages present a compact and passionate analysis of the world's physical and moral predicament which might appropriately be compared with the terrible last speech in Shaw's play. This, says Mr. Sherwood, is the first time when, during a historical emergency, the common man has had the dubious advantage of consciousness. "Before him is black doubt—behind him is nothing but the ghastly wreckage of burned bridges." In Europe some deluded people hope for a return of kings and emperors; in America the same cynical "Oh, yeah?" is the only comment one is likely to get upon any statement about conditions, whether the statement be cheerful or gloomy. Twelve million soldiers died to make the world safe for democracy, but only a few years later the New York *Daily News* can risk the statement that the security which a strong ruler (Mussolini or Stalin) can guarantee is better than democracy, and that the American mother, at least, "would be glad to trade her remaining American liberties for the knowledge that she could put her baby in its crib tonight and find it there safe tomorrow morning."

The worst of it is, Mr. Sherwood continues, that we were full of hope, so confident of the age of reason and the conquest of nature. The eighteenth century saw the excitement occasioned when the idea of progress through reason was conceived; the nineteenth century was a period of gestation, disturbed only by a few forebodings; but the twentieth century experienced the labor pains and the discovery that the child was a monster. Victor Hugo predicted that it would take about twenty-five years for the millennium to arrive. Just fifty years after his prediction the tempest of the great war broke, and now, "Man is a sick animal, and the chief symptom of his malady is his embittered distrust of all the physicians who would attempt to heal him. The discredited vicars of God say, 'Go back to the faith of your fathers'; but they might as well say, 'Crawl back into the wombs of your mothers.'" The discredited ideologues of the laboratory say, Wait till science has remolded man's spiritual environment as completely as it has

remolded the physical. But they might a good deal better tell the physicists to mark time for a while until the biologists, the psychologists, and the sociologists catch up. "The human organism must be reconstructed so that it will be as fool proof as the machine."

And what lies ahead? Perhaps, thinks Mr. Sherwood, the Perfect State—which is to say, "the ultimate ant hill, the triumph of collectivism, with the law of averages strictly enforced," and, in a word, that communism of which man is afraid, "not because he thinks it will be a failure, but because he suspects it will be too complete a success." Still, a Sir James Jeans assures us that the universe is running down and that man can hardly hope to understand what it all means before the clock has ticked its last tick. And so, concludes Mr. Sherwood, "there is hope, after all. Man may not have time to complete the process of his own undoing before the unknown forces have combined to burst the bubble of his universe."

It is, I have said, an extraordinary preface to set before a comedy. Extraordinary as a preface, but not, perhaps, extraordinary as an account of the state of mind out of which true comedy is born. Tragedy arises out of man's sense of his own greatness, comedy out of a realization of his own littleness; and I have long maintained that this age of ours ought to be an age of high comedy; that, theoretically at least, our most successful playwright ought to be, not Mr. O'Neill, with his apparently all but hopeless effort to get grandeur back into literature, but some comic genius who could formulate the cosmic joke inherent in our predicament. I shall not go so far as to say that Mr. Sherwood's preface would have very much helped Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt in their interpretations of his comedy; I am not even sure that it is very good for a comic writer to ponder such views too deeply. But it is certainly out of some instinctive acceptance of them that great comedy is born. After all, the age of Shakespeare was a very confident and joyous age, while the age of Congreve was a very disillusioned one, and it can hardly be doubted that the author of "Hamlet" had a considerably more joyous view of man and his destiny than the author of "The Way of the World" was ever able to accept.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Greatest TRAVEL VALUE

30 DAYS
of delightful travel
\$170.⁵⁰

Tour to **RUSSIA**

Includes: Ocean passage in Modern Third Class, FORMER TOURIST CLASS SECTION, fare to Russia via England or Germany and Finland, hotels and meals en route to Russia and during 7 DAYS IN LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW, with sightseeing, entertainment, conductor's and interpreter's services, visas, etc.

A variety of other interesting trips at surprisingly low rates offered in our booklet "N"

RETURN PASSAGE ON CUNARD LINE STEAMER INCLUDED.

AMALGAMATED BANK

11-15 Union Square

New York City

THE BIG SUMMER QUESTION

Don't make that desperate last minute effort. State your requirements in the classified columns of *The Nation*.

THE NATION, 20 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1932

No. 3491

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	609
EDITORIALS:	
The Roosevelt Candidacy.....	612
Bankers to the Rescue?	613
Japanese Fascism	613
Saving the Country.....	614
CARTOON: THE HERMIT OF ALBANY. By Edmund Duffy.....	615
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT. By Mauritz A. Hallgren.....	616
THE RIGHT TO GET SHOT. By Arthur Garfield Hays.....	619
THE GOVERNMENT TAKES IN WASHING. By F. J. Schlink.....	620
PLANNING FOR POWER. By Morris Llewellyn Cooke.....	621
WHAT IS A POET? By Mark Van Doren.....	624
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	626
CORRESPONDENCE	626
FINANCE: BANKS AND "RELIEF." By S. Palmer Harman.....	627
BOOKS AND DRAMA:	
Too Much Learning. By Sonia Ruthèle Novák.....	628
The South Americans. By Ernest Gruening.....	628
Not Quite Aspasia. By Dorothy Van Doren.....	629
Down from the Ivory Tower. By Edward Dahlberg.....	629
The Menace of the Navy. By Dorothy Detzer.....	630
By Way of Explanation. By Montrose J. Moses.....	630
A Panoramic Survey of Affairs. By Raymond Leslie Buell.....	631
Notes on Fiction.....	632
Drama: Attention Mr. Sirovich. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	633
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	634

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER
DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$6.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

HOW DO THE DEMOCRATS like the revelations that John J. Raskob, chairman and chief financial angel of the Democratic National Committee, was a member of a pool organized on March 4, 1929, to gamble in Radio common stock, with a resulting profit to all participants of \$5,000,000? The familiar Al Smith backers were all there—Nicholas F. Brady, W. F. Kenny, and Mr. Raskob—each drawing off a profit of \$291,770 as a result of two weeks' operations, during which each was liable for \$1,000,000 of the working capital of the pool. During the pool Radio common jumped in twelve days from 79 to 109¼, closing on March 19 at 96¼. Never has there been a clearer-cut example of the way prices are rigged on the Stock Exchange, and of what a gigantic gambling concern it becomes at times, with the innocent bystander holding the bag. But these pools are usually bipartisan, and so we find among those drawing down lesser profits from this boosting of the market, Walter P. Chrysler, Charles M. Schwab, and Percy A. Rockefeller, Republicans, who respectively earned for their arduous labors and the risks they ran the sums of \$145,855, \$58,342, and \$29,171. No wonder that Mr. Schwab is reported on another page of the same newspaper which records the operations of this pool as bewailing, in a speech before the Iron and Steel Institute, the dreadful wickedness of the government in putting on such high taxes. He cries:

We have done our part. We have put our house in order. . . . But, above all, the federal government, which is the heart of our national structure, must balance its budget and restore confidence there. From there confidence, which is the life-blood of trade, will be transfused into our retailers of finance—the banks—to reestablish that faith which is so necessary to the flow of credit. God speed the day.

Yes, God speed the day when confidence—and profits—in pools will be restored and reestablish our faith in the value of the Stock Exchange.

ALTOGETHER the recent revelations in Washington about high finance and its methods are such as to put to shame the frenzied finance of Thomas W. Lawson in muckraking days. We have the representative of another long-established and apparently conservative banking house, Mr. Walter E. Sachs, testifying that the hundred-million-dollar Goldman Sachs Trading Corporation actually paid \$12,750,000 for 49 per cent of Federal Foods Corporation, in which \$1,750,000 had been invested. Later this was exchanged for \$900,000 worth of stock in the same company! Today the Goldman Sachs Trading Corporation stock is selling at 1¾ and is a joke in the musical shows, while the public which relied upon the good name of the firm is out practically \$90,000,000. The crazy character of these transactions is shown by the fact that the \$12,750,000 check advanced by the Goldman Sachs Corporation to the Postum Company went to Frosted Food, then to the United Foods Incorporated in Canada, and then to J. P. Morgan and Company as representatives of United Foods Incorporated. This was the sort of thing being done by bankers who daily criticize Congress, who decry liberalism and socialism, who assert that government must keep out of business, that they alone are fit to rule! Finally, we have Harry M. Warner of Warner Brothers admitting that by gambling in his company's stock he made \$7,000,000—the Senate experts say \$9,250,000—but refusing to admit that there was anything unethical in the transactions. Wall Street and the Stock Exchange have every reason to be happy that they are not overwhelmed by a spontaneous uprising of the swindled American public. The Stock Exchange surely has a day of reckoning before it.

ALREADY WE HEAR MUCH TALK about the desirability of a coalition government, a national emergency Cabinet like the present MacDonald Government in England, to see us gloriously through the existing crisis. There are even suggestions that there be only one ticket in the field next fall, with Herbert Hoover for President and Newton D. Baker or Franklin Roosevelt for Vice-President. Mr. Baker himself has just made a speech in New York in which he said that it was the patriotic duty of everybody in this hour to follow the leader, but he left his audience very considerably in doubt as to who the leader was, as he did not mention his name. Some people thought he meant Herbert Hoover; others just guessed Newton D. Baker.

There being not the slightest difference in principle between the Democrats and Republicans, there is no reason why a most harmonious Cabinet could not be created composed of high-tariff Democrats and Republicans, big-navy-and-army Democrats and Republicans, and low-income-and-inheritance-tax Democrats and Republicans. We should witness no such foolishness as that in England, where some Liberals, like Sir Herbert Samuel, are getting up in meeting and protesting against the policies of the Cabinet of which they are a part. Never, never in our council house would there be the slightest difference of opinion; the Cabinet would be as one in its patriotic rescuing of big business from the results of its own follies, and equally unanimous in its opposition to giving a single Treasury dollar to a starving man.

IT HAS BECOME CUSTOMARY of late to make Congress the butt of all criticism. Washington has no constructive plan for meeting the economic emergency; there is throughout the country an almost complete absence of aggressive political or business leadership. But the blame for this unhappy situation, either directly or by innuendo, is invariably heaped upon our national legislative body. Eleven national figures, including Nicholas Murray Butler, Alanson B. Houghton, and Alfred E. Smith, have called upon Congress to balance the budget and enact an "economically sound" tax program. We believe these eleven men offered their criticism in all good faith, but their appeal betrays the panic which seems to be gripping many of our more prominent citizens, and which certainly cannot help to relieve the "frozen confidence" among the people which President Hoover so greatly fears. Again, it implies that Congress is opposed to balancing the budget and to adopting a sane and rational tax plan. That surely is not the case. The net effect of these attacks on Congress is to undermine popular confidence in representative government. The suspicion is spreading that partisanship and party government are somehow inimical to economic recovery. We feel with many others that partisanship can often be obstructive and reactionary. But we nevertheless realize that partisanship is necessary to the successful functioning of a democracy.

THE TARIFF is among the works of Congress which we do not hesitate to criticize and denounce. Here representative government has failed, not because of partisanship, but because of a lack of it. The Democratic Party, traditionally the champion of low tariffs, has deserted its historic position for the sake of political favors. Hence the "log-rolling" which has now succeeded in smuggling tariffs on oil, coal, lumber, and copper into the tax bill. Senators Hull, Norris, La Follette, Tydings, and others are fighting to dislodge these items. They see clearly that the tariff has been largely responsible for the continued decline in business activity. They know, for example, that Chile, Peru, Venezuela, and other good customers of the United States will suffer economically as a result of the latest tariff increases, and therefore will have to reduce the volume of their purchases in this country. These Senators are in a weak position because they must conduct their fight as individuals and not as a party organization. Yet we believe that there is sufficient low-tariff sentiment in this country to give a low-tariff party all the popular support it needs.

THE HOUSE passed the absurd Goldsborough bill without any real consideration; the House committee, for the most part, contrived to hear only the testimony favorable to it. At least the Senate committee is hearing the other side, including the strongest objections from the Secretary of the Treasury and various members of the Federal Reserve Board. What the Goldsborough bill proposes is a doubly impossible thing. The Federal Reserve Board and banks cannot, except in a very limited and undependable way, control the volume of credit and currency; and if they could the price level would not vary proportionately. The only well-known monetary economist who has testified in favor of the Goldsborough bill is Professor Irving Fisher, who enjoys the distinction of having probably the worst public record for economic prediction of anyone in the country. It was Professor Fisher who remarked in 1919 that the country was on a permanently higher commodity price level, and who assured us in 1929 that stock prices had reached a "permanent high plateau." The Senate committee will do well not to take Professor Fisher's present confident predictions of the effects of the Goldsborough bill too seriously. That bill, if passed, could not help in the achievement of its professed aim, but its passage would very seriously undermine confidence, both abroad and at home in the integrity of the dollar, and would certainly lead to heavy withdrawals of gold.

NORMAN THOMAS'S second nomination for the Presidency by the Socialists was a foregone conclusion despite a conflict of theory and practice between the two wings of the party. No one else within the party offers the leadership which Mr. Thomas has shown. No other man in public life has grown so rapidly and so sanely in the last ten years. He stands head and shoulders in force, in vision, in the possession of a far-reaching program above Mr. Hoover and the candidates now discussed by the Democrats. Were the country to choose men for their respective worth he would undoubtedly head the poll. As it is we still hope a new liberal party will arise and will make Norman Thomas its candidate also. Whether this does or does not happen *The Nation* will support Mr. Thomas in the coming election. Those who continue to stump for the candidates of the old parties are voting for a continuance of the present chaos and confusion; for the continuance of the fooling of the mass of the American people in the interest of the privileged, the Wall Street gamblers, the protected manufacturers who believe that they own the government for the purpose of using it as they see fit. From every quarter come testimony to the truth of Nicholas Murray Butler's assertion that the country is on the very brink of the precipice. To vote for the Republicans or Democrats means pushing us nearer the edge.

ONCE MORE Mr. Hoover, this time in a letter to the president of the American Society of Civil Engineers has offered what is apparently his complete program for getting us out of the depression. This program includes twelve proposals, and not one of them touches anything more than symptoms. The first calls for the "quick, honest balancing of the federal budget through drastic reduction of less necessary expenses"; nothing is said, of course, about any drastic reduction in the expenditures for the army, navy, and Veterans' Bureau. The second plank insists on

the avoidance of further Treasury security issues as "the very keystone of national and international confidence"; thus the hopes of any extensive program of public works, favored by Mr. Hoover for times of depression in the years when there was no depression, are dashed. The third, fourth, and fifth planks call for the extension of more loans to business—mainly for extension of loans of government money to institutions that do not look safe enough for private capital. The sixth calls for "unceasing effort at further strengthening of the foundation of agriculture." This, of course, proposes no specific measure at all; it is completely hollow. The eighth plank calls for the "continuation of national, community, and individual efforts in relief of distress." The word "continuation" here in connection with "national" is puzzling. Most of the rest of the proposals are for extending more government credit for various purposes. As usual Mr. Hoover has not one word to say about the reduction of tariffs, the adjustment of war debts, or any other measure really concerned with the world causes and not merely with the local effects of the world depression.

AS WE GO TO PRESS Mayor Walker of New York City is about to go on the witness stand in what appears to be the crisis of his career. It now remains to be seen whether by his personal charm, his incredible effrontery, and his unquestioned ability the Mayor can get free from the entanglements in which he finds himself. It appears plain that Rodman Wanamaker paid his "formal" expenses to Europe in 1927; that in addition Mr. Walker accepted a letter of credit of \$10,000 from one of the backers of the Equitable Coach Company one day before he signed a contract giving the company a valuable franchise which he himself had forced through the Board of Estimate, later overruling that letter of credit by \$3,000; that this \$13,000 was spent in five days in Paris and on the return voyage. When shown the evidence by the reporters, the Mayor said: "I see the headlines but where is the evidence?" and had no word of defense to offer. Similar expense bills have been unearthed for thirteen trips made by the Mayor or the "City Hall gang" at a total expense of \$7,145.61 for special Pullmans; the bill for \$2,008.34 for the Mayor's trip to California to plead for Mooney is still owing to the Pullman Company. Finally, the Mayor has yet to explain his connection with Russell T. Sherwood, his "financial agent," with whom he shared a private deposit box.

PUBLIC OPINION IN FRANCE in recent years has been weak and ineffective. Cabinet members and party leaders have largely ignored when they could not control. This was unquestionably true of the governments headed by Poincaré, Tardieu, and Laval, and only less true of some of the more moderate cabinets of the last decade. Therefore, despite the swing to the left in the national elections in May, there was considerable doubt whether this shift in public opinion would have any noticeable effect on the policies of the new Government. Edouard Herriot, leader of the victorious Radical Socialist Party, has been nationalistic and anti-German in his campaign speeches. Many of the leaders of the Tardieu and Laval groups. Even Joseph Paul-Boncour, the Socialist, wavered before the nationalists, particularly on the question of disarmament. It now it appears that the French people, having spoken

at the polls, mean to be taken seriously. Whatever Herriot or Paul-Boncour may think of the matter, the press of the left parties is in growing measure demanding a more moderate attitude toward disarmament, and is even going so far as to demand a reduction in the size of the French army! This is really great news from a country which is supposed to be one of the most militaristic on earth. And there is every indication that Herriot, who will probably be named Premier, and other leaders of the left will bow to this new and surprisingly vigorous public opinion.

THE MOSLEM-HINDU RIOTS in Bombay and Calcutta, which have resulted in a hundred and fifty deaths and ten times that many minor injuries, no more indicate a general breakdown of Indian self-control than our own race and labor riots have meant general disorder in the United States. But that they are especially unfortunate just now is evidenced by the haste with which supporters of British rule have cited these clashes as proof of the need for outside control to preserve internal peace and order. They will strengthen the hands of imperialistic diehards. And although there is no indication that they imply any swing of the powerful All-India Moslem Congress away from its recent stand against British procedure, they must be regarded as a definite, if minor, setback to the *swaraj* movement. It is fair to point out, however, that on two counts British policy must share responsibility for such upthrusts of native religious intolerance. The delay in granting a generous settlement has intensified the previous jealousies and suspicions between Hindus and Moslems, and has encouraged the more belligerent and irresponsible elements in each group to take direct action. Furthermore, both among Hindus and Moslems there are pacific and tolerant leaders who must be profoundly distressed by the reports of the riots and their possible effect on world opinion; many of these, if free to assert their influence, might have prevented the excesses. But they are for the most part in jail.

AMELIA EARHART PUTNAM HERSELF said all that might be said about the value to aviation of her ocean flight. "I realize," she said, "that the flight meant nothing to aviation. After all, there have been a great many who have flown the Atlantic now, and such crossings will become commonplace. . . . This was but a personal justification of mine, and I thoroughly enjoyed it." Thus handsomely did the first woman to fly the Atlantic alone take the sting out of any criticism that might be offered on her venture. When one adds that she flew for ten hours with a burnt-out exhaust manifold, through mist, rain, and fog, with a broken fuel gauge that dripped gasoline down her back to an accompaniment of flames shooting from the exhaust, and with an altimeter that was not registering, one can surely say that she is a person of courage and pertinacity and deserves a salvo of applause for not turning back when she might have with comparative safety. If we could only let matters go at that, how pleasant it would be. But we shall now be treated to the usual round of speeches of congratulation, newspaper feature stories, radio broadcasts, receptions, huzzas, and torn-up telephone books when the flier returns. It takes a brave heart to fly the tempestuous ocean; but the courage required to face the whoop-la that inevitably follows is almost beyond the comprehension of a mere editor.

The Roosevelt Candidacy

DESPITE increasing opposition Governor Roosevelt leads in the race for the Democratic nomination. We still do not know how he really stands on the vital issues of the day—what, for example, he would do in the matter of debts and reparations if he were chosen President. Whether he would compromise with the protectionists if sent to the White House is also not clear, though he plainly leans in that direction. We can only guess what he really thinks about a multitude of other questions. Take the issues of Philippine independence and our Caribbean imperialism. Is he for both in the Wilsonian manner; does he still approve of the policy that took us into Nicaragua, Haiti, and San Domingo, and made him personally shake the big stick at Mexico? There are newspaper reports that he is withholding his fire until Chicago can begin to see the whites of the delegates' eyes; that he, too, believes that in America you cannot hold the front page longer than two weeks and that those two weeks should be the ones just preceding the convention. His latest speeches bear this out. Addressing the Georgia Kiwanians he spoke favorably of the Commandment "Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself," and dwelt upon the confusion of the average man and woman as to his or her rights and duties in these evil times. He referred again to his "forgotten man," to whom he added the "forgotten child"; and he read a familiar letter from Thomas Jefferson to the effect that a "favored few" were not "born booted and spurred, ready to ride mankind, either legitimately or by the grace of God." Speaking at Oglethorpe University, the Governor came out for a "more equitable distribution of the national income," asserting that the country needs and demands "bold, persistent experimentation"; and he attacked Wall Street—a plain bid for progressive and liberal support, without, however, anything detailed or specific in the way of a program. Still platitudes and generalizations!

Let us hope that the reports are true; that the Governor will speak out like a man and a leader in the brief weeks still remaining before the Democratic Convention. But that it will be too late to impress himself as a vigorous and powerful personality upon the country is plain. He has been nothing of the sort in Albany, where his weakness and readiness to compromise have been as evident as have his personal charm and his absolute integrity. But we are receiving appeals on all sides not to be too hard on him. Is he not a gentleman? Is he not impeccably honest? Is he not in general right-minded, and more truly liberal than any other candidate? Is he not certain to surround himself with a strong Cabinet? Is he not, in short, a great deal better than any of the other Democratic candidates? To this we answer that we are not in the least interested in building up another good man as a great political figure because he possesses all the family virtues and is devoted to the Ten Commandments. We have not the slightest intention of describing Governor Roosevelt as a satisfactory Presidential candidate; on the contrary, we propose to warn people in season and out of season against the fallacy of turning to a man merely because he is a good and charming fellow.

There might be some excuse for another such compro-

mise if we were living in ordinary times. As it is, we are face to face with the gravest of economic crises, which Democratic and Republican leaders, and Mr. Hoover himself, are fond of describing as a condition more serious than our last war. To put into the Presidency at this hour another weak man in the place of Herbert Hoover would be all the more disastrous because of the mistaken idea that Franklin D. Roosevelt is really a liberal. But waving aside all question of his views on any given point, the fact is that this is no dominating, forceful man, however kindly and well meaning. The hour calls for a totally different type. It would be a misfortune indeed, and add grievously to the cynicism of the masses, if they should be told that Franklin D. Roosevelt was really the leader needed, only to find him out later for what he actually is.

But, we shall be asked again, whom would you have the Democrats nominate? This is not our function. We are not supporters of the Democratic Party and we have long since told our readers that we shall not support a candidate of either of the old parties. We stand with President Butler in his belief that the hour calls for a new party and that nothing less will serve, but unlike President Butler we are ready to go through with the proposal. We wish the beginning made here and now. We do not believe that the stop-Roosevelt movement has as yet succeeded in its purpose. The belief of the Roosevelt managers that they are likely to get 653 delegates on the first ballot is by no means to be discredited. As the Hoover nomination in Kansas City showed, it is difficult indeed to stop a candidate who is so far in the lead as is Franklin Roosevelt now. This beating the leader by means of several other candidacies is not what it is cracked up to be. But from the point of view of the Democratic Party and that of the need of the country the success of Governor Roosevelt affords no hope whatever that we shall have a really different Administration in Washington from that with which we are afflicted now.

Governor Roosevelt will undoubtedly feel that he stands not with those who believe themselves "born booted and spurred" into the world to ride mankind by grace of their ability to take advantage of our economic conditions, that is, of the rule of special privilege, the sale of governmental favors to the highest contributors to campaign funds. In his heart he will doubtless wish to side with the mass of mankind "not born with saddles on their backs," but he has not yet demonstrated his willingness to cut loose from party ties and to govern without fear or favor. Have we anything to gain if he wears the saddle and the Raskobs and the other market plungers who hold the purse-strings of the Democratic Party choose, booted and spurred, to ride him? What is to be hoped for is that even in the last moment at Chicago there will come a realization to his Western supporters that Franklin Roosevelt is an extraordinarily weak candidate to put in the field, and that there will then be a determined effort to find someone within the party to offer to the public some of the leadership which the country craves. Whether one is for or against the old parties, one must hope they will put their best in the field. O. G. V.

Bankers to the Rescue?

THE formation of a committee of twelve bankers and industrialists called together by Governor Harrison of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York "for the purpose"—we quote the official statement—"of considering methods of making the large funds now being released by the Federal Reserve banks useful affirmatively in developing business," is considered by the press to be tremendously important. We hope we may be forgiven, however, if we find the banner headlines devoted to it strangely reminiscent of those devoted to the conferences called by President Hoover in the winter of 1929, from which the great industrialists and railroad presidents emerged to say that they were going to spend billions of dollars in the coming year to keep things humming; and of the headlines which appeared first when the National Credit Corporation, and second when the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, was proposed.

There is no reason to suppose that this new device of the Hoover Administration will succeed where these previous devices have failed. Indeed, there is considerably less to be expected of it than of the preceding devices. Though the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has not prevented conditions from getting worse than they were, it at least doubtless prevented them from getting as bad as they otherwise might have been. It is always possible to stave off some bankruptcies and even to prevent others altogether by rushing in sufficient amounts of fresh money, and this can be done with relative rapidity when the money is the public's and not your own. But how much money will the new committee of bankers and industrialists make available?

Let us look at what it proposes to do. In the last twelve weeks the Federal Reserve banks have purchased about \$725,000,000 of United States Government securities. The purpose of these purchases has been to force more credit on the market. The intention was that when commercial banks and individuals had sold their government securities to the reserve banks, they would be obliged to reinvest the liquid funds they received for them. This reinvestment or relending has not seemed to follow, however, and the new committee has been brought into being for the purpose of doing something about it. Doing what? The committee's statement is vague. It will "secure more coordinated and more effective action" on the part of the banking and industrial interests. "Coordination" has been a favorite word with Mr. Hoover for many years, but what does it mean here? Six of the twelve members of the new committee are heads of the leading New York banks. As heads of these banks, they have recently been as cautious in granting new loans as they were lacking in caution a few years ago. They are not expanding credit because they have not found enough applicants for loans in whom they have confidence. Are they going to advocate collectively loans that none of them would think of making individually? Is each one going to keep his own bank particularly liquid for the sake of safety, while trying to persuade all the rest to expand loans for the sake of revival?

Or is this just another committee—just another list of big names for the sake of generating confidence? And how much confidence is it now likely to generate? One of the

members of the committee is Charles E. Mitchell, chairman of the National City Bank. This is the same Mr. Mitchell who, against the Federal Reserve Board's request, defiantly threw millions of dollars of call money into an already appallingly inflated stock market in 1929. It is the same Mr. Mitchell who helped to negotiate a foolish agreement to take over the Corn Exchange Bank at the ridiculous levels of 1929—an agreement which his bank had to duck when the crash started. It is the same Mr. Mitchell who saw "nothing to worry about" in September, 1929; who remarked in mid-October of that year, after the first collapse, that "many leading industrial securities are now at levels which would have been considered perfectly sound and conservative even by the standards of ten years ago." A week later he was confident that the decline had "carried many issues below their true value" and had "badly overrun itself." Perhaps Mr. Mitchell has now lost the implicit confidence he had in stocks when they were selling on the average at more than five times their present levels; perhaps that confidence has remained unshaken all the way down. But does it really matter? If he has confidence now, is it likely to inspire confidence in anyone else?

The Nation would be the last to disparage any plan that really promised to bring industrial revival, but it can only see in this latest committee one more of the Administration's typical efforts to bully the country back into confidence. Confidence is not to be had by this obsessive attention to symptoms, nor is it likely to be inspired by the same bankers and industrialists who bear so heavy a load of the responsibility for our present plight.

Japanese Fascism

THIS specter called Japanese fascism will not blow away overnight. It has come to stay and probably in more substantial form than we of the Western world are visualizing it at the moment. For it is not the product of a temporary economic depression. In the first place, Japanese economy has been in the doldrums since the collapse of its war-time prosperity in 1920. Since then disintegration has been taking place slowly, progressively, but none the less surely. There is the pressure, for one thing, of gradually increasing numbers. The population problem has not been solved, and does not seem likely to be solved in the foreseeable future. For another thing, Japanese statesmen, industrialists, and bankers have since the revolution of 1868 been trying to create a modern industrial economy, but they have lacked the requisite raw materials. Yet they have pressed recklessly on with their dream of empire, building artificially, creating virtually out of nothing. That they have much to show for their labor, more than the Western world had expected, cannot be questioned, but the unstable foundation of their economy, the lack of resources, and the surplus of population are now beginning to shake the whole structure. Peasants with their tiny farms, middle-class workers without tangible property and, when they have jobs, with but meager incomes, are growing desperate out of their hunger and misery. They cannot see that the new capitalism of Japan has profited them any.

Back of this rising peril to modern Japan lies the long

militaristic history of the country. For thirteen centuries and more the commander-in-chief of the army was the head of the state. The emperor, though that august person was allowed to hold court and to pass his title on to his son, was virtually a prisoner of the military clan. He had no authority, no voice in government; the military was supreme. This state of affairs lasted until Matthew C. Perry opened Japan to foreign intercourse and commerce. The adherents of the emperor overthrew the military clan and restored the Mikado to his throne. That marked the decline of the military power; the emperor reserved this power for himself. The revolution also marked the advent of the new capitalism. The Japanese appeared satisfied to let the economic experiment go on, to let the power of the state be used in building up great industrial, commercial, and financial enterprises. Even though this meant the enriching of a few individuals at the expense of the state, the Japanese masses did not protest, for they saw as the ultimate goal the greater glorification of the entire nation. But the time has finally come when a bed, a roof, and a bit of food seem more important to the peasant and the laborer.

It is upon this basis that Japanese fascism is being erected. The militarists, long the rulers of Japan, are again bestirring themselves. They feel that they are by tradition entitled to a voice in national affairs, particularly in emergencies like the present. They consider the economic experiment to have failed. They want industry socialized; they want the state to take over all productive enterprise. And in this they have the support of the lower classes. The fascists may not openly seize power. They may be content to let men like Admiral Saito, newly appointed Premier, govern "in the name of all the people." But they will undoubtedly remain in control behind the scenes.

Saving the Country

WE are pleased to report to our readers that although the country—their country and ours—is in the gravest danger, it can and will be saved from destruction, battle, murder, sudden death, and the red menace. This salvation is to be had at the hands of the Virginia Federation of Women's Clubs. These ladies have issued a pamphlet called "Destructive and Constructive Forces in America; with Suggestions for Meeting Them." Beginning with the prophet Jeremiah and proceeding rapidly through Patrick Henry, Secretary of Labor Doak, a poet in the *Moscow Pravda*, Karl Marx, and the Union Theological Seminary of Columbia University, the case for the menace and the program of salvation are succinctly, if not brilliantly, stated.

Frankly, the Russian Communists plan the bloody overthrow of the United States government by force, violence, and mayhem. They say so themselves, and one need not pay attention to "the expressions of those Americans who go to Russia for six days, six weeks, or six months." Those "we will not even consider." But "as one of the Russian poets expresses it: 'Communism leads to disarmament; disarmament to communism.'" And as another Russian poet wrote (we quote the Virginia pamphlet) impassionedly, under the title of *A Day Dream*:

After passing the ruins of Detroit
and here is Cleveland
It is Ruthenberg now.
Factories and mills have not been
Pulsating for some time;
The entire city was blown up
The enemy fought like a wild beast.

Which at least proves conclusively that we ought to be protected from Bolshevik poets.

Our Virginia ladies, however, are well aware that the worst dangers come from within. The pamphlet says: "It seems incredible that in New York City, at the Union Theological Seminary, in the Christmas holidays, December 28-30, 1931, was held an intercollegiate conference." Well, let us say it seems almost incredible, what with Christmas just over and New Year's eve almost upon us. But there was a conference, and it carried "as its theme the amazing slogan 'Guiding the Revolution,' and some of the topics discussed were 'College Students in a Changing World,' and 'What Are the Essentials of Genuine Social Planning?'" Another conference was held in Chicago on the same days, New Year's eve or no New Year's eve, and at this among the subjects for discussion were "New Tactics in the Social Conflict," and "Revolution Through Education." Moreover, the pamphlet goes on, "The conferences were held under the auspices of the League for Industrial Democracy. . . . The executive director of this society, Norman Thomas, ran for President of the United States on the Socialist ticket, and your children, unless trained in patriotism, may be led to indorse the program of the Union of the Socialist Soviet Republics, fed to them by clever adults." Which last, however you look at the rest of it, rather seems to be a compliment to Mr. Thomas.

Now what shall we do about this? First, say the Virginia ladies, "Choose for your study course next winter God and Country, and learn the value of an aroused, vocal, vigorous public opinion for both God and Country." Follow the precepts of George Washington, among which are "his regard for his mother"; "his knowledge of the fundamentals of government"; "his foresight in asking for a merchant marine"; "his devotion to childhood"; "his love of Home"; "his fondness for agricultural pursuits." These are random general suggestions which the Virginia Women's Clubs throw out; but they have a more specific program, some planks of which are as follows:

We can study to inform ourselves.

Refuse to be forced into hearing all kinds of fallacious doctrines under the plea of being broad-minded and of hearing all sides.

Interest the libraries of our cities in buying books that extol patriotism and rid the shelves of some books that need to be eliminated.

Point out the need of adequate deportation measures.
Deplore the increase in crime.

This covers the main points of the program. A New Orleans woman was once heard to say that she did not fear the revolution at all because she would just go back to New Orleans with her family in perfect confidence that the New Orleanians would never have heard of the uprising. Not so in Virginia; the revolution is already there. But Steps Are Being Taken. And no one, not even the most timorous, need fear the ultimate triumphant result.



The Hermit of Albany

Franklin D. Roosevelt

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

I WENT to an important New York lawyer, prominent for many years in liberal reform politics, and asked him about Governor Roosevelt. The lawyer replied, but without enthusiasm: "Please don't be too hard on Roosevelt. He means well. He means to do the right thing." I turned to Walter Lippmann's column in the New York *Herald Tribune* of January 8 and found Mr. Lippmann writing: "Franklin D. Roosevelt is an amiable man with many philanthropic impulses, but he is not the dangerous enemy of anything. He is too eager to please." Nothing sums up Governor Roosevelt better than these phrases. There is no leadership in the man, for leadership requires a person to take a positive stand, to speak plainly, and plain-speaking quite often gives offense.

Roosevelt wants to be President, to serve in the highest office to which duty could call him, but he knows that to succeed in public service he must first show himself a shrewd politician. And so, though he really knows little of politics, he attempts to play the game as he believes it should be played. Every public utterance, every public gesture, is open to the suspicion that it is designed solely with a view to enhancing his political prospects, for that way lies the path of duty. He appeals for votes on every hand; he attempts the impossible, to be all things to all men. That is the way of the politician, of course, but just therein lies Roosevelt's weakness. The average politician knows when and how to compromise. Roosevelt, ever eager to please, ever hesitating lest by positive action he offend some small part of the electorate, is temperamentally unable to choose the proper moment or method. He is always undecided. In the end he has always to give way to superior politicians, to organized machine pressure. And thus it so frequently happens that he overlooks his pretensions to liberalism and bows to the will of the power trust, the bankers, the reactionary leaders of labor, to Tammany and the McCooey ring.

Only once has Roosevelt shown any capacity for leadership. But even then he was not the crusader but rather the determined apologist, and ultimately he had to haul down his colors and submit rather shamefacedly to Tammany dictation. This was in 1911 when he first entered the State senate. With the help of the usual Tammany tactics, Charles F. Murphy was endeavoring to compel the legislature to elect his candidate, William F. Sheehan, to the United States Senate. But the young new Senator from Dutchess County rebelled against Tammany, organized and led a group of Democratic insurgents, and by holding this little band together succeeded in deadlocking the election for more than three months. There was in him at that moment some of the fire of rebellion, if none of the fervor which marks the true liberal reformer. Throughout the long struggle Roosevelt remained the gentleman. When Robert F. Wagner, then a State Senator, denounced him as a publicity-seeker, he "entered a modest disclaimer." When he wanted to call Murphy a liar, which Murphy undoubtedly was, he instead denied "any intention of impugning the veracity" of the Tammany leader, but said he believed "Mr. Murphy had

again been grossly misinformed by some unscrupulous person." Roosevelt fraternized with the opposition, for in his heart he could bear them no ill-will. There is some doubt that he even knew what the fight was about, though he must have had some inkling of it, for throughout the senate debate there were many references to the fact that Sheehan was the candidate of the Ryan-Belmont financial interests, while the opposition candidate was Edward M. Shepard. As such things go, it was a classic battle, and it resulted in the defeat of both Sheehan and Shepard. At the trial of the libel charges brought by William Barnes, Jr., Republican boss of New York, against Theodore Roosevelt four years later, Franklin Roosevelt testified that there had been a deal between Barnes and Tammany to put Sheehan across. Here again, for the last time so far as the public record shows, Franklin Roosevelt flared up in indignation against Tammany. But he rather spoiled his case by sheepishly admitting to Barnes's counsel that he himself had voted for the ultimate Tammany candidate, James A. O'Gorman, after the deadlock in the historic 1911 battle had been broken.

In a way Roosevelt has built up a defense mechanism. Being weak himself, he wants the state, which he is ever seeking to serve, strong and powerful. This disposition has made of Franklin Roosevelt an imperialist and a militarist. This side of his character he boldly displayed the moment he became Assistant Secretary of the Navy in 1913. We were in trouble with Mexico. Roosevelt was loudest among those who were asserting that the United States should put Mexico in its place. We went into Haiti in 1915. Assistant Secretary Roosevelt directed the operations, and soon thereafter visited the unhappy island to look with satisfaction upon the achievements of our marines. The World War was on, and Franklin Roosevelt was among the first to assert that the United States needed a powerful navy, a fleet second only to that of England. He addressed Bible classes, patriotic societies, and the National Civic Federation to urge popular support for his navy program. He appeared before Congressional committees to insist that the government adopt "a great building program." Before the House Committee on Naval Affairs on March 28, 1916, he expressed the opinion that "in a naval building race the United States could out-build Germany." That his speeches were directed against Germany is clear, though why he should have taken that stand in view of President Wilson's neutrality proclamation has never been explained. When the little-navy group in Washington, for reasons of economy, began to criticize the naval-expansion plans, Roosevelt screamed in a public speech that "not one dollar, not one ship, not one man" must be taken from the building program then under way. "Although we have in the past few years increased our navy faster than ever before," he declared, "other Powers have increased theirs even faster." He was not only willing but eager to press forward in that mad race. His big-navy mania reached its climax in October, 1916, when Charles Evans Hughes mildly suggested that the navy ought to pay less attention to the minute particulars of its building pro-

gram and more to its target practice. Roosevelt heatedly replied that Hughes had "insulted" every officer and man in the navy.

Let no one for a moment think that this militaristic spirit arose only from his association with the Navy Department in Washington, or that it was in some way due to the fact that a war was then going on in Europe. Franklin Roosevelt is still the militarist, although today he makes the necessary concessions to the peace movement in this country, whose existence cannot be denied and whose votes are also counted. Speaking before the State convention of the American Legion at Saratoga Springs on September 5, 1930, he said: "We should all work against war, but if it should come we should be better prepared than we were before. . . . I am not militaristic by any means. I do not believe in a large standing army, as you know, nor in a large navy, but *I am 100 per cent for having this country ready for an emergency.*" Such is the language of every American militarist. It appears strange that a man who feels so strongly on the question of preparedness should also have succumbed so completely to Woodrow Wilson's idealism, but the fact remains that next to Newton Baker and one or two others Franklin Roosevelt was the most ardent of Wilsonian idealists. Indeed, he stood almost alone at the San Francisco convention in entertaining the vague notion that Wilson should and could be nominated for a third term. And it was not until a few months ago that he publicly divested himself of this touching faith in the Wilsonian philosophy.

Roosevelt's grand opportunity as a liberal and progressive came with the stock-market crash of 1929. He was Governor of the country's largest industrial State. He could have led the way in adopting a practical and adequate public-works program at the very start of the depression, in pressing for unemployment relief, in seeking to readjust the overburdened labor market through a statutory shortening of the hours of labor. But what has he actually accomplished? Very little. The Employment Commission he appointed early in 1930 had neither authority nor funds. It accomplished precisely nothing. At that time Roosevelt favored unemployment insurance, but after the American Federation of Labor declared against such insurance he fell into a deep silence on the subject. Later he recanted, set up a commission to study the question, and has given the commission's plan his special blessing. The plan is far from perfect, even far from adequate. For one thing, it calls for compulsory private insurance and not State insurance, and that is its weakest feature. But the plan at least recognizes the need for some such system. Yet it remains on paper, Roosevelt having done nothing more than approve it. A public-works program calling for expenditure of \$20,000,000 was adopted some time ago. This was sadly inadequate, as the Governor himself recognized in a magazine article last winter, in which he half-heartedly suggested that a \$100,000,000 program was needed. And, political contracting being what it is, the whole of the original \$20,000,000 has not yet been spent, although the need for work-relief has greatly increased.

Roosevelt has declared himself opposed to a cash dole, but he favors relief in the form of food and clothing when the State and local communities are unable to provide sufficient relief in the way of jobs. Even during the depression the average New York employee has been working fifty-four hours a week. One would think that a progressive Governor

would employ every means at his command to reduce the length of the working week. Indeed, Franklin Roosevelt wrote last November to Paul Blanshard of the City Affairs Committee: "I am entirely sympathetic to any movement to abolish the seven-day week, which is a method of industrial management that breaks down the physical and mental vigor of the working people and which, under the present conditions of unemployment, has no economic justification." Yet a bill that was drafted with a view to ending the seven-day week was killed in the legislature by the opposition of the heads of various State departments, all Roosevelt appointees. Many State employees, particularly those on duty at the various institutions, were at that time, and still are, working seven days a week, ten to twelve hours a day! Roosevelt might seek to justify this poor record by explaining that he does not control the legislature. No more does Philip La Follette control the Wisconsin legislature. Nevertheless, unlike Governor Roosevelt, Governor La Follette has worked at a terrific pace to put through at least a part of his program, has thrown all his energy and talent into this single job, and as a result has a great deal more than has the progressive Governor of New York to show for his pains.

Compared with his record on good government, Roosevelt's labor record is one of brilliant accomplishment. Two years ago, when the stench of corruption in the New York City courts had begun to stifle even the more complacent members of the community and had caused them to join the reformers in complaining, the Governor balked at supporting or initiating an investigation. He wrote that he could not act "until it becomes apparent that the local officials charged with prosecuting crime within their respective jurisdictions have refused or failed to carry out the duty imposed upon them by law." But it was just these local officials who were to be investigated! Roosevelt was asking Tammany to investigate itself! Ultimately, however, the stink became so noticeable that the Governor was moved to ask the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court to begin an inquiry. In much the same manner public opinion prodded and pushed Roosevelt into supporting the legislature when that body voted a sweeping investigation into the affairs of the municipal government. But Roosevelt's heart was not in the job. The only heat or indignation he has shown at any time during the city investigation has been directed not at Tammany, but at John Haynes Holmes and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of the City Affairs Committee for their zealotry in demanding that men of established guilt be removed from office. Holmes and Wise got for their pains the retort that "if they would serve their God as they seek to serve themselves, the people of the city of New York would be the gainers." Throughout the inquiry, although constantly prodded into action by men like Norman Thomas, Louis Waldman, and Samuel Seabury, the Governor has displayed extreme reluctance to do anything that might embarrass Tammany; and Mr. Seabury, counsel for the investigating committee, recently complained that, though the facts in the case of Sheriff Farley of New York County had long been known, it was not until "I myself filed charges before the Governor and after two months' delay that we got some action." While Roosevelt removed Farley, he has done nothing about other members of the sheriff's staff who, the investigation has proved, pocketed even more of the people's money. And Roosevelt has never as much as lifted a finger

to annoy the McCooey ring in Brooklyn. He did not ask the Appellate Division to inquire into the courts in that borough, although the scandal involved the Brooklyn courts as well. There is also the outstanding and shameless example of the bipartisan judiciary deal. Brooklyn probably needed four new courts. The Republicans at Albany refused to approve the necessary legislation because they knew the political spoils involved would go exclusively to the McCooey Democratic machine. And the Democrats lacked the votes. So a deal was arranged whereby twelve instead of four courts were to be created, seven of the new judgeships going to Democrats and the remaining five to Republicans. Roosevelt knew of this deal. Prominent citizens and civic leaders of Brooklyn warned him of it. Nevertheless, with all the scandalous facts before him, he signed the bill creating the twelve judicial plums for McCooey and his Republican allies. Later the Governor callously declared that if the voters of Brooklyn did not like the judges the bosses had picked for them, they could vote for other candidates—but everyone knows that the McCooey candidates always win in Brooklyn.

The revelations of the Seabury investigation have for months been pouring forth in an endless but thoroughly sickening parade. But in his last message to the legislature Governor Roosevelt could find no words to condemn the widespread graft and corruption and utter disregard for law being exposed. He could say only that "local government has in most communities been guilty of great waste and duplication, of unnecessary improvements, and of thoroughly unbusiness-like practices." Not a word about the rotten situation on Manhattan Island! In the same message Roosevelt declared that "year after year legislatures have completely and brazenly ignored recommendations by the governor and demands from the public for safeguarding and improving our election machinery." The Governor appears to have forgotten that two years ago he vetoed at Tammany's behest a sound and sane bill that would have gone far toward eliminating election frauds. In the matter of improving the Civil Service, another necessary step toward better government, Roosevelt has likewise heeded Tammany and the municipal rings. The Hewitt reclassification bill passed at the last session would have removed many of the inequities now to be found in the Civil Service and would have made it difficult for politicians to manipulate many of the lesser State jobs. Although Roosevelt "looked with great favor on this serious effort to reclassify the State employees," he found it necessary to return the bill without his approval. Why? Simply because it promised to do the job it set out to do. Every liberal and reform organization favored the bill. Tammany and the other municipal rings opposed it. Roosevelt deliberated over the measure for twenty-nine days, and finally succumbed to Tammany's pleas. In other ways he has shown the same weakness. He approved a law in 1930 specifically placing all positions in the Division of Parole under the Civil Service. He has since insisted that the Civil Service Commission exempt from examination four parole officers in the executive department of the Division of Parole who had failed in the tests for parole officer under the very law he had approved. It hardly need be added that these four men are Roosevelt supporters. Since January, 1931, by refusing to act, Roosevelt has permitted the provisional employment without examination of twenty persons in the State Law Department who normally

would come under the Civil Service Act. More plums for the politicians.

In the final analysis Roosevelt's fame as a progressive rests on his water-power record. It is on this issue that he has attracted the support of men like Senators Norris, Wheeler, and Dill. They look upon him as an ardent enemy of the power trust. He is anything but that. True, he has several times in speeches and otherwise taken a progressive stand on the power question, and he has no doubt spoken sincerely, but here again his fundamental weakness has prevented him from taking positive action. Generally speaking, his policy differs little from that of Alfred E. Smith. He wants the State to develop its own water power (and then only on certain sites), but he also wants to leave the actual distribution to private companies. He must know that the real profit in the electricity industry lies in distribution, not in development and generation. Smith took the same stand. On March 5, 1926, Governor Smith declared that "when we speak about furnishing cheaper light, heat, and power, we mean we will furnish it cheaper to the distributing company than such company is now able to buy it." But even Smith did not claim credit for having initiated this policy. In a speech on December 13, 1926, he showed in detail how the Smith-Roosevelt policy had been first laid down in 1907 by Charles Evans Hughes. Far from bothering the power trust, the Smith-Roosevelt position has been indorsed by numerous spokesmen for the utilities, including Owen D. Young, William H. Woodin, and Nicholas Brady. Lastly, this progressive policy is hardly to be distinguished from that set forth and approved by President Hoover in his message of March 3, 1931, vetoing the Norris Muscle Shoals resolution.

But why does Governor Roosevelt speak only of State development of power sites on the St. Lawrence? Why not also include Niagara and other sites? Is it because the power companies do not want to be saddled with the tremendous initial cost that would be involved in developing the St. Lawrence, but are perfectly willing to have this done at State expense so long as they can keep their profitable distribution monopoly? And is it because of the lower initial cost of developing the Niagara site, which makes that project attractive to the power trust, that Roosevelt is not urging State development there? Moreover, why was he prepared a few years ago, at the request of Senator Wagner, to allow the Niagara Falls Power Company to get a strangle-hold on the Niagara site by having itself appointed the agent of the federal government in water-power negotiations with Canada? These and many other questions Governor Roosevelt will have to answer to satisfy true progressives and liberals. He favors the prudent-investment theory, but he has done nothing to put it into practice. He favors the Wisconsin power-district plan, but hardly lifted his voice in support of the Dunnigan power-district bill when it was before the last session of the legislature. On October 28, 1930, Roosevelt declared that "the Democratic policy toward the great water power of this State does not contemplate the State's going into the business of selling electricity to the homes." Is this the voice of the flaming progressive, the dangerous enemy of the power trust? But, then, Walter Lippman has reminded us that Franklin D. Roosevelt "is not the dangerous enemy of anything. He is too eager to please."

The Right to Get Shot

By ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

WE went to Kentucky to assert the civil rights of freedom of speech and assemblage. We actually found ourselves asserting the civil right to get shot at! Before leaving New York we were warned by mail by the county attorney that our "godless, self-appointed, nondescript, iconoclastic minority of grandiloquent egotists" would be treated like "mad dogs." Apparently he expressed the official point of view. In London, Kentucky, fifty miles from the "bloody Cumberlands," warnings came from various sources. One poor, pathetic, spiritual-looking woman said: "Mr. Hays, don't go—don't try to go. I'm prayin' for ye but they'll get ye." The atmosphere in court was quiet but tense. Sheriff Blair testified that the excitement in the community was such that we would be like gnats in a storm. He would protect us if he "happened" to be around. The chief of police likewise would act if anything occurred "in his presence."

The court advised us that we had made our point in the court proceedings and that there was no reason for us to do any more than take an appeal. He laid stress upon the right of "freedom from" outside critics. He strongly advised us not to go to Pineville, though he admitted we had the right. He admonished the officials of Bell and Harlan counties that if anything happened to us it would be a blot on the escutcheon of Kentucky.

This shifted the responsibility to the officials. If they admitted us to Pineville and bloodshed followed, the infamy would be on their heads. If they barred us, fearing trouble, it would be an admission that civil government had broken down. They were suddenly faced publicly with the obligation not merely to preserve order but to protect rights.

First the officials had threatened; then they were willing to help us "if they were there"; then they were ready to give us protection—so they said; finally they feared they couldn't protect us. In the morning we were met at the border by a large force consisting of the officials of the town, police officers, and some deputies. We were handed statements that they believed in "free speech and assemblage" but not at that time. We were told we could go no farther. They said it was necessary to have a permit for a meeting and they would not grant a permit. They claimed the town of Pineville was seething with excitement in the early morning, which we doubted; that the leading members of the community had met and decided that protection was impossible. They had therefore concluded to turn us back, and they did.

An attorney of Pineville, who represented members of the National Miners Union, came to London, said he had tried to stop us on the road to tell us that there were rough characters in the town carrying guns; that the spirit aroused had made it clear that if anybody took a shot at us he would become a hero and have little to fear from the local authorities. The question was then academic. Fortunately for us, our point was as well made by the eviction as by the threatened violence. In Knoxville I was later informed that the contemplated punishment was "tar and feathers." At the

time I should have regarded that as a very fair compromise.

The fundamental issue in Bell and Harlan counties has been one of the right of union organization. The United Mine Workers were forced out—the I. W. W. came in. The I. W. W. was suppressed—the National Miners Union came in. Then these people tried to make the issue one of communism. Of course, it is one of unionization and civil liberties. A coal operator was on the stand for the defense. After stating that conditions were dangerous, he said that the spirit was stirred up by "Communists" and the National Miners Union. I asked him which union he approved. He said: "None of them; we can't do business if they have unions."

Democratic institutions have completely broken down in Bell and Harlan counties. We went to inquire whether the right of ingress to a part of the United States, the right of lawyers to represent clients, the rights of free speech, press, and assemblage, the right of protest and remonstrance were denied workingmen, foreigners, and Communists. We found out that these rights were denied not only to them but to all men whose opinions or personalities were not agreeable to the ruling group controlling Bell and Harlan counties. As to the evictions from the county, the county attorney was asked whether he knew of any law which gave any public official the right to do anything more than to cause arrest in the event of disorder. He knew of no law but thought that evictions by force were legal.

The answer of the authorities to us was that the "mob" was in control, that the power of government could not protect us. If true, this means of course that civil rights no longer exist—that law is no longer supreme—that the Constitution means nothing in Harlan and Bell counties. There is reason to believe the officials are often part of the mob. But when the mob is not in control, there is a complete system of fascism, as dangerous to our institutions as communism. Men are jailed, bailed, granted or denied rights on the order of mayors, county attorneys, sheriffs, and other executive officers. Laws and regulations are made not by legislation but by those in control. The executives in this section are properly called "the law." A further question arises as to whether there is any method under our judicial system by which personal rights can be protected. We have brought an injunction suit and a damage suit in the federal court. The legal machinery is geared to assure order. Is there any to protect rights?

There is another side to the picture. These people have been pestered by unsympathetic investigations. They have come to feel they are defending fireside and religion against seditious "invaders." From their point of view the only help is to sell coal. They have never thought of the matter in terms of "freedom." At most they would overthrow liberty in order to maintain it. These people are fundamentalists in religion, politics, business, and everything else.

"There ain't no 'reign of terror,'" said a witness. Mr. Smith, county attorney, added, "It's a phrase coined by the 'Communists.'"

The Government Takes in Washing

By F. J. SCHLINK

IN an article in *The Nation* of November 11, 1931, the twisting of the work of government bureaus to the special service of business interests and the decline of such bureaus' concern with the problems of the taxpaying population as a whole were developed with significant examples of the curious and astigmatic economic policy and anti-consumer bias in important parts of the government service. Of the comments received, one or two indicated amazement at the facts reported and expressed doubt that the commercialization of the government service could be as crass and stupid as the article showed. The organized laundry-owners have furnished simple and clear-cut evidence of *their* connection with such operations in the following, taken from one of their recent bulletins:

The Bureau of Standards has found the answer to the winter-damage problem. Winter damage is the degeneration of laundered cotton fabrics dried out of doors in the winter time in New England, caused by sulphuric acid coming from air pollution due to smoke. And while the Massachusetts Laundryowners Association gave some mighty splendid cooperation throughout, it should be remembered that the L. N. A., as the national organization of the laundry industry, *sold the bureau on the idea of undertaking the investigation. One of their very best chemists, John B. Wilkie, devoted virtually all of his time, over a period of two and one-half years, to this study. And it didn't cost the individual laundry-owner one red cent. If that isn't a cash dividend for the member, "thar simply ain't none."*

On another page of the association's journal this appears:

The laundry industry is complimented and truly grateful to Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of the Department of Commerce, in announcing a fifteen-minute broadcast over the national hook-up of about thirty stations of the Columbia System, to discuss the textile maintenance industries. In this, laundering will have an important place. The time—Sunday evening, February 28, at seven o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

Through headquarters and our Eastern representative we have been in touch with Dr. Klein for many months. He is in hearty accord with the activities of your association—recognizes the achievements of the organized laundry industry and now is about to pay us the highest compliment of recognition. . . .

Here indeed are dividends you want to cash—possible only because we have such a representative and worth-while National Association and Institute.

This sidelight is from a later issue: ". . . material used by Dr. Klein in his broadcast was taken from specially prepared data supplied by the [laundry-owners'] Department of Public Relations." Under the head, "What the L. N. A. Does for You," appears: "Contacts the *Bureau of Standards*, the Federal Board for Vocational Education, the Census Bureau, and the *Department of Commerce* of the United States government"—that is, two contacts for the Bureau of Standards. (Italics in foregoing quotations are mine.)

But see what the ungrateful and inconsiderate laundry-men say on another page of their bulletin:

Public demand for reduction in cost of government is forcibly being brought home to the Washington authorities. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States, through a special committee, has taken the government to task for business inefficiency and has demanded an immediate curtailment of federal expenditure of at least \$500,000,000. Local chambers of commerce should follow the lead of the national, and demand of their State and local administrations curtailment of expenditure along proportionate lines.

Taxpayers and voters must drive home to those whom they have placed in office that today their duty is to bring taxation down and not to seek ways and means of increasing existing tax burdens.

Does the laundry industry suppose that Business-Booster Klein and Chemist John B. Wilkie can devote their energies to the increase of profits in the laundry industry without any provision being made for paying their salaries from federal taxes? It is all very well for the laundry industry to glory in the generous and invaluable free services provided by complaisant government bureaus, but it is rank ingratitude, while accepting such services and boasting of the efficient lobbying which secured them, to demand reduction in the cost of government.

The free or nearly free services to the laundry-owners extend even into the field of the American Association of University Women, which is hearing "splendid talks" about the cost of doing the laundry at home, under the inspiration of a \$100 gift to the fellowship fund of the A. A. U. W. This presumably is only one of a number of such activities by the Laundryowners National Association, for their *Bulletin* states:

This Department of Public Relations, under the direction of Gordon T. Anders, handles contacts with women's clubs, home-economics teachers, luncheon clubs, etc., furnishing material, information, and articles for publication in connection with the power-laundry industry. Specially prepared material is constantly being released to local newspapers and general and business magazines.

Extending "business good-will" is not to be limited to operations through adult organizations and reading matter—the parents are to be won over through the delighted gurgles of their children. And, of course, children grow up, and in time they too must decide what to do about the laundry problem. A recent sales bulletin announces Peggy Ann's Own Story, "one of the sweetest stories ever told. . . . It is our sincere hope that this story of Peggy Ann may gladden the heart of some loved child, while at the same time pointing the way to greater happiness for Mother by giving her more hours of usefulness to devote to herself and her family." Then follows the story of the rag doll, Peggy Ann (the idea is clearly based on a story in "Raggedy Ann," a child's book), which was sent to the laundry and came back "even prettier than when it was brand spic-and-span new."

In New York City the organized laundry-owners' con-

tribution to the public welfare, according to press reports recently appearing in considerable detail, consisted in making trouble in the delivery of laundry-operating supplies, such as soap, soda, bleach, for firms declining to join and, of course, to pay dues to the Laundrymen's Board of Trade. One witness is reported by the *New York Times* to have testified that "efforts were being made to induce all the laundry-owners to join the Laundry Board of Trade so that prices could be raised."

These items are presented in some detail because they are so typical of the anti-consumer operations of some of the better class of trade associations—which a little lower in the scale become common rackets. The laundry-owners' boasted propaganda activities with women's clubs, home economists, periodicals, and others closely parallel the shocking and intricately scheming practices of the trade associations of electric-power companies in subsidizing some college teachers and tricking others, and in writing and "correcting" textbooks in economics and civics. It is almost impossible, as industry is now organized, for a trade association to carry

on aggressive work for its members without being driven by those members' interests and natural sympathies and alignments fast and far in the direction of influencing legislators, "keeping in touch with" government bureau chiefs, "contacting" college faculties, and "working very closely" with newspaper editors in their conduct of relations with authors and advertisers, and their editing and censorship of information vitally affecting the public interest. In fact, one function of the Laundryowners Association is stated to be "to defend . . . the industry from jibes and jabs of thoughtless writers, speakers, cartoonists, 'colyumists,' and advertisers." In carrying out this principle a virtual censorship, through economic and personal pressure, of vaudeville and legitimate actors, humorists, editors, and radio entertainers is assured. Indeed, a laundry association, in the intervals of some of its rougher and ruder duties, has attempted without success to apply some of this pressure to Consumers' Research, a non-profit-making organization providing unbiased information and counsel on goods and services bought by the ultimate consumer—including laundry service.

Planning for Power*

By MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE

THE collapse of the valuation and holding-company rackets and the emergence of the small consumer as the arbiter of power policy are the high points in the current utility situation. Transportation rates are less and less affected either by the cost or by the present value of property used and useful in rendering the service, while the electric, gas, and telephone industries consider unfair the basing of rates on the reproduction-cost basis which until the 1929 debacle was touted as the equitable "law of the land." Most of the important arguments heretofore advanced in favor of the holding companies have been exploded, and these companies are at grips with seemingly insuperable difficulties.

If electric rates, at present highly discriminatory against the small user, can be regulated so as to approach the standard of cost plus a fair profit, consumption can be so increased as not only to eliminate the drudgery of housework but to pave the way for a new artistry in living for even modest homes. Through low-priced current for the farms agriculture can be energized and the cultural level of our rural population radically improved.

In this atmosphere of change, planning offers great possibilities for a public conscious of its power and responding to competent leadership. Governor Roosevelt has given constant testimony to his realization of the importance of the power issue as it affects the social and economic well-being of the people and has moved effectively to clean up abuses and open the way for the new day. He initiated an illuminating investigation into State regulation by a legislative commission, has advocated prudent investment as the basis for valuation, and insists that public-service commissions are more administrative than judicial bodies. Through the St. Lawrence River Power Authority Act Governor Roosevelt secured for domestic and rural consumers the benefits of

the low-priced electricity there to be generated. He contends that if the private companies are allowed to market St. Lawrence power, it must be on the basis of cost plus only a fair and recognized profit; otherwise the State may have to build its own transmission lines. As facilitating a balanced State power development Governor Roosevelt has proposed legislation permitting the voters of any area to provide publicly owned power facilities if they so desire. He advocates the federal regulation of interstate electric traffic.

Special interest attaches to public planning for the utilities because their activities can now legally be regulated by public authority. In this field many of the constitutional prohibitions against interference by public authority with private business do not hold. The most important appeals from commission and court findings in utility cases have been based on claims of confiscation sought to be resisted under the Fourteenth, or "due process," Amendment to the Constitution. Only those private undertakings invested—or one typesetter put it "infested"—with a public interest may be regulated by public authority.

Possibly as much as one-fifth of the productive and transportation capacity of the country is now included in the utility or "regulated" classification. The relative importance of the major groups is indicated by their claimed capital investment and gross revenue for 1931 (with six zeros omitted):

	Capital Investment	Gross Revenue
Steam railroads	\$24,078	\$4,500
Electric light and power	12,400	2,137
Electric railways	5,500	1,300
Telephone	4,750	1,200
Manufactured gas	3,087	442

However, it is electricity which dominates the utility scene. While its claimed invested capital is only half that

* The seventh of a series of articles on national economic problems. The eighth, World Action for World Recovery, by Henry Hazlitt, will appear next week.—EDITOR THE NATION.

of steam railroads it is still in its youth. The electrical industry has achieved a solidarity of purpose and action as between its functional units, such as financing, operating, manufacturing, engineering, construction, and contracting; a representation in the major political party organizations; and a control of the means of mass propaganda and ballyhoo which set an all-time record. Its operating companies are as a rule in healthy financial condition and everything suggests that in times anything like normal the saturation-point in the use of electricity would not be in sight. It is in coping with the electrical industry and planning for it that the case of the People *vs.* the Utilities will be won or lost. Obviously, also, if we cannot plan effectively for electricity, it is unlikely that as a people we shall be equal to the task of broader social economic planning.

The enhanced position of electricity in American life is shown by the increase in its use from 110,000,000 K.W.H. a day in 1921 to 265,000,000 K.W.H. a day in 1929. This consumption has been divided as between large and small consumers during the five years of 1926-31 as indicated on Chart A. While the small consumers during this period have used but 30 per cent of the current, they have contributed 61 per cent of the revenues, as indicated by Chart B. On the other hand, the wholesale consumers, that is, the larger industries, the street railways, and the electrified steam railroads, have required 70 per cent of all current sold and yet have yielded only 39 per cent of the industry's total revenues. American industry is 70 per cent electrified. That the net revenues of the industry have held up well in the face of a heavy decrease in the use of industrial power tends to prove that the small user is the profitable and reliable consumer.

Practically the whole cost of service to a large consumer lies first in generating the electricity and then in transmitting it on high-voltage lines to the point of use. The cost of this "transmitted current" is of course the same whether delivered to a large industrial establishment or to one of the substations from which the current is distributed over wires of lower voltage to homes and farms. In order to get the entire cost of service to these small-scale users we must add to the cost of the "transmitted current" the capital charges and operating expenses required to put it through the distribution substation and the low-voltage distribution lines to the far side of the customers' meters. Thus the whole cost of domestic service will be the cost of transmitted current plus the distribution charges.

There are three classes of electric service into which distribution enters as an important cost factor, that is, domestic; commercial light and power, retail; and municipal, largely street lighting. The current consumed by each class and the revenue derived therefrom in 1931 were as follows:

	K.W.H.	Revenue
Domestic	11,785,000,000	\$686,000,000
Commercial light and power	13,837,000,000	569,000,000
Municipal and street lighting	2,793,000,000	108,000,000
	<hr/> 28,415,000,000	<hr/> \$1,363,000,000

We may assume that the "transmitted current" used in these services costs on the average 1½ cents per K.W.H., in-

cluding return on invested capital. The national average rate for wholesale transmitted power is 1.42 cents per K.W.H. The part of the sales price, therefore, attributable to 28,415,000,000 K.W.H. of current would total \$426,225,000. Subtracting this from the \$1,363,000,000 charged for these services, there remains \$936,775,000 to be justified as the cost, including profit, of distribution, or nearly one-half of the total revenues of the industry. If, as suggested by my own studies carried on continuously for nearly twenty years and outlined in "On the Cost of Distribution of Electricity" and elsewhere, this public outlay for distribution is about twice what it should be, we are confronted with an annual overcharge against the small consumer of between \$400,000,000 and \$500,000,000 a year.

Certainly \$900,000,000 a year is far too large a tax to be levied without reasonable proof of its approximate justice. And yet there is an almost complete absence of anything approximating cost control or even of cost knowledge concerning electrical distribution, and not one generally recognized cost standard. Practices and results obtained in different areas cannot be compared. The usual process of improving methods by setting one up against another is therefore generally missing. Waste necessarily results.

Engineering literature teems with meticulous data on generating costs. We know within narrow limits the cost of transmitting current. But we have no information about an item which would come near to balancing the national budget and which is certainly much more important to the small consumer than the costs of generation and transmission combined. The cost of the distribution of electricity is taboo before every engineering society in the United States. This lack of definite data in regard to distribution costs accounts for the present meaningless multiplicity of rate schedules. Before many years a single rate schedule will cover vast areas.

Through propaganda fostered by the electrical industry the public has been led to believe that domestic electric rates have been "steadily going down." The nation-wide average price fell from 7 cents per K.W.H. in 1926 to 6 cents in 1931. This drop in the national average chiefly affects, however, only that very small percentage of customers whose exceptionally large consumption gives them the benefit of low promotional rates. Such lowering of the national average has very little bearing on the trend of rates paid in the majority—possibly 90 per cent—of American homes.

The revenue derived from the average domestic user increases yearly. It was \$29.70 in 1926 and \$33.70 in 1931. It is highly probable that the industry has secured a greater profit per domestic customer, and per K.W.H. used in domestic service, with each drop in the national average. For in serving the average domestic customer with the small annual increments in the quantity of current indicated in recent years, practically the only added expense is for the current itself. Computing this at 1½ cents per K.W.H. we find that in each of the last five years the amount required to cover the additional current averages only about half the added revenue received.

Until within the last two or three years, except for the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission over the railroads, public authority has hardly been felt in the utility world. Barring a few sporadic instances of gentle discipline, and these confined to a few States, the utilities have been allowed to work out their own salvation, if you

can call it that. Electrically speaking, Sidney Z. Mitchell was Alpha and Samuel Insull was Omega. An occasional Hopson was the only fly in the ointment. But the substitution by Governor Roosevelt of Maltbie for Prendergast as chairman of the New York Commission, the recent appointment of Lilienthal in Wisconsin, the activities of Seavey in California and of Morse in New Hampshire, and the refusal of the Massachusetts Commission to allow the Boston Edison split-up are happenings which serve to remind the general public of what was originally expected of regulation.

Things have also been occurring in the public-ownership field. When gas and electricity supplies and telephone services were confined to single localities, thousands of such plants were publicly owned. Coincident with the interconnection of these utilities over wide areas, the private interests initiated a process of eliminating the competition of the public plant. More than forty years ago Edison advised the electrical industry to insure the permanency of its investment "by keeping prices so low that there is no inducement to others to come in and ruin it." Because this advice has not been heeded, strong and apparently effective public-ownership currents have been set up in various parts of the country. There are well-managed publicly owned electric plants of considerable size in Seattle and Tacoma, Washington; Los Angeles and Pasadena, California; Springfield, Illinois; Jamestown, New York; Holyoke, Massachusetts; and Jacksonville, Florida. There are at present more than 2,000 such municipal electric plants—most of them quite small.

But far more significant is the legislation already passed in Nebraska, Wisconsin, Washington, and Oregon, and proposed in New York by Governor Roosevelt, to facilitate the tying together of individual municipal gas and electric plants into power districts technically and otherwise able to compete with privately owned superpower systems. All legal barriers against providing a public plant, once the people have voted for it, should be removed. Nothing has proved so effective in securing reasonable rates from the private companies as the realization that the public has this remedy at hand.

Except as to water supplies, public ownership in this country is of the "yardstick" variety. While in any one industry the percentage of public as compared with private plants is low, such public installations as there are exert an important influence in providing the public with the stand-

ards by which performance of the private plants can be measured. I am convinced that it would be a mistake to plan now for widespread public ownership in this country. Rather we should concentrate on the effective operation of a few favorably located installations, large enough to fire the public imagination and to exclude petty politics. The water-power projects at Boulder Dam, on the St. Lawrence, and at Muscle Shoals should be pushed, and experiments should be made in extended but intrastate power districts; these are already under way in western Washington and are being actively planned in Wisconsin.

On the other hand, in the light of the experience during two generations, it would be a mistake to place too much reliance on either federal or State regulation. The Interstate Commerce Commission has on the whole done a remarkably good job in its piloting of the difficult railroad situation. The early adoption of standardized and revealing accounting, reasonable success in keeping politics at a distance, and the presence on the commission almost from the start of some unusually able men are among the contributing causes. But the end seems not far off. Especially in case the depression continues, it appears to be only a question of how long most of the steam roads can hold out. Bonded as they are to the hilt and with no market for their stocks, the solution will inevitably be public

ownership, not because it is desirable in itself, but because it has become inevitable. Public ownership the world over has usually come by this route.

But "yardstick" public ownership and regulation will have to be supplemented by fundamental and extensive research conducted under public auspices as a guide to future public planning. There is no such thing as scientific management without unprejudiced research. To meet this need Governor Pinchot suggested a giant power board instructed to study out Pennsylvania's electrical future. This idea has since been carried out in Great Britain by the appointment of the Central Electricity Board. It has been effectively active in executing projects looking toward a better planning of Britain's electrical economy—its duties are wholly outside regulation as we know it. The Wisconsin legislature at its last session followed the suggestion of Governor La Follette and provided for a similar board to study the future power needs of the State, to plan the facilities and agencies found to be necessary, and to plot the method for coordinating all public and private power and light activities.

A federal utilities planning board, unhampered by the routine regulatory responsibilities which harass the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Federal Power Com-



CHART A. WHERE THE ELECTRICITY GOES

Wholesale customers use 70 per cent of all the electricity generated.

(Each inch represents approximately 20 billion K.W.H.)

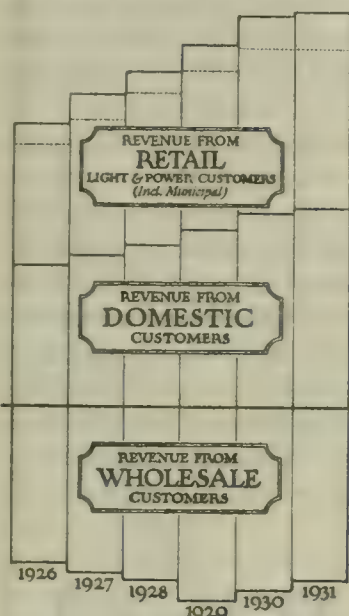


CHART B. WHERE THE ELECTRIC REVENUES COME FROM

Householders and other small users provide 61 per cent of the revenues but only use 30 per cent of the current.

(Each inch represents approximately 800 million dollars.)

mission, and supplemented by similar agencies in a half-dozen States, might in time clarify the questions which keep regulation relatively ineffective. Ability to require the facts in any given situation would be all the power needed by such an agency. The field and function of transmission lines, especially those of the higher voltages, is of the most immediate importance to electrical development. It is highly probable that the cheapest power sources cannot be tapped except by government-owned lines or at least by lines owned by private concerns operating only in the transmission field.

Until recently the ascertainment of the cost of electrical distribution in any given situation seemed all but a hopeless task. With a minimum of detached inquiry it now seems probable that a generally applicable formula can be derived. The motor-transport industries—street and interurban electric lines, subway and elevated railroads, bus and truck and taxicab operators—struggle more or less blindly to protect and advance special interests when many of the misconceptions upon which their controversies feed could be dispelled by the dispassionate assembly of facts, many of them quite near the surface. Another profitable field for planning inquiry is suggested by the recent rapid development of interstate natural gas lines, now lying, with interstate electrical transmission lines, entirely beyond regulatory control. Several of our public-service commissions have recently instituted research bureaus, but naturally they are chiefly occupied with

studies immediately bearing on cases pressing for decision.

Perhaps from the standpoint of national well-being nothing in the utility field is more insistently important than the effective maintenance of a first-class national transportation system. But this provided for, plentiful, widely distributed, low-cost electricity will in the long run prove to be one of the master indices of our economic, social, and cultural development. We begin to see the manifold ways in which abundant low-cost electricity may directly affect home life. But it is not so clear to industrialists, or to those in the electrical industry itself, how rapidly electricity is permeating our machine age, so that it is becoming an electrical rather than a mechanical age. The first automatic industry is here. The necessity for human effort has entirely disappeared from the generation of electricity. By merely touching buttons we have illimitable power at our disposal. Eight men on a shift watch 500,000 electrical horse-power developed above the Saguenay!

This factor of automaticity is increasing in every industry. The assembly line at the Ford plant with its hustlers at every point is cited as the fine flower of mass production. Yet Henry Ford is quoted as saying that he will promptly transform it into a vast machine requiring no human effort—merely control—as soon as the increased demand for his cars warrants it. Power can spell freedom for the race. But without planning, it may easily be our undoing.

What Is a Poet?

By MARK VAN DOREN

POETRY speaks for itself. But poets, curiously enough, do not; and so it is time that someone speak for them and say what they would say if they spoke in prose. It is time that they be defended against the silent charge—all the more damning because it is so silent—that they are a special race of men and women, different from all other creatures of their kind and possessed of faculties which would make them, if we knew them, only too wonderful to live with, not to say too embarrassing. I should like to relieve them from the burden of being queer. Poets are supposed to be a suffering race, but the only thing they suffer from is the misapprehension that they are endowed with a peculiar set of thoughts and feelings—particularly feelings—and that these endowments are of the romantic sort. It consists, to speak for the moment historically, in the notion that the poet has always and must always cut the same figure he has cut during the past hundred years or so. It consists in expecting him to be a Shelley, a Keats, a Byron, a Poe, a Verlaine, a Swinburne, a Dowson. He may be another one of those, to be sure; but he also may be any kind of person under the sun. My only conception of the poet is that he is a person who writes poetry. That may sound absurdly simple, but it is arrived at after reflection upon the innumerable kinds of poetry which poets have written, and upon the baffling variety of temperaments which these poets have revealed.

Here is the figure we have set up. A pale, lost man with long, soft hair. Tapering fingers at the ends of furtively fluttering arms. An air of abstraction in the delicate face, but more often a look of shy pain as some aspect

of reality—a real man or woman, a grocer's bill, a train, a load of bricks, a newspaper, a noise from the street—makes itself manifest. He is generally incompetent. He cannot find his way in a city, he forgets where he is going, he has no aptitude for business, he is childishly gullible and so the prey of human sharks, he cares nothing for money, he is probably poor, he will sacrifice his welfare for a whim, he stops to pet homeless cats, he is especially knowing where children are concerned (being a child himself), he sighs, he sleeps, he wakes to sigh again. The one great assumption from which the foregoing portrait is drawn is an assumption which thousands of otherwise intelligent citizens go on. It is the assumption that the poet is more sensitive than any other kind of man, that he feels more than the rest of us and is more definitely the victim of his feeling.

I am tempted to assert that the poet is as a matter of fact less sensitive than other men. I shall make no such assertion for the simple reason that to do so would be to imply that I knew what kind of man the poet necessarily was. My whole point is that the poet is not anything necessarily. He may be sensitive, and he may not; the question has nothing directly to do with his being a poet. Certainly there have been poets with very thick hides. We have to account for the fact that Browning looked more like a business man than he did like a poet—whatever a poet is supposed to look like; that Horace was plump, phlegmatic, easy-going, shrewd, and sensible; that Dryden was an excellent trader in literary affairs; that Pope was so insensitive, at least to the sufferings of others, that he poured an emetic

to the tea of a publisher with whom he had quarreled; that Li Po and most of the other great Chinese poets were government officials; that Robert Frost is to all outward appearances—and what other appearances are there?—a New England farmer.

There is reason for supposing that no artist is as sensitive in one respect as the man who is not an artist. He is not so likely, that is, to be overwhelmed by his own feelings. Consider what he does with his feelings. He uses them, deliberately, for the purposes of his art. The ordinary man—meaning for the moment the man who is not an artist—may be so affected by the death of a parent, for instance, that he becomes dumb. There was Daudet, however, who at the funeral of his mother could not help composing the room where he stood into a room that would be the setting of a new story. He was using his feelings, together with the scene which called them forth, for an ulterior purpose. The artist is callous, and must be so in order to keep his mind clear for the work he has before him. So also the poet must be sensitive to words, rhythms, ideas, and moods; but in the very act of perceiving them clearly, in realizing them for what they are worth, he distinguishes himself from the race of men who feel and only feel. When we read the poetry of a man like Pope who was extraordinarily, almost abnormally, susceptible to the charms of verbal music we can have no doubt that he was, in that one department of his existence, all sense. We are not justified, however, in going on, as a recent biographer of the little man has done, to attribute to him a sensitive heart. As a matter of fact he had another kind, and in the ordinary man it would be denounced as an ugly one.

From the notion that the poet is deeply affected by life we often proceed to the notion that he cannot stand a great deal of it; we say he dies young. To be sure there are the English romantic poets—Shelley, Keats, and Byron—to support our error, and to be sure they are always conspicuously present in spirit when poetry is under discussion, since it was their generation that gave us our conception of poetry and the poet; we still are in the romantic period. But even as we talk this way we seem to forget their contemporary Wordsworth, who lived in perfect peace till he was eighty. We forget that Dryden lived to seventy, Shakespeare to fifty-two, Browning to seventy-seven, Tennyson to eighty-three, Milton to sixty-six, Herrick to eighty-three, Spenser to almost fifty, and Chaucer to an even sixty. We disregard the great age of Homer when he died, at least if the traditions be true. And anyway the ancient traditions about poets have their significance. For one of them was that poets die old; hence the bust of Homer, wrinkled, composed, resigned, with sunken eyes. The three great tragic poets of Greece died old indeed; Aeschylus at sixty-nine, Sophocles at ninety, and Euripides at seventy-five. Vergil and Horace gave up the struggle in their fifties, Lucretius committed suicide, it is said, at forty-three or forty-four, and Catullus, like Shelley, was extinguished at thirty; but Ovid, for all his banishment to a cold, uncomfortable part of the world, and his probable suffering there, lived into his sixtieth year; and Livy, first of all the known Roman poets, saw seventy. Dante had a hard life, but it lasted fifty-six years. Racine went on to sixty; Goethe expired peacefully, calling for more light, at eighty-three. And what of the greatest English poet in recent times? Thomas Hardy, who did not even

begin to be a professional poet until he was more than fifty-five, wrote ten volumes of verse after that, and when he died at eighty-eight was busy with the preparation of a new volume, which appeared posthumously!

Another burden of which I should like to relieve poets is the burden of being strangely wise. They have been called prophets, I believe, and seers; clairvoyants, informers, transformers, and what not. All this, too, in spite of the impracticability attributed to them. Indeed, there seems to be a connection between the two attributes. The poets know nothing of the world, but they may tell us a good deal about life; not life as we live it, but life—shall we say?—as we ought to live it. Simply by virtue of their stupidity in ordinary affairs they somehow become conversant with extraordinary affairs which we ourselves shall never experience but which it might be rather nice to hear about. So runs another legend, and one as romantic as the rest. For it has no foundation whatever if the whole history of poetry be taken into account. In a primitive tribe the poet is also the medicine man, the priest, and the foreteller of future events, since it is in verse that these functionaries speak. Among savages, then, the poet is a prophet. But nowhere else. The division of labor has gone on; the prophet is the prophet, in verse or in prose as the occasion may be; the poet is the poet, and always in verse. The poet is a seer, nor a seer. Wordsworth brought on a considerable confusion by insisting that the poet is one who goes to Nature for her secrets, which are substantially the secrets of existence, and then comes back with the dew of knowledge on his lips. The poet, in other words, is equipped with a peculiar mind which enables him to plumb—or fathom, or penetrate, or see through, or pierce; the phrase matters not—the world's appearances. For us the mere appearances, for him the reality behind. Thus he not only cursed his successors with the responsibility of being prophets; he cursed them also with the duty of being acquainted with Nature, and of pretending to some sort of mastery over her. The truth, I suspect, is that the poet is no more of a magician in this respect than the scientist is. And think of the poets, long ago and since, who have never been the least bit interested in the out-of-doors. Dr. Johnson said that he was unable to tell the difference between one green field and another. Milton got his flowers and mountains out of old books; Spenser got his landscapes out of sixteenth-century woodcuts; Dante read Nature as a work in theology; Horace was comfortable in the presence of his hills only when a few friends from Rome were with him to drink wine and make remarks about life; Vergil in the country was concerned with husbandry and the diseases of sheep; Ovid would not look at a tree unless it had once contained a nymph.

The poet may think anything, feel anything, do anything; he may or may not be a wanderer; he may or may not love his home better than any other plot of ground; he may love children; he may hate them; he may be restless under the pressure of a domestic establishment; he may get his chief joy out of a wife and kitchen; he may inhabit a palace; he may shiver in a garret; he may be noble; he may be mean. He is not limited, in other words, more than other men. Yet we go on limiting him. And to what? To a simpering, humorless, pious, nervous existence which for all the world we should be unwilling to share with him. No wonder we don't like him, and no wonder we don't really enjoy reading poetry.

In the Driftway

ONE of the saddest of sad stories about the prevailing depression came to the Drifter's ears the other day. "If you want to know about the book business," said his informant, "don't ask the publishers. Ask the bookbinders." The bookbinders, it appears, store copies of books already published but not yet demanded for sale at bookstores. At present the bookbinders are holding 5,000,000 unsold novels; 5,000,000 unsold "serious" books (with apologies to the novelists); and from 2,500,000 to 3,000,000 sets of unbound sheets which have not even risen to the dignity of being placed between boards. If this is not enough to discourage budding authors, not to mention those already in full flower, it is hard to see what would. But it reminds the Drifter of another story. A young man had just finished a dissertation for the Ph.D. which his university was about to publish. The business arrangements were just about completed when the official for the university press had another thought. "Of course," said he, "you'll have to make arrangements to cart away these books at the end of a year. *We* can't have them cluttering up our shelves indefinitely."

* * * * *

THIS need not, however, prove a completely discouraging fact for young writers to remember. They may remember, also, the story that Henry David Thoreau told on himself. At his publishers' request he removed the unsold portion of the edition of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers." Seven hundred copies of that work thereby came into his possession and for years they were piled in the Concord attic, gathering dust. The Drifter does not know what became of them. He does know that he reads the "Week" with much quiet pleasure. And Thoreau, far from being forgotten because his books did not sell, is an American classic.

* * * * *

WHAT all this proves, the Drifter is not certain. There will be authors who bitterly complain that critics ignore them because their sales run up into the hundreds of thousands. There are others who believe that if they could break through the wall of no-sales and really get their immortal thoughts before the public they would achieve the fame they deserve. Fame is a curious and unpredictable jade. "The Scarlet Letter" was immediately popular and had a large sale. Melville, although his "Moby Dick" had a modest constant sale as a sea story, was rediscovered as a great writer in 1920, nineteen years after his death, when he was almost forgotten. And there was no edition of Robert Herrick's poems from the time they were first published in 1648 until 1810, 162 years later. It is interesting to speculate what contemporary writers who today are considered inescapably marked for immortality will still be flourishing in 162 years. Where will be our Dreisers, our Lewises, our Sinclairs, our Cathers in the year 2,094? One raises the question almost fearfully, for then we (the Drifter uses the term in its generic sense only) shall be on the threshold of the twenty-second century, A. D. And while we are asking, what will A. D. mean then?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Repeal Prohibition: A Few Words from the Drys

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am a teetotaler and consider the man who drinks a fool. But I have been opposed to the prohibition amendment for years. Like *The Nation* I think we must have a new start and get prohibition eventually by the old but very effective temperance propaganda which the idiotic W. C. T. U. and Anti-Saloon League dropped for the broad and easy legislative road to hell.

Do you know what will happen if prohibition is repealed? The liquor business will immediately start again. Shallow-minded people like Al Smith will talk about easing the tax burden with government partnership in the liquor traffic, which amounts to *The Nation's* idea, and we will again have just what we had before—the saloon, high license that will still make bootlegging profitable as it was before, and with the high license the old and vicious excuse for urging liquor on more people.

The Nation is a strong believer in freedom. When it comes to literary censorship, you are willing to have the courage of your convictions. Why are you not equally willing when it comes to booze? I say: Let the government make and sell booze, all kinds of booze, *at cost*, to anyone who wants to buy it, with no restrictions whatever except that it could not be consumed on the premises of the agency or in hotel dining-rooms. The laws against drunkenness could then be strengthened so that a man caught driving and even smelling of liquor would lose his car, and an arrest for drunkenness would involve probation and surveillance. After a certain number of arrests for drunkenness a man would automatically be banished to the island of Yap, where the government would furnish free liquor and food and the damn fools would be permitted to drink themselves to death.

Booze has no medical, scientific, social, or psychological excuse for existence. All arguments to the contrary are mere rationalization. But we will never begin to solve the liquor problem so long as its existence is aided and abetted by a dime of profit for the government or anyone else.

Tulsa, Okla., May 4

C. R. LONG

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the usual sound judgment of *The Nation*, based upon adequate evidence and reason, I am at a loss to understand your editorial of May 4 on the Eighteenth Amendment. Momentously announcing a reversal of policy on this issue, you proceed to give just two reasons for that change: (1) that the elimination of the Eighteenth Amendment will "remove this issue from the arena of immediate politics"; and (2) that the increased violations of the law and the present intolerable conditions are due to "the hopelessness of obtaining enforcement from the government in this era."

In regard to the first statement, partial refutation is found in your own argument at a later juncture. Your proposal that Congress present to State conventions a substitute amendment would nicely keep this issue in "immediate politics" for from seven to ten years to come. It would mean a long, terrific political fight. But even if Congress passed such an amendment and the requisite number of States approved, would the question be out of politics? Far from it! Then begins again the long struggle to determine another system of control, with entrenched

liquor interests utilizing every political advantage to secure legislation to insure their profits.

In your second reason you place responsibility for the present intolerable situation not on the amendment itself ■■■, but on the administration of it—which is, I believe, right. You despair of the present Administration and its successor; therefore, you say, annul the amendment the government does not will to enforce. On this basis, is not the move for repeal an alliance with a government which has betrayed the law? Should not our concern be with purging the government of hypocritical leaders and a corrupt party, rather than with eliminating unenforced laws?

MAYNARD CASSADY

University of Rochester, Rochester, N. Y., May 4

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: From your editorial of May 4 I gather that *The Nation* favors personal temperance and believes that the drink traffic is one of the greatest of evils. But enforcement is growing weaker and will continue to do so under the government of "collapsing economic system." There is no hope for improvement; therefore *The Nation* joins those who urge the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. You propose no substitute system to achieve control of the evil liquor traffic.

You must recognize the partial responsibility of *The Nation* for the enforcement situation which you deplore. You criticize the hypocrisy and corruption of officials but fail to show the fundamental difficulty—namely, the lack of popular conviction that the consumption of liquor is personally and socially harmful. Though a subscriber to *The Nation* for ten years, I can recall no editorial or article devoted to showing *Nation* readers the social evils of the consumption of alcoholic beverages and on that ground urging personal temperance and support of the Eighteenth Amendment (please correct me if I am wrong). It would be amusing, if it were not tragic, to hear you say you will "continue to fight . . . for the reeducation of the country in the direction of temperance" (italics mine), when you have not yet begun!

ROBERT B. PETTINGILL

University of Arizona, Tucson, Ariz., May 8

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Pained and puzzled was one "constant reader" of *the Nation* ■■■ he read Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment in number 3487—pained by its confusion of liberalism with liquor; puzzled by its artless credulity.

The Nation's estimate of the degree of non-enforcement is, fear, sadly out of perspective. Be that as it may, what better can *The Nation* offer? "Liquor control of the government," such as certain Canadian provinces enjoy, or simply ■■■ Muskobian "return of the problem to the States"? Without ■■■ finite plan of liquor-business regulation how can *The Nation* conscientiously advocate ■■■ referendum on repeal? Why get rid of what we have until something better is proposed?

Moreover, I think that we who worked and prayed for national prohibition are justified in saying to the pro-temperance ■■■ anti-prohibition people: "We had ■■■ long, hard road to level. No special methods of changing the Constitution were proposed to us when we were fighting for the outlawry of the liquor traffic. All we had to do was elect enough Congressmen and Senators to propose ■■■ prohibition amendment, by a two-thirds' vote in each house, to forty-eight State legislatures, and elect enough legislators who saw things our way to ratify ■■■ amendment in thirty-six of the forty-eight States. If good sportsmanship is in you, show what you can do under the same rules that prevailed when we were out and you were in. And if you win, we will gladly answer to the referendum roll call."

Cincinnati, Ohio, May 3

LYNDON B. PHIFER

Finance

Banks and "Relief"

THE plan proposed by Senator Robinson to spend \$2,300,000,000 of federal money on unemployment relief and made work, and modified by the Administration with a view to having the expenditures handled by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, has a direct bearing on the effort already being made by the Federal Reserve banks to stimulate business. It will be recalled that the Reserve banks about the middle of April set out to buy approximately \$100,000,000 of government securities each week, and have been maintaining that rate of purchase ever since. As recently set forth in this column, the underlying idea was that private banks and individuals, by selling their government bonds to the Federal Reserve, would bring about an accumulation of idle money, or surplus banking reserves, which would soon be compelled to seek employment through commercial loans or investment in corporate bonds.

In order to succeed, however, it has been obvious that the output of new bonds by the Treasury must be held to a smaller total than the Reserve banks' purchases. For if private banks and individuals, or the Reserve banks themselves, are called upon to absorb increasing amounts of new issues, the surplus which otherwise would be theoretically forced into business channels will merely flow to the Treasury, to be employed in government work instead of privately initiated work. It has been said in connection with the relief plan now to the fore that no additional government borrowing will be involved. The mathematics of this is too much for the present writer.

Government security prices broke sharply ■■■ the announcement of the Robinson plan, for if large additional Treasury issues are to be sold they will probably have to bear ■■■ higher rate of interest than outstanding obligations. Even before this occurred, however, the operation of the Federal Reserve program was taking ■■■ curious course. Banks in the smaller centers, and other institutions and individuals, did take the opportunity to sell their government obligations, and surplus bank reserves began to accumulate at a rapid rate at New York, amounting to more than \$150,000,000 in a recent week. Big-city banks, which issue weekly reports of condition, did buy a moderate amount of general securities, totaling \$48,000,000 between April 13 and the latest available report. But these banks, instead of selling their "governments" to the Federal Reserve, took a tip from that institution's program and proceeded to buy more of these securities for their own account. Member banks added \$262,000,000 to their holdings during the period under review.

Indeed, why not? If any securities were headed for higher prices, government issues were, under the stimulus of Reserve Bank buying. There were few other investments which looked tempting to bankers, who already had heavy losses on many of their holdings and who entertained grave fears that prices might go still lower. As for extending additional commercial loans, a general movement in this direction was hardly possible as long as there was ■■■ pronounced movement in the opposite direction—that is, toward contraction of existing loans.

This is not to say that the Reserve Bank program must certainly prove ineffective. But it will surely prove ineffective unless it is accompanied by a revival of hope and confidence. Credit can be forced from hand to hand up to a certain point; but if somewhere in the chain stands a man who does not pass on to his neighbor the money he receives—that is, does not spend it—the flow halts at that point.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books and Drama

Too Much Learning

By SONIA RUTHELE NOVAK

Now Lazarus has cast on me the stare
He brought back from the tomb where he lay dead
Three days and nights. The knowledge he found there
Has put its blight on me, and well it's said
That I am strangely dolorous. But where
Is place for laughter in the scheme that's led
Its devastation through his gaze to bare
The mystery? And what is there instead
Of nothingness? And seeing, who can care
For warmth that cools in birth? Delusions bred
In ignorance no longer seem to wear
Reality as phantoms feast and wed!
The look that Lazarus has cast on me
Obliterates with its infinity.

The South Americans

Latin-American Problems. By Thomas F. Lee. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$2.50.

The Struggle for South America. By J. F. Normano. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

The Coming of South America. By Henry Kittredge Norton. The John Day Company. \$3.50.

Modern South America. By C. W. Domville Fife. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.50.

THESE four volumes seek to give a better understanding of Latin America. Mr. Lee's reveals a curious dualism not unnatural in one who has had twenty-nine years' intimate contacts with our Southern neighbors, and views them varyingly as a friendly and *simpático* human being and as an engineer and investment banker yearning to "develop" the undeveloped. Thus, stressing *race* as a little understood differentiating factor in many countries which North Americans mistakenly think of as *Latin American*, he wisely sees that in Peru and Ecuador—and he might have included Mexico, Guatemala, and Bolivia—it is upon the Indian elements that the future cultural and political institutions must be built, and that the people of tropic Latin America "in time will regain the tempo of its ancient civilization and the flower of its ancient culture; but not until it has absorbed and rendered impotent the imposed civilization and culture of Europe." But two chapters later he feels that only "European immigration of the right stock" will bring about political and economic improvement. Likewise he believes that our most helpful attitude is to give our neighbors not money and material things but sympathetic appreciation of their experiments, and that we should "above everything give them their own way." Yet elsewhere he remarks that "the hundred million people of Latin America [offer] the greatest opportunity for market development," and that it will be our function to supply the capital.

While avoiding censure, Mr. Lee's account of how American investors in Latin American bonds were fleeced is devastating to the repute of his fellow investment bankers. "*We* loaned them," says he (*italics mine*), "a billion four hundred million dollars in some thirty-six months—not because it was safe and profitable from our standpoint or really helpful to them, but because the securities could be passed on to willing investors

and a selling profit made by this transaction." The bankers \$415,000 bribe to President Leguia's son to secure the Peruvian loan of 1928, he declares, was long known to "the Street," though revealed only recently to the public through Congressional investigation. He tells how Brazilian statistics were doctored to make an unfavorable trade balance favorable, and how bonds were unloaded on the American public on the basis of these misleading statistics. These practices he euphemistically terms "what appear to have been lapses from conventional precaution," and says that hereafter "our investors will know what to look for." It may be doubted. The fact—which Mr. Lee does not mention—is that the American public bought those bonds on the strength of the credit, standing, and responsibility of the great banking and investment houses which sponsored those flotations—J. and W. Seligman; Dillon, Read and Company; the Equitable Trust, and the rest. What our investors do not know how to look for is a trustworthy investment-banking house. The biggest and best—as they were then rated—were *participes* in a handling of "other people's money" which made the Ponzi venture—from which subscribers recovered 37½ per cent of their capital—seem almost gilt-edged by comparison.

Dr. Normano brings a vast fund of information and research to his study of the commercial rivalry for South American markets. He hails the contemporary transformation as "farewell to medievalism." To him the continent's impending industrialization and the "continued ingression of the money economy" are hopeful portents. While he is aware that "ceaseless opposition to official pan-Americanism is growing" and that the congresses under the auspices of Washington's Pan American Union are viewed in the Southern Hemisphere as "congresses of mice presided over by a cat," he believes that anti-Yankeeism is purely an intellectual movement and of small dimensions. His thesis of the beneficence, as well as the acceptability, of capitalist penetration is somewhat weakened by the bias in such sentences as "And Jenks is sullenly compelled to concede that it is not a question of . . . imperialism, but 'we must see in the history of our enterprises in Cuba a new type of international relations.'" The chapter illustrating the symbiosis of Afro-Hispanic and Anglo-American cultures on the island of Cuba is useful in its concept but weakened by the author's evident attempt to prove a case. Inaccuracies (the foregoing passage from Jenks's "Our Cuban Colony" is misquoted and the wrong page is referred to in the footnotes, while other quotations are similarly garbled and incorrect as to page number), occasional grammatical slips, a rather hectic and staccato style, as well as the absence of a much-needed bibliography and index, detract somewhat from the usefulness of this painstaking compilation.

Mr. Norton has given us a genial survey, including a useful account of the recent revolutions which overturned the governments of the five larger South American nations. Of the Bolivian uprising he declares that it did not bring to a head or settle any economic conflict, and that it represented no shift of political control from left to right or vice versa. One is entitled to suspect that this is pretty much the story in all of them—although Peru seems clearly to be moving, as has Mexico, away from feudalism and toward Indianism. Obviously, if the world economic crisis continues, Latin America is likely, with the rest of the world, to share movements definitely to the left or right.

Mr. Norton emphasizes that the term "Latin America" is a misnomer of French origin, and that it is resented in the countries of temperate South America. Both to avoid confusion to ourselves and offense to their inhabitants, we should, he declares, consider them as Chileans, Argentines, Brazilians, and Uruguayans. So far, so good. But when Mr. Norton further asserts: "These countries are as individual as France and Ge-

any, Italy and Switzerland," he carries his thesis too far. Considerable differences, arising from physiographic and climatic factors, varying ethnic composition, and historical variants, there are, of course, between adjacent South American peoples. But common denominators are impressively present. To assert that Argentina and Uruguay, or Argentina and Chile, differ as much from each other as France from Germany, or either from Italy, is a manifest overstatement, evidence of which lies, indeed, in the author's subject matter. Can one conceive of a contemporary synthesis on the "coming" or "passing" of Europe, a book dealing collectively with the trends in the four mentioned, and other, European countries?

Mr. Fife's is a historical and travel compendium based on the observations of a journalist and on secondary sources. It is well written and illustrated and above the average of its type.

ERNEST GRUENING

Not Quite Aspasia

Adventures of a Novelist. By Gertrude Atherton. Liveright. \$4.

A FEW years ago Mrs. Atherton met Mrs. James Brown Potter, whom she calls "in her day the most beautiful woman on the American stage." Mrs. Potter was a fairytale figure, and after their first meeting she went into a sort of trance and declared that Mrs. Atherton had been Aspasia in another incarnation—not to mention, also, Ninon de l'Enclos. Mrs. Atherton disposes of this notion gaily enough; she really does not believe in reincarnation. But the notion was sufficiently striking for her immediately to be seized with the idea of writing a book on Aspasia and Pericles, and "The Immortal Marriage" followed in due course.

Mrs. Atherton was probably not Aspasia. One reaches this conclusion after reading the almost six hundred pages of her autobiography. She describes her childhood in San Francisco, and by her own confession she was the most ill-tempered, spoiled brat of a female child that ever lived. She rather prides herself on this brattishness, and it reappears from time to time in her subsequent life. She is disdainful, ungenerous, undisciplined; she has no heart—not for her numerous suitors, not for the uncle and aunt who tried to keep her while she was attending school, not for her mother from whom she snatched George Atherton to be her husband, not for a dozen other persons in a dozen situations when kindness and tenderness would have been the usual emotions. I suppose she would explain this want of feeling by the notion that she was, after all, a genius, and geniuses make their own laws and their own justifications.

But if she was without feeling, as many times herself she says, she was filled with an unquenchable and energetic ambition. It took her restlessly all over the world, from San Francisco to Greece, from Denmark to the Virgin Islands, from London to Munich to Paris to New York. It took her to every fashionable dinner table from one end of Christendom to the other. It brought her into contact with every great man and every famous woman whose name appeared often in the public prints. And finally, and not by any means least importantly, it made her plunge from one novel to another, as she jumped from one locale to another, for nearly fifty years.

Not quite Aspasia, then, but undeniably a woman of power. A woman who sought and found her place among the comfortable, smart, dashing persons who governed the London of the eighteenth century. Her acquaintances included the Balfours, the Bryces, the Churchills, several duchesses, a flock of ambassadors; she knew the artistic and literary elite: the Bellocs, Ambrose Bierce, Henry James, Whistler, even Hardy, who was so wanting in social graces as to insist on talking of San Francisco tram

cars until she fled him in despair. She makes more than one of these bright figures memorable: her mother, standing by the bed sewing; her scholarly grandfather; her Spanish mother-in-law; Ernest Dowson, minus his front teeth and a pitiful sot; Winston Churchill, pettishly annoyed with her because she had not read his books; Henry James, caught in the act of visiting the notorious—but dashingly beautiful—Lady Colin Campbell.

It all sounds remote, but in its way rather fascinating. For the most part one did not have to think. Mrs. Atherton "got" a novel and wrote it at breakneck speed, except in the case of the documented historical novels which she spent long hours searching out. She campaigned, in spite of a reluctance to make speeches, for Woodrow Wilson, and without turning a hair was furiously on the side of France long before we entered the war. If afterwards the world was weighed down under a burden of misfortune, Mrs. Atherton could retreat to the California palace of her old friend, Senator Phelan, which charmingly and with warm sympathy she describes, and write more novels. Her life, in the main, has been conversation mixed with periods of feverish literary activity; most of her women friends have been beauties; most of the men she has known have been famous. She writes of them and of herself in a dashing, swift, agreeable style that they would understand and like. After all, poor Hardy, who could perhaps write better novels and may be remembered longer, could talk of nothing but tram cars; and in a world of conversation, that does not get one very far.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Down from the Ivory Tower

Harlan Miners Speak. The Report of the Dreiser Committee. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

THE recent investigation of the Harlan miners' conditions by the writers' committee is significant not only because it has focused attention upon the misery of the coal diggers, heightened by the reign of terror and the lawlessness of Kentucky officials, but because it also marks a new era in American literature. This organized protest by contemporary literary men brings to an end a certain kind of old-fashioned bohemian aestheticism—the ballet poet living in his ivory tower ten thousand feet above politics.

This country, unlike France or Russia, has never been very arable soil for manifestos; whatever social and especially political coherence there has been among writers of the same period has been peripheral. There were "things in the air," historical currents, which did not so much unite these novelists as simultaneously impinge upon them. What better proof have we of this than the recent writings of Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson, their awakening in the late autumn of their careers to the need of group protest against injustice and oppression in the United States. For all their earnestness they are in a sense befuddled émigrés in their own land.

As a landmark in American prose and feeling, Sherwood Anderson's contribution to the present book is singularly arresting. In his essay, *I Want to Be Counted*, an admixture of intuitive flashes and Mid-western cracker-box philosophizing about communism, he writes, and quite to the point: "We are, all of us, men and women living in one world while we think and feel, most of us, in an old and outworn world. We are living in one world, while we try to think and feel in another." Concluding, he says that what is needed to assure Americans of their constitutional rights is fewer speak-easy citizens and more criminal syndicalists.

Aside from the chapters by Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos, Arnold Johnson, and others, the most interesting part of the book is that given over to the testimonies of the evasive

Sheriff J. H. Blair and Attorney William E. Brock of Harlan County. These Kentucky Socratic dialogues between Dreiser and the two officials have a cinema excitement about them, and are, besides, a commentary on the comedy of justice in that State's coal fields. The Dreyfus case seems like a political peccadillo compared with the high-handed and ruthless manner with which the Harlan law has dealt with the starving and persecuted miners.

A Washington Hearing, which concludes the book, is a moving and disturbing account of the second expedition of the writers to Harlan, in which Waldo Frank and Allen Taub, an attorney for the International Labor Defense, were badly beaten by Kentucky merchants and reactionary zealots of the Ku Klux Klan variety.

"Harlan Miners Speak" is extremely important as an exposé of the cruel and harassing peonage which has been imposed upon our native pioneers. The Daughters of the American Revolution, so much absorbed in genealogy and taken up with pure blood, ought to raise a large fund for relief, so that these Kentucky miners, backwoodsmen of early Colonial stock, may not be completely wiped out by the coal operators and their henchmen. The book is significant, finally, as a symbol of a new tendency, an aesthetic, deeply tintured by politics, which will leave its mark upon American letters and thinking.

EDWARD DAHLBERG

The Menace of the Navy

The Navy: Defense or Portent? By Charles A. Beard. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

A NEW book by Charles Beard is always an event, and "The Navy: Defense or Portent?" is such a timely, useful treatise that it should be required reading for all the ladies and gentlemen who function on Capitol Hill and all the ladies and gentlemen who send them there. In this brief volume of 200 pages, Mr. Beard, with his penetrating wit and skill, rips through the sacred aura that envelops the navy and leaves it shorn of its pretty uniform, no longer a glamorous service, a little ridiculous, obtuse, and shoddy in values. But through all the witty ridicule runs a penetrating note of warning and alarm. The heart of the book is a question: Should the power which wrecked Germany and Russia, and is now as surely destroying Japan, be permitted by a docile and bewildered people to bring America to its downfall, too?

"Civilian authority is indispensable to national security," Mr. Beard insists. "For though civilian authorities have been fallible and have made mistakes, their blunders have been trivial compared with the tragic havoc wrought by naval and military intelligence." And in the concise, pungent way of the modern historian he pins much of the blame for Germany's disaster to the stupidity of its naval "experts" and the agitation of its Navy League. Then he draws a revealing comparison between the Prussian militarist mind and that of our contemporary navalists, their supporters, and those who profit by the bloody business of war everywhere.

He bombards us with questions: Who is to control the armament development of the United States? Exactly what is to be defended? What instrumentalities of diplomacy and arms are to be used? Is our defense policy to be dominated by men trained primarily in the technology of warfare, or by the civilian branches of the government? How are we to know what defense forces are needed? What are we to defend—the territories of the United States? Or are we to be prepared to go into all the waters of the earth? Does defense mean the protection of Samoa, the Philippines, the Monroe Doctrine, the American dollar wherever it may be? Again, who wants

this big navy? Is it chiefly those groups who spent \$150,000 to "educate Congress" on the need of an adequate merchant marine? And if we are to have an adequate merchant marine to help expand the navy, why is it that we need to have a larger navy to help guard the merchant marine?

In his chapter Big Navy Propaganda Mr. Beard carries us through the amazing data obtained by the special Senate committee appointed to investigate the Shearer case, and in a penetrating analysis he challenges the pronouncements of the Navy League and finds them "crudely formulated, loosely stated, and possessing no savor of scientific precision." As for the so-called experts of the navy itself, he cites among others that priceless gem from the testimony of Admiral Rock before the Naval Affairs Committee of the House. This admiral when asked if any of our battleships participated in any battle in the last war, replied: "They were in the grand fleet, but whether they were in the Battle of Jutland I do not remember." (The Battle of Jutland occurred in May, 1916.)

"Can the issue of adequate defense be categorically settled by the comparative types of fighting craft possessed by the various countries without reference to their foreign policies?" Mr. Beard demands. And hence, what are the issues of naval armaments realistically considered in relation to our foreign policy? "The necessity of clearing the naval program of the United States from all private and special interests is of primary concern," he declares. "When we know what we are to defend, and only then, can we adequately consider the size and scope of defense forces." The whole question of defense should hinge not on size, weight, speed, and numbers, but rather on wise and intelligent foreign policy. "The most competent, the most imaginative, and the most disinterested intelligence of the country must be brought to bear on this question in the clear light of day, under full public scrutiny. Anything short of this does not meet the requirements of the situation which confronts the nation."

DOROTHY DETZER

By Way of Explanation

Ellen Terry and Her Secret Self. By Edward Gordon Craig. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

Souvenirs: My Life with Maeterlinck. By Georgette Leblanc. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$4.

BOOKS of explanation do not always accomplish what they set out to prove. But they nearly always add some new light which we did not have before. Had Gordon Craig not been stung into a supposedly needed defense of his mother by the publication of the Shaw-Terry letters, there might not have been written this delicate fancy which—once shorn of the superabundance of the ego of Craig himself—takes us refreshingly behind the scenes, and reveals Ellen Terry as seen by her intimates in her unguarded moments: the charming, impulsive, vacillating, fairy Ellen Terry, with her alertness, her quick aliveness, which she possessed to the very end of her days.

Craig claims that his mother, whom he calls Nelly, was another person than the famous actress, Ellen Terry. And he makes the two play hide-and-seek, as though they were characters in a new Eugene O'Neill play of masks. That may be and we like the Barresque handling of her feminine quandaries, her fickle being in love with love, her blind loyalties. Mr. Craig succeeds in presenting this side of Ellen Terry, never before so nicely colored, though we have always thought he did. But this new Craig book in no way annihilates Shaw's right to make known his correspondence with Ellen Terry; nor does it show any of the supposed inroads upon the true character

of Ellen Terry which Craig's original charges against Shaw suggested. There is more bad taste in a friend making public the approach between two interesting persons, who reflected in their communications much of the theater age in which both lived, than there is in a son spying upon the private sanctity of his mother, who welcomed a role of privacy because so much of her life had to be lived in the public eye. Personally, I like this kind of spying, if it is not exploiting. Neither Shaw nor Craig has exploited Ellen Terry. And all told, I believe that Shaw, through the epistolary aid of Ellen, brings us much closer to her intellectual and vivacious nature than Craig, who, without his mother's aid but with a receptive memory retouched by purpose, brings us to his idealized Nelly.

The grievance of Georgette Leblanc is of a different nature: it is the heart confession of a woman who lived many years with Maurice Maeterlinck but was never married to him, a woman who saved him from the depleting miasmas of mysticism and brought him safely into the stream of drama, of which "Monna Vanna" is so full-blooded an example. "Souvenirs" consists of exalted moments of love and bitter moments of rejection. It loves and hates and analyzes the course of unequal love in a compact that could be momentarily rejected. Georgette Leblanc overestimated her holding power; she gave what she could and now claims that what she gave drained her of whatever gifts she possessed. Her life was consecration to Maeterlinck, and we see him in these pages as taking all while she contented herself with crumbs from a genius's table. A life of anguish this, represented in a florid style. But Georgette Leblanc, whenever she forgets her accusations—and these are many, chief among them being her statement that she gave to Maeterlinck the thoughts that dominate his book "Wisdom and Destiny"—creates vivid pictures of their life together.

MONTROSE J. MOSES

A Panoramic Survey of Affairs

The United States in World Affairs: 1931. By Walter Lippmann in Collaboration with William O. Scroggs. Published for the Council of Foreign Relations. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

AFTER publishing four scholarly volumes, edited by Charles P. Howland, surveying the underlying principles of American foreign policy, the Council of Foreign Relations has now undertaken to publish an annual survey of our foreign relations. Apparently the accumulation of facts for this survey has been intrusted to William O. Scroggs, Director of Information for the Council; while the responsibility for giving his data form and interpretation has rested largely with Mr. Lippmann.

In view of the complexity of international events, it is obviously impossible to cover the entire field of foreign affairs in a volume of 270 pages. Selection has therefore been necessary, and the authors have taken as their dominant theme the depression in its international aspects. Despite President Hoover's admission that the depression had "foreign causes," it is pointed out that the American government during the period under survey followed the doctrine of "self-containment." We believed, as did most other governments, that we could heal ourselves without regard to "foreigners"; but this policy to date at least has proved sterile. The effort to combat the depression by international means has, however, shown no better results. The conferences of the League of Nations for a tariff reduction proved a failure. The attempt to restrict the market in wheat, sugar, coffee, rubber, oil, tin, and silver met with no success.

Because of its dependence upon the export of raw materials

and the import of foreign capital, South America was the first continent to suffer from the depression. One result of the collapse of Latin America's economic structure was a series of political revolutions which drove dictators out of power. These events were followed by critical events in Central Europe, precipitated by the proposed Austro-German customs union and the failure of the Credit-Anstalt. The banking crisis in Austria led to a financial crisis in Germany, dependent upon foreign short-term capital. The Hoover moratorium followed—a moratorium which the authors assure us drew the United States "more intimately into European affairs than at any time since the Senate rejected the Treaty of Versailles." Nevertheless, the moratorium did not ameliorate the situation in Germany or prevent the storm from striking Great Britain. The suspension of the gold standard in England led to hoarding in the United States and to an attack upon the dollar. This latter situation was partly alleviated by the Hoover-Laval conversations. The last chapter of the book deals with the collaboration of the United States with Europe in the limitation of armaments and in attempts to mediate in the Manchuria affair.

As a panoramic survey of recent international events this volume will be of value to general readers. But as far as advancing a discriminating understanding of foreign affairs is concerned, it is subject to two limitations: it does not contain any rounded description or analysis of the foreign policy of the United States during the past year; and it does not attempt to formulate the outstanding issues which are obstructing international cooperation. There is no discussion of the relations between the United States and Latin America except in regard to recognition, and here the authors commit the serious error of treating recognitions in Central and South America on the same basis. The book does not, moreover, contain the brilliant interpretation which characterizes most of Mr. Lippmann's other works. From reading its uncritical account of the moratorium and the Hoover-Laval conversations one would gather that the United States was moving toward a program of complete international cooperation; yet, as Mr. Lippmann has pointed out in his newspaper articles, isolationist sentiment is stronger now than at any time since the World War. Again, in their treatment of the Manchuria dispute very little effort is made to get at the roots of the failure of the League and the United States to check Japan. The authors do state that a League based on Article XVI was in the opinion of most people "impracticable, undesirable, and perilous," but this passing remark would hardly be accepted by all students of international organization. In discussing the Chadbourne sugar plan the authors do not mention the criticism that the plan has worked out to the injury of the Cuban sugar planters, to the profit of Wall Street bankers. Although they go out of their way to praise Ambassador Guggenheim for his neutrality in the recent Cuban revolution, they do not mention the criticism directed against the Ambassador by the Cuban nationalists; for that matter, they do not state what the causes of this revolution were. The book contains a selected bibliography which is, however, incomplete in a number of places; and the authors undoubtedly would not claim for their volume the authority or the scholarship which marks the annual surveys of Professor Toynbee published by the Royal Institute of International Affairs in London.

The fact that this volume is not designed for experts on foreign affairs should not, however, impair its value. Obviously it is designed to interest laymen in what is happening beyond their own boundaries. For this task no writer in this generation is better qualified than Mr. Lippmann. The present volume would have been more successful had he been at liberty to do what he does best, instead of being confined to a rather formal chronology of the past.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

The Greatest TRAVEL VALUE

30 DAYS
of delightful travel
\$170.50

Tour to **RUSSIA**

Includes: Ocean passage in Modern Third Class, FORMER TOURIST CLASS SECTION, fare to Russia via England or Germany and Finland, hotels and meals en route to Russia and during 7 DAYS IN LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW, with sightseeing, entertainment, conductor's and interpreter's services, visas, etc.

A variety of other interesting trips at surprisingly low rates offered in our booklet "N"

RETURN PASSAGE ON
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
STEAMER INCLUDED.

AMALGAMATED BANK

11-15 Union Square

New York City

A Primer of Capitalism and Socialism

The Road Ahead

By HARRY W. LAIDLER

A book which points out in terse, simple language the flaws in our present economic system—and the way out. With 33 illustrations by Mabel Pugh.

\$1.00

from CROWELL'S List of Good Books

Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 393 Fourth Ave., New York

A Reminder



Our readers are looking for
SUMMER HOMES
VACATION HOTELS AND
CAMPS

If you have any to rent, or sell, tell them about it in the advertising columns of *The Nation*.

Rates: 1/2-inch (30 words) minimum \$3.08

Additional lines of 6 words, each .62

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City

Notes on Fiction

Bright Skin. By Julia Peterkin. Bobbs, Merrill and Company \$2.50.

This is the story of a "bright-skin," Cricket, in a Negro community of her own people for whom she was neither white nor black. Cricket was strange; she was not at home among the blacks; she found only a pitifully sordid salvation as a nude dancer in a Harlem night club. Her childhood Mrs. Peterkin describes with touching detail, along with the childhood of her devoted lover, Blue, and of her cousin, Man Jay, who was like her, strange. The life of the South Carolina Negro Mr. Peterkin knows thoroughly; the plantation, the empty great house, with the "joggling-boards" on the porch, where the whites used to live in careless splendor, the Negro cabins, the curious fascinating talk, the appearance and manners of an alien race are here, one cannot doubt, truly described. But the result, in spite of Blue, who could never forget Cricket, in spite of Cricket, who could never forget her "bright-skin" lover who was murdered before he could become her husband, in spite of the vivid details of the plantation life, is merely picturesque where it should be pathetic, even tragic. One suspects that Mrs. Peterkin, for all her sympathetic familiarity with the externals of these strange people, can never get at their inside. She has made them gay or drooping or disappointed puppets in an appealingly unusual setting. A member of another race can watch but cannot share their lives.

Three Loves. By A. J. Cronin. Little, Brown and Company \$2.50.

The second novel by the author of "Hatter's Castle" bears out much of the promise of the first and yet it is curiously disappointing. A tale of a woman with a passionate instinct to possess what she loves, its first third, Lucy's love for her husband, is told almost without a flaw. In it there is the everlasting tragedy of how men destroy what they love too much in this case the destruction being literal and complete. In the second third of the book, Lucy the young wife has now become Lucy the mother, lavishing her strength and her unrelenting devotion on her son. But he repays her sacrifices by escape, and once more she is left alone. She turns to God, and death finds her disappointed a third time because Jesus cannot be hers in quite the complete way that will satisfy her. Here is material for a fine novel. What it needs more than anything else is a judicious editorial blue pencil. Dr. Cronin suffers from the excellent fault of too much energy, too many things to say, too much support of his central theme. If only someone could be found to restrain him—as he restrained himself in the triangle of Lucy, Anna, and Frank—he would safely establish himself among the first-rate novelists. As it is, he has written a swiftly moving, pitiful, and always interesting story of a woman who could do nothing in life but love.

Brothers. By L. A. G. Strong. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Against the background of the stormy Western Highland and the vigorous, simple, clannish folk who dwell there, Mr. Strong has rewritten the old Jacob and Esau story of two brothers of antipathetic natures, and of what happened when a girl came between them. Mr. Strong's novel excels chiefly in its fine portrayal of the folk—mostly fishermen—and their ways and in its often magnificent episodic passages, such as, for instance, the terrible scene in which the informer is put to death, and the epic rowing contest between the MacFarishes and the Macraes. To these passages the author imparts a true heroic touch, and herein lies the general impression of grandeur and strength the reader takes away from the book. It cannot

he said, however, that Mr. Strong is equally successful in revealing the souls of his two leading figures, whose characters are accurately sketched rather than portrayed in the full. There is too much left for the reader to infer of the fatal differences between Fergus and Peter Macrae, while the love of both of them for the girl, Mary, fails to convince. Whatever the shortcomings of "Brothers" may be, however, it remains an exceptionally good novel, and should contribute considerably to the growing reputation of Mr. Strong as one of the most interesting of the younger British novelists.

Doctor Kerkhoven. By Jacob Wassermann. Translated by Cyrus Brooks. Liveright. \$3.

After a most forbidding introduction this long novel quickens into considerable interest. Kerkhoven's intellectual awakening resulting from his friendship with Irlen, the dying aristocrat, supports the first part of the novel, and his growth from a provincial doctor to a celebrated and unconventional physician is impressive almost in spite of Wassermann's voluminous description of it. There is a curious quality of doubt in the writing, as though the author were attempting to convince himself rather than his reader. After Kerkhoven is securely established as a great character, the emphasis shifts from him to his youthful associate, Etzel Andergast, representative of disillusioned post-war youth. The remaining chapters are given over to an account of the faintly ominous, but never very clear, adventures of Etzel and his friends, working toward the climax as Etzel betrays Kerkhoven. The end is weak; after the scientific data, the elaborate biographical backgrounds, and the analysis of contemporary states of mind, the commonplace result of Etzel's affair with Kerkhoven's wife suggests that by intensive study and research we have finally discovered something that everyone already knows.

Drama

Attention Mr. Sirovich

THE Catholic Theater Movement began with the laudable intention of being "constructive." Instead of picking out certain plays for condemnation it proposed to issue periodical "white list," and everyone, as I remember, thought the scheme most admirable. It is evident, however, that the Reverend Robert E. Woods, its chief, suffers from that moral hyperaesthesia characteristic of the professionally pure, and his list threatens to become soon not merely white, but entirely blank. Last season he brought himself to approve 45 out of 225 productions, but either the theater is getting worse or he is getting better, since only 4 of this spring's 50 offerings receive his blessings. When I add that, of the four, three had already closed before the list was published, it will appear that the "constructive" side of the organization's labors has been pretty nearly reduced to nil; and unless Mr. Sirovich has been permanently discouraged, I recommend the case to his attention. Who, I may ask, is hard to please now? And who—right in the midst of all our business troubles—is helping to ruin an institution which represents the investment of I do not know how many dollars and gives employment to I do not know how many persons? There ought, of course, to be some kind of law against it.

The four plays singled out as being acceptably aseptic were the following: "If Booth Had Missed," "Money in the Air," "Round Up," and "The Truth About Blayds." I must add that after rigorous soul-searching I agree to the extent of believing that I also found myself morally none the worse for



PLAYS



FILMS



THE THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

REUNION IN VIENNA

a comedy by ROBERT E. SHERRWOOD

GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of B'way

Evenings 8:40

MATS.: Thurs. and Sat. 2:40

"ANOTHER LANGUAGE"

A New Play by ROSE FRANKEN

with GLENN ANDERS

DOROTHY STICKNEY, MARGARET WYCHERLY, JOHN BEAL

"Remarkably evocative, subtle, beautiful and tender, and as real as the truth. A splendid achievement of acting and direction."

—J. BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. Times.

BOOTH THEATRE—45th St., West of Broadway
Eves. 8:30—Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Last Weeks

LESLIE HOWARD

in PHILIP BARRY'S New Comedy

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

"The season's most gratifying adventure."

—Percy Hammond, Herald-Tribune

Staged by Gilbert Miller

EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway and 40th Street.
Eves., 8:40, Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

SECOND WEEK!

CAPITALISM DEBUNKED!

A glorious Hymn to Liberty, unfettered by the ties of
PROPERTY

INDUSTRIAL SLAVERY

and STANDARDIZATION!

RENE CLAIR'S

vital film message to the intellectuals of AMERICA

"A Nous La Liberte"

"brilliant and ironically provocative . . . sheer intellectual brilliance transmitted through the medium of cinema . . . enchanting musical score."—John S. Cohen, Jr., SUN.

ABSOLUTELY NO KNOWLEDGE OF FRENCH NECESSARY!

EUROPA • 154 W. 55th St., just E. of 7th Ave. 35c TO 1 P.M.
Continuous Noon to Midnight

The Nation on WOR

The Way Back to Work

by

Oswald Garrison Villard

Wednesday, June 2

7:30 P.M. Daylight Saving



RUSSIA IS 20% NEARER

THE new steamship rates are 20% lower; varying reductions likewise await the visitor abroad. The Open Road passes on to the traveler the full advantages which these new conditions afford.

In the Soviet Union you may enjoy Open Road services whether you travel on your own or with an Open Road group.

When sending your inquiry, please state whether you prefer group or independent travel and indicate what phase of Russian life interests you most.

Tours as low as \$198 round trip.

THE OPEN ROAD
56 WEST 45th ST. NEW YORK

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

Another Language—Booth—45 St., W. of 'way.

A Thousand Summers—Selwyn—42 St.

Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.

Face the Music—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.

Hot-cha—Ziegfeld—6 Ave. at 54 St.

Merry-Go-Round—Avon—W. 45 St.

Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.

Reunion in Vienna—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.

Show Boat—Casino—7 Ave. at 50 St.

Springtime for Henry—Shubert—W. 44 St.

The Animal Kingdom—Empire—B'way. at 40 St.

The Cat and the Fiddle—Cohan—43 St. & B'way.

The Man Who Changed His Name—Broadhurst—44 St. W. of B'way.

having witnessed the performances of these dramas. But I am not so sure that a certain mental deterioration, or, at least, a certain blunting of the powers of intellectual and artistic discrimination, was not produced by at least two of them, and I have never been able to understand why those who devote themselves to the protection of others should be concerned with only one side of the public's nature. Surely shallowness, triviality, sentimental falsehood, and plain nonsense are also corrupting things, and surely a shepherd who recommends his sheep to see "Money in the Air" rather than "Mourning Becomes Electra" is assuming a grave responsibility concerning which he may be called to account if it should turn out that God is interested in the general welfare of His children. Nor can I accept the assumption—apparently made by most reformers—that man's moral nature is so much more fragile than his intellectual and artistic integrity. It seems to be generally supposed that the young may wallow in namby-pamby nonsense throughout all their formative years without being a bit the worse for it, but that the sight of one exhilarating image or the sound of one risky joke, and they are ruined forever. Yet the assumption is both highly unflattering to our moral natures and also, according to my observation, entirely false, for I most solemnly believe that for one person started down the inclined plane of primroses by an "improper" book ten are dulled or cheapened by books and plays whose triviality libels life. Revising the "white list" on the basis of this conviction I should say: "The Truth About Blayds"—approved; "If Booth Had Missed"—inoffensive; but as for the other two, let the authors recant and do penance and let the works be burned.

The Reverend Robert E. Woods is sure, of course, that the world is getting worse and more shameless every minute. Of our so-called "sophistication" he says that "the word is enough to make the blood of a thinking man boil," and he is particularly infuriated by the suggestion that "times have changed." They have not changed for him, and he of course is right. Even I, to be sure, am not quite hardy enough to deny the proposition that "right is right." Perhaps someone knows what is decent and perhaps the world ought not to move. Still, one is tempted to whisper—as Galileo did not on a famous occasion—"Eppur si muove." One might add, also, that there does not seem to be much that can be done about it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS is a New York lawyer, author of "Let Freedom Ring."

F. J. SCHLINK, technical director of Consumers' Research, Inc., is coauthor of "Your Money's Worth."

MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE, a Philadelphia consulting engineer, was director of the Giant Power Survey in Pennsylvania.

MARK VAN DOREN is the author of "Jonathan Gentry."

SONIA RUTHELE NOVAK is the author of the novel "Strange Thoroughfare."

ERNEST GRUENING, editor of the Portland *Evening News*, is author of "Mexico and Its Heritage."

EDWARD DAHLBERG will publish in the fall a second novel, "Flushing to Calvary."

DOROTHY DETZER is the executive secretary of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

MONTROSE J. MOSES is the author of "The Fabulous Forrest: The Record of an American Actor."

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL is research director of the Foreign Policy Association.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

A19

Vol.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1932

No. 3492

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	635
EDITORIAL	638
THE	639
ED	639
"T	640
La	640
CARTOON: THAT RARE DEPRESSION SPECIMEN. Edmund	641
D	642
WORKING ACTION FOR WO	645
RELIEF WITHOUT T	647
BURL	648
LABO	651
IN TH	651
CORRI	651
FINAN	653
Ha	653
BOOK	654
In	654
Ha	655
Th	655
In the Oaks	656
Mr. Hale Vers	656
Pr	657
Co	657
A	657
Sh	658
Fi	659
Dr	660
CONTRIBUTORS	661

DOROTHY VALE

D

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

HEYW

LEWIS

JOHN A. ROBSON

MURIEL C. GRAY, EDITING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum, postage paid, United States; to Canada, \$6.50; and to other foreign countries, \$7.50.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S precipitate assurance before the Senate on May 31, with his alarmist statements that an emergency had developed which it was his duty to lay before the Senate at once; that the delays of Congress in balancing the budget had "given rise to doubt and anxiety as to the ability of our government to meet its responsibility"; that fears and doubts "foolishly exaggerated in foreign countries had created an entirely unjustified run upon the American dollar from foreign countries," which must be "immediately corrected" or "cause great losses to our people," strikes us as an amazingly misguided action. If it does anything this language will increase the fear and anxiety abroad, will tend further to depreciate the dollar, and will add to the increasing depression and unemployment at home which the President, for once, frankly admits. In one breath he speaks of the entirely unjustified run upon the dollar, and then declares that there would not have been this run if Congress had not failed in its duty to balance the budget properly. Mr. Hoover is thus taking the Ramsay MacDonald position that our monetary unit and our remaining on the gold standard can only be safeguarded by balancing the budget, unwarned by what happened to the British pound after their budget was balanced. The extraordinary confusion of his language can only increase the relief that he is in a state of panic.

THERE CAN BE NO QUESTION that the Mayor of New York proved himself once more a very adroit verbal fencer in his testimony before the Seabury Committee. But it seems to have been forgotten by a good many commentators that what was on trial was not Mr. Walker's qualifications as a lawyer, a wit, or an actor, but his record in office. The Mayor admitted that he received \$246,000 from a joint speculative account with Paul Block, the newspaper publisher, though the Mayor did not put up a dollar, and that he took this large sum in cash and deposited it in his safe at home. He admitted that he had received \$26,000 in bonds from J. A. Sisto, the taxicab financier, also as part of profits in a stock deal in which the Mayor had likewise invested nothing. He admitted the receipt of two other \$10,000 acquisitions as the result of similar "kindnesses." Confronted with evidence that J. Allan Smith, a promoter of the Equitable Coach Company, bought—on the day before the Mayor signed the Equitable franchise—the \$10,000 letter of credit which the Mayor took to Europe in 1927, and that Smith made good a \$3,000 overdraft, Mr. Walker said that Smith was merely the agent who bought the letter of credit with money supplied by the Mayor and his friends. The Mayor's share, he says, was drawn out of the home safe. He did not know why the bus employee made good the overdraft.

JUDGE SEABURY produced evidence to show that in five and a half years \$964,000 had passed through the hands of Russell T. Sherwood, a \$3,000-a-year bookkeeper. The Mayor and Sherwood, according to safe-deposit-company records, have had joint access to a safe-deposit vault. The Mayor admitted that Sherwood wrote checks for him, made his deposits, and paid many of his bills, but disowned him as his authorized agent, and professed inability to account for his disappearance. These are the main points brought out by Judge Seabury's examination. They were brought out after a hundred irrelevancies by the witness, and after the most shameless obstruction by the Tammany members of the committee whenever any question was asked that seemed likely to throw the slightest real light on the Mayor's activities. Whether, when the inquiry is completed, the evidence will be found sufficient to justify the Mayor's removal cannot now be answered. What we have now are extremely implausible explanations of an amazing "generosity" to the Mayor from all sides, the contradiction of even these explanations by other witnesses, and the complete absence in the Mayor of, shall we say, a delicate sense of propriety in his financial transactions.

EVEN THE PRESIDENT of the United States might be expected to be accurate in his statements, especially in replying to the head of the American Society of Civil Engineers of which he is a member. Mr. Hoover himself drafted his communication at his camp on the Rapidan, outlining again his twelve-point relief and credit program for the country and "denouncing"—as the press reported—the society for proposing "a large issue of federal-government

bonds" to finance a "huge expansion" of public works. The trouble is, as the engineers promptly pointed out, that the society in its communication never asked for anything of the kind. Next the President charged his professional brothers with urging further expansion of "public works of remote usefulness." Instead, the society had specifically called only for "necessary and productive" public undertakings. Needless to say, the President's denunciation won the first pages while the engineers' reply was buried on an inside page, and so far we have seen no apology from Mr. Hoover for his misstatements. But the President's blundering did not stop there. In speaking of road construction Mr. Hoover asserted that giving \$132,000,000 to the States for highway construction would directly employ only 35,000 men and indirectly 20,000 more. Last winter Colonel F. S. Greene, the Superintendent of Public Works of the State of New York, got out a table for the benefit of the Legislature which proved that \$132,000,000 would build 3,300 miles of road and would employ 148,500 men. Today prices have changed so that, as shown by bids, this sum would build 3,770 miles of road and employ 169,450 persons. But what is a little difference of 114,450 men to a President when he wants to make a point?

EIGHTEEN MAYORS of the leading Michigan cities, under the chairmanship of Mayor Murphy of Detroit, on May 23 petitioned the President and the Congress for immediate and direct federal relief for the unemployed. They asked for an amendment to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation Act so that it may invest in notes, debentures, bonds, and other obligations of the cities to provide money to overcome delinquent tax obligations and for the refunding of bonds. The mayors also indorsed the proposal of a five-billion-dollar Prosperity Loan for public works. The memorandum runs further: "We strongly urge upon our federal government the dire necessity for immediate action. The financial structures of the municipalities which so far have been bearing the load of this crisis are daily weakening. Social unrest is increasing, and complete collapse and general confusion threaten." Therefore the mayors ask the President and the Congress "to recognize without delay the obligation of the federal government to the municipalities of the nation by prompt legislation that will afford relief." When it is remembered that most of these mayors are Republicans from extremely conservative American manufacturing cities, the significance of this action becomes apparent.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF RADIO in Canada, recommended three years ago by a government commission appointed to inquire into the question, is now about to become a reality. A government-owned company, managed by experts and not by politicians, is to be organized to operate all of the larger stations in the Dominion. Private stations of less than 100-watt power will be permitted to operate in certain localities not fully covered by the government stations. The system will be financed by charging a \$2 annual license fee for each receiving set in use. Extra revenue will come from the sale of advertising time, but because the commission found that private broadcasting "tended more and more to force too much advertising upon the listener," the public-ownership plan will limit the broadcasting of advertisements to 5 per cent of the time of any given program period.

Provincial authorities will be given a definite measure of local autonomy. Not only will they have nine of the twelve seats on the board of the government company, but they will name a broadcasting director for each province, this person to "have full control of the programs broadcast by the station or stations located within the boundaries of the province for which he is responsible." The Canadian scheme, so far as radio listeners in the United States are concerned, has its amusing side. The American broadcasting companies are strongly opposed to the adoption of any similar plan in this country, and the suggestion of a publicly owned radio system here has found no response whatever among Washington officials. Nevertheless, the State Department, with the assent of the Federal Radio Commission, did not hesitate to approve a request from the Canadian government that broadcasting channels be redistributed in order to make the Canadian plan feasible.

THE "DOCTORS' BILL," which provided for the dissemination of birth-control information to physicians who at their discretion might pass it on to their patients, has been unfavorably reported out of committee following the hearings during the third week in May. The vote was 20 to 4 against the bill, and its chances for passage in the House are thereby rendered nil. We have nothing but praise for Mrs. Sanger's gallantry to get the bill through, and while we recognize it as remedial of some of the abuses of our ridiculous contraceptive legislation, it is only just to point out that the bill itself left a great deal to be desired. As with most of our prohibitory legislation, the situation with regard to birth control gets more fantastic each year. Every State has its own particular set of regulations, and these regulations break down at one point or another as occasion demands. It might be fully as realistic and much more logical to press the passage through Congress not of a bill which so definitely limits the dissemination of contraceptive information as does the Hatfield bill, but of one which permits the giving of it, in safe and proper form, to any man or woman who asks for it.

WHAT A CORRESPONDENT for the *Chicago Tribune* calls "state-created misery" has produced a grave situation in New Zealand. There have already been serious riots in Auckland and other cities. Men have been injured, a good deal of property has been damaged, and there is likelihood of further trouble. The Dominion government is having difficulty in feeding the unemployed, whose number is constantly growing. At the same time tax collections are falling off at an alarming rate. The government undertook to provide insurance for the unemployed through a law enacted a year ago, which requires that the jobless work for their relief, but when no work is available, relief is to be given unconditionally. This latter provision has been ignored by the authorities, who are withholding normal assistance from persons for whom no work can be found. Instead, these jobless are being herded into tent colonies, which are reported to be little better than prison camps. There they must live up to the most stringent regulations or go without even the meager fare the government is furnishing. Deserters, or men who refuse to enter the camps, are cut off from all relief. At first it was intended that only single men should be housed in these colonies. Lately, however, others

have been opened for married men. In consequence, most of the workers of New Zealand, including many who still have jobs, are in a state of rebellion. Only the efficiency of the police, operating under the dictatorial public-security law, has thus far prevented widespread disorders.

MILITARY RULE IN CHINA, elsewhere through the East, is rapidly driving the masses toward revolutionary action. Whole provinces in the interior of China are under the control of the Communists. But these radicals are natives, not agents of Moscow. Workers and peasants, long forced to serve in the armies of the war lords, or to defend with their lives the little property they have against the rapacity of the military brigands, are spontaneously forming their own governments. It is these people who make up the bulk of the red armies which have been organized to combat the military forces employed by Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang to suppress the Communists. Even the soldiers of the Nationalist armies are in sympathy with the revolutionary movement. Not to be overlooked in this connection is the strike of the post-office workers in Shanghai. Agnes Smedley reported in *The Nation* of March 9 that the militant labor movement in the cities "has been almost crushed by the government during the past five years, and thousands of militant workers have been shot, beheaded, or strangled to death. Shanghai . . . with a gangster organization sharing control of the labor movement with the Kuomintang, has been one of the centers of this terror." The post-office strike was undertaken not alone in defiance of the Chiang Kai-shek Government, but of the local labor leaders. It was a purely revolutionary demonstration.

SEEKING TO AROUSE THE PUBLIC to the responsibility of so-called "higher-ups" for concrete situations, a group of Chicago student members of the League for Industrial Democracy on May 14 marched to the residence of Samuel Insull carrying placards bearing pointed slogans. Some of these asked, "Mr. Insull, Why Keep the Kentucky Miners in a Reign of Terror?" and "Will the Forty-three Miners Go to the Electric Chair?" The students were seized by the Chicago police and locked up, and some of them were roughly handled; they are now out on bail awaiting trial. In Philadelphia a group of students led by Maynard Kreuger, instructor in economics at the University of Pennsylvania, undertook to march before the offices of Drexel and Company, a Morgan affiliate and owners of extensive mining property. Placards of the collegiate picketers implied a close connection between the oppression in the mining regions and such financial leaders as J. P. Morgan, Henry Ford, and Andrew Mellon. The fact that the picketers came from such local institutions as Haverford, Swarthmore, and Pendle Hill did not prevent the police in the City of Brotherly Love from breaking up their parade and throwing them into jail. After a refusal of bail and a tirade against radicals at the first hearing, they were later released on bail, but Kreuger will have to stand trial on the charge of inciting to riot. President Gates of the University of Pennsylvania came through handsomely on the side of law and order in the following statement:

The instructor and the students involved in the affair of last Saturday acted as individuals and not as members of the university. In so doing they doubtless were pre-

pared to accept whatever consequences may be involved in their action, in which the university had no part and no responsibility.

This gesture is known as the washing of hands.

NOT ONLY THE WORLD, but the church, do move. Amazing proof of this comes from the Quadrennial General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church which has just been meeting at Atlantic City. By an overwhelming vote the conference voted that Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles should at once be so altered as no longer to hold the Germans solely responsible for the World War; that no further reparations should be based upon the assumption of sole German guilt; that the United States government move immediately for a new arrangement of war debts based on the present economic situation and on drastic reduction of armaments. It declared for our entrance into the World Court, for the creation of a bureau in the Department of State "to promote education for peace," asked the inclusion of Orientals within the quota immigration laws, demanded that alien pacifists be not barred from citizenship and that the government give to conscientious objectors of the Methodist Episcopal faith the same exemption from military service now granted to the Quakers. Then it petitioned the government to abolish all military training in civilian educational institutions. It voted that "the present industrial order is un-Christian, unethical, and anti-social, because it is largely based on the profit motive, which is a direct appeal to selfishness." After referring to the breakdown of the existing economic order, "with its toll of human want and misery," the conference appealed to "the conscience of mankind to create a social way of life in which all men shall have opportunity to develop their capacities to the fullest possible extent." If this does not set the professional patriots to gnashing their teeth and bemoaning the downfall of America, what could?

JOHN BACH McMASTER was a great scholar, if not the greatest American historian. It is beyond doubt that his eight-volume "A History of the People of the United States" served a most useful purpose in that it presented a detailed record of the day-by-day life of the people. He was a most refreshing change from the conventional historian devoted only to relating wars, diplomacy, and purely political events. As the late Frederick J. Turner discovered the West, so in his historical narrations Professor McMaster discovered the plain American people and recorded their progress with an industry and a wealth of detail which make most valuable reading. He set forth their amusements, their sports, such as they had, their dour Sundays, their travels, their habits, their inhibitions and their lawlessness, their humor, and everything else he could dig out of an endless array of contemporary literature, pamphlets, newspapers, and all the rest. Nor did he forget foreign reactions to our American scene. It has been alleged both that there was too much detail in his work and that anybody else could have done the same thing by grubbing as he did. But no one else had the patience or perseverance or inspiration to do this, and so his eight volumes remain a storehouse of material and have a value that transcends those of his later and more original works. His position among our leading historians and scholars is indisputable.

The Way Out

A GAIN we are receiving letters whose purport is the following: "You are criticizing the Republican Administration, but what else could they have done under the circumstances? What would your program of immediate relief be if you were suddenly installed in the White House?" We have repeatedly stated what we thought should be done to save the existing situation from going from bad to worse. Elsewhere in this issue Henry Hazlitt takes up again two of the most important steps, the radical reduction or abolition of tariffs and the cancelation or drastic reduction of reparations and debts. We are well aware that no Executive could by himself put through this portion of our program, but we know also that a vigorous and effective President could go straight to the country on these issues in so compelling a way as to rouse the voters to his support and force Congress to act. For there is no hope of complete American recovery until Europe is well along the road to economic restoration and health.

As for the farmer, nothing could help him so much as taking off the tariffs. Foreign nations in need of foodstuffs cannot buy our farm products because our tariffs prevent them from paying with the goods they manufacture—for the thousandth time let us point out that nations do not purchase from one another with money, or gold, but only with goods. Again, the tariffs should be taken off every single item which the farmers use in their household or farm economies. The government, instead of wasting millions upon millions in the crazy effort to peg world prices, should devote itself to the question of reducing the cost of transporting and marketing farm products. There could be no better way than to move in the direction of taking over the railroads, welding them into a national whole, and using their earnings, not for the private profit of certain investors, but for improving the system and steadily reducing the bonds issued for the purchase of the roads. That, we admit, lies in the distance, whereas tariffs can be reduced immediately. Yet the mere fact that the government was moving in the direction we have indicated would give encouragement to the farmers and to the security-holders of the railroads, most of whom now stand in imminent danger of losing all their railroad investments. Further to help the farmers we would reduce their taxes and strengthen and increase the cooperative-marketing associations. None would profit more than the farmers by the final settlement of reparations and international debts.

Even more vital at this moment is national support of the unemployed wherever it is impossible for cities and States to carry the load. American men, women, and children must not be allowed to starve to death. That way lie disaster, chaos, revolution—all much nearer than the bulk of well-to-do Americans are aware. Public works would help tremendously, but far more important than these would be a guaranty from the Government of the United States that the men and women of this country shall not starve. The dread that hangs over the future of the whole country could be lifted to a considerable degree if the Executive would pledge himself, not next week, nor next month, nor when the

campaign is out of the way, but *now*, to use all his influence in behalf of money payments for starving Americans who cannot find work. That there should be immediate large expenditures for public works even if this should involve the issuance of bonds running into the billions is beginning to be plain to everybody; Mr. Hoover has now yielded to the extent that he favors what he calls "productive" public works on a large scale, while ex-Governor Smith and many others favor public works whether they are "productive" or not. But this form of relief reaches only manual laborers; it does not bring hope or courage to the idle millions of white-collar workers; to those who are idle on the farms. Nothing could so quickly bring back the courage of the plain people of America as the simple announcement from the White House that the Government of the United States was not going to be deterred by the bugaboo of a dole, or anything else, from guaranteeing the economic safety of the 12,000,000 people who are today out of work, and the additional millions who live in fear lest their jobs disappear.

When we are asked how this can be done we point out once more that we are not within seven billions of being as deeply in debt as we were during the World War; that no one would have complained had we gone ten billions further into debt when we were engaged in the business of killing Germans on a large scale. We see no reason why the expenditure of billions to keep American citizens alive is not infinitely wiser. Most Americans are sorry now that we ever went into the business of killing Germans, for they have come to see that it achieved nothing. Could anyone in his senses really assert that we should stop at anything to save American lives, to prevent disaster, and preserve the American Republic?

Finally, we would point out that only a beginning has been made in cutting down expenses; that, if the Government of the United States is really put on a business-like basis in its administrative expenses, enormous sums will be released for use in keeping Americans alive. Within the next twelve months, if things continue as they are, Congress and the President will be compelled to get down to business, will be forced to stop the \$500,000,000 waste in the expenditures for veterans which is established beyond question, and to cut military and naval expenditures to the bone. A genuine move toward disarmament in the United States without regard to what other countries may do is absolutely essential. As we have repeatedly pointed out, budget-making starts off now with a fixed charge of \$3,000,000,000—more than \$1,000,000,000 for veterans and pensions, more than \$1,000,000,000 for the public debt and debt service, and \$700,000,000 or more for army and navy expenditures. It is idle to say that all these are fixed expenditures that cannot be reduced. If Mr. Hoover had wisdom, courage, and force he could compel Congress to deal with the veteran and military expenditures before the coming summer is over, but the President is chiefly concerned with saving the banks and the railroads—big business, big business, big business. He refuses to grapple with the underlying causes of our economic disaster. O. G. V.

Europe in Extremis

OMINOUS for the whole world is the dismissal of the Brüning Government, coming as it does on the eve of the Lausanne Conference and presaging not economic betterment in Germany but greater political and social confusion. It happens, if we may judge by recent public utterances, just when the realism of France was beginning to make itself felt in the right direction of a common-sense and generous settlement. Now President Hindenburg has messed things badly, when every effort should have been made to permit Chancellor Brüning to carry on at least until the Lausanne meeting was over. At this writing no one knows whether his successor is to be a general or a dictator, or a combination government with Hitler in the Cabinet. In any event, the situation in Germany can only get worse, and with it that of Europe. No one will charge the London *Economist*, or Sir Walter Layton, its editor, with being sensationalist. But here is what the paper says in the current issue, as cabled from London:

International commerce is perishing with catastrophic rapidity. . . . Let us not mince words; with every factor in the existing situation making for a shift toward economic collapse, the prospects for next winter, both socially and politically, are terrifying unless by resolute action on the part of international statesmen the influences now at work can be reversed. The conference at Lausanne offers the last opportunity.

Edouard Herriot, who is likely to be the next French Premier, has just published an article in which he professes disquietude both at the German military budget and the Hitler "anti-Polish agitation." Add to this French fears over the present change in the German government, and all of the new French attitude of compromise may be lost.

Observers who had been closely following recent developments in Germany had been warned to expect the fall of Brüning. Yet the news that he and his Cabinet had resigned came as somewhat of a surprise. It had been hoped to the end that he would once more ride out the storm. For twenty-six months, through one of the worst periods in Germany's history, he had surmounted every difficulty despite the fact that he had had to work with an extremely slender majority in the Reichstag, and one that was none too friendly to his policies. Even the rising tide of Hitlerism had not caused him to depart from his calm and certain ways. The fact that the change was made at this time gives color to the reports that Brüning's fall was the result of intrigue and reactionary conspiracy. We know that the Junkers of East Prussia were fighting him tooth and nail because of his plan to settle unemployed workers upon their estates. We know, too, that a military clique headed by General Kurt von Schleicher, Secretary of State in the Ministry of Defense, had been seeking increased political power. It was this clique that forced the resignation of General Groener as Minister of Defense after Groener had brought about the suppression of Hitler's Brown Shirt army. The generals frankly looked upon Hitler's armed forces as a necessary and vital branch of the Reichswehr. But it is not clear whether Hindenburg was really moved by the

maneuvers and whisperings of the generals and other participants in the rumored anti-Brüning cabal, or whether the President lost confidence in his Chancellor for other and more substantial reasons. If it is true that Brüning was retired as the result of intrigue, then it must be said that Germany has learned little since 1914, for it was just such intrigue carried on by Baron Holstein and others which contributed so largely to the diplomatic debacle that forced the World War upon Europe.

Chancellor Brüning had in his twenty-six months in office greatly increased his personal prestige and hence the prestige of Germany. With a newcomer in the Chancellorship, and that person very likely an extreme nationalist, not only will Germany suffer, but this increase in nationalism will react upon the whole of Europe. There have of late been many indications of growing unrest, particularly in Southern and Eastern Europe. There is disaffection in the Yugoslavian army, and a minor reign of terror has taken place in that country. Premier Jorga of Rumania is in difficulty because of the financial situation and also because the leaders of the once-defunct Bratianu-Liberal Party are growing restive. Fascism has recently made sweeping gains in Austria. Czecho-Slovakia, which is at last really beginning to feel the effects of the economic depression, is also now for the first time since Masaryk became President showing signs of an extreme nationalist trend. In Poland there has been no let-up in the persecution of the national minorities and the radicals. Now with the reaction about to triumph in Germany it is more than possible that the uncertainty and unrest which have engulfed these neighbors will increase to a point threatening the political and economic stability of the entire world.

"Time for War"

UNDER the above heading the Grand Rapids (Michigan) *Herald* has delivered itself of an editorial about crime and punishment in the Republic. "Law and Government," the editorial declares, "have failed dismally in the last decade to deal with crime. . . . Today America, the American government, is oppressed by crime, her men are shot down in ambushes [*sic*], cowardly warfare, her women are ravished, her children kidnapped and ruthlessly killed." If this is a somewhat overdrawn picture of American life, it nevertheless has many aspects of truth. We are, and for centuries we have been, a violent people. Various explanations of this fact have been offered, none of them completely convincing. The Grand Rapids *Herald* does not explain, but it does offer what it considers a remedy. The editorial goes on:

It is the time for war, merciless war, in which every man shall do his duty, with the aid of the Law and of Government, if possible; but to do his duty anyway. . . . We have savages at large among us. . . . They know but one fear, the fear of their own precious lives. Those lives must be taken; legally, let us hope, but taken, nevertheless. . . . Can't the decent people of this great nation, those who are in the vast majority of population, handle the gangster and the racketeer without formality? No mistakes will be made. If the man thus handled doesn't happen to be guilty of the particular crime, he will have been

guilty of enough others so that no injustice would be done. . . . It is time for war, a war not of punishment, but of extermination.

It would probably startle the editorial writer in the *Grand Rapids Herald* to be told that in writing these sentences he perfectly expressed the spirit of gangsterism and of violent disregard of law and of government which he so heatedly denounces. He might be further surprised to hear that probably in no civilized country on earth except the United States would a responsible journal, not admittedly the organ of revolution, publish so bloodthirsty a column. He would be surprised to be called subversive, a champion of the overthrow of the United States government by force and violence. Yet that is precisely what he shows himself to be, and the unfortunate fact is that he is not alone, that many readers not only of the *Grand Rapids Herald* but of estimable journals in the country would applaud not only his sentiments but a lynching mob which sought to deal "with the racketeer without formality."

These observations, which a reasoned person who examined the facts coolly could hardly deny, ought to furnish very sober thought for us. How can we expect to scotch the gangster when we fight him with his very own weapons, at which he is more experienced and more adept. How can we hope to observe the law by taking it into our own hands? In the *Fresno, California, Tribune* appeared on May 4 an editorial about Tom Mooney. It quoted the hope of *The Nation*, expressed editorially, that the citizens of California would at the next election punish the Governor's refusal to pardon Mooney. "How ridiculous!" cried the *Tribune*. "For whatever may be the outcome of the next gubernatorial election, no candidate who hopes of election will dare to criticize Governor Rolph's refusal to pardon the dynamiter. For the overwhelming majority of the citizens of California believe that Mooney is right where he belongs; and that he should stay there." This, of course, does not go quite as far as the *Grand Rapids Herald*, which would have gangsters punished "without formality" whether they were guilty of the particular crime or not, on the theory of their general criminality. For that refinement of the theory of public disregard of law, we must go to the Supreme Court of California, which pointed out, in the decision denying a pardon to Billings, that Billings and Mooney were known to be suspicious characters and to have kept bad company, and therefore it was reasonable to assume that they ought to be in jail.

It has often been pointed out, by careful penologists, that we cannot hope to lessen crime in this country without removing its causes, whatever those causes may be. Poverty is generally thought to be one; lack of education is another; an insufficient social responsibility is a third. Let us frankly face the fact that not only our criminals need to be educated and to be given a sense of social responsibility. We must inform our lawless public officials and those among us who misguide public opinion, not to mention many respectable citizens who have so far kept out of jail, the "decent people of this great nation," that Judge Lynch is not the sovereign spirit of America. "The wrath of the people outside the law," to quote again the *Grand Rapids Herald*, is a terrible wrath and one that should not be lightly invoked; it might succeed in destroying the object against which its power was directed, but in so doing it would also destroy law itself.

Lady Gregory

AUGUSTA, Lady Gregory, is dead at the age of eighty, and her death serves to remind us of her great services to the "Irish Renaissance." Her own plays are of no more than secondary importance, for the best of them are slight and depend very largely upon the actors for whom they were written, but it was as well, perhaps, for the movement as a whole that she could consent to be its guiding spirit and to subordinate her own work to that of others. There was temperament and to spare in the group itself. There was also a most unusually tumultuous public opinion to be dealt with. But Lady Gregory moved with calm good sense in the midst of tumult, and she, more than any other one person, is responsible for the surprising fact that Edward Martyn, George Moore, William Butler Yeats, and John Millington Synge were supplied with a working institution to which they could be loyal and which, in turn, could be loyal to them.

Lady Gregory herself has described how it all began. She met Yeats for the first time in 1898, and when he spoke of his ambition to have a "free theater" in Dublin she came forward with twenty-five pounds to guarantee the first performance. The plays were to be Edward Martyn's "Heather Field" and Yeats's "Cathleen ni Houlihan," but when someone raised the question of the latter play's orthodoxy, Martyn would not be comforted until two priests approved. No sooner, however, was the play performed than a Cardinal proclaimed it heretical and students from the university came to protest violently against the "insult to their faith." This beginning was, of course, prophetic, for storms were the rule and they reached their climax in riots over Synge's "Playboy of the Western World." But Lady Gregory rode this and all other storms with calm good humor and the Abbey Theater had a long and distinguished career. Perhaps the one indisputable masterpiece produced by the movement is Synge's "Riders to the Sea," but the repertory as a whole was surprisingly rich. Indeed, even the most recent of Irish dramatists may still be fairly considered a product of the movement, since Sean O'Casey was also one of Lady Gregory's "discoveries." It was to participate in the dramatic renaissance that George Moore went to Ireland, and if he did not remain long, there were at least the three volumes of his "Hail and Farewell" to show for the experience. In it he said:

One thing, Yeats, I have always had in mind, but never liked to tell you; it is the way you come down the steps from the stage and stride up the stalls and alight by Lady Gregory. It irritates the audience, and if you will allow me to be perfectly frank, I will tell you that she is a little too imposing, too suggestive of Corinne or Madame de Staël. Corinne and Madame de Staël were one and the same person, weren't they? But you don't know, Yeats, do you?

But Moore, who went to Ireland because it was his native land and then ran away because he suddenly discovered that no good writer since the renaissance had been a Catholic, is hardly to be admired for balanced judgment; and if anyone had a right to be "imposing" in the Abbey Theater, it was certainly Lady Gregory.



That Rare Depression Specimen

World Action for World Recovery*

By HENRY HAZLITT

NOTHING is more calculated to lead the student of economics to throw up his hands in complete despair than a mere recital of the present actual economic policies of governments. What possible point can there be, he is likely to ask, in discussing refinements and advances in economic theory, when popular thought and the actual policies of governments, certainly in everything connected with international relations, have not yet caught up with Adam Smith? For the present-day tariff policy of Europe and America is hardly distinguishable from the tariff policies rampant in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The real reasons for those tariffs are the same, and the pretended reasons are also the same.

In the century and a half since "The Wealth of Nations" appeared, the case for free trade has been stated thousands of times, but probably never with more direct simplicity and force than it was stated in that volume. In general Smith rested his case on one fundamental proposition: "In every country it always is and must be the interest of the great body of the people to buy whatever they want of those who sell it cheapest." "The proposition is so very manifest," Smith continued, "that it seems ridiculous to take any pains to prove it; nor could it ever have been called in question, had not the interested sophistry of merchants and manufacturers confounded the common-sense of mankind." From another point of view, free trade was considered as one aspect of the specialization of labor:

It is the maxim of every prudent master of a family, never to attempt to make at home what it will cost him more to make than to buy. The tailor does not attempt to make his own shoes, but buys them of the shoemaker. The shoemaker does not attempt to make his own clothes, but employs a tailor. The farmer attempts to make neither the one nor the other, but employs those different artificers. All of them find it for their interest to employ their whole industry in a way in which they have some advantage over their neighbors, and to purchase with a part of its produce, or what is the same thing, with the price of a part of it, whatever else they have occasion for. What is prudence in the conduct of every private family can scarce be folly in that of a great kingdom.

One of the most stubborn notions which Adam Smith had to combat was that identifying "money" with wealth.

That wealth consists in money, or in gold and silver, is a popular notion which naturally arises from the double function of money, as the instrument of commerce, and as the measure of value. . . . To grow rich is to get money; and wealth and money, in short, are, in common language, considered as in every respect synonymous. A rich country, in the same manner as a rich man, is supposed to be a country abounding in money; and to heap up gold and silver in any country is supposed to be the readiest way to enrich it.

This whole notion, as Smith had little trouble in showing, was a childish one; it rested upon a mere verbal ambiguity;

and yet so firmly intrenched had it become that even those "who are convinced of its absurdity, are very apt to forget their own principles, and in the course of their reasonings to take it for granted as a certain and undeniable truth." The notion, unfortunately, seems as solidly imbedded in popular thought in 1932 as it was in 1776. On no other ground can we explain the pathological fear in nearly every nation today, not merely of an "unfavorable" balance of trade, but of imports of any kind that could possibly be made, at no matter what added cost, at home. The statesmen of the world in whose hands our destinies have been placed stand in their economic thought exactly where the mercantilists stood in the seventeenth century. A hundred and fifty-six years after Adam Smith produced his masterly argument for free trade, his countrymen are being humbugged by the infantile slogan "Buy British"; while the United States, which as the greatest creditor nation in the world has more reason than ever for reducing its tariffs if it ever hopes to have its loans repaid, maintains the most preposterous tariff system in existence.

It is frequently pretended that there are now reasons for high tariffs which the knowledge and conditions of Adam Smith's time did not enable him to see. It would be interesting to know what these reasons are. Smith was certainly familiar with the "infant industries" argument: he admits that a specific tariff may hasten the establishment of this or that industry, though he gives strong reasons for doubting whether in the long run a nation as a whole is any better off on that account. Certainly, in any case, the "infant industries" argument is an absurd one in the United States of today. Smith concedes, also, that it may be advisable to protect by tariffs certain industries essential to the national defense, though he also makes it clear that from any other standpoint such an indirect subsidy is just as much an unproductive economic burden as the expenditures for the army and navy. Nor was Smith even unfamiliar with the argument prevalent in every European country today, that tariffs were necessary as "retaliatory" measures, or for purposes of "bargaining." On the contrary, he found it necessary to relate the history of the purely retaliatory tariff during the century before he wrote, as well as the wars they led to. And he conceded that retaliations of this kind might even be good policy if there was a genuine probability that they would procure the repeal of the high duties or prohibitions complained of. But he added:

When there is no probability that any such repeal can be procured, it seems a bad method of compensating the injury done to certain classes of our people, to do another injury ourselves, not only to those classes, but to almost all the other classes of them. . . . Those workmen who suffered by our neighbors' prohibition will not be benefited by ours. On the contrary, they and almost all the other classes of our citizens will thereby be obliged to pay dearer than before for certain goods.

And, as he remarked, tariffs imposed through sheer animosity are almost certain to be even more irrational than those imposed through the greed of manufacturers.

* The eighth of a series of articles on economic problems, aiming to suggest a practical program for America. The ninth, on the railroads, by Winthrop M. Daniels, will appear next week.—EDITOR THE NATION.

If the shade of Adam Smith were to revisit this planet today, I doubt whether it would be greatly shocked or astonished by the tariff policies it saw in practice. Adam Smith in the flesh had trained himself to hope for very little. "To expect, indeed," he wrote in his great book, "that the freedom of trade should ever be entirely restored in Great Britain, is as absurd as to expect that an Oceana or Utopia should ever be established in it. Not only the prejudices of the public, but what is much more unconquerable, the private interests of many individuals, irresistibly oppose it."

I quote "The Wealth of Nations" at this length, mainly to show how pathetically little progress the statesmen and the masses of the world have made in their economic thinking, which, as I have said, is in all international matters still at the level of the seventeenth century; but it is by no means to be inferred that the problem of tariffs is of no more importance in 1932 than it was in 1776. On the contrary, both technological progress and the circumstances of the last few years make tariff reduction one of the two or three most desperately urgent economic needs of the moment.

The effect of technical progress ought to be too obvious to need dwelling upon. The enormous increase in transportation facilities, in railroads, motor trucks, fast ocean freight, and so forth; the ease and immediacy of communication by letter, telephone, and cable; the growth of international markets, like that at Liverpool, where a minute change of price may effect within an hour or two a corresponding change of price for the same commodity in every other great market of the world; the growth of international banking transactions; the daily shifting of balances; the hourly adjustment of foreign-exchange rates—all these have combined to make the world increasingly a single economic organism, of which the individual nations are at bottom merely interdependent cells. This statement seems like a mere truism, but one finds no evidence in any important country of the world of any general policy based on the assumption that it is true. The actual policies of nearly every leading nation have been based on precisely the opposite assumption—that each nation is a self-contained economic unit. Indeed, in the face of what is with appalling obviousness the greatest world crisis in a century—when a financial panic originating in Austria swept through Hungary and Germany, then to Britain and the Scandinavian countries, and finally to the United States—when the indices of production, unemployment, and prices have in every country been moving in the same direction, and even to almost exactly the same degree (for example, in March, 1932, average wholesale prices in the United States stood at 66 per cent of their 1926 level, in Canada at 69 per cent, in Great Britain at 61 per cent, in France at 64 per cent, in Germany at 74 per cent)—in the face of all this, the President of the United States is capable of continuing to talk about our self-containment, and of letting it be known that he "will devote his entire time to the domestic problems of the United States," and let Europe stew in its own juice.

The plain truth is that the pivotal business of the world today is everywhere conducted, not in separate national markets, but in what is, in effect, one great international market. Wheat, cotton, copper, petroleum, wool, silk, rubber, coffee, sugar, silver, gold—all are "international" commodities; their price is determined not by local or national

but by world shortages or surpluses, and a violent change in the price of any of them sends its repercussions through the whole business structure. The simple statement that our foreign trade is 10 to 15 per cent of our total trade does not indicate its real importance to us. It does not mean that we should be 85 to 90 per cent as well off if our foreign trade stopped altogether. We have to remember, first, that even a 5 per cent drop in the total demand for a commodity may mean a decline of 25 per cent or more in the price of that commodity, and that such a price decline may turn a general profit for the producers into a general loss. And we have to remember, second, that this 10 to 15 per cent is an *average* figure, and does not tell the story of any one commodity. More than one-half of all our cotton, for example, is ordinarily sent abroad; the sudden wiping out of our foreign trade would mean the ruin of the South.

Social causation is nearly always complex, and it is seldom that any given economic situation can be ascribed to any one single factor, but it is as clear as economic evidence can be that, second only to the war itself, the present depression is largely the result of the world's tariff walls, and particularly the tariff of the United States. One striking evidence of this was the violent collapse of the speculative markets as the preposterous Hawley-Smoot tariff advanced toward passage, a collapse which the proponents of the bill denounced at the time as a "Wall Street plot." Since then all the world's business has evidently joined the conspiracy to discredit that tariff. In the days before the war it was still possible for us to prosper in spite of high tariffs, but this situation altered abruptly when we were changed by the war from a debtor nation to the world's foremost creditor nation, and when it became absolutely necessary for us to increase our imports if the debts owed to us were to be paid. Though even the former Fordney-McCumber tariff was far too high, its ill effects were disguised by the fact that we began selling goods to Europe on a tremendous scale *on credit*. We not only refused on net balance to accept the interest on our former loans, but we extended in a few years billions of dollars of new loans. And then, quite suddenly, we stopped. The collapse of our own security markets made us panic-stricken. We no longer had enough faith in the rest of the world to extend it credit, and we did not feel we could spare the credit anyway. We wanted our money. We wanted a real liquidation of the debts. We wanted the outside world to pay the interest on its old debts out of its own resources, and not out of fresh loans. And instead of lowering the tariff to permit the outside world to do this, we raised it.

The effect of a tariff is always to subsidize inefficiency. A tariff is a device for insuring that a commodity which could be bought at a lower cost from abroad shall be produced at a higher cost at home. But when a given tariff level has been established for a long time, an adjustment to it is usually achieved, and a country can prosper at that artificial equilibrium. When tariffs are constantly and rapidly being raised all over the world, however, even this artificial equilibrium is not possible. It has been made doubly impossible, at present by another factor, the violent fall of commodity prices. This is relatively unimportant in the case of those commodities which are subject to *ad valorem* tariffs, but supremely important in the case of those subject

to specific tariffs. Thus in 1928, when duty-paid raw sugar was selling in New York at an average price of 4.22 cents a pound, the specific tariff of 1.75 cents a pound on Cuban sugar meant an ad valorem tariff of 70 per cent; at the price levels of Cuban duty-paid sugar in May of this year—2.58 cents a pound—the specific tariff, now raised to 2 cents a pound on Cuban sugar, means an ad valorem tariff of 345 per cent!

It need hardly be said that an immediate reduction of world tariffs is now imperative. The United States, which took the leadership in raising them, must take the leadership in reducing them. Because the need for tariff reduction is general, there has been a growing belief that the end can be best achieved by an international conference. The present writer cannot subscribe to this belief. There is, to begin with, no possible basis of bargaining or exchange in such matters. If the aim proposed, for example, were that each nation should reduce its tariffs by 25 per cent, any nation could raise its tariff by 100 per cent or any other extravagant figure just before going into the conference. Tariffs, again, are not general, but specific; the tariff on each article is considered ostensibly on its own merits; and any bargaining, article for article, would be endlessly and hopelessly complicated. If an agreement were in spite of all finally arrived at, the various parliaments would have to pass on it in any case. Finally, the basic assumption of such a conference would be the thoroughly false one that tariff walls are beneficial to the countries that put them up and injurious only to foreigners, and that the lowering of tariffs represents "concessions" or "sacrifices" made by each nation merely for the good of the rest. Congress would be asked to reduce the tariff not as an essential need of our own but as a favor to Europe.

A far more direct, honest, and realistic path is for each country to act for itself. America must take the lead. A reduction of our tariff would be an enormous gain to us whether any other nation followed or not. I do not mean that we should return immediately to free trade, assuming that were politically conceivable. Even Adam Smith was careful to point out that "every such [tariff] regulation introduces some degree of real disorder into the constitution of the State, which it will be difficult afterward to cure without occasioning another disorder." Our immediate aim should be rather to approach our former equilibrium than to try to establish a new one. This could be achieved most nearly, perhaps, by a tariff reduction averaging about 25 per cent.

It is impossible to consider the tariff without considering international debts. The real problem of those debts is the problem of the international transfer of goods. In arguing against the cancelation or even the reduction of the European debts to our government, Senator Borah recently remarked that the annual payments on our debt called for only 2.45 per cent of the total budget of Belgium, only 3.75 per cent of that of Great Britain, only 1.41 per cent of that of Italy, and only 2.65 per cent of that of France. But he had nothing whatever to say of the far more relevant problem of transfer—of how Europe could secure a sufficient excess of exports to us over imports from us to make these payments possible, of whether we should be willing to lower our tariffs sufficiently to take this excess, of precisely what goods this excess would consist in, or of whether he would prefer to see the excess achieved merely by Europe's reduc-

ing by that much its purchases of American commodities.

What makes the settlement of the war-debts question of such immediate moment, however, is the problem of German reparations. Every informed and unbiased observer agrees that the reparations burden imposed on Germany by the Young Plan is not only a staggering load on the German taxpayer, but far larger than Germany can possibly be expected to meet out of an export surplus. The payments up to the time of the Hoover moratorium were made possible only by fresh outside borrowing—a simple borrowing from Peter to pay Paul—and that process has come to an end. This does not mean that the payment of *any* reparation is, strictly speaking, impossible. It is conceivable that Germany, after a further breathing-space of two or three years, could resume reparation payments on a gradually ascending scale until they reached an annual level of, say, about one-fourth that called for under the Young Plan. But would it be worth the while of France and her allies to exact this? Would it not be far better to secure the immense gain to world confidence that would be sure to follow a complete wiping out of the whole reparations problem?

One thing is certain: no realistic-minded person can seriously expect that France and her allies will ever consent to wipe out reparations, or even drastically to reduce them, unless their debts to the United States are similarly canceled or reduced. That is why the initiative on the whole question must come from the United States. That is why it is worse than stupid to keep on insisting that reparations are "purely Europe's problem." Wholly apart from any considerations of justice or humanitarianism, we must cancel or drastically cut down the debts for the most cold-blooded of business reasons. Our national income in 1929 was estimated at \$84,000,000,000. On the basis of present indices of trade and employment that income appears to have shrunk to a present rate of about \$56,000,000,000—a loss of about \$28,000,000,000 a year. The debt payments to us amount, in all, to \$270,000,000 annually. Is it worth while to sacrifice \$28,000,000,000—or even one-tenth that sum—for the sake of \$270,000,000? Is it worth while to lose \$100, or even \$10, for every dollar one collects—assuming one can really collect even that dollar?

The reduction of tariffs and the cancelation of the international debts are, then, the two most urgent moves necessary for world recovery. When these have been achieved, other forms of international economic cooperation may be possible—looking, for example, perhaps toward a conference to consider international monetary problems, or toward some measure of international control of raw materials. A beginning might be made by the appointment of a Permanent International Economic Board to make annual and special reports, to sound a warning—before it is too late—when any country or group of countries engages in policies that threaten world stability, and to recommend various forms of cooperation. At first such a board would have to depend for its effectiveness purely on the prestige and moral force of its opinion. Ultimately, of course, we must move toward something better than this. A world that has become a single economic organism cannot continue indefinitely to be controlled by seventy different political sovereignties, each of which, when it is not trying to prosper at its neighbors' expense, tries to pretend that it exists in an economic vacuum.

Relief Without Taxation

By GUY MALLON

WE cannot, in the present emergency, look to industry for relief. The federal government, cooperating with the States and municipalities, must take action to check further deflation. Consumers' purchasing power has been depleted to the line of industrial stagnation. Unemployment has gone beyond the margin of endurance. We have heard from month to month for two years and more of extensive public works to be undertaken by the federal government and by various States to give the unemployed work and to put money into circulation. The figures published from time to time by the director of the Public Works Section of the President's Organization on Unemployment Relief are confusing. It may be said safely, however, that the States have ceased construction of new public works, and that the undertakings of the federal government have decreased as the depression has deepened.

Plans are advanced for the issue of government bonds in heretofore unheard-of amounts to make work or for direct relief. To these measures is presented the objection that no government can lessen its burden upon its citizens by running itself more deeply into debt. But it may not be necessary for the governments to incur indebtedness in order to undertake certain public works.

Consider the following plan:

1. The United States Treasury Department to issue from time to time emergency legal-tender notes. The amount of such notes outstanding at any time not to exceed \$2,000,000,000.

2. Such notes to be loaned to a State or municipality for public improvements, provided that:

- a. The credit of the State or municipality is good.
- b. The notes are to be used to pay for a specified improvement, or improvements, made in accordance with plans and specifications submitted to the proper government authorities.

c. The borrowing State or municipality to give its obligation to repay such loan without interest and to secure the federal government to its satisfaction by such deposit and pledge as are mentioned in paragraph 3 below.

3. The borrowing State or municipality to deposit with the federal government its non-interest-bearing State or municipal bond in the amount of the notes borrowed, due in ten years, payable 10 per cent on the face of the bond each year; and as further security to pledge the revenues of the State derived from such improvement or similar improvements theretofore constructed and producing net revenue.

4. The issue of such emergency notes to stop when the index of the cost of living maintained by the United States Department of Labor shows that the prices of consumers' goods, which are today one-third lower than in 1926, have risen to the level of six years ago.

This plan is but a modification of the use of credit common in industry or business. "B," a man of unquestionable wealth and solvency, applies to a bank for a loan of \$100,000 for an enterprise of which the demonstrable earnings will be

large. The bank loans him the money. From the investment so made, "B" in a short time makes earnings sufficient to pay off his loan with interest. No one has assumed a substantial risk. "B" has carried through his enterprise, and the bank has been paid interest, to which it was entitled, for it is in the business of loaning money for a consideration.

Now substitute "B" for a State, and the United States government for the bank. "B" has a highway department which has planned for roads to be built during the next five years, to cost, say, \$100,000,000. This highway department has an income of \$40,000,000 a year from gasoline taxes and motor-license fees, and \$18,000,000 from other sources, such as special assessments, federal aid, etc. The highway department agrees with the federal government that it will build in two years all the roads planned for five years, provided the government will advance the State \$100,000,000 over a period of two years. "B" agrees to give the federal government a non-interest-bearing bond as security for the return of such money, such loan to be paid off in ten years at the rate of 10 per cent, or \$10,000,000 annually. As further security "B" pledges the gasoline taxes and motor-license fees received each year, which will amount to \$30,000,000 on the basis of present receipts, with every probability of increasing as the additional roads are built.

In ten years the money would be returned to the federal government; the State "B" would have its roads; there would have been no cost to the government or to the State for the use of the money. The government, which has taken the place of the bank in the illustration of the commercial transaction above mentioned, would receive no consideration for the loaning of the money, for such loan would have cost it nothing, and the government is not in business to make money. The federal government would issue the currency required, as an emergency measure. This currency so loaned would be in the form of legal-tender notes. It would be absolutely sound and automatically self-liquidating, such liquidation to begin as soon as the issue was made, to be fully completed in ten years. When and as paid back to the federal government, the currency issued for this purpose would be canceled.

State highway construction is suggested as the most available method of promptly putting into active circulation during the next two years, beginning at once, \$2,000,000,000, for the following reasons:

1. The application of the plan would probably not require new legislation in many States.

2. Each of the States has a highway department with well-developed plans for future building. These departments are at present cooperating with the federal Bureau of Public Roads.

3. The American Association of State Highway Officials could arrange all contracts between the federal government and such States as were willing to cooperate.

4. Probably the proportion of money expended on construction which goes directly to labor is greater in road-building than in other public works.

State highway construction has increased steadily and rapidly for the past few years, and will, in all probability, continue to increase. It has not been checked by the depression. The income to the State highway departments from gasoline taxes and motor licenses is as stable a source of revenue as can be imagined, and will increase rather than decrease even in hard times. The revenue of all the States from these two sources alone is about \$800,000,000 a year.

With the advance of sufficient currency the road-building program of the various States covering a period of the next five years could be so accelerated as to concentrate the building in two years. The various State highway departments could safely borrow whatever sum was needed to build all the roads which they could arrange for. As such highway departments receive other income amounting to two-thirds as much as the two items named, they would have plenty of money for their other activities, such as building local highways. We do not know how many of the States would cooperate, but we have reason to believe that within two years a total of \$2,000,000,000 could thus be utilized.

Let us assume that we shall need to throw into the buying power of the country within the next two years enough extra buying power to add \$24,000,000,000 to the general business turnover. If assurance that this would be done were given now, confidence would be restored. The fact that the buying power of the community was to be so enlarged, and that millions of the unemployed were to be given productive work, might so quicken industry that the full amount would not be needed to restore equilibrium and to start the upward movement of prices, wages, earnings, dividends, and all things. Is there any good reason why the above-described use of government and State credit should not be employed to expand business activity by \$24,000,000,000 for the purpose of checking the depression? The United States Treasury would be absolutely protected. It would have as security not only the obligations of the States issuing the non-interest bonds but also a lien upon the receipts of the highway departments of such States from gasoline taxes and motor licenses. A loan would not be made to any State whose assured income from the two sources mentioned was not at least twice the required annual repayments. Such State highway departments as should so request would receive loans without interest. The States would have planned to spend this money in five years. By spending it in two years, they simply anticipate their needs.

The foregoing assumes the proposition that \$1,000,000,000 "pumped," if you please, into the active buying power of the community would add \$12,000,000,000 to the general turnover of business within one year from the time it was spent by the State highway departments. An amount of money placed in circulation will create business—move goods from the producer to the consumer—in an amount equal to the amount used multiplied by its velocity of circulation. Thus \$1,000,000,000 which passes from hand to hand twelve times in a year will expand the year's business by \$12,000,000,000. We have used the factor of velocity as twelve, or once a month. It is held by Professor Fisher to be as great as thirty ("The Illusion of Money"). The money spent for wages and materials in highway construction would go at once into circulation. Because of the immediate needs of the persons receiving it, the turnover would be unusually active. The new business activity created by the

issue of \$2,000,000,000 of emergency currency would amount to at least \$24,000,000,000, probably to twice that sum. As this emergency currency is to be issued for two years only and becomes, immediately upon issue, self-liquidating at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, the maximum outstanding at any time could not exceed \$1,800,000,000.

An increase of currency amounting to \$1,800,000,000 at this time could hardly be called inflation when we consider the abnormal deflation of current money now in use, including both cash currency and bank money. In normal times the cash currency in use in the United States is about \$5,000,000,000, but that is less than one-tenth of the bank money by which practically all our business is moved, which is about \$55,000,000,000. The moving force of our bank money as a result of its velocity of turnover is normally \$600,000,000,000. The amount of our "currency in use" is reported as about \$5,500,000,000; of that amount \$1,500,000,000, at least, is hoarded; we do not know how much has been permanently withdrawn from circulation through destruction by fire or loss, or by use in foreign countries.

We have good reasons for believing that the amount of currency in use—changing hands in trade—does not actually exceed \$3,000,000,000. If \$2,000,000,000 were added to this amount, this currency in use would not exceed the normal amount. The addition of this \$2,000,000,000, however, would in no way affect the amount of our bank money, which is of preponderant importance. The normal amount of this nine-tenths of our real circulation is stated above to be \$55,000,000,000, but it is at present deflated fully 40 per cent, amounting to not more than \$33,000,000,000. Its velocity has been so retarded that we almost doubt if it is turning over at all. The force of this great proportion of our circulation has been so emasculated that it probably does not amount to one-half of normal, or \$300,000,000,000.

The plain fact is that business cannot be done on one-half of the money required to do sufficient business to keep industry from starving to death. The new business activity created by "pumping" new money into circulation might create \$24,000,000,000 of additional business turnover, as stated above, but that alone would not save industry. It would, however, make a beginning and, we hope, restore confidence. He is an optimist who believes that any measure can within two years restore money to circulation in a quantity to equal the normal amount of \$55,000,000,000 of bank money having a normal velocity factor of twelve, to support a normal business of \$600,000,000,000 a year. For the consolation of timid souls who can imagine inflation arising from the plan proposed, let the plan provide that the gold certificates, of which there are about a billion dollars outstanding, be called in as during the World War, and canceled; and if this does not check "inflation," the Federal Reserve Board has full power to reverse its present ineffective efforts to create "inflation" and thereby cause deflation by selling government bonds and raising the discount rates.

This plan is suggested only as a remedial measure to check deflation. Should it prove successful it might be adopted as a permanent measure, for the principle upon which it is based would enable the Federal Reserve Board to maintain greater control than it now has of both inflation and deflation of currency and credit. It would be a safe and powerful method of attaining that most desired of all economic goals, the stabilization of prices.

Burlesque

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

AS the dramatic season approaches its end I am reminded of the fact that the most conspicuous New Movement in the theater is that which moved the Minskys from Second Avenue to Forty-second Street and established burlesque in various theaters hitherto devoted to more serious things. I confess that until very recently I had left these new developments unstudied, but having now investigated them pretty thoroughly from the flea circus on down, I am impelled to make a report for the benefit of those who may have begun to fear that New York was going to the dogs despite Mayor Walker's well-known devotion to a "clean city." And I must begin with some account of an exhibition which is entitled "The Mystery of Life; or Love and Sex Explained on Living Models," because in simplicity of conception and execution it is the most remarkable of all.

The price of a ticket is only twenty-five cents, but for that sum one is entitled to hear a heart-to-heart talk by a gentleman who looks so much like a physician that he can hardly be one, and who points a pencil at the tummies of each of six girls in turn while he discourses upon the organs located thereabouts. The living charts are reasonably presentable and they are dressed in the costume made conventional by the participants in more frivolous entertainments—namely, a silver loin-cloth and what the French call in one of their rare euphemisms a *soutien-gorge*—but the lecture, instead of being, as one might fear, facetious or demoralizing, consists largely of solemn warnings about the dangers of constipation and the necessity of adequate hips. Persons under eighteen are not admitted; persons over that age are not likely to learn much. Yet it is interesting to note that at three o'clock on a week-day afternoon some four hundred people had the leisure and the quarter necessary to contemplate the spectacle.

So far, however, as the more determinedly ribald entertainments are concerned, I must confess my disappointment—not because I had expected to have my higher faculties employed, but because I had cherished the not unreasonable expectation that spectacles frankly addressed to man's lower nature might at least be successful in their appeal. I was not unwilling to be stirred in ways commonly considered unworthy, but I am bound to confess that I left these wicked theaters as pure in heart as I went in. Nor can I understand how a person who has ever been exposed to the ordinary Broadway review could be anything but bored by the spectacle of fifteen or twenty girls languidly executing very simple evolutions while exposing no more of their skin than to their handsomer and more spirited sisters of the "Scandals" or "Vanities."

"Strippers" or "teasers"—which is to say, young ladies who begin to unbutton their dresses at the end of a vilely executed and generally all-but-inaudible song—represent the only contribution of this particular art form, and even they soon pall. Doubtless the idea of removing the clothing bit by bit in response to the perfunctory clamor of the audience is in itself psychologically sound, and the one thing which I really learned was the fact that there is such a thing as a

technique of stripping which distinguishes the merely mechanical disrober of the cheapest shows from the artist who does manage to suggest a half-convincing lubricity. But after the tenth repetition of the process one begins to realize that, even with the best will in the world, no stripper can take off more than the members of the chorus have already dispensed with, and thus even the psychological effect is lost. Nothing remains except some labored jokes, some bad dancing, and some worse singing, until the time comes again for the same girl to take off the same number of garments which, as one now understands, were put on for this purpose alone. By the time the same buttocks have emerged for the third or fourth time from beneath the same slipping garment, even the most callow in the audience will, I think, have begun to lose interest.

Certain romantically-minded commentators led me to believe that burlesque was the sole contemporary guardian of the Rabelaisian spirit, but "Rabelaisian" certainly suggests the vigorous, the spontaneous, and the unrestrained, while no adjective could be less appropriate to describe the wearily mechanical antics of a group of underpaid and overworked performers whose employer keeps one watchful eye on the policeman on his beat. As a democrat I see no reason why the lower classes of society have not as much right to erotic stimulation as those who can afford \$5.50 for the conventional review. After all, the appeal of all such spectacles is fundamentally sensual, and the appeal is never subtler than the audiences for which they are intended. But the very humblest deserve something more effective than burlesque gives them, and the performances in some of these temples ostensibly devoted to Venus Pandemos are insults—not to God or motherhood—but to lust itself. Even it need not be as devoid of joy as some of these shows, which remind one of nothing so much as of the blandishments of a weary bawd who is trying for professional reasons to remember that for some men and women sex is still a living thing.

The audiences are languid though large, and this fact, I think, is evidence both that the patrons come in hopes of something which they do not get and that burlesque lives by eternally promising something which it does not give. Nor can I help but feel that the dogged patience with which hundreds of men and a scattering of women sit through insipidity after insipidity is proof of the fact that this queer society of ours shuts out a considerable portion of its members from adequate contact with experiences which human nature cannot be kept from craving. Grown men should not have the pathetic curiosity of little boys. Such public spectacles can be interesting only to persons whose private lives have been peculiarly empty—at least so far as the subject matter of the spectacles is concerned—and one is reminded of Sinclair Lewis's yokels who gloated over the underwear advertisements in the Sears, Roebuck catalogue. Naughty post cards have doubtless always had a marked appeal among the very young and the very old, but it is only in an essentially puritan community that they could be sold in large numbers to men in the prime of life.

Labor Turns to Politics

By EDWARD LEVINSON

IT was inevitable that the depression which has transformed the face of American industry, roughly shattering the nice arrangement that gave to the workers comparative security and a promise of permanent prosperity, would before long make itself felt in the field of labor politics. It was patent that the exclusive reliance of American labor on its trade unions, with their fatal deficiency in numerical strength, would fail it at a time when a large part of the productive machinery came to a standstill and the "No Help Wanted" signs appeared at the factory gates. The shift which overnight changed the West Virginia Mine Workers Union into an Independent Labor Party, when its strike failed last year, is typical of a story often repeated in American labor history. In times of depression labor has always shifted its gaze from the mill, mine, and office, closed and silent, to the seats of government in States and nation.

The Socialist national convention in Milwaukee, the party's only stronghold in all of capitalist America, gave ample evidence of the potent influence of the depression, not only to swing labor to political action, but also to reshape and modify established policies and practices. The impact of this new influence was felt all the more in a party which only lately had begun to emerge from a decade of decline, momentarily halted by the La Follette coalition of 1924. It was impossible to draw clear issues in the convention. Two of the groups seeking supremacy in shaping policies were new ones; one, the "militant" group, being probably a new expression of the old left-wing position. No national convention had been held since 1928, and that one had not concerned itself with the task of revaluing policies but with the simple job of maintaining the life of the organization. Almost half of the 253 delegates were new recruits, for the most part strangers to each other and to the delegates older in the party.

The convention left no doubt of the come-back of the party, whatever it may have lacked in unity. Most significant was the presence of young men already baptized in industrial and political campaigns. One had seven arrests to his credit as a result of picketing activities and free-speech fights. Another had found and organized two hundred Socialists in the hitherto barren State of Virginia. A third was a youthful strike leader of the textile workers of New Bedford, and a fourth had almost single-handedly brought West Virginia back into the ranks of organized Socialist States. Maine, Indiana, and California also contributed several members to the youthful contingent. New York, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, and Ohio—States which had maintained Socialist organizations when they had largely disappeared in other sections—sent delegations of seasoned veterans. But these delegates also told of the influx of new blood, the recapturing of the imagination of a new generation, to fill the great void left by the loss of the post-war generation.

The convention had two major tasks before it. The first was the nomination of its national ticket, an important matter but one about which no difficulty was expected. The

second was more complex. It involved the clarification of questions of policy, many raised by the "militants," others brought to the fore by the newer and more vigorous campaigning methods of Norman Thomas. These latter had jarred on the older Socialists, jealous for traditional methods and phrases which Thomas thought inappropriate to the compelling needs of the time and the psychology of the working masses and voters. The party's position on how best to win the support of trade unionists and its position on Soviet Russia were involved in these policies, as were questions of organizational and campaigning technique.

The Socialist "militants" first became vocal after the New York mayoralty campaign of 1929, in which Norman Thomas polled the unprecedented Socialist total of 175,000 votes. Strangely enough, the "militants" and the more orthodox wing of the New York party joined forces at this stage of the party's history. Both felt that Thomas's thorough analysis of municipal government made in the course of his fight on Tammany Hall went into such minute detail as to stress issues remote from pure socialism. The campaigns of Louis Waldman for governor of New York State in 1928 and 1930, which also brought substantial increases in the party's vote, and, concurrently, the joint chairmanship by Thomas and Waldman of the party's eminently successful public-affairs committee, only brought further criticism from the "old guard" and the "militants." The city convention of 1930 saw a resolution presented by them, jointly sponsored, deploring the "mistakes" made in recent campaigns. The hasty withdrawal of this criticism and the substitution of a paragraph lauding the party's recent leadership were done for the sake of party harmony, but served only to postpone the day of conflict.

While Thomas was being criticized for what was held to be too great stress on immediate issues, he was proving himself farther to the left than his critics by his work among trade unions and by his insistence on a rigid Socialist code of ethics for party members within the unions, many of whom felt that socialism was a sort of private religion to be practiced within the party church but not obtruded on the sensitive ears of non-Socialist trade unionists. With respect to Russia, too, Thomas lacked the resentment felt by leaders of the orthodox group, whose most distinguished spokesman said in 1928 that "the Soviet Government had been the greatest disaster and calamity that has occurred to the Socialist movement." Thomas shared the views on trade-union policies and Russia of the members of the "militant" group. While the "militants" appeared to be in agreement with the "old guard" conception of hewing to the fundamental Socialist line, they sharply decried the lack of energy of their older comrades. Borrowing a line from the British Independent Labor Party, they urged "Socialism in Our Time." In this also they were closer to the Thomas position. Discussions in the official party press and the publication of Norman Thomas's "America's Way Out" brought the issues to the Socialists outside of New York City, many of whom had been staging debates on party policy similar

to those running in New York. The party looked to the convention to resolve these clashing views into some unified Socialist policy.

The nomination of Thomas for the Presidency was accomplished in the early stages of the convention, with an enthusiasm reminiscent of the demonstrations of old party nominating sessions, without, however, any of the mechanically induced and stage-managed noise. There was no other choice considered or possible. All but a scant few of the more diehard "old guard" recognized the tremendous feat accomplished by Thomas in the nation as well as in New York. His New York campaigns had definitely turned the tide of defeatism. Throughout the nation for four years he had carried the Socialist message, from the platform and over the radio, to millions of Americans. His Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief had succored many thousands of strikers. Trade-union conventions, colleges, public forums, debates—he had used all these to promulgate the single message of the necessity of Socialist reconstruction. No Socialist had become so widely known or so popular since Eugene V. Debs. For his running mate the convention named James H. Maurer. Maurer had performed the same Socialist function in 1928, when Thomas made his first Presidential race for the party. With Thomas, the eloquent platform man, the alert thinker, and the pungent writer, and with Jim Maurer, risen from the ranks of organized labor to lead Pennsylvania's trade-union forces for a score of years, the convention fused the elements best representative of the party and its aims.

Soviet Russia proved the first thorny subject after the harmony of the nominating session. No fewer than five resolutions were offered on the subject. One, drawn by Morris Hillquit in an effort to conciliate the various factions and keep the party from dividing on what he felt to be a largely extraneous issue, favored recognition of Russia by the United States—as did all the others on the subject—urged the freeing of working-class political prisoners, stated the differences between socialism and communism, and concluded with the equivocal declaration: "To the extent that the economic regime of Soviet Russia eliminates the profit motive in industry and seeks to introduce a unified system of planned production for public use, we heartily support it and commend it to the emulation of all nations." This resolution might have met the demands of those who wanted a friendly statement had they not felt that the bitterly anti-Soviet articles published in some party organs and the occasional attacks on Russia by party leaders, most of them associated with the Jewish Language Federation, required a more positive declaration of support for the Soviets' efforts at economic reconstruction. Paul Blanshard of New York presented a resolution, with the support of Norman Thomas, which "indorsed the efforts being made in Russia to create the economic foundations of a Socialist society." This resolution, which carried the convention by a card vote of 9,114½ to 4,073½, declares:

WHEREAS, The Socialist Party recognizes that the Soviet experiment is being watched closely and with intense interest by the workers; that its success in the economic field will give an immense impetus to the acceptance of socialism by the workers, while its failure will discredit an economy based upon planned production and the abolition of capitalism; be it

Resolved, Therefore, that the Socialist Party, while not indorsing all policies of the Soviet Government and while emphatically urging the release of political prisoners and the restoration of civil liberty, indorses the efforts being made in Russia to create the economic foundations of a Socialist Soviet and calls on the workers to guard against capitalist attacks on Soviet Russia. We believe that economic and political conditions in each country should determine the revolutionary tactics adopted in that country, and that the Russian experiment is a natural outgrowth of the conditions peculiar to that country.

Trade unionism was another subject scheduled to rouse the convention to sharp debate. Powers Hapgood, a member of the Indiana delegation, argued for a specific program of action among the organized and unorganized which would bring them closer to the party. The creation of a national labor propaganda committee to help existing unions and push efforts to organize the unorganized was the cardinal point in his program, which went down to defeat by only a few votes. The majority resolution, drawn by James Oneal of New York, and supported on the floor by veterans of the trade-union movement, grown old, and some of them tired, in the struggle, incorporated many of the best features of the Hapgood proposal. The National Executive Committee of the party is instructed to create a permanent committee to raise and administer strike relief. Socialists are to work within unions for the democratization of their organizations wherever such action may be necessary; they are to take every opportunity on the floor of the unions to bring home the Socialist message; suitable literature for distribution among the unorganized is to be made available.

Much of the effectiveness of the trade-union resolution will of course depend on the vigor with which the new National Executive Committee of the party pushes its various recommendations. The great difficulty in setting the Socialist Party and its trade-union members on the road to militant campaigning for a class-conscious trade unionism arises from the bad feelings left by the tactics of the I. W. W., and before that by Daniel De Leon and his dual Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance. Veteran trade unionists in the party took the floor in rapid succession at the convention. They harked back to the '90's, to the 80's, and even back to an earlier period in Germany for examples of the dangers of impetuous youth meddling in mature trade-union affairs. The debate brought no criticism of the American Federation of Labor, as was implied in the resolution. But the composition of the new National Committee gives hope for a more vigorous trade-union policy, outside of New York at any rate, than has been seen in a number of years.

The unity of the convention was again restored for the consideration of the platform, drafted by Harry W. Laidler. Two debates—one on prohibition, the other on the method of transferring the industries of the nation to the government—brought out the only serious differences on the platform planks. After having rejected as too sketchy a 250-word platform—the shortest ever written, according to Heywood Broun and Oscar Ameringer, its authors—the convention adopted a comprehensive statement of social reconstruction by democratic means, with special reference to and provisions for the unemployment crisis.

On prohibition the convention showed frankness and courage unusual in political statements on the subject.

While Republican and Democratic leaders in safely wet States have at times favored repeal, the Socialist is the only party thus far to have written a flat declaration into its national platform. Delegate Broun had his defeat on the short versus the long platform, and again on favoring "confiscation" of industries, but he had his triumph on prohibition. Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, "and the taking over of the liquor industry under government ownership and control with the right of local option for each State to maintain prohibition within its borders," was the gist of the plank finally adopted, by a narrow vote. The dries in the convention have refused to give up, however, and have instituted steps for a referendum of the party membership on a motion to strike out the repeal plank.

To pave the way for socialism and far-reaching social legislation without having to submit to the pruning knife of the courts, the platform proposes enactment of a "workers' rights amendment" to the federal Constitution. This amendment would empower Congress "to establish national systems of unemployment, health and accident insurance, and old-age pensions; to abolish child labor, establish and take over enterprises in manufacturing, commerce, transportation, banking, public utilities, and other business and industries, to be owned and operated by the government." The preamble places greater emphasis on the broad program of social ownership than on specific measures. An indication of the party's administrative conception of a socialized industrial system is contained in a plank which provides for management of wage-earners, consumers, and technicians.

To ease the tragic lot of the millions of unemployed the platform proposes two appropriations of \$5,000,000,000 each; one for immediate relief to be administered directly to the jobless; the second to institute the construction of public works and for roads, reforestation, and slum clearance. In this latter program the cooperation of State and city governments is to be sought. Government aid to small homeowners and farmers to protect them against foreclosure and sale for non-payment of taxes is the substance of another plank dealing with the current crisis.

The contest for the national chairmanship of the party brought the most tense session of the convention. A purely honorary post, held first by Eugene V. Debs, then by former Congressman Victor L. Berger, and from 1929 on by Morris Hillquit, it has in recent years begun to be considered a symbol of party leadership. The opposition to Hillquit's reelection was tacit. On the surface, support for the election of Mayor Daniel W. Hoan of Milwaukee to replace Hillquit was on the general ground that a Middle Westerner could best understand the American political psychology. William Quick, of the Wisconsin delegation, in proposing Mayor Hoan, said the party needed "less mouth-work, more foot-work." Concrete political achievements, not theoretical treatises, were needed to make socialism an effective force in the nation. The opposition to Hillquit also came from the "militant" benches and from the supporters of Norman Thomas, who disliked Hillquit's attitude toward Soviet Russia and in particular thought he had compromised the party by acting as counsel for former owners of Russian oil in their efforts to recover the value of their property. Hillquit was also felt to be too far to the right on trade unionism, and to have tolerated, as party leader, the questionable political and labor activities of Socialists within some of the

New York unions. Hillquit's lack of administrative capacity in recent years, a quality which is of prime necessity in a member of the National Executive Committee, was another count against him.

The lines were not drawn on these issues, however, largely because the Hillquit opponents wanted to avoid recriminations and speak only of the future. Hillquit's supporters filled the void where the issues should have been by dragging in the dangerous cry of anti-Semitism. In doing this, they carried the convention for Hillquit—for no Socialist gathering will tolerate any hint of racial prejudice—but did the party a great disservice. The absurdity of declaring that a candidacy enthusiastically supported by B. Charney Vladeck, manager of the Jewish *Daily Forward*, had any remote connection with an anti-Jewish feeling is self-evident. Hillquit himself emphasized quite other grounds in an address made in defense of his position. He placed the controversy in the realm of policy by asking for an indorsement of his brand of socialism as against the "unholy alliance" of "reformism, intellectualism, and militancy," which, he said, was the character of his opposition. Hillquit concluded with a plea for a vote of confidence. A roll-call vote gave him what he asked, by a majority of some 500 votes out of a total of 14,000 cast. Despite his effort to make the controversy touch some issues, his election was effected by the support of members of the factions he had described, among them militants, "reformists," and even bitter anti-New Yorkers like James D. Graham of Montana, who had been forced off the National Executive Committee of the party in 1928 because of his alleged provincialism. While most of the vote for Morris Hillquit was on the basis of his policies, the deciding votes came from delegates loyal to him as a result of association with him for more than forty years in the struggle for socialism.

The election of a new National Executive Committee the ruling body of the party between conventions, was a second contest that tested the new temper of the party. Voting was frankly and openly on "slates"—one drawn by the Hillquit forces, and the other by the Thomas—"militant" group, who had the Wisconsin delegation as allies uninterruptedly except on the trade-unionism issue. Ten members were to be elected to serve with National Chairman Hillquit. All seven on the slate of the Thomas group were elected, while six of the ten on the opposition ticket were chosen. Three candidates were on both slates. The new committee is representative of the growing stature of the movement. It includes Mayor Hoan, Leo Kryzcki, vice president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America and Jasper McLevy, head of the Bridgeport labor movement, who came within an inch of capturing the city for the Socialist Party last year. These were supported by both groups. Norman Thomas; Powers Hapgood of Indiana who did his post-graduate college work in the mines of half a dozen countries; Darlington Hoopes, Pennsylvania legislator; and Albert Sprague Coolidge, of the Harvard faculty were elected on the Thomas-Wisconsin-"militant" slate. The remaining three places were filled by Lilith Wilson, another Reading Socialist member of the Pennsylvania legislature James D. Graham, president of the Montana State Federation of Labor; and John C. Packard, Los Angeles attorney associate of Upton Sinclair and other members of the Southern California liberal and literary circle.

In the Driftway

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS, who made a courageous trip to Kentucky a while ago, was the recipient of a letter which the Drifter would like to be able to quote in full. It explains in convincing detail what life is like in the coal fields, and although the material is not new it has never been more dramatically presented. The first paragraph follows:

After reading about you and your party being Bars from Bell and Harlan Counties I am force to write and tell you as a Citizen of Kentucky. I regrets very much to read such and account I am going to tell you as a Miner of Harlan Count some facts why you outsiders are Bars—1st the conditions in Harlan County among the miners and their family are bad. We are force to take all cuts the company make regardless. 2nd We are half fed because we can't feed ourselves and family's with what we make. And we can't go to a Cut rate Store and buy food because most all the company forbids such tradeing. If you got the cash. But now we have no cash. And the companies keeps their food stuffs at high prices at all time. So you can not clear enough to go anywhere. And if you do go some where and buy food you are subjects to be canned under the one man "Law" and kick off the Company Property or thrown off. And now we are coward down. Can't tell the boss we are dissatisfied with conditions.

* * * * *

AFEW items on the cost of food follow. Lard at the company store is 15 to 18 cents a pound; pork chops are 35 and 40 cents; sugar is 10 cents; butter, 50 cents; flour is \$1.10 for 24 pounds. Company "cuts" are then listed: rent from \$6 to \$12 a month; doctor, \$1 a month; hospital, about \$1 a month; blacksmith, burial fund, school, powder, fuses, insurance—a total of something like \$7 or \$8 deducted, in addition to rent, from pay envelopes before they are issued. The author goes on:

We have been eating wild greens since January this year. Such as Polk salad. Violet tops, wild onions. forget me not wild lettuce and such weeds as cows eat as a cow wont eat a poison weeds. Mr. Hayes our family are in bad shake childrens need milk women need nurishments food shoes and dresses—that we cannot get. and there at least 10,000 hungry people in Harlan County daily. I know because I am one off them. these people would welcome you to come to their shacks but the company forbid it. The Black Mountain Coal Corp. last year fired a man because he was talking to a "Lady" writer. from Pittsburgh, Penn. he had a wife and five childrens. and was force to vacate in twenty four hours. . . . I would leave Harlan County if I had only \$6 to send my wife and boy to Bristol, Va. and I could walk away—But I can't clear a dollar per month that why I am here. that why hundreds are here they can't ship their family's home. But I am Glad we can find a few wild greens to eat. and before I close I want to impress this on your mind

Mr. Smith atty. of Bell County

and Mr. Blair Sheriff of Harlan County

Said the people didn't want you. to enter they are wrong. its not the mineing people its their friends and the com-

pany's they are indebted too. So Mr. Haynes I am proud that you and your party had enough Yankee blood in you all to attempts to enter after you had been dares to come. We Miner want to thanks you for the interest you take in trying to find out the conditions. that we are in.

And again I wont to impress up on your mind not to Publisher my name as it would mean my head beat.

There is very little that the Drifter can add to this letter. He has the original before him as he writes. It looks authentic and it certainly sounds authentic. And it presents a sorry picture.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence For Peace

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I trust this expression of Dallas Lore Sharp's attitude toward war, which I have uncovered among several of his unpublished manuscripts, will help the cause you urge weekly in *The Nation*.

We can, we will end war. Let the world burn that belief into its heart. Let men everywhere make that purpose their politics and religion. On this faith and purpose we make our last stand for civilization. So help us God. But how? What can we do in America? We can remove some of the causes, and mitigate all of the causes of war. We can bring our common sense, our scientific temper, and our religious faith to the study of war prevention. There is no single cause of war but can be understood and cured, no condition that gives rise to war but can be foreseen and prevented.

What can we do? Let me bring common sense to bear upon the question. First we can do what we are doing today—educate, agitate, talk, preach, pray, write, vote—spread it thick, spread it far until the earth shall be full of hatred of war as the waters cover the sea. Let us have a newspaper in every city, like the *Christian Science Monitor* in Boston, devoted to no more war, to offset the journals that fatten on war. Let rich men establish funds to found such newspapers, not as business enterprises but, like our colleges, devoted to the truth which makes men free.

Again, we can vote "No More War"—we can vote out war by electing men to Congress who are pledged to end war. America cannot go to war until the Senate says so. We can fill that Senate with men who will say, "No More War!" We are approaching another national election, one-third of the Senate to be elected in 1932. Is your vote going to count. Is your candidate pledged to "No More War"?

Again we can and must rob war of glory. We have loved war. We have gloated over war. We have erected statues to our war heroes. Our city squares and village greens are still dedicated to soldiers. They must be so no more. The statues already erected must from this time on be draped in black. And we must build them no more. We shall continue to love and honor the heroic dead, but it must be with wailing and with gnashing of teeth at the thought of their futile and preventable sacrifice.

Again we must force business to do its share for peace. But business is now on a war footing. The protective tariff breeds war. It is the greatest single fomentor of war today. It is war—economic war—and this last war was nothing but an economic war. We shall never get far toward no more war until we destroy this militant spirit and principle in business which make a foreigner and enemy one thing, and which establishes an economic

blockade in order to destroy the business of all people outside our own borders. At the outset we can and must join with the other nations in a league to end war. Such a league is already established, in spite of our refusal to share its perplexities, and working to end war. We must have an international mind and heart, an international brotherhood of statesmen and peoples; we must have an international court, a body of international law—a League of Nations to outlaw and to put an end forever to war. We can and we shall end war. Let the world burn that belief into its heart. Let men everywhere make that purpose their politics and their religion. On this fact we make our last stand for civilization. So help us God.—
DALLAS LORE SHARP.

Boston, May 12

GRACE HASTINGS SHARP

From a Japanese Liberal

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Militarism here, as one of my American friends, a college president, in a recent letter to me says, "is in the saddle," and we liberals of Japan have a hard time to deal with it. But Japan is not so mad and blind as American newspapers often accuse her of being; she is not "the Attila of our new age." American reports of Oriental affairs are often mysteriously contaminated, probably through a gallant sympathy with the weaker nation. My American friend says, for instance, that he has heard that Kagawa is in jail. This is utterly absurd, since he has caused no trouble, not even so much as Dr. Nitobe, whose case contra militarism was of course trifling. As to the Shanghai incident, the military activity and manslaughter on a grand scale cannot be condoned from our pacifist point of view. Japan, however, is not the only nation to be blamed on that score. For her way of coping with the situation is not essentially different from your method of dealing with weaker nations in Central America and elsewhere. Even at the outbreak of the Shanghai affair, as many as seventeen war vessels of the United States navy were imprudently gathered in Shanghai harbor, though no single American life had yet been injured. Had there come by ill chance a little provocation either from the Japanese or the Chinese side, your country might have been dragged into war. So was the Japanese naval brigade drawn into that terrific carnage through the recklessness of the Chinese contingents who defiantly betrayed the terms accepted by their local authorities.

The fact that "war for self-defense" is not prohibited by the Kellogg Pact or by the League Covenant is the most salient defect of the international structure and this defect needs most urgently to be amended. Japanese militarism is strutting proudly within the law, legally as impeccable as any of the other imperialistic nations of the world which find themselves in a similar situation requiring them to act for reprisal or to protect their nationals. The Sino-Japanese conflict, indeed, resulted in war *de facto* but not *de jure*; that is the crux of the matter. In order, therefore, to secure universal peace and brotherhood, it must be the concerted effort of pacifists of all nations to outlaw war in any form whatever, even for self-defense. Militarism today never wages a war except for "self-defense," which is in fact a diabolical pretext for the self-defense of militarism itself, lest it be swept out of existence by the world-wide movement of peace advocates and war resisters. But we should not be deluded into thinking that outlawing of war could permanently secure world peace. Not only the means of war, but the causes of war as well, must be outlawed, must be eliminated.

Professor Borchard of Yale University well said in *The Nation* (March 23, 1932) that an American boycott against

Japan would inevitably drag the two nations into an international war. Professor Borchard is not here theorizing, nor is his a grandma's anxiety; the real fact is that the Chinese boycott and China's inveterate cultivation of hatred against Japan even through grammar-school education are at the basis of the Sino-Japanese conflict today. It would be very fair to outlaw Japan for her anti-humanitarian use of military force, if you likewise outlawed China for her no less anti-humanitarian use of the boycott and her cultivation of international ill-will through education. In fact, the Chinese boycott against Japan is no spontaneous, optional affair among Chinese patriots, but is forced upon Chinese merchants by the outrageous violence of the militarists.

As the Chinese militarists use incompetent mercenary troops which are easily swept away by a well-trained army, observers were astonished to see how bravely the young student volunteers of New China resisted the foreign impact at Shanghai. A great pity that a considerable number of these youthful patriots were left dead on the field! And why were they so brave? Because they suffered martyrdom for the cause of their anti-Japanese catechism, their patriotic creed! And who is responsible for their martyrdom? If you say it is the aggressor, the Japanese militarist, the answer is a half-truth, for the cause is largely the Chinese propagation of international ill-will through education, which must also be outlawed if world peace is to be maintained.

RIICHIRO HOASHI

Waseda University, Tokio, Japan, May 9

"Voluntary" Contributions

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of Mr. Milburn's article "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, readers of *The Nation* may be interested in the following letter addressed to the president of the University of Oklahoma, of which mimeographed copies were forwarded to every member of the faculty:

State of Oklahoma—Executive Chamber
October 6, 1931

DR. W. B. BIZZELL,
PRESIDENT, OKLAHOMA UNIVERSITY,
NORMAN, OKLAHOMA

DEAR DR. BIZZELL: As you are aware, Governor Murray expects in the near future to submit his initiative program to the voters of the State. In order to do so the proposals have to be printed and signatures obtained, and it is his desire that this should be done on a single day at the several county seats. The legislature failed to appropriate any money to pay for the printing of the petitions and other necessary expenses. In order to meet these expenses voluntary contributions will be necessary. It will take \$7,000 or \$8,000 to meet these expenses.

It is Governor Murray's desire that all State officials and employees in the several departments under the Governor give a small contribution. I would suggest a minimum of two dollars and a maximum of ten. It is Governor Murray's wish that the heads of the several departments and institutions collect this money and that it be remitted direct to Governor Murray, an itemized statement showing each contributor attached.

I would be very much gratified personally if you would look after this. Governor Murray will be absent several days and I am, therefore, taking the liberty to write to you myself. *It is important that this collection be made with dispatch and without delay.* [Italics supplied.]

[Signed] CLAUDE WEAVER,
Secretary

Oklahoma City, April 25

M.

Finance

Compelling Us to Recover

WITH almost no serious opposition, the country is about to embark upon the third, and entirely logical, stage in its program of stimulating business recovery. The first, embodied in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, was an expression of the belief that business would look out for itself if the government would help it over a tight place and keep it out of the bankruptcy courts. But it quickly became obvious that the same railroads which borrowed in January or June to meet bond interest, maturities, taxes, or supply bills were likely to turn up again six months later with new requests. Instead of an emergency hospital, the R. F. C. was on the point of becoming a home for incurables.

Thereupon the second step was taken—namely, open-market purchases of government bonds on a large scale by the Reserve banks. If, it was argued, these purchases result in the accumulation of idle money in the member banks, those banks will have to set about lending or investing it. They will not invest in government obligations, because the price will be so high and the yield so low that there will be little attraction in them. But it turned out that there was a great deal of attraction in them when there was so little attraction in any other form of investment.

So at last we have come to the point where, if private enterprise will not spend money to fatten pay rolls and stimulate the markets for materials, the government itself will do so through a public-works program ("Garner plan"); or, approaching the problem from another angle, if business men who are willing to risk their credit in undertaking new work cannot get loans from the banks, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation will grant the loans—properly secured, of course (Mr. Hoover's plan).

The saying has got abroad that it would be an unpardonable sin for the government to sit by and do nothing at this time by way of putting the economic house in order; and anyone can heartily agree with that. But it is, after all, important that the right thing be done. Is the government doing the right thing in these repeated attempts to force money into circulation? The devices thus far used have been disappointing. They have not shown the closely reasoned technique of the plan, for example, recently suggested by Colonel M. C. Rorty, who believes it might be effective if the government would offer bonuses, figured as a percentage of pay rolls and materials bills, to contractors who would undertake new construction; the bonuses to be publicly advertised and to be awarded to the lowest bidder.

It seems a fair generalization to say that no plan is likely to be effective unless its prospects of success are sufficiently convincing to outweigh the distrust created by the additional burden laid upon the public credit and the taxpayer to finance it. Suppose we abandoned the rather annoying pretense that the budget will be balanced next year, but passed an honest tax bill looking in that direction. Suppose our genius for propaganda were directed toward getting public opinion lined up behind a few concrete proposals for government economy, even to the extent of organizing torch-light processions and soap-box ratory in their behalf. Suppose we told Europe we were prepared to negotiate a realistic settlement of the war debts. A difficult program, with public morale at its present low ebb; but certainly not less promising than any program which tries to build up private credit while it tears down government credit.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Volume 13 (1932) of the

AMERICAN LABOR YEAR BOOK

is just off the press

There is no other labor reference work as inclusive, reliable, objective, and accurate.

Volume 13 (1932) takes its place besides its predecessors which have stood the test of time.

Postpaid \$3.15

RAND BOOK STORE

7 EAST 15TH ST.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

See beautiful **GERMANY**
for **\$5.95 PER DAY**

This is the year when big price reductions in Germany have enabled leading American travel bureaus to offer tours through that wonderful country for as little as \$5.95 per day.

Follow the gleaming trail through the land of legend—haunted castles, ancient towns, modern cities, mountain and lake resorts—for less than the average cost of staying at home.

The modest price of \$5.95 up per day includes traveling in speedy express trains, comfortable hotels, all meals, sight-seeing, tips, bus excursions and baggage transfers. All this is backed by the largest American travel bureaus of national reputation.

Please use the coupon.

'Going to Europe' means going to
GERMANY

Please Send GERMAN TOURIST INFORMATION OFFICE
Booklet 18 665 Fifth Avenue, New York City
and
Tour NAME _____
Folder ADDRESS _____ CITY _____

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

Books, Films, Drama

Inheritance

By FRANCES FROST

Before sheep came, before my fathers drove
The first gray flock into this pasture high
Against the wide blue morning of their time,
The hollows were sweet with emptiness, the grass
Bent down at summer's end and fed the earth.

My fathers strode the hills, my fathers climbed;
Sunlight warmed the moving backs of sheep;
Emptiness was filled and wild grass nibbled;
Silence broke softly when beneath the deep
Weight of moonlight young lambs cried and stumbled
Against their mothers' flanks that smelled of sleep.

The moon is ■ heavy shadow on the harsh
Anatomy of earth. The sheep are gone;
The pasture has returned to wildness, driven
With tangled and budded thickets toward the dawn;
My fathers' throats are stopped with earth, their mouths
Forever crushed against the breast of stone.

Half-baked Communism

Breakdown: The Collapse of Traditional Civilisation. By Robert Briffault. Brentano's. \$2.50.

THE only thing intelligible about Mr. Briffault's book is its enthusiasms. For its conclusions are neither sound nor consistent. He asserts that "traditional civilization," because it is based on class divisions, is breaking down, and that the signs of its collapse are evident in all forms of contemporary culture. "Traditional civilization" is a blanket phrase which covers slavery, feudalism, and capitalism. Indeed, Briffault claims, none of these societies can be properly regarded as organized, since class divisions have never permitted the harmonious functioning which is essential to all organization. Never having been organized, the wonder is that civilization did not collapse long ago. But Briffault settles the difficulty by implying that it has always been in a state of collapse. He leaves unexplained how one society developed from another, ignores the specific nature of the different class antagonisms in the past, overlooks their often progressive character, and fails to see that the very meaning of what it is to be organized has varied with the social context. A strong spirit of moral indignation pervades his descriptions of social life; justice and injustice are the central terms in the discussion. "Traditional civilizations," Briffault writes, "are bound to decline in power and to be destroyed [because] they are unjust. To be unjust is so serious ■ defect in the structure of ■ social system as to be fatal to it." Injustice, however, is merely a Pickwickian expression for what human beings do not like. The rise and fall of civilizations, therefore, is explained by inarbitrable likes and dislikes whose succession follows no determinate law.

Mr. Briffault himself is all for communism. And he is to be applauded for his insight that no tinkering with capitalism will enable us to avoid the evils of war, cyclical depression, and cultural perversion inherent in the existing social relations of production. Would that he had demonstrated how organic these phenomena are to capitalism, instead of contenting himself with

emphatic assertion! But I cannot understand why Mr. Briffault should make his allegiance to communism an excuse for prating downright nonsense about the future of culture in its name. Parts of his book read as if they had been written by an enemy of communism masquerading as its friend in order to appal the innocent by the ferocity and absurdity of its presumed conclusions. The technique is a simple one. Do Communists believe that it is utopian to expect the transition from capitalism to the classless society to be accomplished without the use of force against active, counter-revolutionary elements? Briffault desires to go even farther. For him this can be accomplished "only by ruthless and intolerant violence." He is prepared to convert a political expedient into a poetical cult. Do Communists believe that during the transitional period the parliamentary forms of bourgeois political democracy will be suspended in order to prepare the way more effectively for a society of genuine democracy, intellectual tolerance, and individual freedom? Briffault professes to have no use at all for the principle of tolerance—political or intellectual.

The anarchy of the modern mind is the logical effect of the logically indefensible doctrine of toleration and freedom of opinion which was the subterfuge by which valid thought escaped being forcibly suppressed by authoritarian tradition. Such a subterfuge is, of course, like all liberal compromises, not ■ remedy. The only remedy would be the quite liberal, intolerant, and wholly undemocratic suppression of convicted lies.

As if communism guaranteed absolute infallibility of judgment, which is the only logical ground—and even then, not the only relevant one—for the forcible suppression of opinion regarded as erroneous. As if communism were a new gospel of truth instead of a method of insuring the cooperative and universal quest for truth liberated from the vested interests of class, race, and nationality. Mr. Briffault has somewhat confused communism with Roman Catholicism.

Do Communists believe, on the theory that a part of life must be subordinated to the whole, that certain traditions in art and literature which express a reactionary ideology—for example, Dostoevski's—must be opposed by fresher, life-affirming attitudes, reflecting the creative and collective effort to achieve ■ truly human society? For Mr. Briffault this is ■ paltry half-measure.

For my part the moderation of the alleged Russian procedure appears somewhat dangerous. The whole of Western literature, whose every phrase, every word, and every implication is saturated with the insane and immoral premises of traditional civilization, should, for a period, be withheld entirely from the new humanity. The mind of the human race should be allowed time to recover.

That there will be no mind left after these heroic measures are taken is perhaps only a minor and irrelevant consideration in Mr. Briffault's eyes. In interpreting communism as if it implied complete cultural discontinuity with the past, Briffault is caricaturing both its theory and practice. He is pleading for ■ new barbarism in order to avoid the difficult problem of critically reworking and reinterpreting the old traditions from the standpoint of new cultural needs and ideals.

Mr. Briffault's analyses—if we may stretch the term—of contemporary culture are no better than his programs and prophecies. They exhibit the same enthusiasm and the same absence of intellectual discrimination. While it may be true that, broadly speaking, bourgeois ethics, social thought, and art reveal deep-seated confusion and uncertainty, it is nothing short of silly to maintain that "all thought is decadent today." When Mr. Briffault speaks of the breakdown of science in an era which has witnessed epoch-making discoveries in every field of

knowledge from biology to mathematical physics, he is but documenting his ignorance. That scientists outside of the laboratory fall over themselves in their eagerness to save God and justify the existing social order which gives them security and research funds is a cultural phenomenon neither new nor surprising. Its significance is social, not scientific. Even Newton wrote a book on the prophecies of Daniel; and Darwin made the acceptance of his biological theories easier by professing his belief in God.

Nor is Mr. Briffault any more discriminating when he discusses the relation between politics and culture. "At a time," he writes, "when the gulf which divides the values of a dying and those of a rising world is abysmal and unbridgeable, no product of the mind, no art, no judgment, no science can contrive not to take sides." Certainly, as far as a choice between capitalism and communism is concerned, the artist, the scientist, the mathematician, the toolmaker cannot avoid the necessity of taking sides by pretending to be neutral to the fundamental issues involved. But that is vastly different from saying that all thought, from science to music, must reflect one's political allegiance. Such a position is more compatible with absolute idealism than with dialectical materialism. To be sure, the direction of scientific research and the uses to which its discoveries are put are dependent upon the larger, telic, social whole of which science is a part. But the meaning and validity of a scientific proposition are completely independent of whether science functions in a capitalist or Communist order. Art, literature, ethics, and religion, since they involve value judgments at their very core, are organically related to political perspective and social context. But even here there are degrees of relevance which critical analysis must make explicit. Forms do not change as rapidly as content. In philosophy they change more slowly than in art; in art more slowly than in law. These are problems which challenge concrete analysis. They cannot be settled by paying lip allegiance to the formulae of Marxism.

Mr. Briffault's "Breakdown" proves that a little communism is a dangerous thing. Swallowed without proper study and critical analysis, it goes to the head like wine on an empty stomach. Communism is not a royal road to truth for lost intellectuals who wish to enjoy the privileges of guessing right without suffering the responsibilities of piece-meal analysis. It demands not less criticism but more, for it must contend not only against the misrepresentations of its enemies but against the nearsighted sincerities of its friends. It does not claim to have the whole truth but merely enough to justify the action by which all social ideals are ultimately tested.

SIDNEY HOOK

The Futility of Conquest

Conquistador. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

THERE can no longer be any doubt as to the position of Archibald MacLeish in American letters. He is an important poet and the master of an original technique that is now recognized as his own vehicle, a loosely woven music that once heard can never be forgotten. Excepting T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound, MacLeish has found the best expression of the American expatriate mood which characterizes an entire period from 1920 to 1930 and has already reached a sentimental climax in Ernest Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms."

"Conquistador," his latest poem, is more than a good poem; it is very nearly a great one, and if it is not great in itself it is the work of a rare and sensitive lyric artist. The poem is large enough in intention and scope to be admired

and attacked from at least a dozen points of view. I shall limit myself to a direct consideration of the poem itself and of its relationship to two other pieces of work published by MacLeish during the past two years—his book of fourteen lyrics, "New Found Land," and his letter "To the Young Men of Wall Street," which appeared in the January 16 issue of the *Saturday Review*. All three examples dovetail with one another, arise from precisely the same state of mind, and are written with the same eloquence.

First of all, "Conquistador" is not a narrative poem but is perhaps one of the best equivalents for a narrative that has been subjected to a modern technique in poetry. The story, based upon Bernal Díaz del Castillo's history of the conquest of Mexico, is completely submerged, being merely the backdrop for the poem, subservient to the general mood of the poet. Bernal Díaz is an old man recalling past glory; the strength of the poem lies not in action but in reflection after the event. Occasionally the clipped, inarticulate speech of the soldier rises to the surface of the poem with something of the same effect that is gained in Ernest Hemingway's short stories.

The emotional tone or mood of the poem is defined by MacLeish's self-identification with the Conquistador, Bernal Díaz, whose days of conquest are over: again and again we are reminded that we are looking backward, not with clear perception or with true historical perspective, but with a broken memory. The fine days of blood, of war, of gold, and of girls to be bound into slavery are gone. Even power and victory—in the sense of conquest—leave the taste of death in the mouth. The impulse to idealize conquest for its own sake is checkmated by a sense of futility and impotence.

If we examine MacLeish's "New Found Land" we find the logical motivation for the present poem. The fourteen poems, which are by the way among the finest examples of lyric eloquence in English, reiterate a central theme—expatriation. In Paris there is a longing for New York; in New York there is a great desire to reembrace Paris. At the core of this restlessness, this search for a spiritual home, is a persistent inquiry as to the nature of actual death, as though expatriation were death in terms of subtle definition. Thinking of MacLeish one thinks of Eliot's *Whispers of Immortality*:

Webster was much possessed by death
And saw the skull beneath the skin;
And breastless creatures underground
Leaned backward with a lipless grin.

"Conquistador" is the further search for a homeland to be found not in North America, or Europe, or in this century, but back in the days before the Spanish Armada, along the coast of Yucatan and in Mexico. Remembering Eliot's Webster, here are lines from the introduction to "Conquistador":

This is Cortes that took the famous land:
The eye-holes narrow to the long night's ebbing:
The gray skin crawls beneath the scanty beard:
Neither the eyes nor the sad mouth remember.

This curious deification of archaic military glory takes on still another aspect in MacLeish's address to the Young Men of Wall Street, who are in MacLeish's words the sons of Caesar! Throughout this letter there are mingled notes of sorrow, panic, and despair. The Conquistador poem and the Wall Street letter merge into one. Only the artist in MacLeish keeps his integrity; the rest is delivered over to a weak confession of defeat. As for the Young Men of Wall Street—O poor (and rich) young men! After the crash of 1929, after the repeated failures of your experts (some of them your own fathers, who have, in a few cases, already committed suicide), after the loss of millions of dollars spent to bring back prosperity, after panic at home and worse panic abroad, are you flattered by this attention from a poet? Do you understand what he has to say, our sons of Caesar! You are Conquista-

dors marching into Mexico (forget the oil fields for a moment), look at the girls, look at the horses! Look at the slaves, millions of slaves. Enjoy them all—but remember they are dead, and the Conquistadors, once heroes in the less important records of our history, they, too, are dead.

HORACE GREGORY

In the Ozarks

Back Yonder. An Ozark Chronicle. By Wayman Hogue. Minton, Balch and Company. \$3.

ANY man's memory of his boyhood is the memory of a world which time refused to touch. Doubtless this is an illusion; from the fact that time cannot alter the things we remember we argue a certain fixity in the things themselves. As we have grown up we have been forced to accept an existence in which change operates relentlessly and always; back in those days, though, the universe was anchored and ordered and comprehensible. An illusion, doubtless. But it is an important one—at least for literature, since it produces autobiographies, and makes their early chapters usually the best.

The peculiar charm of Mr. Hogue's book is that it has more than the timelessness of its type. For it deals with one of America's most stationary societies—mountain Arkansas—and makes not the slightest attempt to "place" this society in human history. For all Mr. Hogue appears to know, Arkansas was inhabited by white people exactly like his parents and his neighbors three thousand years ago; and at the close, when he describes his return to these hills after many years spent elsewhere, he cannot believe that the people down there will ever be any different from what they are now or from what they were when he was a boy in the eighties. Writing in the plainest possible way, he manages to do what more artful authors merely try to do—he gives his world that simple, solid reality and permanence which it would seem we cannot give a thing when we are aware of wanting to do so. His account of the reticence with which young persons courted one another—his sister Lelia, for instance, and Sam Dent—is the account not of an inhibition but of a taboo; of something tied into the habits of a race immeasurably old. So there is nothing quaint or pathetic about Sam and Lelia, or in the least degree helpless; rather they are dignified by their contact with custom, a contact so close as to make them for the moment something like figures in a myth. So, too, with every other person or thing in the book—old Everet, the free school, the panther and the baby, the debating society, the feud, the book agent. Mr. Hogue begins with a minute description of the one-room log house in which he grew up. But his attitude throughout the chronicle, which takes him among many persons and into adjoining counties, is the attitude of one to whom all the Ozarks are his house. Everywhere he is as intimate and as real as that.

He seems to me particularly successful with his people's talk. I do not know that he is accurate, but I am more than willing to believe he is, since it is highly agreeable to think that people once lived who were perfect at understatement and indirection. "Stranger, can you play the fiddle?" "I can saw a little." "Wal, if I was goin' to kill a fiddler I would never shoot at you." Or this, the opening of a feud: "Wal, Guffy, you air eatin' sardines, air ye?" "Hit would seem that a way to anybody cep'n to a bline man." . . . "Goin' to eat some more sardines, Guffy?" "Will ef I wanter. Don't see nobody in hyar wot's big enough to keep me from it." "Mebbe not. I hearn ole Tommy Wilson offered you a mule to come over an' whup me. Jist want to say I'll give you another soon as you do, an' then you'll have a pair."

MARK VAN DOREN

Mr. Hale Versus Spengler

Challenge to Defeat: Modern Man in Goethe's World and Spengler's Century. By William Harlan Hale. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

MR. HALE will be remembered as the former editor of the *Harkness Hoot* and the embattled opponent of the Union League Club educational ideal with which Yale has recently identified itself. "Challenge to Defeat," a remarkable performance for a young man of twenty-one, is as courageous in spirit as was his undergraduate career. Its author may not know precisely what he wants, but he is pretty certain of what he does not want. He does not want pessimism and futilitarianism in art; he does not want "the modern temper"; he does not want sur-realism and *transition*-ism in literature, or cubism in art; he objects vigorously to the flight to equations and abstractions in the new physics; to the sham façade of contemporary organized religion; to the post-war disillusion of Ernest Hemingway. In brief, he asks us to admire the magnificence of Spengler's thesis but to resist it with all our strength. (His analysis of the strength and weakness of Spengler is the outstanding section in the book—though, as the author would readily admit, it is founded on the approved recent German criticism.)

As a foil to Spengler, he offers us Goethe. In Goethe he sees "the union of the individual with the world (whether natural or divine)"; "the newer recognition of human possibility"; "the unknowable, reintegrating deed which we might call totality." It is my guess that Mr. Hale has been so deeply steeped—perhaps owing to paternal influence—in the Goethe legend, and in the suety abstractions of idealistic German thought generally, that he has lost, to a degree, his sense of proportion. For—as I hope to show shortly in these columns—Goethe is, of all the imposing plaster casts of the last few centuries, precisely the man from whom we can derive the least inspiration and instruction today. And these phrases around which Mr. Hale has built the less convincing portions of his book are the last flatulencies of a vitalism which was always nebulous but which is now thoroughly empty of content.

Goethe was a professional "culture" defender; and it is because Mr. Hale has gone back to Goethe's tradition of "good Europeanism," with its accompanying aloofness from the bitter realities of the European scene, that his program, with all its youthful spirit and vigor, is basically academic. To him the modern "collapse of reality" is definable mainly in terms of art, science, and religion. He does not see that these special disintegrations are merely functions of a larger socio-economic collapse, and so he cannot advance any constructive ideas other than those contained in misty phrases: "the century of separation is over"; "the first necessity in this process of regeneration is of course the individual spirit." And it is this inability to define his own aspirations, drawn out of a dead culture, that leads him straight to a final hollow romantic assertion, the exhortation to go down, if necessary, fighting gloriously, to go down with "the grand gesture, the fist proudly raised up, the dignity and solemn grandeur last asserted." But there is no sense in doing any fist-raising unless you know against whom your fists are raised. Let us hope that there are other young men of Mr. Hale's generation with enough humor to smile at his operatic stoicism and with enough understanding of the problems of their time to reject his early-nineteenth-century idealism. Perhaps, within a few years, Mr. Hale himself will see that the author of "Faust," while eminently successful at providing mental food for four generations of schoolmasters, offers contemporary men little more than a diet of wind.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

Prince of Doubters

Bayle the Skeptic. By Howard Robinson. Columbia University Press. \$4.25.

THE more I study philosophy, the more of incertitude I find therein." So remarked, at the beginning of his career, Pierre Bayle, prince of doubters. "Say to Monsieur Gaillard," he continued, "that I am a philosopher without portfolio, for whom Aristotle, Epicurus, Descartes are the inventors of conjectures which one adopts or rejects, according to the style of amusement one prefers." The biography of such a man, sworn enemy of all fanaticism, astute journalist, great scholar, Voltaire's "avocat-général des philosophes," will always be timely, because the things he fought against are always, in one form or another, with us. Howard Robinson, a protégé of James Harvey Robinson and of Lynn Thorndike, has written what appears to be the first full-length critical study of Bayle, his character and his ideas, attempted in English. This alone makes his book a valuable contribution to the history of European culture, especially for that period just preceding the French Revolution for whose general intellectual temper Bayle was so deeply responsible. The great problem then was toleration, and we are shown how, from every angle, but especially in the tiresome field of religion, Bayle defended the right of every man to be damned or blessed in his own way. In pamphlets, letters, journals, commentaries, and in the mighty "Dictionnaire historique et critique," forerunner of the "Encyclopédie" of Diderot and d'Alembert, the tireless skeptic indulged in what one of his Sorbonne enemies called his "malignant and unfortunate habit of putting everything in the form of a problem." With such good results that Mr. Robinson notes the influence of Bayle upon David Hume, John Locke, Lord Shaftesbury, Bernard Mandeville, Bishop Warburton, Edward Gibbon; in Germany upon Leibnitz, Thomasius, Lessing, and Frederick the Great; and in France upon Voltaire, Fontenelle, Diderot, d'Alembert, and most of those associated with the Enlightenment. Mr. Robinson's book, despite its lack of literary charm and its rather mechanical treatment, is well worth reading; and the very full bibliography of Bayle adds to its value.

HAROLD WARD

Convicting the Innocent

Convicting the Innocent. By Edwin M. Borchard. Yale University Press. \$3.75.

IN March, 1924, Irving Greenwald, with blue eyes and blond hair, was walking along Wall Street. A detective tapped him on the shoulder and addressed him as J. C. Alderman. Greenwald was indicted for passing forged money orders. Several clerks, a credit man, and a druggist swore that Greenwald was the man who had cashed the forged orders. Greenwald was convicted and sentenced to seven and a half years in Atlanta. The judge denounced him for his persistence in maintaining his innocence. Similar forged money orders continued to be reported after Greenwald went to jail. Eventually, Richard Barry, alias Alderman, the real culprit, was caught and admitted to all the crimes. He was sentenced to three years. As innocent Greenwald left the penitentiary he carried in his pocket a statement of the President of the United States: "Innocent of the offense of which he was convicted."

Professor Borchard has written an exciting volume. He has presented in a startling dramatic fashion an important social problem—the duty of society to a man who has been sent to prison for a crime he did not commit. Much has been written on the subject, and in his introductory chapter and appendix

Professor Borchard gives a survey of the history, literature, and legislation concerning unjust convictions; but the essence of the book is in the sixty-five actual cases of men and women who were sent to prison for crimes of which they were innocent. The stories are told very simply and without any literary flourish, but their cumulative effect leaves the reader appalled that such things are possible in a supposedly civilized state. The cases which Professor Borchard selected deal with murder, burglary, prostitution, and a great variety of other crimes. These defaults in justice were not prompted by economic antagonisms. The cases deal with the ordinary run of men. The innocent people include both Negroes and whites. The courts which erred were sitting in nearly half of the States of the Union and in England.

The stories are particularly shocking to those who have been actively connected with the practice of criminal law. Most members of the bar complacently assume that convictions of the innocent are so rare as to be negligible. The public as a whole has agreed that the safeguards placed by our beneficent criminal law about the person of a defendant have reduced the possibility of error to a minimum. All this we have smugly assumed despite our daily experience with perjury on the witness stand and with the well-recognized fallibility of human observation. For centuries we have given lip service to Hale's dictum that our criminal jurisprudence is based upon the proposition that it is better for a hundred guilty men to escape punishment than for one innocent man to be convicted. We have converted this preference to read: "Let a thousand guilty men escape and let a hundred innocent men be convicted." Like the celebrated presumption of innocence and the rule of reasonable doubt, the old dictum has been more honored in the breach than in the observance. In recent years legislative and judicial bewilderment with the intricacies of the crime problem has invested the man hunt with a new ferocity.

This volume puts the Wickersham Commission to shame. Not only does it present a brief for social insurance for miscarriage of justice, but it points an accusing finger at overzealous prosecutors, avenging witnesses, concealment of evidence of innocence, and ruthless frame-ups. As a requisite to petit or grand-jury service this volume should be prescribed reading. Nor would it do any harm if the judges in all courts—civil and criminal—dropped their week-end detective novels to read the Borchard book. These sixty-five stories are only samples of the thousands of convictions that flow through our courts every year. To compensate the innocent is important, but it is far more important that we reform our judicial machinery.

MORRIS L. ERNST

A Pioneer Anthropologist

Lewis Henry Morgan: Social Evolutionist. By Bernhard J. Stern. University of Chicago Press. \$2.50.

UNTIL recent times it has been difficult for students of social theory to discuss with detachment the ideas associated with the name of Lewis Henry Morgan. An outstanding exponent of the doctrine of social evolution, he turned to primitive life for data to support his hypothesis. Together with the British and German scholars who believed that man's social behavior "evolved" in a way similar to that in which physical types developed, Morgan must be regarded as a pillar of the "stage" theory of social development—a theory that is still widely in vogue among lay writers and speakers. While scientific anthropologists of our generation have succeeded in demolishing this hypothesis, the smoke of the battle that has been waged is still in our nostrils, and therefore the study made in this book has a freshness of interest that most accounts of those

who developed concepts no longer accepted do not possess.

Dr. Stern, who is an assistant editor of the "Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences," throws a great deal of light on the origin and development of the ideas associated with Morgan's name. It is not quite fair to call his book a biography—that is, a biography of the man or of his personality. It is essentially the biography of a concept. Only the first chapter is devoted to the actual incidents in the life of Morgan. Succeeding chapter headings make it plain what it was in Morgan's life that interested the author, for he employs as titles either the actual titles of Morgan's book or phrases which characterize them. Many points of interest come out as Dr. Stern's discussion develops. The controversies which followed the publication of his great work "Ancient Society" make especially interesting reading, and names of the giants of early anthropology, such as Tylor, Spencer, Bachofen, Lubbock, and others, are sprinkled through pages on which we also find samples of their reviews of Morgan's works or extracts from their correspondence with Morgan.

I do not believe that it has been generally realized how broad were Lewis Henry Morgan's interests—that, for example, he published studies of the beaver in an attempt to analyze animal psychology, or that he was almost as interested in Mexican archaeology as he was in the social life of the Iroquois Indians. It is perhaps also not generally realized that Morgan was one of the solid citizens of his time. He was a man of wealth, a senator of the State of New York—a person of standing in his conservative community. And while it may seem strange that such a point need be mentioned here, it is necessary to do so because of the fact that his name is usually associated with radical political movements. Karl Marx knew Morgan's work and made copious notes on it, and Engels, who had access to Marx's notations, made Morgan known to every Socialist and Communist. It is for this reason that Lewis Henry Morgan, of the same family as John Pierrepont Morgan, holds a place today in the ideology of these radicalisms that no one would have abhorred more than he.

Dr. Stern has written a stimulating as well as scholarly account of the development of the ideas of this student whose works so influenced the growth of social theories. The book is well written and attractively printed. It should be of value to all who are interested in the presentation or analysis of the concepts usually grouped under the phrase "social evolution."

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Shorter Notices

The Place of the Lion. By Charles Williams. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.50.

Suitably inscribed with crosses and chrismons, this English novel, one of the strangest books of the season, derives its inspiration from the symbols of the medieval church. Mr. Williams, who appears to be a devoted reader of the Schoolmen, has attempted to concoct a sort of metaphysical thriller by assuming that those apocalyptic beasts which in Abelard's day corresponded to Platonic Ideas have literally returned to the modern world. An English countryside, therefore, is terrorized by a lion, an eagle, a serpent. These are not only literal beasts which roar and smell and crawl, but "angelicals" which signify the archetypal forces of life. Mr. Williams has worked out his symbolism with great ingenuity, relating each of his characters to a metaphysical pattern. In the end the hero, symbolizing Adam, or man, quells the beasts by naming them; they return to a world underground; and the modern apocalypse is over. A serious reader will regret that so much learning and ingenuity have been expended on a subject that

is ultimately trivial, recalling a pertinent line from Gilson, the neo-Thomist leader: "A real philosopher always speaks of things; it is the professors of philosophy who talk of ideas." For the truth is that Mr. Williams's "metaphysics" is a smoke screen, and his philosophical fantasy is not philosophical at all but simply a kind of professorial spoofing. Its content is actually about as serious as P. G. Wodehouse. Its audience will be more limited, for only a few will be able to get the joke.

The Deserter. By Lajos Zilahy. Translated from the Hungarian by George Halasz. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

In this excellent, although uneven, novel the author of "Two Prisoners" gives us a chronicle of Hungary during the war and the years of revolution and counter-revolution that immediately followed. Zilahy's hero, Komlossy, typifies the patriotic Hungarian in revolt against the tyranny of the Hapsburgs. In the last year of the war Komlossy deserts; he feels that Austria's war cannot be Hungary's. About to be shot as a deserter, he is set free by the revolution. His intense nationalism is absorbed in the new Communist regime, which fails, however, to enlist his full sympathies. When the counter-revolution comes he is murdered while defending himself against the presumption of the invading army. To the foreigner the political thesis in Zilahy's novel is likely to be confusing, and indeed it may be doubted if it is entirely clear even to the author himself, especially in the last phases. Essentially the book is defeatist in tone, and Zilahy's hero would seem to have been submerged by his own hopelessness and weariness of soul rather than by the counter-revolution.

The Birthday. By Samuel Rogers. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$2.50.

If one were to follow through the implications of this new novel by Samuel Rogers, who is a professor of French at the University of Wisconsin, one would get the impression that all is serene in the world. Although one of its underlying themes is the social change that has taken place in America from 1914 to 1929, and although it is realistic and intelligent throughout, it purls on with a beautiful obliviousness to the troubles that have made the rest of us so anxious. The scene—perhaps this explains it—is a college town, apparently Providence, Rhode Island. The characters belong to the more prosperous element of an academic circle. We see the lovely Katherine at a dance on the night before she is to be taken away from the influence of Gabriel, a young pianist whom she loves; three years later, during war time, we see her married to the solid but uninspiring Albert; and twelve years after that we see her at a birthday party given in her honor, to which Gabriel returns as an ascendant virtuoso. It is the modern version of an old-fashioned romance, told in a discreet variation of the "interior monologue" method and showing a reminder now and then of Virginia Woolf. No one will find fault with Mr. Rogers because he is not entirely original, however, for he is charming. Katherine's delicately modulated story is told with a sympathy, a sureness, a sweetness that would disarm anyone.

The Place of Prejudice in Modern Civilization. By Sir Arthur Keith. The John Day Company. \$1.

In this book a distinguished scientist—one who has made notable contributions to the study of man—indulges himself in the luxury of prejudice—not, however, quite in the manner recommended by Charles Sanders Peirce. Speaking as Lord Rector before the students of the University of Aberdeen, he lends the full weight of his authority to an astounding series of pronouncements concerning "Nature" and civilization; the upshot of which is that the former has "implanted" race prejudice in man's "tribal heart" in order that she may "bring into

the world ever better and higher races of mankind." From this it follows, according to Sir Arthur Keith's sanguinary logic, that "patriotism is part of Nature's machinery for keeping her evolutionary teams intact," and that "Nature keeps her human orchard healthy by pruning: war is her pruning hook." Regretfully, as though it were inevitable that two and two should make five, Sir Arthur adds: "This harsh and repellant forecast of man's destiny is wrung from me." Scientific, no less than logical, decorum is affronted on almost every page of this singular document. For example, the continued reference to such concepts as "tribal heart," "tribal spirit," "tribal mentality," "Nature's original scheme," "Nature's evolutionary plans," "Nature's machinery," is the purest and most specious form of anthropomorphism. ("Nature," with a capital N, is appealed to about fifty times, not merely to explain but to defend those "inborn likes and dislikes . . . which we name prejudices.") The extremely dangerous, because so provisional, "glandular" theory is regarded as part of the "race-making machinery," and there is the further claim, challenged over and over again by Franz Boas, that nations are "races in the making." All of this is accompanied by much rhetorical praise of nationalism and of Scotland; quoting Thomas Carlyle and Adam Smith leads Sir Arthur to say: "We Scots are ■ sentimental people. Sentiment and prejudices are first cousins." Presumably, some readers may be tempted to conclude, the eminent ethnologist would rather be known as ■ Scot than as a scientist.

Psychology at Work. Edited by Paul S. Achilles. Whittlesey House. \$2.50.

The seven essays in this volume will give the general reader an excellent idea of a few of the things being done today in the broad field of applied psychology. The editor, Paul S. Achilles, has brought together ■ series of lectures delivered under the auspices of the Psychological Corporation; their subject matter ranges from education and child guidance to industrial, social, and political problems. Considerable space is given to the experimental and statistical aspects of the questions dealt with—particularly in the contributions by Lois Hayden Meek and Arnold Gesell on education, and in the very detailed Psychology and Industry by Morris S. Viteles; and throughout emphasis is laid upon the importance of fitting society and the environment to the individual. In the final essay the present trend of applied psychology is well indicated by Floyd H. Allport, who shrewdly remarks that "those experts who are more eager to apply scientific methods to the efficiency of social institutions than to individuals may be making the most unscientific blunder of all."

Films

The Art of René Clair

WITH his third film, "A Nous la Liberté" (Europa Theater), René Clair establishes himself as the most accomplished and intelligent exponent of the art of the cinema. This is not to say that he is unsurpassed in all aspects of film-making. The Russians provide richer photography; the Lubitsch "touch" has a human warmth that Clair lacks—and probably scorns. The interesting fact about M. Clair is that he has mastered his technique as a whole so thoroughly that he is now able to employ it freely in creating a style of his own. In his hands the film, about which so little in the way of definition or scope has been understood, much less formulated, merges almost for the first time as a separate and fully developed form of artistic expression.

□ PLAYS □ FILMS □

THE THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

REUNION IN VIENNA

a comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of B'way

Evenings 8:40

MATS.: Thurs. and Sat. 2:40

"ANOTHER LANGUAGE"

A New Play by ROSE FRANKEN With GLENN ANDERS

DOROTHY STICKNEY, MARGARET WYCHERLY, JOHN BEAL

"Remarkably evocative, subtle, beautiful and tender, and as real as the truth. A splendid achievement of acting and direction."

—J. BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. Times.

BOOTH THEATRE—45th St., West of Broadway
Eves. 8:50—Mats. Wed. ■ Sat.

Last Three Weeks

LESLIE HOWARD

in PHILIP BARRY'S New Comedy

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

"The season's most gratifying adventure."

—Percy Hammond, Herald-Tribune

Staged by Gilbert Miller

EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway and 40th Street.
Eves., 8:40, Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

Another Language—Booth—45 St., W. of 'way.

A Thousand Summers—Selwyn—42 St.

Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.

Face the Music—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.

Merry-Go-Round—Avon—W. 45 St.

Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.

Reunion in Vienna—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.

Show Boat—Casino—7 Ave. at 50 St.

Springtime for Henry—Shubert—W. 44 St.

The Animal Kingdom—Empire—B'way. at 40 St.

The Cat and the Fiddle—Cohan—43 St. & B'way.

The Man Who Changed His Name—Broadhurst—44 St. W. of B'way.

Why Hoover?

Fifth of a series of weekly talks by

Oswald Garrison Villard

Over Station WOR

Wednesday, June 8

7:30 P. M. Daylight Saving

M. Clair made it clear in his first picture, "*Sous les Toits de Paris*," that the film as a form of art must not be confused with the necessarily static stage play. Motion, both obvious and subtle, is the distinctive element of the camera as a medium, and it is in terms of motion that M. Clair has worked out his motion-picture technique. In "*Sous les Toits*" he achieved a stylized realism to which photography is intrinsically adaptable; and he achieved it not through any resort to stylized settings or bizarre photography such as were employed, for example, in "*Dr. Caligari*," but through constant variation of perspective, composition, and light. Also, he made use of motion itself, particularly of the motions of the body and of facial expression, which can be exploited fully only by the moving camera and which for the illumination of character are the most effective and economical medium. The plot was simple and fast and ended in irony. He used dialogue sparingly; his use of music was conventional and direct, consisting of a "theme song" and occasional rhythmic accompaniment to action in the tradition of musical comedy.

"*Le Million*" was another experiment, this time in fantasy. Again, the effect of fantasy was achieved not through any trick of setting or photography but by the mobile use of the camera before referred to. The chase, which is equally suited to the mood of fantasy and the technique of the moving camera, played a large part in "*Le Million*." Music, in the second picture, if my memory is right, was used incidentally and for broadly humorous purposes. The plot was ingenious, fast, and again ended in irony. "*Le Million*," though it seemed slighter, was a more finished production more surely handled than "*Sous les Toits*"; it was a second important experiment in M. Clair's developing technique.

"*A Nous la Liberté*" combines the stylized realism of "*Sous les Toits*" and the fantasy of "*Le Million*." Implications as well as events are allowed to assume dramatic and convincing shape. From a realistic scene the spectator is led quite imperceptibly into the fantasy of implication until the two are inextricably fused. For instance, the scene in which blackmailers threaten the wealthy factory-owner is presented realistically. But, later, the chase in which the gangsters pursue their victim through the halls of his factory becomes pure fantasy as M. Clair multiplies into abstraction the blank walls and staircases which are real enough to begin with, and extends the chase to fantastic limits of time and space. Finally, in the scene in which the blackmailers, after the pursuit, find themselves locked in the great vault which is filled with money they are powerless to take away, realism and fantasy, event and implication, merge. The same technique is employed in the sequence which leads to the film's climax. In an extremely realistic and highly amusing scene the owner of the factory is shown announcing to his full-dressed directors and leading citizens his invention by which phonographs can be made without human labor. As he speaks, a wind rises. It blows open a case of mille-francs notes which during his pursuit by the blackmailers he has managed to hide on a roof in preparation for his escape. The notes, one by one, are blown past the noses of the distinguished guests. Here fantasy begins, and the sequence ends in a wild chase in which bank notes are pursued by respectable gentlemen while the wind blows harder and harder and dignity becomes a silk hat rolling in the dust, a swallowtail flapping in the breeze. The result, obviously, of M. Clair's combination of realism and fantasy is satire of a high order.

The story of "*A Nous la Liberté*" is simple, written by Clair himself directly for the screen. Two friends in prison plan to escape. One gets out, the other is caught. Through a series of accidents the first becomes owner of a phonograph factory so large in scale that its employees, like its machines, are automatons. It is here that the two friends meet, when the second one, having been released from prison, is picked

up as a vagrant in a field adjoining the factory and hustled into a job. The adventures of the two until the day when the factory-owner, who is about to be arrested as an ex-convict, gives his plant to the workers and escapes from his factory prison with his dreamy companion, who has failed in love, are as hilarious as they are ironic. For despite the intellectual cast of the film, its characters are flesh and blood; its action is as fast and as funny, even aside from its implications, as Chaplin at his best. More deftly than ever M. Clair has created a film in terms of motion in which the expression of the eyes and the movements of the body play a great part. The music which was a song in "*Sous les Toits*" becomes in the third picture an extremely clever ironic musical accompaniment—written by no less a composer than Georges Auric—which like the dialogue never obtrudes upon but heightens the excitement or humor or suspense of a given scene.

The technique of René Clair as displayed in "*A Nous la Liberté*" is much closer to the technique of music than of any other art. The picture has a theme, the theme of prison, which is first stated simply and then repeated throughout the picture with variations of rhythm and elaboration, rising to a climax in the scene before described in which mille-francs notes, silk hats, and respectable gentlemen whirl within the prison-like walls of a great modern factory dedicated to mass production and profit. Throughout, also, there is a constant contrapuntal interplay of regimentation and human fallibility, efficiency and impulse. The winking of an eye, a fluttering handkerchief, a flower; any one of these can—and does in M. Clair's gay world—set a whole system at naught.

But just as surely and just as gaily the system sets at naught all human values. For M. Clair's irony is complete and impartial. The flowers and birds with which he elicits human longing are invariably paper flowers and music-box birds. Without a word he implies that the workers who own the factory which turns out phonographs and profits endlessly without their help may find dancing and fishing a little tiresome. Finally, at the end, he catches the former factory-owner, who is "free" once more to roam with his friend, looking wistfully after a passing limousine. Yet M. Clair is no cynic. Cynicism, like pessimism, presupposes the possibility of perfection. Because M. Clair entertains no such possibility, except perhaps in the field of art, his gaiety is pure, entirely devoid either of morals or malice.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Drama

FEW of our musical comedies could bear revival after five years so well as "*Show Boat*" does, now at the Casino (that was once the Earl Carroll) Theater. To be sure, Florenz Ziegfeld has stinted nothing to make the revival a handsome one: there is the same Joseph Urban scenery, and most of the original cast—including Helen Morgan with her old plaintiveness and Charles Winninger with his ancient gusto; and the two substitutions—Dennis King as Gaylord Ravenal and Paul Robeson as Joe—are better than the originals. Robeson, in particular, brings a rich sonority and even a sort of racial significance to the singing of "*O! Man River*." But what is most remarkable about "*Show Boat*" is that neither its humor nor its sentiment has dated. Perhaps this is because "*Show Boat*" to begin with was a historical operetta, and so the sentiment in it was already dated intentionally. That sentiment is thick and unblushing; but the great virtue of "*Show Boat*" is that one emerges from it at least temporarily convinced that in a musical play of its type that is exactly what such sentiment should be.

H. H.

Contributors to This Issue

GUY MALLON is an eminent Cincinnati lawyer.

EDWARD LEVINSON is assistant editor of the *New Leader*.

FRANCES FROST is the author of a book of verse, "Blue Harvest."

SIDNEY HOOK is a member of the department of philosophy at New York University.

HORACE GREGORY, author of a book of verse, "Chelsea Rooming House," has recently published a translation of Catullus.

MARK VAN DOREN is the author of "Jonathan Gentry."

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

HAROLD WARD has written articles on scientific subjects for various periodicals.

MORRIS L. ERNST, a New York attorney, is the author of "America's Primer."

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS is a member of the department of anthropology at Northwestern University.

The Greatest TRAVEL VALUE

30 DAYS
of delightful travel
\$170.50

Tour to RUSSIA

Includes: Ocean passage in Modern Third Class, FORMER TOURIST CLASS SECTION, fare to Russia via England or Germany and Finland, hotels and meals en route to Russia and during 7 DAYS IN LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW, with sightseeing, entertainment, conductor's and interpreter's services, visas, etc.

A variety of other interesting trips at surprisingly low rates offered in our booklet "N"

RETURN PASSAGE ON
CUNARD LINE STEAMER
INCLUDED.

AMALGAMATED BANK

11-15 Union Square

New York City

OPEN SHELF

The Story of the
Past Decade

Only Yesterday
National
Best Seller!
Illustrated \$3.00 Harpers
Frederick Lewis Allen

CURIOUS BOOKS Send for Catalogue
of Privately Printed
Unexpurgated Items
Exotically Illustrated
Limited Editions
THE FALSTAFF PRESS
Dept. N, 260 Fifth Avenue, New York

EDUCATIONAL

CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH
Spanish - Italian - German
Private lessons 75c (Daily 9-9). Native teachers.
UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
65 Lexington Ave., Northeast Cor. 85th St.

FRENCH Spanish, Italian, German,
Russian, Conversational.
Native teachers. Private lessons. 75c. Daily 9-9.
Fisher School of Languages, 1264 Lexington
Ave. (bet. 85-86 Sts.) Est. 1905. ATwater 9-6075.

CRITICAL ANALYSIS

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICAL ANALYSIS
FOR AUTHORS
Short Story and Prose:
Genevieve Larsson: Internationally known Writer.
Poetry and Essay:
John Rose Gildea: Editor: Poets Magazine.
Drama:
John Myers Myers: Late of the New York World
is offered by
DRAMA LABORATORY
R. F. D. No. 2 Highland, N. Y.
TERMS ON REQUEST

FOR SALE

LAKE PEEKSKILL COUNTRY HOMES:
A small community after your own heart. High elevation, charming landscape, beautiful lake, carefully planned, solidly built homes completely appointed. Various sized bungalows to suit your needs, built to your order on a large plot. Outdoor sports for adults and children. 40 miles from New York, 48 trains daily; excellent auto roads. Prices from \$1,550, convenient terms.
B. CANICK, 3424 Gates Place, Bronx
Tel.: Peekskill 3192; evenings OLinville 2-7306

SECLUDED in the hills of Bucks County, Pa. 40 acres of fertile well drained soil (5 acres of woodland, pasture and stream) Spring water to buildings. A desirable old style open rafter stone house of 7 rooms, open court between kitchen and main house, ample out buildings, all in good state of preservation and repair, an ideal setting and a value at \$6500.00. John E. Martin, Realtor, Upper Black Eddy, Pa. "On the Delaware River."

ENGLISH style stucco; eight rooms and attic studio; double garage; two baths; modern conveniences; large plot; shade trees; park-like surroundings in sportmans' paradise, southern New Jersey; Photo on request. Box 696, c/o The Nation.

FOR SALE OR RENT

LAKE OSCAWANA
Log Cabin 8 rooms bath, all conveniences
Large wooded plot; lake privileges
REDUCED PRICES : EASY TERMS
Also several modern 4 room bungalows with bath.
Ask for booklet
F. K. JAMES Peekskill, N. Y. R.F.D. No. 2

APARTMENT FOR SALE

FOR \$2,500.00 Cooperative apartment in Greenwich Village. Near all transportation lines. Small group. Large rooms, fireplaces, garden. Interest bearing stock. Low maintenance. Box 690, c/o The Nation.

FURNISHED APARTMENTS

FOR one year, more or less, large studio room, north light, 12 x 18, also bedroom. Newly furnished. Kitchenette and bath. Sacrifice \$40. Owner going abroad. Phone Algonquin 4-4029.

86TH St. 140 W. 6 rooms, 3 baths, comfortable, attractive, Frigidaire, piano, radio, books, cross-ventilation. Convenient all transit facilities. Sacrifice. References. June 15th—Sept. 15th, or longer. Endicott 2-0782. Apt. 11 B.

BRIGHTON BEACH, very attractive high class 3 room apartment, artistically furnished, for an intelligent couple, for ten weeks beginning July 1st. 1 block from Station, near beach. References. Phone Sheephead 3-6576.
1-2-3 and 4-rooms; private kitchens and baths, hot and cold water. One of the nicest neighborhoods in Rockaway Park. 431 Beach 122 St.

SUMMER RENTALS

WESTPORT—Old Colonial farmhouse, charmingly furnished, seven rooms, modern, bath, electricity. 15 acre orchard, 7 miles from station, 20 minutes from beach. Ideal for children. \$475 long season. Box 647, c/o The Nation.

BERKSHIRE HILLS Charming, furnished, old 8 room Colonial house, porch, 2 baths, lavatory, fireplaces, garden. 3 car garage. Gas, electric refrigeration. June to October. Phone Shore Road 6-0245.

CHARMINGLY furnished 8 room colonial cottage, overlooking lake. Fishing, boating, bathing. 3 fireplaces. Improvements. 2 acres fruit and flowers. Excellent commuting. Moderate rental. Box 671, c/o The Nation.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN Thompson's Point, Vermont, near Burlington: furnished 9-room cottage, electricity, bath, garage; \$250 season. S. E. SHERMAN, 842 Elmwood Ave., Providence, R. I.

WANTED

WANTED—Sanitary farm, with only one or two boarders, if any, where healthy baby one year old, and governess, can board for summer. Convenient to N. Y. so parents can spend weekends occasionally. Sugarman, 169 E. 78th St.

YOUNG MAN, college graduate wants opportunity to learn German by living with German family. Room and board desired. Box 695, c/o The Nation.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

PRINTER can make fifty-fifty partnership arrangement with well known author to issue important and sensational book declared by two of biggest publishers, a sure seller, but declined on grounds of opinion and unavoidable controversy. Box 694, c/o The Nation.

POSITIONS WANTED

MAN, young, German-American, well educated, widely traveled, long European American business experience; act as guide, secretary, gentleman, family traveling in Europe; moderate salary; excellent references. Box 693, c/o The Nation.

COLLEGE man, secretary with business and literary experience, wants position requiring cultural background and intelligence. Box 692, c/o The Nation.

EXPERIENCED tutor, college graduate, master's degree. Elementary, high school, college entrance subjects. English to foreigners. Box 697, c/o The Nation.

CHILDREN—SUMMER

FRIENDSHIP FARM

STONY HILL, near BETHEL, CONN.

A summer play school for children between the ages of two and ten years. Guided play activities stimulate the creative impulses and develop both individual initiative and social cooperation. Continuous attention to every detail of the physical welfare of each child.

Recommended by John B. Watson, Everett Dean Martin, Fola Lafollette, Margaret Naumburg and Vivian Thayer.

MRS. HORACE M. KALLEN, *Director*
R. D. 2, Bethel, Conn.

MRS. W. F. SPENCE, *Secretary*,
610 West 152d St., New York City
Telephone, EDgecombe 4-5441

CAMP

Robinson Crusoe

FREEPORT, MAINE.

An intimate educational community. Limited to 30 boys and girls, and directed by an educational staff of ten teachers from various progressive schools.

Two vacancies for boys
11 and 12 years of age.

Directors: Joshua Lieberman, Author of Creative Camping; Leah Lieberman, Teacher Walden School.

3921 45th Street Long Island City
Tel.: STillwell 4-8790

Creative Camping at the PIONEER YOUTH NATIONAL CAMP

RIFTON, NEW YORK

in the foothills of the Catskills

A community where boys and girls acquire poise and security through the development of individual capacities and where group needs provide experience in social living. Activities are guided by a staff experienced in progressive educational methods.

Ninth season Non-profit making rate
Address: Alexis C. Ferm, Camp Director
PIONEER YOUTH OF AMERICA, INC.
45 ASTOR PLACE NEW YORK CITY
STuyvesant 9-7865

THE HEIMSHUL—Summer camp season opens July first—7th year—all sports, swimming. Jewish department—boys and girls, aged 5 to 15. Reasonable rates. Location: Orange and Watchung Mountains. 30 miles from N. Y. Address: Heimshul, Plainfield. N. J. Tel. Plainfield 6-5310 W 1

UNUSUAL CAMP OPPORTUNITY

Withdrawals due to illness leave vacancies in small, progressive camp, genteel clientele—Creative activities—all sports—exceptional staff. Girl 7 to 12—boy 7 to 10. \$150 season. For interview write Box 686, c/o The Nation.

RESORTS



ONE HOUR FROM OFFICE TO OPEN COUNTRY

Situated in as rugged countryside as is sought by the hardest out-of-doors lover, the Lodge is an oasis of vacation comfort and recreation. All the summer sports you care for—in an atmosphere of youthful gaiety and camaraderie.

By railway: N. Y. Central to Harmon Station.

BLUE MOUNTAIN LODGE

FURNACE DOCK RD. PEEKSKILL, N. Y.
PHONE PEEKSKILL 1403

COOK FALLS LODGE

ROSCOE, N. Y.

On the beautiful Kodak trail

John Rosenfield, Prop. Tel. 2 F 13

Just what you have been looking for—
■ modern hotel in gorgeous country,
with all camp activities. Facing Beaver-
kill River, famous for its trout fishing.
Private lake. Tennis, handball, golf,
fishing, swimming, etc. Also Egyptian
card room and Bohemian Tea room.

SPECIAL JUNE RATES—\$22.50
Equally attractive rates for the summer.

ROOMS

RIVER FRONT ROOMS with bath in new colonial house on beautiful Manasquan River. Private dock, fishing, crabbing, boating, bathing. Five minutes to ocean. Near two golf courses. Breakfasts only. F. H. Colvin, Lincoln Ave., Point Pleasant, N. J. Phone 29-J.

SUBURBAN ACCOMMODATIONS

IN charming house overlooking the Hudson, we will take a few people during the summer. Magnificent view. All conveniences. Three baths. Easy commutation. A. B. Parsons, South Boulevard, Nyack, N. Y.

PERSONAL

THE American Gymnosophical Association offers membership to intellectual men and women of cultivated tastes. Our facilities are a private gymnasium and swimming pool in New York City; a lovely 60 acre farm in New Jersey; calisthenics and games under expert teachers. Kindly send 4c postage for further particulars. Address Box 657, c/o The Nation.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISERS

Mail your classified ads so they reach us Friday, to insure their appearance in the issue of THE NATION on the stands the following Thursday.

Rates: Minimum 1/4 inch (30 words)...\$3.08
Each additional 1/4 words..... .62

Please accompany order with remittance.

THE NATION
20 VESEY ST., N. Y. C.
CORTlandt 7-3330

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

RESORTS



COPIAKIE

"THE ISLAND PARADISE"

Golf—our own sporty 18-hole course, tennis, handball, swimming, canoeing, fishing, riding... every other sport... airy, comfortable accommodations, in real rustic style... a beautiful lake... splendid cuisine... excellent service... and the sort of guests you'll enjoy knowing.

LOW RATES \$25 Per Week up
FOR JUNE Daily \$5 up

REDUCED ROUND TRIP R.R. FARE

Illustrated Booklet and Road Map
on Request

COPAKE

CRARYVILLE, NEW YORK

N. Y. C. Office—116 NASSAU ST.
Phone BEekman 3-9620

3 hours from Grand Central

TROUT LAKE CAMP

LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

In the Midst of the Adirondacks
OPENING FOR THE 8th SEASON
Very attractive reduction in rates. Illustrated booklet containing full information mailed on request.

Tel. Bolton 96

MOON HILL

Camp for Adults with Hotel Accommodation
ON SCHROON LAKE THE ADIRONDACK
Write for Reduced Rates
Dietary laws strictly observed. Golf, soccer and athletic staff.

MRS. SARAH SOLOMON, Owner
Pottersville, Warren Co., N. Y.
N. Y. Office, 175 Fifth Ave. ALgonquin 4-1322

WESTERN VIEW FARM

Hospitality that is unique. Send for 1932 C
lapsible Booklet. Address Edward G. Ohn
New Milford, Connecticut. Phone: New Milford

FOR delightful vacations — or week-
TOPSTONE FARM, in the Connecticut h
restful, secluded. We keep our own saddle hor
and provide instruction. Address: R. F. D.
Ridgefield, Conn. Phone Ridgefield 648.

For complete relaxation, beautiful country, pl
ant companionship, wholesome food. Tennis.
THE HILBERT HOUSE, Lake Mahopac, N.
Hill Friedberg, Prop. Tel. Mahopac

COME to the seashore for delightful week
and vacations. The finest surf bathing
Long Island; beautiful beach and boardwalk.
at Reiber's Cottage you get most comfortable
accommodations and choicest food. Reason
rates. Belle Harbor 5-0089.

OWNER of MOR GLAZ, charming house
the sea, Mt. Desert Island, Maine, wishe
find two or three congenial musicians, artist
writers to spend the summer. \$21-\$28 weekly
cluding garage. References. Address Box
c/o The Nation.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1932

No. 3493

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	663
EDITORIALS:	
Figures Do Lie.....	665
A Red-Herring Conference.....	666
The German Peril.....	667
First Down for Yale.....	667
CARTOON: ALL ALONE IN A COCK-EYED WORLD! By	
Hendrik Willem van Loon.....	668
PITY HERBERT HOOVER. By Oswald Garrison Villard.....	669
MR. HOOVER: PROPHET OF PROSPERITY.....	671
HARLAN COUNTY: ACT OF GOD? By J. C. Byars, Jr.....	672
DESPERATION IN NEW ZEALAND. By Marc T. Greene.....	675
JIMMY THE WELL-DRESSED MAN. By George S. Kaufman....	676
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	677
FINANCE: A "RUN ON THE DOLLAR." By S. Palmer Harman..	677
SUMMER BOOK SECTION	
WHAT IS LEFT OF GOETHE? By Clifton Fadiman.....	678
VERONAL FOR NOVEMBER. By Clinch Calkins.....	680
DO QUIETLY THE EARTH IS SPUN. By Hal Saunders White....	681
BOOKS AND DRAMA:	
Can America Plan? By Henry Hazlitt.....	681
"Between the Yellow and the Silver Both." By Eda Lou Walton..	682
In Defense of Hoover. By Maxwell S. Stewart.....	683
Disposing of the <i>Zeitgeist</i> . By Gerald Sykes.....	684
Central America in Color. By Arthur Warner.....	684
Was Shakespeare a Poet? By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	685
The Poetry of Living. By Dorothy Van Doren.....	686
Notes on Fiction.....	687
Drama: Another Boy Goes Wrong. By Joseph Wood Krutch....	688
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	689

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

WYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER
MURIEL C. GRAY, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States;
Canada, \$6.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address:
NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss
Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S unemployment-relief program has at last been placed before the country. His plan proposes, in short, to do virtually everything in the way of relief except to extend federal aid to the unemployed. It would double the borrowing capacity of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The corporation would lend money to the States for "construction of income-producing or self-liquidating projects," which the *New York Evening Post*, conservative Republican paper, has already declared is not going to meet the problem of the great cities in feeding the starving. Through the Farm Board and in other ways more money would be lent to the farmers, who are now so heavily in debt that they are growing desperate. Home-loan discount banks, for which building contractors and mortgage bankers have been agitating, would be organized to protect mortgage-holders and stimulate "construction work in new homes." But why new homes when the working people cannot pay for the homes they have now? Lastly, the Reconstruction Corporation would be permitted to lend \$300,000,000 to "such States as are unable to finance themselves for distress." But how much real help will this small sum provide for the 12,000,000 jobless who are losing the very least \$12,000,000,000 annually in wages? Here Mr. Hoover is again dodging responsibility for unemploy-

ment relief. He is passing the burden on to the States. The major part of his relief plan is no better. The banker, the contractor, the material dealer, and everyone else concerned would take out his slice of the relief money before any of it got to the worker.

IT IS ONE OF THE PARADOXES of social psychology that a corporation deliberately formed for the purpose of making people confident does not have that effect to the extent that a much smaller corporation does which is not primarily intended to make other people confident but merely to take advantage of their lack of confidence. In announcing the formation of a \$100,000,000 corporation by twenty leading New York banks for the purpose of buying bonds, Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan and Company made it clear that the corporation did not pretend to be engaged in any attempt to "stabilize" the bond market or to "rescue" it, but simply wanted to take advantage of present low security prices to make a profit for its participants. This mere announcement brought an advance in bond prices of 10 to 20 points and more in a few days. For the bankers to tell the public that it is foolish to let go of bonds of the great corporations at a half or a quarter of their value does not prevent them from doing it; for the bankers finally to indicate that they are going to use their own funds to pick up the bonds at these figures for their own profit makes the public want the bonds back again. The incident illustrates the difference between official confidence and personal confidence.

"I DO NOT BELIEVE that we can do anything really fundamentally constructive, however, unless we maintain intact our political order, which rests upon the effective functioning of the bi-party system." Thus spoke Owen D. Young on May 22. Now he has some other thoughts, which he expressed at the Commencement exercises of Notre Dame University. He declared that the cry coming from the people of the country for a leader could not be answered, "for there is no such somebody to do something promptly." Why? Well, in Mr. Young's opinion it is due not so much to the lack of potential leaders as to "the absence of integrated responsibility in this highly specialized world of ours." "It may be," he added, "that we shall have to consider some method of putting extraordinary powers in the hands of the President at times like these." How this comports with the idea that we should "maintain intact our political order" we cannot see. Probably that is our fault. We note, however, that Mr. Young has now joined the hue and cry for a "strong man"—strengthened by undemocratic and unrepugnant concentration of power in his hands—because we are in a jam. This will greatly stimulate the growing fascist movement in this country and the talk of a national Cabinet. But can Mr. Young honestly assert that the President's position is due to the failure of Congress to give him anything that he has asked? Everything that Mr. Hoover has demanded he has received. Why should he receive more dictatorial powers?

THERE CAN BE NO QUESTION that most of the recent heavy resumption of gold exports from the United States has been the result of a lack of confidence in Europe in the stability of the dollar. What is really creating that lack of confidence is not our unbalanced budget but the unsound inflationary proposals emanating even from persons usually regarded as responsible. Probably what stands out larger in the mind of financial Europe than any other recent development here is the proposal by Senator Glass, unanimously reported out by the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, to make all government bonds eligible as a basis for currency issues. Senator Glass estimates that this would permit about \$1,108,000,000 of such new currency to be issued. There is not the slightest excuse for adopting this measure. There is, to begin with, no shortage whatever of currency as such; the Federal Reserve notes provide an elastic currency that prevents such a shortage, and the recent Glass-Steagall measure even reduced the gold basis previously required for such notes. If the new bond-secured notes came into circulation on a large scale they would simply drive out an equivalent amount of Federal Reserve notes. This would be a retrograde step. The Federal Reserve Act was in large part the culmination of years of effort to get rid of the dangerous and inelastic bond-secured national-bank currency. The new bill cannot possibly do any good, but by undermining confidence it can do a great deal of harm. Even its sponsor repudiates it: "I distinctly disavow the belief," says Senator Glass, "that any of these legislative devices is necessary at this time. I simply offered the bill in question as a substitute for the Goldsborough bill, which I regard with the utmost aversion." It is a new theory of legislation that the only way to defeat a thoroughly bad bill is to introduce another thoroughly bad bill.

ASPECTACULAR WAY of dramatizing the need for relief has been chosen by several groups of down-and-out war veterans. They are marching upon Washington from every section of the country. More than 2,500 have already assembled in the national capital, with additional thousands coming on freight trains, motor trucks, and on foot. They want their adjusted-compensation certificates—more commonly called the bonus—paid forthwith in cash. Here, of course, is trouble in the making. Thus far the veterans have shown excellent discipline, but there is no telling what they might do, to what heights their desperation might reach, if the police elected to use force in attempting to rid Washington of their presence. It was inevitable that the police should discover a deep-laid Communist plot in the march on Washington. Doubtless some of the veterans are radicals; men in their plight could hardly be anything else. It is also very likely true that the Communists, ever alert to take advantage of popular unrest, are now seeking to take charge of the demonstration. But the march itself has all the earmarks of spontaneous origin. It was quite clearly inspired by hunger, not by radical propaganda. "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, Governor of Oklahoma, has suggested that other "hungry folks" may soon be joining in the march on Washington; and so they may, for desperate people do not stay quiet forever. But they will come demanding, not bonuses, to which we are opposed, but honest relief, to which we believe they are entitled.

JULES SAUERWEIN, the French journalist, known for his competence as a political observer and also for his conservatism and moderation, can surely not be classed as an alarmist. He has come to the United States to report on political and economic developments for a number of French newspapers. He feels, he said upon his arrival, that what may happen here in the next few months is of "tremendous importance to the future of the world," for he sees Europe rapidly slipping. "I am almost tempted to say," he added, "that the misfortunes threatening Europe are worse than war. . . . It is perhaps not too late, but every day, every week, must be used. In a few months it would be too late to save Europe." Here again we have that note of alarm that many conservative and sober Europeans have lately been sounding. These earnest observers are not crying out simply to amuse themselves. Their words accurately reflect the extreme gravity of the European situation. No need the United States deceive itself into believing that it could by some miracle escape Europe's fate, if the worst came to the worst. "Today no country can save itself by national solutions," Sauerwein all too truthfully asserted "even when a nation is so great and powerful as the United States." Can it any longer be contended that national isolation will protect this country from Europe's collapse?

ON THE LAST DAY of its session the Supreme Court of the United States heard Walter N. Pollak plead the case for a rehearing in the trial of the seven Negro boys convicted in Scottsboro, Alabama, of the rape of two white women. The case will be reviewed on November 10. The plea for reversal of the conviction has been on the ground of failure of the due-process-of-law provision of the Constitution. At the original trial a crowd outside the courtroom shouting "Dixie" and the "Star-spangled Banner," failure of defense counsel to sum up for the defendants, refusal of the trial judge to permit a change of venue, and an undue atmosphere of sympathy for the white women which must have had its effect on the jury are held to provide ample evidence that the due-process provision was not fulfilled, and that with the precedent of the Arkansas riot cases to go on, a new trial should be ordered. The Supreme Court of Alabama decided otherwise, but there is hope now that the case is in the hands of the court of last resort in Washington. The execution of the seven boys, set for June 24, is automatically stayed. One can heartily hope that it will never take place. The spectacle of seven helpless Negroes hardly more than children in years and certainly no more in responsibility being sent to the electric chair for a crime which there is no reputable evidence that they committed is not one to increase respect for our courts at home or abroad.

ASOCIALIST REPUBLIC has been proclaimed in Chile by a revolutionary junta led by Carlos Davila, former Chilean ambassador in Washington. According to a manifesto issued by Davila, big business and the large estates are to be "liquidated," and the new government is to organize corporations for the purpose of operating the major industries. Even the church's power is to be challenged and all religious organizations are to be dissolved. We sincerely hope that the socialism which is put into practice—if Davila and his associates remain in power—is as pure as the socialism contained in the revolutionary manifesto.

But we have our doubts. The revolution was neither a class nor to all appearances a popular movement. It was supported by the army and navy and succeeded only because of that support. In Japan a somewhat similar movement has developed, though it has not yet come into complete control of the governmental machinery. The leaders of the Japanese movement are demanding socialization or nationalization of industry, and they, like Davila and his colleagues, are supported by the military. But in Japan this is called fascism, not socialism. Nevertheless, for the sake of Chile, if for no other reason, we are hoping for the best. It is high time that someone in Chile sought to restore to the people some measure of control over their natural resources and national economy, whether or not that attempt results in the creation of a genuinely socialistic republic.

ADMIRAL SAITO, the new Premier of Japan, has declared in one of his first official statements that "no danger of war with the Soviet Union exists." We feel, too, that the probability of war between the Japanese and Russians has been overemphasized by some of our journalists and ingoists. True, the situation in Manchuria could very easily lead to an outbreak of hostilities; there has been a massing of troops on both sides of the Manchurian-Siberian border, and history shows what consequences an apparently innocent "border incident" can have. But it is also true that unless one country or the other really intends to fight, such incidents rarely result in war. Domestic circumstances make it virtually impossible for the Soviet Union to undertake an offensive war. Japan likewise must hesitate. It has bitten off in Manchuria as much as—and probably more than—it can chew. It lacks both the financial and political support it must have to prosecute a successful war. We have by no means forgotten Formosa, Korea, Shantung, Manchuria, and Shanghai. Nevertheless, we must recognize that the known political and economic factors in the Far Eastern situation point away from war at this time. This situation might change; Japan might find the political allies and the financial support it must have. But there is little possibility that this will come about.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE has just lost a conditional bequest of \$937,500 because of the fact that the Right Reverend William T. Manning is still alive. Miss Laura Shannon provided in her will that the money should go to St. Luke's Hospital instead if the Bishop survived her, and a man of his well-known social conscience must be wondering whether or not he is worth quite that much. After all, the world needs nothing more than it needs a cathedral, and the \$937,500 would have gone a long way toward completing that structure. What with the budget going wrong, industry lagging, and starvation instead of prosperity just around the corner, it is hard to face the fact that we have just been deprived of a couple of Gothic arches and two or three stained-glass windows. Of course it is too late for the Bishop to do anything now; even suicide would not divert the money from the hospital to the cathedral. But can it be that he is wondering just how many other rich ladies are fearing that he may not die before them? The responsibility is awful. Does he remember that Jonathan Edwards decided that he was willing to be damned for the glory of God? Can a bishop do less?

Figures Do Lie

SECRETARY MILLS, in reports on the Wagner relief bill and the Garner relief bill, took the usual Administration exception to direct federal relief for the unemployed. In the course of his two reports the Secretary of the Treasury took as his motif balancing the budget.

In this connection it is interesting to note certain figures compiled, after consultation with statistics of the Treasury Department, by two members of the staff of the *Baltimore Sun*. Dexter M. Keezer, writing in the *Sun* of May 27, declared that Secretary Mills's estimate of probable federal revenue was over-optimistic to the amount of at least \$700,000,000. Eighty million dollars of this is customs receipts which "cannot be anticipated without assuming a sharp upturn in imports"; \$45,000,000 is in miscellaneous internal revenue, based on the assumption that tax yields for next year will equal those for the current year; \$167,000,000 is in individual and corporate taxes and back taxes, estimates for which were drawn up before tax returns on incomes for the calendar year 1931 had been filed on March 15; and \$200,000,000 is in war-debt payments which nobody seriously believes will be paid. These figures were brought to the notice of Secretary Mills. His answer to them was hardly convincing. He admitted that conditions had changed since the February estimates, on which the present consideration of federal financing is based, but he added that "we cannot undertake to revise our estimates every month or so." In the face of such an inconclusive and one might almost say irresponsible answer to an honest challenge of Treasury estimates, Mr. Mills's insistence on the necessity of balancing the budget—when the budget is based on his figures—seems to be meaningless.

Nor do the *Baltimore Sun's* figures offer the only challenge to the Secretary of the Treasury's estimates or point of view. In his report on the Wagner bill on June 2 Mr. Mills, in opposing Senator Wagner's proposal for an emergency fund of half a billion dollars for public works, repeats the erroneous figures used by Mr. Hoover to demonstrate how little help to the unemployed would be provided by such proposals. "The expenditure of \$120,000,000 for road-building purposes," said Mr. Mills, "would give employment directly to but 33,193 men." But as *The Nation* pointed out last week, Colonel F. S. Greene, Superintendent of Public Works of the State of New York, offered figures which prove that \$132,000,000 would have employed 148,500 under the prices prevalent last winter; now estimates show by bids that the same sum would employ 169,450 men. Secretary Mills has two other objections to public-works programs. He does not believe that bonds issued for such purposes would be salable—although government bonds yielding only 4 per cent are now selling at a premium. And he believes that the "distance of the federal government from the average citizen" would offer shocking possibilities of "waste, favoritism, maladministration" if the federal government were to go "into the field of private charity."

It is evident that the insistence of the Treasury upon the vital need for a balanced budget is pure politics. The figures do not matter; the main thing is to say the budget is balanced—and to disparage direct federal relief.

A Red-Herring Conference

THE mental processes of the Administration in the face of the greatest world economic crisis in a century become daily more bewildering. Secretary Stimson announces that the United States has "accepted" the proposal for an international conference "for the purpose of considering methods of stabilizing world commodity prices," but that such a conference is to have "nothing to do with war debts, reparations, disarmament, or any other than purely economic subjects." Mr. Stimson was later to indicate emphatically that tariffs would not be included either. We doubt that even Lewis Carroll could have imagined a more amazing proposal. It is exactly as if Mr. Stimson should agree to a naval disarmament conference but refuse to permit any discussion of battleships, cruisers, or submarines, "or any other than purely naval subjects."

What is left for such a conference? Mr. Stimson intimates that it can discuss currency and credit, foreign exchange, the gold standard, silver, and other questions. From what point of view will it discuss them, and toward what policy would it aim? We may dismiss the aim to "stabilize" world prices as essentially an evasion. Neither the representatives of the United States nor those of any other nation would want to stabilize world wholesale prices at their present panic levels. They want to raise them. And they would prefer to raise them, if possible, to at least their 1926 levels. But we hope no one is seriously planning to turn the absurd Goldsborough bill into an international document, and have the conference adjourn with some such hollow declaration as "It is hereby declared to be the policy of the signatory nations to restore the prices of 1926." It would be just as useful and practical for them to declare themselves in favor of the millennium. World prices cannot be restored unless something is done to restore them. It cannot be repeated too often that the wholesale price level in any country on a gold basis must reflect the world gold price level. A mere glance at the various present national price levels should make this obvious. These price levels have not only all moved in the same direction, but to almost precisely the same extent. In March, 1932, average wholesale prices in the United States stood at 66 per cent of their 1926 level, in France at 64 per cent, in Canada at 69 per cent, in Great Britain at 71 per cent, in Sweden at 72 per cent, in Germany at 74 per cent. As the world price level is a gold price level, it can only be changed by changing the standard. The international discussion of anything less than this would be meaningless. What plan have Messrs. Hoover and Stimson in mind in this connection? Are they willing to discuss an international devaluation of currencies, an approximately equal reduction in the gold content of the dollar, the franc, the gold pound, the gold krone, the mark? Do they recognize how enormously serious such a discussion would be? What do they imagine would happen to the dollar and other currencies of the world while such a discussion was in progress? There would be an immediate raid on the national gold reserves of every country participating in the conference, a raid which no country could withstand. No free discussion of such questions would be possible unless

every nation suspended specie payments—that is, temporarily abandoned the gold basis—before going into the conference. This would probably be true also if the question of silver were discussed. The only move at all likely to "restore" silver would be international bimetalism at an absurd legal ratio in favor of silver; this would mean a degradation of the currency, and the effect of its serious discussion—which we do not believe possible—would be similar raids on national gold reserves unless specie payments were abandoned.

The Nation believes that the time has arrived when serious consideration may have to be given to the question of currency devaluation, and if this step has to be taken there are weighty reasons why it would be better for it to be done internationally rather than by the United States acting alone. But devaluation, while it would have effects of the first importance, would not touch the immediate causes of the world crisis. Those causes lie in reparations, war debts and tariffs, and if the problem of devaluation were approached before these questions were satisfactorily settled it would give no hope of permanent revival and would probably do far more to undermine confidence further than to restore it. Yet urgent as the need for lower tariffs and the drastic reduction or complete cancelation of reparations and war debts is, we do not feel that the tariff, at least, is a subject that can be dealt with in an international conference. The world's tariff structures are at once too arbitrary and too complex to permit any possible basis for bargaining or exchange. There is no reason why a nation with an average tariff of 10 per cent should be asked to reduce it by the same percentage as a nation with one averaging 100 per cent; nor is it easy to see how the 3,300 items in the tariff of the United States, for example, could be adjusted in such a conference even assuming that Congress were willing to surrender its prerogatives in that respect. More progress could be made in such a conference on the question of the war debts, but a simple declaration by the American government could settle that question if the will existed here to make the declaration. It did not require an international conference to make the Hoover moratorium effective, and it would not require one for a further moratorium or for a complete cancelation of war debts and reparations.

It has now become obvious that the Administration has determined to return only a stony stare to the slightest suggestion that it deal with any of the real causes of the current depression. For that reason any international conference that its representatives enter is certain to be abortive. But this does not mean that it is certain to be harmless. On the contrary, it will be sure to arouse false hopes in the masses which—perhaps in this respect not unlike Messrs. Hoover and Stimson themselves—will vaguely expect such a conference somehow to pull a rabbit out of the hat. For those in power in every country it will be, as previous world conferences have been, the great excuse for complete inaction. They will be able to point out for months that nothing can be done until the conference meets, and after it fails the statesmen in each country will, as in the past, put the blame on the statesmen of all the others.

The German Peril

LONDON and other European capitals were reported to have registered "blank amazement" when it was announced that Lieutenant Colonel Franz von Papen had been appointed German Chancellor. Officials in Washington called the appointment "incredible." Their astonishment is justified. That President Hindenburg should have chosen Von Papen to succeed a man as moderate, sincere, and sane as Heinrich Brüning appears to us simply inexplicable. Von Papen is virtually everything that a German Chancellor of today should not be. He is personally ambitious. In accepting the appointment, he flouted the will of his party, the Catholic Center, which has since expelled him. It is said of him that he knows his government will be short-lived, that he cares only for the personal distinction, if it can be called that, which will come to him as a former Chancellor. Must the fate of Germany and indeed of all Europe depend in these critical hours upon a man so superficial, so empty? But Von Papen is more than ambitious. He is reactionary to an alarming degree and militaristic to the core. In his Cabinet he has surrounded himself with representatives of the reactionary element of the old Germany, with men of Junker sympathies, with friends of heavy industry, with outspoken nationalists, with remnants of the former titled aristocracy, with militarists like himself. There is in the new Government not a single spokesman of the moderates and liberals, not a single representative of labor, of the still powerful trade unions. It appears to be imperial Germany in power again.

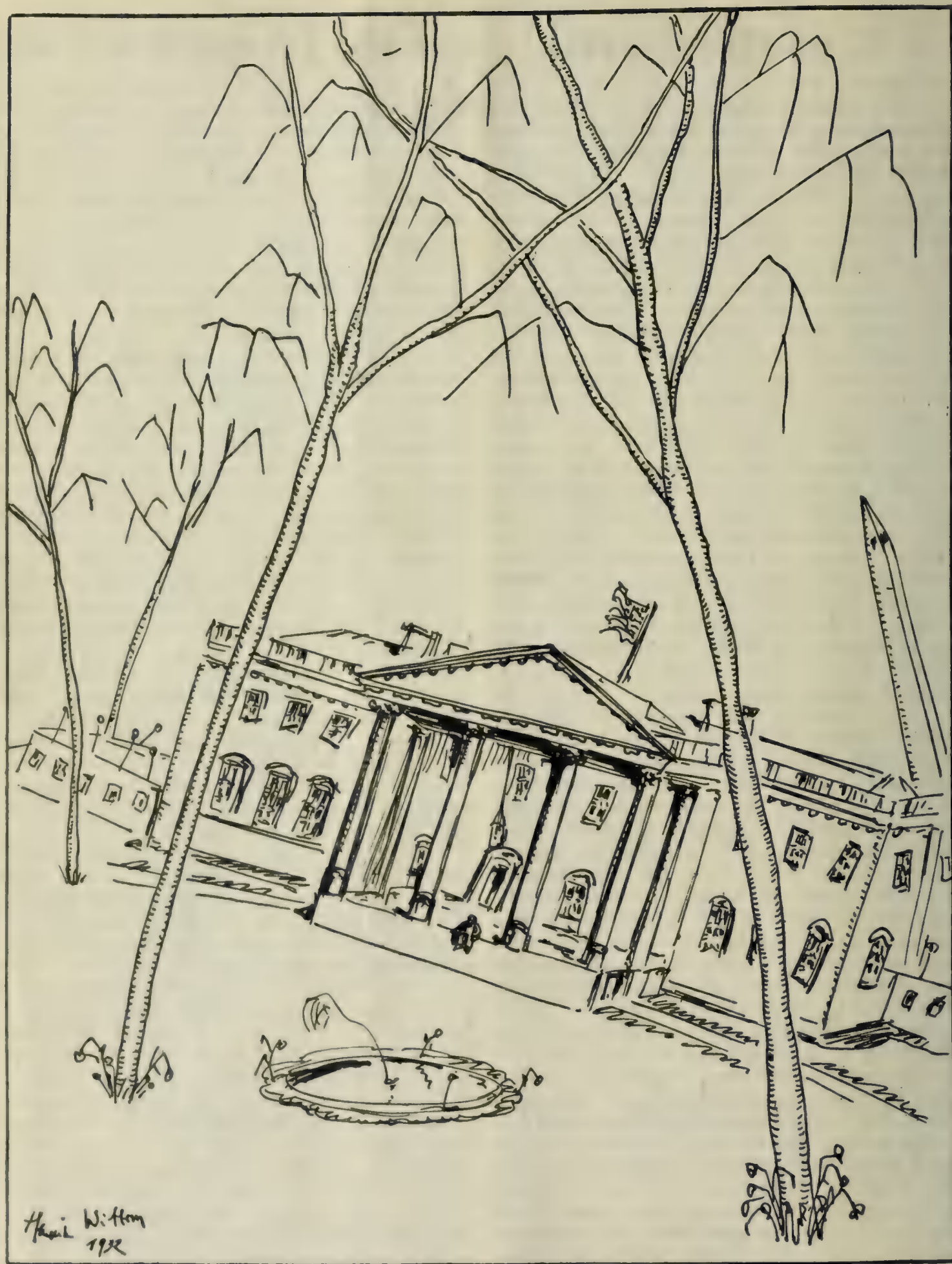
Just there lies the peril to the stability of Germany and hence to the peace of Europe. Despite the fascist reaction, the results of recent elections show the moderates, Socialists, and Communists still in the majority. These groups cannot be ignored, and events may well show that they will not be ignored. Von Papen's Government is not only militaristic and reactionary, but definitely a minority government. It has been said that the new Cabinet is meant to be only a stop-gap arrangement, to mark time pending new elections. But it will be in power during these next fateful weeks. It will have to send delegates to the Lausanne conference and probably also to the prospective economic conference to be held in London. Just how are the other Powers to deal with these delegates? Or are the Powers to risk postponing the reparations debate once again in order to deal with representatives of a more permanent German Government? But that course is also dangerous; the economic situation may not wait so long. And even if the Powers were to delay action until after the German elections, what guaranty have they that the successors to Von Papen will not be equally reactionary and militaristic? The chances are that the Hitlerites will then come into power. What their ascendancy will bring only time can tell. Until then—and many things can happen before the elections are held—Europe must do business with the Von Papen Government. The fall of Brüning was ominous enough. The rise of Von Papen has made matters worse. Military reaction has now definitely raised its ugly, menacing head in Germany. Can it be suppressed by parliamentary or democratic methods?

First Down for Yale

CREDIT for the most damaging advance yet made against big-business football in the colleges must go to Yale University, which, in a report of a special committee appointed by President Angell, has announced a radical change in its athletic system. For two decades there has been a movement in many institutions toward the democratization of sport, with greater emphasis on intramural competition. Sporadic efforts have been made to encourage, by one device or another, spontaneous play on the part of the entire student body. But Yale's new plan for the future will, if carried through as projected by the committee, bring about a veritable transformation.

Urging that sports budgets be drastically pruned, the committee which drew up the new program took vigorous exception to recent policy, declaring that "the tremendous cost of athletics at Yale, as well as at all other universities, is the outgrowth of the nation-wide wave of post-war extravagance." As the *Yale Alumni Weekly* points out, receipts from all sports in 1912-13 amounted to only \$132,705, whereas last year the gross income from football alone was \$1,140,568. Expenditures have been boosted so high that the committee has been forced to figure out ways in which the Athletic Association's debt can be liquidated by 1935. The retrenchment, however, is not merely financial. The committee desires also to deflate the present football ballyhoo. It would have only five games instead of eight or nine a season played against competing varsity teams; scouting would be abolished; gone would be the separate training tables at which contestants have been groomed with a coddling usually reserved for prima donnas and race horses; pre-season practice would be no more; the 150-pound football team would be eliminated; prices on alumni tickets would be reduced and tickets issued free to undergraduates; and the salaried football coach would become a sad relic of past glory. This is no mere taking away of privileges; rather, Yale wisely is planning to tie the new system in with its scheme for ten residential colleges, developing group rivalry, stimulating student initiative, providing more time free from class work in the afternoons, emphasizing recreation for the many, and doubling the use of available equipment.

Alumni opinion is of course divided, but the defense of the good old days appears less robust than might have been expected. There is a strong current of student protest. Three members of this year's varsity, headed by the renowned "Albie" Booth, have joined with Coach Stevens in deploring the exposure of first-team men to the grave risk of lost games. They assert that Yale teams "have been winning teams for sixty years," and they bespeak tender solicitude for a "splendid record" and a "noble heritage." The *Yale Daily News* fears "the complete obliteration of Yale's athletic traditions." The *Harvard Crimson* and the *Daily Dartmouth*, on the other hand, support the Yale committee's proposals, an approval which, we fear, may not be construed by all Yale fans as entirely disinterested. The entire faculty world of America will be heartily grateful if this Yale proposal is adopted by the university authorities and proves the practicability of reducing athletics to their proper position in academic life.



All Alone in a Cock-eyed World!

Pity Herbert Hoover

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

MOST of Herbert Hoover's defenders have adopted the philosophy of the familiar story of the pianist who was not to be shot because he was doing his best. "Don't criticize him," they say; "he is not responsible for our economic disaster and he is doing his best. Don't blame him. Pity him." Pity him? Of course. Who would not pity the man who, after toiling for years to achieve the greatest office in the gift of his fellow-citizens, finds himself confronted by a situation beyond his intelligence to comprehend, his ability to master, his power to lead? Pity the man who, certain that his philosophy of life is correct, finds it utterly inadequate to the hour. Pity the man who pledged himself to abolish poverty as the sole remaining problem before the American people—only to find millions upon millions robbed of their all and reduced to soup kitchens and bread lines during his Presidency. Pity the man convinced of the perfection of a system of economics who sees it crashing before his eyes; who, with tremendous influence to wield, finds himself unable to rescue it. Pity the man who lets I dare not wait upon I would; who again and again consenting does that which he swore he ne'er, ne'er would do. Pity the man who desiring above all else to be praised and beloved finds himself with scarcely a true friend to defend him.

Sometimes one wonders why this man so ardently desires reelection. "I don't know any man in the world whom I envy less than the Prime Minister," Lord Derby once said. One would think Mr. Hoover would thank his lucky stars if he could gracefully and honorably turn over to someone else the dreadful task that is his. But nobody who has ever experienced such power lays it down willingly. There is the increasing urge not to admit defeat; to show those rascals, one's opponents, that after all they are wrong and he is right. There is the thirst for vindication; the desire for our normal years to show how one can steer the ship of state over smooth seas. There is the consuming urge to be one of the two-term Presidents, to rank with Washington and Lincoln, Cleveland, McKinley—a desire which made Woodrow Wilson forget that he had solemnly accepted the Baltimore platform with its pledge of single-term Presidents only. There is the belief that one's own ego alone can cope with the crisis; the conviction, easily arrived at, that it would be unpatriotic and cowardly not to hold on come what may; there is the desperate effort to bolster up the social order he declared so perfect. And so one demands renomination—four more years without rest, without privacy, without cessation of toil, without release from the frightening responsibility, without—so the incumbent usually says—appreciation, gratitude, adequate reward.

Yet the simple fact is that Mr. Hoover has been a failure by every test that fairness and non-partisanship can apply. He has failed for lack of vision, failed for lack of sympathy, failed for lack of understanding, failed by reason of his prejudices—political, economic and social—but most of all he has failed in leadership. If it is true that where there is no vision the people perish, the same must hold true of the case of an individual. The fatal thing is that Mr.

Hoover has had and could have no vision of a better and nobler America and a juster world. Again and again he has made it plain that what he calls "the American system" precisely fulfils his dreams, his aspirations. He admits that there are some flaws, but he dwells upon the superiority of our democracy to the British, German, or French democracy because of the equality of opportunity which he says the United States offers. But that equality of opportunity means for him the right of some men to rise to wealth and power and privilege upon the backs of most of their fellow-citizens. He snorts at the idea that there may be a better system, a better way of life for Americans. Are we not richer and smarter, have we not scaled greater heights of prosperity than any other people in all history? Ever and again he comes back to the question of wealth. His is a materialistic god. I know he has dwelt upon the desirability of the spiritual side of life; has he not touched the religious note since he returned to Quaker worship after discovering that one could not be a candidate for the Presidency without church affiliation? But no one can write and talk as incessantly as Herbert Hoover has since 1919 without sounding all notes. What counts is what this man's real credo is. What does he want his country to be?

It is perfectly obvious that all he wanted is the kind of America that we had up to the time of the crisis. Witness his berserker rage at anyone who has suggested a world without private profit. Witness the speech that he made when he came back from the Peace Conference in 1919. Europe was being held together by the Socialists—the Socialist governments of Italy and Germany and Russia and other countries. But Herbert Hoover could only say: "My conclusion is that socialism as a philosophy of human application has already bankrupted itself. It has proved itself, with rivers of blood and suffering, to be an economic and spiritual fallacy." Just as if it had not been capitalistic governments that together produced the world's greatest catastrophe, the World War, from the end of which he had just returned. That was the text of his speech. Was it an impassioned plea for a new society to be built upon the wreckage of the World War? Was it a demand that the world forever renounce the instruments of war? Was it a moving and touching plea that hereafter the disadvantaged of the world be given a better, a more generous share of the world's riches? No, indeed; it was just a fulmination against doctrines which might have put an end to the capitalistic exploitation of backward nations, of the God-given natural resources of backward peoples, in which he had had a share all through his mining-stock career.

Why should anyone have expected that when this man became President of the United States we should have an inspired leader pledged and certain to lead us to greater spiritual and moral heights than the American people had ever scaled? Those heights have not existed for him. I repeat that what he wanted was more and better and bigger opportunities for the rich men to inherit the earth. Now that might have gone very well had times continued as they

were in the pleasant plunderbund years of Harding and Coolidge, with the latter urging everybody to get into the swinish trough of wild speculation, the unlimited gorging of the herd desire to get rich overnight without giving any service therefor. But those were years completely deceiving to most Americans, and especially to Herbert Hoover, who saw no dangers ahead in 1928, as witness his Inaugural. If he had ever read certain words of John Bright, he paid no attention to them. They read thus: "I am of the opinion that the rich people of the country, invested with power, and speaking generally for rich people alone, cannot sufficiently care for the multitude and the poor. . . . It is a long distance from castles and mansions and great houses and abounding luxuries to the condition of the great masses of the people who have no property, and too many of whom are always on the verge of poverty. . . . The rich find everything just as they like. The country needs no reform. There is no other country in the world so pleasant for rich people as this country." The truth is that the rich people of the United States and Herbert Hoover, their leader, vested with all the power, and speaking generally for the rich people alone, have not been able sufficiently to care for the multitude and the poor. That has been proved by the events since October, 1929, the stormy years for which Mr. Hoover's philosophy and talents were so inadequate.

Mr. Hoover has failed us in this crisis because he has been so far removed from the American multitude and the poor that he has not been able since this crisis began to voice any genuinely moving expression of regret for the plight the country is in; for the terrible suffering which during his Presidency has come upon the land; for the fact that millions of Americans facing starvation have lost hope and faith and belief in their own institutions, as well as in the men in high places who have let us come to this pass. This terrible disillusionment is not to be exaggerated, but the President cannot understand it. He remains aloof from the suffering people, partly because of temperament, partly because of his own earlier career, probably partly because of lack of imagination. It is his misfortune that he has shown little sense of social justice; that he has been so unable to express sympathy or tenderness, to make people understand that his heart is wrung, not by the plight of the banks or the railroads or the great corporations, not by the quotations of the Stock Exchange, but by the unlimited misery of masses of our people in a crisis which, if it continues another year, will profoundly affect the lives of every one of us. It is his misfortune that the major part of his active life was lived outside of the country, working with laborers among backward peoples whom he despised—despised because of their color, their race, their lowliness, because they were not so far along the scale of life as he with his Anglo-Saxon blood. Coolies, Kafirs, Negroes, why talk of social justice for them? Why be concerned with the masses of individual Americans when the quickest way to help them is to help the corporations which employ them, to see that the railroads and the steel companies and the banks and the mining corporations are kept above water so that they may have the wherewithal to pay wages?

Is it really surprising that this man has set his face like flint against the federal government's giving one cent to starving Americans; that he has insisted that the American way was to unload the responsibility for their living or starv-

ing upon private charity? Rugged individualism and the right to starve while standing on one's own feet he is still unalterably pledged to, and will be for another few months until the situation becomes too grave, and the twelve millions of unemployed too desperate. But what the President of the United States does not know is that he stands today exactly where stood the Pope of Rome in 1878-79. In an encyclical issued then the Pope said: "The solution to all the evils for which socialism seeks a revolutionary remedy is reconciliation to the church, which *by ordaining almsgiving of the rich* corrects the poverty of which socialism is so impatient, and thus reconciles the poor to the wealthy." Mr. Hoover, too, has ordained almsgiving of the rich to correct the poverty of which socialism is still so impatient, in the hope of thus reconciling the poor not only to the wealthy, but to the grinding misery of their lot today, plus the absence of any hope, any security for the future.

We needed a man of Lincoln-like understanding of the masses and their problems and their crying needs. Instead, we have a President who could not tell us the truth when the storm burst upon us, either because he did not know it, or because he was bent upon misleading us to the benefit of the broken-down system that he upholds. Doubtless he was sincere in his adoption of the Dr. Coué chant that every day if you say things are going to be better they will become so; in his belief that the way to keep up the morale of virile Americans was to deceive them as to what was actually coming to pass. My own theory is that he did not know. I think he is a dull, ignorant, and superficial man, as well as one who does not let his own passionate nature interpret for him the deep feelings of others so far less favorably placed than himself. Curiously enough, for one whose life has been supposedly so practical and so realistic, he seems to be without sense of actuality. Dreamers and visionaries are the ones who are supposed to live beyond the realm of actuality, but this man strikes me as being constantly detached and apart from the actualities of things because of the very intensity of his desire to mold things as he would have them, and again because he is out of touch with the multitude and the poor. How could a really bright man or even a clever politician make himself again and again as ridiculous as he did in the early days of the depression, as when he said on March 5, 1930, that the unemployment situation would be "greatly remedied in the next sixty days"? A bright man does not make needless prophecies, especially when they are based on error. A bright man would never have stated to the delegation that called upon him on June 4, 1930, to urge him to authorize a program of immediate expenditure for federal road construction and other public works, that all was going well, that we were drifting back to complete prosperity. "Gentlemen," he said to the delegation, "you have come six weeks too late." That was just two years ago. Yet he admitted to the Senate on May 31, 1932, that the situation has been rapidly getting worse, that the country is now in grave financial danger, and that if certain things are not immediately done by Congress there will be tremendous additional losses for the American people and greater increase in unemployment, which he now concedes, just two years late almost to the day, has rapidly grown in these last few weeks of the spring of 1932.

Let us grant that he has done some good things, whether on his own or because he has been pushed into them by

bankers or politicians—the Hoover moratorium, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and other things; usually they have come too late. Today the demand of the committee which called on him on June 4, 1930, is being echoed on all sides. It is actively urged in Congress by Democratic leaders. The mayors of twenty-eight leading cities assembled in Detroit have just called upon the President, not for the moderate public-works program the committee of 1930 demanded, but for a \$5,000,000,000 prosperity loan to avert disaster. Two years gone; two precious years lost; and not because of Congress! The chorus of attacks upon that hard-pressed and sorely tried institution, facing almost impossible tasks and overwhelmed by an unparalleled confusion of counsel, cannot conceal the fact that Congress *has* acted in this matter. Who vetoed the Wagner bill of 1931? Who threw his influence against the enactment of the extremely moderate Costigan-La Follette measure? Why, a dull man in the White House who still is absolutely unable to grasp the magnitude of the calamity and its far-reaching implications, as he has been unable to understand the part that the international situation has played and is playing in our misfortunes, and how much we have contributed to the international disaster by the folly of our attitude on debts and reparations and the crime of the Hawley-Smoot tariff.

Pity Mr. Hoover? Of course. He's pitiful. He's pathetic, but it is far more pathetic that our fortunes should be in his hands at this grave crisis which he says is worse than that of the war. Reelect him? I cannot imagine anything worse for the American electorate to do. The greatest kindness that could be done him would be to let him go back

to the promotion of mines. But the time has really passed for any consideration of the man. *What is at stake is the country.* We shall have that so often misused simile of Abraham Lincoln's about not swapping horses when crossing the stream dinged into us from every platform in the coming campaign. But it isn't now a question of swapping horses in mid-stream, it's the question of getting hold of a steed that is strong enough, and able enough, and well-mannered enough to take us into the water and swim through the flood. Many a rider has been drowned because he didn't know how to handle a swimming horse. Our situation is too grave for us to trust to anyone in the saddle who does not know what a horse does when he is off the bottom and struggling for life.

Must we say we have no choice? Must we say that Hoover is inevitable? Everybody in the political world will admit that if the President did not have the unintended power to control the Presidential convention of his party, to own body and soul the Negro delegations in the South (by the aid of which William H. Taft defeated Theodore Roosevelt in the convention of 1912), Mr. Hoover would not have a chance. The leaders do not want him. The men in the various Republican camps do not like him. They suffer him ungladly. Yet they dare not speak out; they are bound by one of those hideous loyalties to a party that are doing so much to hurry us over the precipice. Europe is cracking. America is sliding faster and faster. And Herbert Hoover is the only one to save us? What an insult to America! What a counsel of despair! What faithlessness to the Republic!

Mr. Hoover: Prophet of Prosperity

JULY 27, 1928, in a speech at San Francisco:

The outlook of the world today is for the greatest era of commercial expansion in history.

August 11, 1928, in a speech accepting the Republican nomination:

Unemployment in the sense of distress is widely disappearing. . . . We in America today are nearer to the final triumph over poverty than ever before in the history of any land. The poorhouse is vanishing from among us. We have not yet reached the goal, but given a chance to go forward with the policies of the last eight years, and we shall soon with the help of God be within sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this nation.

September 17, 1928, in a speech at Newark, New Jersey:

Were it not for *sound governmental policies and wise leadership*, employment conditions in America today would be similar to those existing in many other parts of the world.

October 6, 1928, in a speech at Elizabethton, Tennessee:

As never before does the keeping of our economic machine in tune depend upon *wise policies in the administrative side of the government.*

October 22, 1928, in a speech at Madison Square Garden, New York City:

A continuation of the policies of the Republican Party is fundamentally necessary to the future advancement of this progress and to the further building up of this prosperity.

November 3, 1928, in a speech at St. Louis, Missouri:

The standard of living among our workers of our city populations is the only standard in the world which permits them to purchase *all the food they can eat.*

November 3, 1928, in same speech:

These [public] works, *which will provide jobs for an army of men*, should, so far as practicable, be adjusted to take up the slack of unemployment if it should occur.

October 25, 1929, in a statement to the press after the stock-market crash:

The fundamental business of the country, that is, production and distribution of commodities, is on a sound and prosperous basis.

November 15, 1929, in another statement to the press:

Any lack of confidence in the economic future or the *basic strength of business in the United States is foolish.*

November 23, 1929, in a message to the governors of the several States, urging them to speed up public-building programs:

The federal government will exert itself to the utmost within its own province.

December 3, 1929, in his annual message to the Congress of the United States:

I am convinced that through these measures we have reestablished confidence. Wages should remain stable. A very large degree of industrial unemployment which would otherwise have occurred has been prevented. . . . *The test of the rightfulness of our decisions must be whether we have sustained and advanced . . . prosperity.*

January 21, 1930, a statement based on information from the Department of Labor:

The tide of employment has changed in the right direction.

June 4, 1930, a statement to a group of bishops, bank presidents, manufacturers, and others, who had called on the President to urge him to act vigorously to prevent the spread of unemployment:

Gentlemen, you have come six weeks too late.

October 2, 1930, in a speech before the American Bankers' Association, Cleveland, Ohio:

We have had a severe shock and there has been disorganization in our economic system, which has temporarily checked the march of prosperity.

February 3, 1931, in a statement to the press:

I would no more see starvation among our countrymen than would any Senator or Congressman. I have faith in the American people that such a day will not come.

May 30, 1931, in a speech at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania:

The American people are going through another Valley Forge at this time.

June 19, 1931, a Washington dispatch to the New York Times:

Another thing that pleased the President was a report covering the whole country which indicated that not a single bread line was now being maintained.

September 21, 1931, in a speech before the American Legion at Detroit:

Our economic strength is such that we would have recovered long since but for these forces from abroad. Recovery of the world now rests and awaits in no small degree upon our country, the United States of America.

October 18, 1931, in a radio speech broadcast from Fortress Monroe, in "behalf of relief of the unemployed":

No one with a spark of human sympathy can contemplate unmoved the possibilities of suffering that can crush many of our unfortunate fellow-Americans if we fail them.

May 6, 1932, in a statement to the press:

This is a serious hour which demands that all elements of the government and the people rise with stern courage above partisanship to meet the needs of our national life.

May 22, 1932, in a letter to the president of the American Society of Civil Engineers:

What you and I want is to restore normal employment. I am confident if the program I have proposed to Congress is expeditiously completed and we have the cooperation of the whole community, we will attain the objective for which we have been searching so long.

Harlan County: Act of God?

By J. C. BYARS, JR.

FAMILIAR to all readers of pioneer American history is the name Cumberland Gap. Thousands of years ago the swift and beautiful Cumberland River chiseled its way through the Appalachian Mountains, preparing an easy route of passage for man across this once hazardous part of the American continent. Through Cumberland Gap poured one of the great streams of westward migration—a horde of pioneers who settled Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana before following waves of settlers swept through them to claim the great Northwest and the far West. To this day Cumberland Gap remains something of a trade route, and in consequence the mountain people of eastern Tennessee and southeastern Kentucky have largely escaped the curse of inbreeding. These are the people who are engaged today in one of the great spectacular dramas of American industrial history—the soft-coal mine war, which has its center in Harlan and Bell counties, Kentucky. The coal miners who are actors in this drama are mountaineers, vigorous descendants of a hardy race of early-stock American settlers.

As one approaches the coal fields, driving, as I recently

did, through southwestern Virginia and eastern Tennessee, one senses first a distinctly heightened interest in the stories coming out of the mine area—an interest which grows into tension as one crosses the State line into Knox or Bell or Harlan County, Kentucky. But it is the interest of people in the incidents of other people's struggles—in stories of killings, marches, strikes, arrests, government. Hardly anywhere is there evidence of any understanding of the underlying economic causes which make the struggle compulsory and inevitable. Pretty generally the newspapers and leading citizens speak of the Harlan situation in a vocabulary which is ecclesiastic and moralistic rather than economic.

Not yet have there penetrated to these parts of Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky even the beginnings of enlightened thinking regarding the drama in their midst. The significance of the prevailing depression has not apparently been caught. I was born and reared just two counties from Harlan. On my recent visit I noted that the clothes of the farmers and tradespeople and workers, even in the rich agricultural sections surrounding the mines, were worn out. I

talked with these people. They have not been able to provide themselves and their families with new clothes. But there is an almost total non-understanding of the depression, and the cloudy resentment of their minds is turned, not against the government as such, but against the Administration. They will vote Democratic instead of Socialist, Republican, or Communist.

I had determined to go openly into Pineville and Harlan and I did. I always presented my business card (I am a newspaperman), told what I was doing there, and that I had come for information. Inevitably the coal operators and officials warned me—some with hostility, others kindly—that I should leave. The miners always were glad to talk, but repeated the cautioning. My first call in Pineville was at the county health office, to learn if possible the condition of nutrition among the school children. Health officials were initially hostile. Later they showed me their very incomplete records on the schools. I gained the impression that they are making an earnest effort in the face of great odds to assemble accurate health data. Their conversation revealed more than the records. They admitted freely the widespread undernourishment among school children and among adults in virtually all the mine camps. Four of the county nurses and the sanitary engineer told me of the prevalence of pellagra, flux, and influenza, caused, they explained, by two things—malnutrition and ignorance. The miners admittedly are underfed, but all these officials made a particular and heatedly argued point that even the little money the miners get is not intelligently spent. To assist the miners in intelligent spending, Ruth Etheridge, county home-demonstration agent, and Beulah Dittoe, county health nurse, have prepared a menu showing how a family of five can live a week on \$8.83. They gave me a copy. It shows what is probably the most intelligent possible way to spend \$8.83 for food. It allows for a two-pound roast on Sunday. The other twenty meals are meatless except for two pounds of bacon apportioned among five people at two breakfasts. For five people it allows one dozen eggs a week. It is a starvation diet. Furthermore it presumes an income of \$8.83 a week per mine family, which is ridiculous, since most of the mines are working only one or two days a week. The pay averages from \$2.50 to \$3 a day, less cuts for house rent, light, coal, doctor's fee, burial fee, smithing, carbide, etc. To combat pellagra, a starvation disease, the health authorities were distributing a leaflet by the United States Department of Agriculture Extension Service advising the eating of milk, steaks, chickens, roasts, fish, tomatoes, cheese, eggs, whole cereals, and leafy and other vegetables. The leaflet has attractive pictures of raw foods.

Elsewhere in Harlan and Bell counties I encountered attitudes of unconcern and inhumanity toward the miners' conditions, but nowhere else did I find an equal contempt for their impoverished and degraded conditions of living. The personnel of the Bell County health office was aggressively contemptuous of the poverty-stricken standards of living among the miners. One of the women summed it up: "What these people need is not more wages, it's education."

Mr. J. T. Bradley of Pineville, who operates three mines in Bell and Harlan counties, gave me a most candid interview. He explained how the discriminatory freight rate of 35 cents a ton, imposed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, militates destructively against the Kentucky coal.

It means that to compete against West Virginia and Pennsylvania coal mines, Kentucky operators have got to cut 35 cents a ton from their production costs. The miner bears the brunt of this cut. All the operators are bitter against the I. C. C. Like 93 per cent of the operators, Mr. Bradley leases his mines from absentee owners and pays them a royalty over and above a stipulated minimum land rent. The operators have got to make their carrying charges or go broke. They are under duress to do certain things to their workers and they do them. Mr. Bradley told me, what everybody there knows, that all the mines issue scrip, or company money, to their miners. This is good only in the company-owned stores. Asked whether there was any compulsion to make the miners trade at his stores, Mr. Bradley said: "Well, I just told my miners, 'Now boys, if you don't want to trade with me you can move along.'" As to comparison of prices with the ordinary grocery stores, he said: "Of course my prices are a little higher."

The best coal mine in Harlan County is at Wallins Creek and is operated by the Creech Coal Company. The president and general manager is R. W. Creech, a genial old gentleman of the Kentucky-colonel type, with long white mustachios and no tie. He has a pleasant drawl and a kindly feudal attitude toward "his miners." He accepts the miners as a part of the natural resources of the mountains just as he does the coal. His coal averages the remarkable height of 5 feet 8 inches in thickness and his mine is in splendid condition. I went a mile into this mine with one of the Creech boys and I ate a splendid dinner at their shack at the mine headquarters, where they sleep with loaded guns at their bedsides. Mr. Creech is looked upon by the Harlan County Coal Operators Association as a model employer, and he certainly is a pleasant and hospitable feudal humanitarian. But he is under compulsion to extract from his mine a minimum land rental of \$18,000 a year to pay to a New York owner, plus overhead charges, and he is compelled to practice in his mine the same policies which have resulted in sinking the living standards of a whole population of old-stock American miners into the depths of destitution, starvation, and disease. There has been a great deal of violence and other trouble at this mine. As a result Mr. Creech has proclaimed the view of the entire Harlan County Coal Operators Association in his statement regarding the unionizing of the fields. "They'll bring a union in here over my dead body," he said. "I would rather close this mine forever than work with a union. I can do it. I have got mine [meaning enough to live on] and I will never submit to a union."

Two days later, in the same mountain hollow where the Creech mine is, I ate dinner at the soup kitchen that is maintained by the National Miners Union. This is the red union, into which the miners have flocked literally by the thousands, deserting the old United Mine Workers Union, which, they claim, called them on strike last spring and "ran out" on them. The day I was there 157 children were fed at this soup kitchen. Their meal was a plate of boiled potatoes, boiled beans, and a piece of corn bread laid on top. They get one meal a day and that is all. No meat, no leafy vegetables, no milk, no fruit. The children were white-faced and excitable. A scattering of adults also ate there. Many who did not have shoes to traverse the mountain roads sent buckets, and the victuals were put into the buckets and sent back to keep life in starving human bodies. Nevertheless, an ir-

repressible strain of humor runs through these mountaineers. They had "heered" I was at "Uncle Bob" Creech's. I asked a group if they knew Mr. Creech.

"Shore, we know Uncle Bob."

I asked what they thought of him.

"Well, now, I'll tell ye. Uncle Bob's a pretty good old feller. He pats us on the back and tells us how sorry he is fer us; fact is, he's been a-pattin' us on the back so long he's about patted us all plum naked."

When the laughing had died down another miner remarked with the typical dryness which is inherent in their humor: "Hit don't go very fur, do hit?"

Apparently this is the one big thing the miners have learned, but which the operators have not learned: that sympathy and back-patting "don't go very fur." On this knowledge the strike is being built. It was at a miners' relief meeting in Pineville that I had the opportunity to observe the complete severance which this lack of understanding has made between miner and operator. The meeting was held in a large dirty room above a restaurant on the edge of town. One entered by stairs on the outside of the building. Representatives were present from eighty-three mines in Harlan, Bell, and Knox counties, and from a few mines in Tennessee. The room was packed. I spent seven hours in that room, talking with the miners and listening to their reports of conditions at their mines. The purpose of the meeting was to inform the National Miners Union organizers of conditions in each camp preparatory to the organization for relief when the mines should be called to strike. Representatives were asked to stand up and tell how many men were working, how many were blacklisted, how many mouths would have to be fed, whether the miners would come out when called. Sandwiched in between these reports were reports of the terrorism that is rampant in the coal fields. Men were there who had been beaten for organizing. Several had been kidnapped for distributing leaflets notifying miners of a union meeting. Many of them told of their homes being invaded. Most of them had seen violence; some had buried fellow-miners shot down by deputy sheriffs. Others had participated, under the United Mine Workers Union leaders, in the battle last spring at Evarts, near Harlan, when four deputies and one miner were killed. I talked with two miners who had buried, each one, a child the day before. The children had died of flux, or starvation. I know that many of the miners at the meeting were hungry. They met without food and left without having eaten. There was no whining. But there was about the meeting an earnestness of purpose that one could not miss. They worked through the long hours of that meeting with the concentration of men who believed there was no hope for themselves or their families except in what they were doing. This is their attitude toward the National Miners Union. It amounts frequently to a religious fervor. Professional union organizers told me that they have had in the Kentucky field the unique experience of having the organizing of unions taken out of their hands by the miners themselves. And they added that the work is being excellently and intelligently done with a minimum of coaching.

As I listened in on this Pineville meeting, the main incentive to a strike became plain. I came away convinced that the National Miners Union could not only strike every mine in that field with a show of food, but that they could

raise an army with food, so desperately in need were so many of the camps. The mountaineer is traditionally individualistic and proud. One does not have to explore far into mountain lore to learn how quickly the mountaineer falls back upon his rifle or knife when in trouble. The I. W. W. came into the Kentucky field and for a while expanded its organization on this tendency. Direct action appeals to the mountain man. It was with some surprise that I heard on every hand of the fight waged against the I. W. W. by the red organizers. So positive has been the stand of the National Miners Union against violence, and so vigorously has it combated the I. W. W., that the I. W. W. has been largely ousted from the Kentucky field. There was a small group of I. W. W.'s near Evarts when I was in Kentucky, but I was told by Mr. Ward, secretary of the coal operators' association, that they numbered only about thirty members, and that the red union was really the only organization active in the territory.

Mr. Ward, at whose office I visited on my way out of Harlan, gave an interesting sidelight on the activities of the American Red Cross in the Kentucky field. Some weeks before I was there, the governors of seven States had sent a joint telegram to the Red Cross demanding that that organization do something to help the distressed and starving mine families. Nothing publicly was done, but Mr. Ward told me that the Red Cross had assisted in organizing the Harlan Citizens Relief Committee, which included representatives of the coal operators' association, the Legion, Kiwanis, churches, and other groups. I asked Mr. Ward if the miners would be able to get relief.

"Anybody that needs it can get it if they are deserving," he said.

"Could a striker's family get relief?"

"You don't think we are going to raise money to promote a strike against ourselves, do you?" he asked.

"Then it works out," I said, "that a strike-breaker will be given relief, but not the family of a striker."

"Well," he replied, "a man that won't work doesn't deserve help. They don't get much work, but some work is better than none, and this is no time to be striking."

Later, on my way north, I stopped off at Washington to see Miss Mabel Boardman, director of the National Red Cross. I had a long talk with her and with Mr. Bondy, director of disaster relief. She explained that the policy of the Red Cross prevents it from giving assistance even to starving people except in war or during a disaster falling under the classification of "an act of God." This policy, however, has been modified in certain cases of distress arising from industrial conflict so as to authorize local Red Cross chapters to function with relief. This, she said, had already been done in Harlan. It was then that I told her of my conversation with Mr. Ward, and mentioned the resemblance of this type of relief to strike-breaking. I also reminded her that the headquarters of the Red Cross in Pineville is in the office of one of the big coal operators. Both Miss Boardman and Mr. Bondy were seriously concerned over the Kentucky situation and were manifestly uneasy over the singular theoretical part being played in it by the Red Cross. A clue to the extent of their information as to what actually is going on in Kentucky was given when Miss Boardman asked whether I thought Moscow was financing the relief work of the National Miners Union in these coal fields.

Desperation in New Zealand

By MARC T. GREENE

Auckland, New Zealand, April 20

NEW ZEALAND, always heretofore tranquil, prosperous, self-contained, and self-satisfied, has this week come face to face with the specter of revolution, and is more frightened at the sight than it dares admit, even to itself. It has seen half-starved workers, hundreds of them unemployed for more than two years, attack the police with any weapons that came to hand, overcome them, and proceed calmly and methodically to break into fifty stores and take therefrom the necessities so long lacking. It has seen authority defied and the sacred right of private property invaded by desperate men and women. It has seen what humanity will do when the barest needs of existence are wanting and the state will not aid, and it is aghast at the possibilities.

Trouble has been brewing in New Zealand for some time. Processions of the unemployed in Wellington have marched upon the Parliament buildings and sung "The Red Flag" while their spokesmen sought vainly for a decent hearing from the government. Starved workless in Dunedin have broken into food shops and fought the police who were promptly turned loose upon them. Mass-meetings and parades have been held all over the country, and the membership of the Communist Party of New Zealand has increased by hundreds. More than 50,000 workless out of a total population of less than 1,500,000 have seen their condition grow gradually worse. Their families have become ill from malnutrition; part-time work provided by the government has decreased from three or four days a week at fourteen shillings a day to one or two days at eight shillings; war and old-age pensions have been cut; shilling-in-the-pound taxes have been imposed on even their scant earnings; and a stubborn government composed largely of hard-headed and hard-hearted Scotch "pioneers of empire" has been withholding anything in the nature of a dole, since "New Zealand has always been a self-supporting country and must continue to be."

But only the dole can save New Zealand now, and what has happened here in Auckland is certainly the first muttering of real revolution unless prompt measures are taken to relieve the starving workers. Every one of the familiar moves followed the first outbreak of the unemployed. A thousand civilian police were sworn in. The New Zealand naval forces were summoned, and they, with hundreds of naval and military reservists in full fighting regalia, even to "tin hats," patrolled the streets every hour of the twenty-four. Mounted police were brought in from the country and even the fire department "stood by." Merchants whose windows had chanced to escape the general smashing promptly boarded them up and barricaded their doors, and so did the more timid citizens in their homes. The Mayor threatened to read the Riot Act which, under British law, makes any person who refuses to "move on" or otherwise obey the order of regular or emergency police liable to life imprisonment.

Yet all this did not prevent a repetition of the affair in another part of the city on the following night. More shops were broken into, more police sent to the hospital with bat-

tered heads, more workless, many of them non-participants in the rioting, clubbed by official and unofficial police, marines, and members of the British Legion. The "forces of law and order" were thereupon augmented by as many of the employees of the large business establishments as could be induced or compelled to enlist as special constables, by every military and naval reservist within a hundred miles of Auckland, and by all the sailors from the New Zealand "navy." All right of assembly was denied the unemployed, whether indoors or out, and no meetings will be permitted for a long time to come.

In the meantime business in Auckland is at a standstill and many stores still remain barricaded. The local press, naturally enough, attributes the outbreak to "hoodlums" and "gangsters," elements markedly absent from New Zealand life up to now. As usual "Communist agitators" are alleged to have fired the "unruly element" to activity, and the disbandment of the Communist Party in the Dominion is demanded, as well as the deportation of "every red." No newspaper in the entire country dares so much as suggest that this was the action of desperate, starved men and women, hopeless of relief from the government, maddened by police tyranny, and finally goaded into extremes when a frightened policeman fired his revolver into the crowd and seriously wounded a young girl. Even the fact that this occurred is denied by the newspapers without exception; yet any number of people were eyewitnesses to it.

It is clear, then, that an effectively muzzled press adds to the trials of the New Zealand workers. By no chance can they get a newspaper hearing, and the conditions under which they are struggling to exist are determinedly misrepresented. Their pleas for relief are now concentrated in a vehement and unanimous demand for the dole. The public-works schemes which have kept the unemployed from actual want during the past two winters have exhausted the government's reserve funds and are on the point of being discontinued altogether.

The New Zealand Government is a coalition of the United and Reform parties, formerly the Liberal and Conservative, respectively. The only opposition is that of Labor, small but articulate, and now especially clamorous for a resort to the dole as an alternative to destitution for the workless, with perhaps widespread revolution. The Prime Minister, Mr. Forbes, is head of the United Party, while the Reform leader, Mr. Coates, is chairman of the Unemployment Commission. The coalition, never very secure, is breaking up under pressure of the desperate economic situation and the inability of the parties to the union to agree upon relief measures. For weeks nothing at all has been done at Wellington of a constructive character, and so acrimonious have grown the debates that they have even come to fisticuffs two or three times. No hope has been held out to the unemployed and resentment has passed into desperation, a desperation that is threatening extreme measures in several parts of the Dominion, even as already resorted to in Auckland.

Jimmy the Well-dressed Man

A Vaudeville Act with Music

By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

The scene is a cross between a vaudeville street "drop" and a meeting of the Hofstadter Committee. Except for Mr. Seabury and Mr. Walker, the entire gathering is painted on the curtain. The Tammany members are in the act of laughing and applauding, while the Chairman, with gavel upraised, is threatening to clear the street. Mr. Walker is on the stand; Mr. Seabury leans against an ashcan.

There is a chord in the orchestra as the curtain rises.

MR. SEABURY

Your Honor, this committee
Has some questions it would hand
To the Mayor of New York City,
Who is sitting on the stand.

MR. WALKER

I promise not to halt or pause;
I'm famous for my wit;
I'm sitting on the stand because
I can't stand on the sit.

[He dances]

MR. SEABURY

Now, to you it's old and hoary,
But it's very new to us,
So we'd like to hear the story
Of the Equitable bus.

MR. WALKER

I remember! Why, the driver
Sees a woman grab her knee,
And he says, "Not worth a fiver!
Legs they ain't no treat to me!"

[He cuts a caper. He offers half of it to Mr. Seabury, who refuses because he has just had his lunch]

MR. SEABURY

Now, to open matters wider
(I guess this is where we clash):
Did Samuel Ungerleider
Ever slip you any cash?

MR. WALKER

Say, here's the greatest yarn on earth—
The one about the dame
That got into the Pullman berth—
But I'll never tell her name.

[He throws his hat into the air. It comes down with \$263,000 in it]

MR. SEABURY

And that little trip to Europe—
What did you go on and with?
Though you never hold the poor up,
What about this Mr. Smith?

MR. WALKER

Smith? The name's completely new;
I'm working in the dark—
Unless you mean the brothers who
Are known as Trade and Mark?

[He turns a cartwheel, furnished by the Parmelee Taxicab Company]

MR. SEABURY

And now also on the list—O,
Will you please relate to me
What you know of Mr. Sisto
And his taxi company?

MR. WALKER

I'm very glad you asked me, kid—
I got just what was due me,
For all that fellow ever did
Was be a Sisto to me.

[He disappears for a second behind the stand, reappearing almost immediately in a brand-new suit. Kindness of countless friends]

MR. SEABURY

At this point attention centers
On a certain bag of gold—
Mr. Block discreetly enters,
And his thoughtful ten-year-old.

MR. WALKER

Inquire of Mr. Freud, you sap!
That's back to chicken-pox!
For since I was a little chap
I've always played with Blocks.

[He does a buck and wing. He then does ninety-nine more bucks, making a hundred bucks in all. It isn't much, but of course there was no investment]

MR. SEABURY

You got some money from Mr. Schwartz
For services of various sorts—
I wish that you'd explain to me
Just why he gave you such a fee.

MR. WALKER

Fee, fi, fo, fum!
 Whoops-a-daisy, and ho hum!
 The whole committee is on the bum—
 Where do you get your questions from?
 Hey, diddle, doodle!
 The cash and the boodle—
 It's ten to one they'll win again!
 So what do I care
 If you give me the air—
 They'll only vote me in again!
 In again!
 In again!
 They'll only vote me—

in—

a-gain!

[He dances. The rest of the committee comes down off the curtain and joins in the dance. At this point the piper comes on to the scene. The public pays him]

CURTAIN

In the Driftway

A PESSIMISTIC friend of the Drifter's came to see him the other day. "If you want proof—as I suppose you don't—that the human race is past saving," said he pleasantly, "you should have been with me at a news-reel movie I just saw." The Drifter never interrupts his friend when such a mood is upon him. The friend went on: "First we saw a picture of the Seabury inquiry, with Mayor Walker in the chair and the hooting audience punctuating his remarks with hurrahs; next we saw a group of Jews holding their hats on while they leaned their heads against the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem and wailed; then we saw pictures of the St. Vitus dance at Luxemburg, where once every year the populace makes a pilgrimage to the shrine, and approaches it by a dance of three steps forward and two back, requiring five hours to traverse the necessary distance. We went from Luxemburg to South Africa; there a group of pitch-black natives, commanded by a white officer, engaged in bayonet tactics in which they rushed forward and threw themselves sword foremost at stuffed bags, the while they uttered their tribal yell in blood-curdling tones. And last but not least we saw and heard a little girl speak a prize-winning piece about the American Constitution. She said that though empires might rise and fall and civilizations ripen and decay, the American Constitution was eternal, because it established principles which were fundamental for all subsequent society, namely, that government is founded upon justice and liberty. She was introduced by a Senator who declared that there was no one in the Senate who would not be proud to have composed that oration." Upon this the Drifter's friend rested his case—"since," as he added, "an intelligent person like yourself will not need an exegesis." The Drifter cannot do better than to pass this flattery on to his readers.

THE DRIFTER

Finance

A "Run on the Dollar"

IN referring to the "entirely unjustified run upon the American dollar," in his address to the Senate on May 31, President Hoover was doubtless referring to the heavy gold movement from the United States, which amounted to more than \$220,000,000 last month. It is a little difficult to follow the President when he says that "our dollar stands at a serious discount in the markets of the world for the first time in half a century." That period of time would carry us back approximately to the resumption of gold payments in 1879. The American dollar was at a serious discount, through no fault of our own, in the late summer of 1914, when the blockade of gold shipments caused by fear of the German fleet sent the sterling rate to \$7 compared with parity of \$4.86½.

But today sterling is at a discount of more than 20 per cent in terms of dollars, and no one anywhere in the world need sell American dollars at a discount, since he can instantly receive full payment in gold on demand. The discount on dollar "futures" existing in some markets is merely an expression of speculative opinion, and in no sense reflects the real truth—which is that American dollars are worth par in terms of gold, and more than par in terms of most of the world's currencies.

It is not surprising, however, in view of all that has happened at Washington, that certain foreign countries should be taking gold out of the United States at a rate only limited by the capacity of steamers to transport the metal and the willingness of the insurance companies to cover the risk of shipment. For months certain government officials and legislators have been talking about the advisability of producing "controlled" inflation or even of voluntarily abandoning the gold standard as a business stimulant. There was never the slightest reason to believe that this kind of inflation could be generated or that, if it were generated, it would result in anything but a resounding smash in values. Yet our light-hearted authorities were apparently willing to try it. Experienced foreigners, coupling these schemes with the apparent determination of Congress not to levy adequate taxes or make adequate cuts in government expenses, concluded that they had better have their funds at home, or in Switzerland, Holland, or elsewhere, than in New York. The gigantic gold shipments of recent weeks are the result.

Fortunately, it is still probable that our capacity to pay gold will exceed their capacity to take it. Short-term investments and sight balances held here for foreign account have recently been reduced to something like \$750,000,000, according to a *Wall Street Journal* estimate. Not all of that sum can be taken home, unless things go utterly to smash; aggregate foreign balances of about \$500,000,000 are known to be necessary in order to carry on current business, including very substantial payments still being made to us on account of foreign bond interest and merchandise debts. As of a recent date the Reserve banks still held more than \$1,000,000,000 of potential gold surplus now deposited as security for Federal Reserve note issues, which could be released.

These gold shipments are a ruthless and violent show-down; the gold standard was never designed for such purposes. They are the natural consequence of the willingness of a minority to try anything or everything in the line of economic remedies (except taxes and economy), regardless of whether a reasoned preview indicated almost certain failure. If they cure the hankering for quack remedies, they may yet be worth their cost.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Summer Book Section

What Is Left of Goethe?

By CLIFTON FADIMAN

THE recent celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Goethe's death had a peculiarly hollow ring about it. It seems to have been organized by the professorial class, which has had a vested interest in Goethe ever since it became clear that the second part of "Faust" called aloud for footnotes; and to have been celebrated by dutiful regiments of innocent Teutonic children and by those French intellectuals most remote from the harshness of contemporary life. (André Suarès, for example, proclaims that "Europe's only salvation lies in the spirit of Goethe"—which will be comforting news to some tens of millions of starving European workers and peasants.) The entire celebration, in fact, has been faint-hearted and academic. The celebrants seemed very uncertain as to what Goethe really meant to them, but quite certain that he was a classic and that classics must at all costs be upheld. The vanguard of his own country, however, could not relate themselves to Goethe. Gertrude Isolani, in a recent issue of the *Berliner Volks-Zeitung*, expressed the real point of view of unregimented German youth when she wrote: "An intellectually choice element is still concerned with Goethe, but among German youth this element is diminishing. Today, as competent authority reveals, only those German students remote from actual life or brought up in seclusion ever read Goethe. Even German young men who are literarily inclined prefer other German lyrics to those of Goethe."

Claudel (the remark is said to have cost him the Berlin ambassadorship) referred to the author of "Faust" as "that solemn ass." A noted American poet and student of world literature, in conversation with me a few weeks ago, put him down as "one of the greatest stuffed shirts in history." But it is not necessary to agree with these sweeping judgments to feel that there is some vital lack of connection between Goethe and our own time. My misgivings were emphasized by a recent reading of Mr. Nevinson's centenary appreciation* of Goethe. This is a temperate, a witty, a clear, and a beautifully written book; we should expect nothing less from the author of "Changes and Chances." But it does not seem to relate Goethe to us who are alive today; it is the measured appreciation of a scholar and a gentleman who has, more or less, inherited the Goethe tradition of the late nineteenth century. It did not satisfy me; so I decided to read and reread as much of Goethe as I could in the space of six weeks, in order to see what vitality his work retained for at least one reasonably intelligent individual born after the turn of the century. The following random comments are merely a reader's report. They are notes intended to indicate the points at which I felt bewilderment or dissatisfaction. They simply chart, in a general and unrelated way, those areas which stretch most blankly and untraversably between Goethe and ourselves. What I tried to find out, after a painstaking reading of some dozen-odd volumes, was

not how great Goethe is, judged by traditional literary criteria, but simply what is left of him here and now.

The first thing I discovered was that most of Goethe is simply unreadable, even after making all due allowances for the years that have elapsed since his era. The "Faust" remains, of course—an unsatisfactory, puzzling, and wayward near-masterpiece, fitfully alive in individual lines and passages. "Dichtung und Wahrheit" is still interesting, as are parts of "Wilhelm Meister." And as a creator of compact lyrics, as *Gelegenheitsdichter*, Goethe remains surely among the masters. But most of the rest of his work is dull; and evidently many others have found this to be so, for he and Dante are perhaps the two greatest unread classics in our Western literature.

The Goetheans admit that their hero is not very readable; they insist, rather, that it is the spectacle of his life and personality and the force of his ideas as expressed in conversation as well as in his more formal work which remain alive and influential today. Goethe was strong; he was beautiful; he was long-lived; and he undoubtedly talked a great deal, particularly to third-rate people. He was probably a great personality—for his time. Certainly he had a capacious intellect. But what we are trying now to discover is whether this personality and this intellect carry over for us in any dynamic way. Are they useful to us? Is his wisdom relevant to our dilemmas? In other words, is he *alive*, in the sense that Stendhal, Rousseau, Marx are still obviously alive and part of us?

I doubt it.

Ours is, if it is anything, a revolutionary epoch, probably the greatest revolutionary epoch of the last two thousand years. Even reactionaries are forced to think in comparatively revolutionary terms. Goethe is for us precisely the non-revolutionary man. He is the archetype of the non-revolutionary man, the great reconciler, the great compromiser, the great harmonizer. Despite his constant insistence upon *das Werden*, he thought statically. This is particularly notable in his political beliefs. He disliked the French Revolution because its horrors made him uncomfortable. The greatest exterior event of his whole lifetime—1789—produced no fruitful reaction in him. He remained imperturbable. Indeed, his real answer to the Revolution is contained in "Hermann und Dorothea," a retreat conducted in artificial hexameters from the crash and dissonance of a collapsing world to the safe bucolic bower of sentiment. His non-relevance to our revolutionary era is symbolized by his non-relevance to his own. He shrank from 1789, misunderstood 1792, romanticized Napoleon. Indeed, all catastrophic political or economic change confused and frightened him, for it threatened his ideal of cultural self-realization. Even in his wildest *Sturm und Drang* period, he was never really a rebel. Werther was not up in arms against society, nor was he frustrated by society. Werther was outside society, an individualist *in vacuo*, crushed by a lack of breathable atmos-

* "Goethe: Man and Poet." By Henry W. Nevinson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.75.

phere. And something of Werther clung always to Goethe, even in his grandest, most solemn, most "objective" moods. "Revolutions," he told that eternal serious-minded sophomore Eckermann, "are quite impossible as long as governments are constantly just and continually watchful, so that they may anticipate them by improvements at the right time and not hold out till they are forced to yield by pressure from beneath." But beneath this complacent and empty meliorism lay the philosophic reactionary: "Could we perfect human nature, we might also expect a perfect state of things; but as it is, there will always be a wavering hither and thither. . . . Let the shoemaker abide by his last, the peasant by his plow, and let the king know how to govern." There is a passage in a letter he wrote while on a tour of the mining villages near Weimar which expresses perfectly his notion of fixed virtues belonging to fixed classes: "What love I feel for that class of men which is called the lower, but which in God's sight is certainly the highest! Among them we find all the virtues together—moderation, contentment, uprightness, good-faith, joy over the smallest blessing, harmlessness, patience, endurance." It is easy to perceive that it is the "harmlessness" and the "patience" that particularly please him. They confirm his feeling for the fixed, the safe.

Goethe's mind was dominated by this notion of hierarchy, of fixed class obligations. It is not merely that he was a snob—that might be forgiven him, though it is difficult to stomach the grandiose-fawning tone in which he refers to his "hereditary Grand Duke" and "Grand Duchess" as if they were something more than pompous and light-minded provincials. But he erects this snobbery into a dangerous moral doctrine which, if adopted, would plunge us once more into the fixed and constricted world of the feudal regime. "The citizen," he says, "is as free as the nobleman, when he restrains himself within the limits which God appointed by placing him in that rank. . . . Freedom consists not in refusing to recognize anything above us, but in respecting something which is above us; for, by respecting it, we raise ourselves to it, and by our very acknowledgment make manifest that we bear within ourselves what is higher, and are worthy to be on a level with it." This seems to be high-minded idealism; but upon examination it reveals itself as a clever defense of the status quo.

Goethe, of course, did not believe in mere passivity; he was all for change, growth, activity, development. But I have never been able to get a clear idea of what he meant by these terms, because they do not seem to attach themselves to any point of reference. We surely exalt activity—but with some end in view. He is all for activity—on a treadmill. "Der Zweck des Lebens ist das Leben selbst." All change is conceived simply as a succession of differing psychic states in the individual. This change is presumed to occur within a permanent, eternally fixed social frame. "All the straining, all the striving is eternal peace in God," we learn from "Faust." But if this is true, one kind of striving is pretty much as good as another; the essential thing is to keep busy in your own social sphere and eventually heaven will open its gates to you. This was the doctrine of the medieval church. In a slightly altered form it is the doctrine of benevolent capitalism.

"Redemption is for those who continually strive"—but for what are they to strive? That is the question we are asking ourselves today; we shall find no clear reply in Goethe.

Activity is a goal in itself for him. That is why he admired Napoleon in politics and Byron in literature—and almost comically misunderstood both. He saw Napoleon and Byron as men of indomitable fused energy, brilliant destinies, grand performances. But he never seems to have asked himself what was the significance of Napoleon's career in terms of its effect upon the world and its inhabitants. He was content with energy, unreferred to anything outside itself. With remarkable acumen he foresaw the Suez and Panama canals and predicted who would build and own them. But he has words only for the dramatic grandeur of the tasks, never once conceiving either feat in terms of its human, its social, its economic influence. "The action is superior to its results."

Activity *qua* activity took on, of course, a religious aspect—which makes it even more incomprehensible to us today. He said: "To me the eternal existence of my soul is proved from my idea of activity; if I work on incessantly till my death, nature is bound to give me another form of existence when the present one can no longer sustain my spirit." Thus, we are to keep ourselves ferociously and meaninglessly busy in order that we may graduate into some heavenly sphere where we can be even more ferociously and even more meaninglessly busy. "We are here to eternize ourselves"—this sentimental misreading of Spinoza, at which we can do little but yawn, is Goethe's most profound apology for his rootless and goalless activism.

Like the decaying business activism of our own day (closely related in pattern to Goethe's) it is predominantly and meaninglessly optimistic. It is the Goethean optimism, I believe, which most repels us, whether it takes the simple form of an exhortation to "cheerfulness" (but over what?) or the complicated aspect of the misty-mystic salvationism of the conclusion of "Faust." This optimism is valueless because, again, it is an optimism without points of reference. It is removed in expression but not in kind from the muscular inspirationalism of Edgar Guest, Bruce Barton, and other professional barbarians. Goethe would have scorned Pangloss—but they would have understood each other nevertheless. Optimism is moving and sound when it bases itself on an objective observation of concrete lives, classes, and situations, and when, from this observation, it extracts a set of definite and realizable social aims. The optimism of "Das Kapital" is alive; that of "Faust" is dead.

The optimism of a really great social philosopher is based on a shrewd understanding of the tragedy of his own day; Goethe's is simply a kind of solemn and mystical complacency. He fled from tragedy whenever he saw it coming, twisted the natural course of his dramas ("Iphigenie auf Tauris," for example) to admit of an easy and harmonious resolution. In 1797 we find him writing to Schiller: "Merely thinking of the enterprise [of writing tragedy] terrifies me." In 1832 he had forgotten even that it had ever terrified him. "Goethe," says Carl Einstein, in a recent issue of *transition*, "is the type of the untragic man, and this despite all the aspects of Faust, who, in the last analysis, ends as a successful business man." Vice and disease and poverty intimidated Goethe; whenever he caught himself brooding over them, he would turn to his faithful Eckermann and exclaim: "But let us banish these hypochondriacal thoughts. What are you doing? What have you seen today? Tell me, and inspire me with good thoughts." And from these "good thoughts" we can surely derive no sustenance, for they are

the expression of a kind of cowardice, strange as the word may seem when applied to Goethe.

Those who argue for the existence in Goethe of a sense of tragedy point to his famous doctrine of *Entsagen*—renunciation. True enough, he was always telling people to renounce—but what it was exactly that they were to renounce I cannot make out. Renunciation—whatever it may mean—is simply another form of activity, another spiritual exercise, undertaken for its own sake or for the sake of “experience.” It is difficult, if one traces the eighty-three years of his life, to discover what Goethe himself renounced—except one young woman after another whom he tearfully and poetically abandoned after he had extracted from them his meed of “experience.” His doctrine of renunciation has not even the beauty of Marcus Aurelius’s stoicism: it is a phrase without real content. As a matter of fact, the central core of Goethe’s practical life was based not on renunciation, but on acceptance. He accepted Weimar; which means that he accepted a third-rate provincialism—with, it is true, a few Byronic groans and murmurs. The essential structure of his life was one of middle-class acceptance—acceptance of his class, his income, and of the adulation of the glorified ladies’ clubs of his later years.

The final impression, after an attentive reading of Goethe, is of an eclecticism so enormous as to be quite meaningless. Sainte-Beuve, meaning to praise him, said of Goethe: “He is not merely tradition, but he is all traditions combined.” I find this merely bewildering. I find that Goethe is a Protestant, a Catholic, a pagan, a mystic, a stoic, a Greek, a German, a classicist, a romantic. He is anything you happen to be looking for—the professor’s delight. But in a man in whom we can find anything we wish, there is nothing that we can really wish to find. There is little in Dante’s politics and religion which corresponds to our vision today; but at least we know what he stands for. He is precise and intelligent within the frame of the dogmas of his time. Not so Goethe; the professors have not yet done telling us what he means. Goethe’s formulas, his “big thoughts” (so dear to the German mind), are inclusive enough to yield almost any desired interpretation. He himself confessed that he did not know what he intended to embody in “Faust.” In fact, he says: “I am rather of the opinion that the more incommensurable, and the more incomprehensible to the understanding, a poetic production, so much the better it is.” To the transcendentalists, the Los Angeles mystics (the mystical pietist was always strong in Goethe—that was what won over Emerson), this will appear sublime. Let them extract what nourishment they can from it.

It is easy to be captious when talking about Goethe because his personality—pompous, humorless, vain—is superficially so irritating. But it would be foolish to deny that his career is one of the most imposing of modern times. He raised dignity to a fine art. He was the Lionel Strongfort of the intellect, developing himself incessantly and unsparingly. His works contain, if not the best, surely the most that has been thought and said in the world by any one man. He has uttered enough golden sayings and wise saws to fill the commonplace books of dozens of his faithful correspondents. He organized his reputation as a general would an army and arranged with remarkable skill that posterity should stand in awe of him. After all is said, he probably had the most generally *receptive* mind of his century.

And yet so little of his wisdom, so little of his learning, so little of his vision and personality seem to come down to us today in a living form. His optimism is not ours; his ideal of culture is not ours; his serenity and moderation are irritating; his view of history is ungenerative. We cannot read him with pleasure or profit. The younger generation in all lands has forgotten him or at best accepts him with an uncomfortable grimace of simulated reverence. If he were taken seriously I honestly believe he would act as a brake to progress. But it is a relief to feel that he is not so taken, that he is, in all probability, the greatest source of non-usable “wisdom” the Western world has produced in the last few centuries.

Veronal for November

By CLINCH CALKINS

Why not, if sheep fail, count the Leonids?
I will pretend I'm sailing in a plane.
(Old Monahan is sick in bed with pain.)
I will gaze out on interstellar noon.
I'll range my telescope across the skies
While, down below, the misty breath of man
Shrouds the malingering end of Monahan;
While Robert Monahan in sick-bed lies.

See on the broken chair beside his bed
The emptied cup of charity's weak broth.
Unmerited, no doubt. A man of sloth
He must have been, by liquor weakly led.
(Perhaps if I took veronal I might
Sleep through, this once, until the break of light.)

I hate a night like this, with black-frost killing
The last of the flowers. Why must I toss and turn?
Why must perspective be so hard to learn?
Why can't I with my spanning finder scan
The celestial body of young Monahan?—
England in Egypt! Why can't I hear him bawl
Colossal blasphemy upon the desert thirst
Till it reechoes and is twice accursed?
(He broke his bowels in the camel corps.
Tight-trussed he cleans my windows, scrubs my floor.)
Why can't I see the braggart miner sprawl
Across the Mesabi ranges, why not feel
The Titan chest he loaned to U. S. Steel?
(Concaved he tends my garden at a crawl.)

Tonight the blood of the dahlias is spilling.

And Monahan cries out, “Oh let me go
I've worked and earned. I have begot and spent.
The landlord's knocking; he demands the rent.
I've nothing left. I've given him all for keeping.”

The night creaks on, like runners on the snow,
And Monahan and I can do no sleeping.
Oh, Monahan come count the stars with me.
Oh, Monahan come sight the Leonids
Splashing the heavens above the mists of man.
It is less cold up here. Come Monahan!

O Quietly the Earth Is Spun

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

O quietly the earth is spun
And slumbers in her motion bright.
The bee is ambered at mid tune
And taken in a cage of light.

Nettle and dockweed in the sun
Have put off time. These meadows lie
Clothed with unalterable noon
Under imperishable sky.

I who have seen a thing so clear—
Time rooted in a world of light—
Can find no images to bear
The burden of a thing so bright.

O perfectly the earth is spun;
And to be born is but to die
Imperishable beneath the sun
And rooted in eternity;

And but to die is to be born
And taken in a cage of light . . .
O quietly the earth is spun
And slumbers in her motion bright.

Books

Can America Plan?

A Planned Society. By George Soule. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

GEORGE SOULE is one of the ablest economic writers that we have, and his present volume is one of the few that seem likely to survive the depression which gave birth to them. It would be distinguished from most of the current output by the mere fact that it is not hysterical, but in addition to this it has the rare positive virtues of solid information, moderation of statement, a recognition of many of the complexities of economic problems and economic organization, and in general of a genuinely realistic view. It presents a vivid picture of the nineteen twenties, and of the economic and political state to which they have brought us; it discusses acutely the dilemma of the contemporary liberal; it contains an instructive criticism of the Marxian philosophy, and an illuminating brief account of the economic organization of Soviet Russia.

Yet with all its incidental virtues, Mr. Soule's book is at bottom disappointing. His indictment of our present "unmanaged" civilization is surely impressive, but when he has built up a case for the need for "planning," his most concrete suggestion is for the creation of a National Economic Board, the equivalent of Stuart Chase's Peace Industries Board and Charles Beard's National Economic Council. This board, made up of qualified experts representing the nation as a whole, would have mainly fact-finding and advisory powers. It would, for example, "help in working out the best form of organization for each industry," and after calling in representatives of the various interests in that industry, it would make its recommendations and propose any necessary legislation to Congress.

"The board should not be limited in its ultimate choice by any bias in favor of 'private enterprise' on the one hand or in favor of 'socialism' on the other. It should choose the form which, after thorough examination, seemed best suited to the ends in view."

Now this proposal is made after Mr. Soule has put forward, as a "criterion" for planning policy, "a temporary mark, to be achieved in ten years, which would furnish a minimum income of \$5,000 a year, for a forty-hour five-day week." In the light of so ambitious a goal, just how effective is Mr. Soule's National Economic Board likely to be? It would be appointed, to begin with, by Mr. Hoover or his intellectual and political equivalent. It seems improbable that it would be biased, therefore, in favor of socialism, or government ownership, or any control that threatened to be costly to private interests. It is unlikely that its personnel would be any better than that of our two most respected existing bodies of the same type, the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Federal Reserve Board. Neither of these had the union of foresight and courage necessary to take the proper action at the proper time. The Interstate Commerce Commission now apparently thinks it would have been a good thing if it had raised freight rates in the prosperous years before 1930 and compelled the railroads to use the surplus to build up a reserve; but it took no action, and instead it felt compelled illogically to raise freight rates in a time of depression when everything else was being reduced, and when even the same freight-rate level meant a heavier proportional burden on shippers. The Federal Reserve Board had not the courage to raise the discount rate in 1928 in the face of popular feeling and the influence of Messrs. Coolidge and Mellon, and even refused to permit the New York Federal Reserve Bank to raise its rate when it wanted to. It admonished the naughty speculators to stop gambling, but it saw to it that money rates were kept low enough to make gambling attractive. When the Farm Board came upon the scene it adopted precisely the same policy, telling the farmer that he mustn't plant so much wheat, but it none the less bought his wheat at the top and holds it for sale at the bottom; instead of "stabilizing" wheat, it made the fluctuations even more violent. Are these the type of government "experts" that are going to save us from the vagaries of "unmanaged" business?

Let us assume, however, that Mr. Soule's National Economic Board proves more intelligent and courageous than any existing federal board. It would still make its recommendations to the same sort of Congress that we have today. There is no assurance that Congress would adopt any one of the board's proposals in the form in which it was made. There is no assurance, even, that the recommendations would not be ignored. The Interstate Commerce Commission is constantly making recommendations in long reports that Congress is as constantly ignoring.

I would not have it supposed from all this that I am opposed either to the general idea of "planning" or to the National Economic Board that Mr. Soule suggests. I believe the experiment of having such a board is worth trying. But far more important, from a purely economic standpoint, than one more board is a radical revision of our political system that would make our government at least as flexible and responsive to public opinion as the parliamentary government of Great Britain, that would give expression and representation to minority opinion in a way in which our federal government does not begin to do, and that would at the very least transform the House of Representatives from an unwieldy body of undistinguished men chiefly interested in their local districts to a more compact body of men primarily interested in the welfare of the whole country. If such major revisions could be made in our political structure, the independence and the effectiveness of the proposed National Economic Board would be greatly increased.

But we shall do well not to deceive ourselves with false hopes. Such a board is not going to provide the workers with a minimum annual income of \$5,000 within ten years. Mr. Soule glosses over the real difficulties of planning when he says that such a board would "correlate the plans and practices of the various industries," that it "would work out a general plan for raising the lowest incomes and regulating the flow of investment and credit," and so on. This is merely telling us what the ideal goal would be and assuming that one is offering a solution when one is merely stating a problem.

HENRY HAZLITT

"Between the Yellow and the Silver Both"

Collected Poems of Elinor Wylie. Edited by William Rose Benét. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

HERE, in one volume, are the poems of Elinor Wylie, who died in 1928, her forty-second year. And Elinor Wylie will live through her poetry rather than through her polished and highly mannered prose. The course of her development as a poet—and for that matter as a prose writer—was entirely consistent; she bridged the gap between the romantic expansionists of the nineteen twenties and the classicists of the nineteen thirties. All of her work is a study in poetic method, in artistry and manner; not until she began her last book did that method, fired by passion and final conviction, result in authentic and lasting poetry. In "Angels and Earthly Creatures" the technique built up through years becomes the vessel for expression of deeply felt emotion. We might never have had this volume, and, without it, we could have been sure only of Mrs. Wylie's precise and artistic manner; we could not have been sure of her greatness as a poet.

Elinor Wylie's birth date is about the same as Edna Millay's, but Mrs. Wylie's first book appeared when she was about thirty-five, Edna Millay's when she was about nineteen or twenty. In seven years Mrs. Wylie wrote four novels and four books of verse, all of them experimenting with new effects to be achieved through a kind of delicate precision in the statement of rather subtle feelings. Meantime Miss Millay, who had written her best poems earlier, was for the most part echoing her own magnificently spontaneous lyrical outpourings. She had become even more completely rooted in the literary tradition of the romantic poets, returning to these poets for imagery and inspiration. Not so Mrs. Wylie. This poet, developing her talent so late, broke free almost at once from the very early Millay influence to be seen in her first and slightest lyrics, and turned, probably without realizing it, to that interest in the highly polished form, the subtle statement, which was the beginning of the classical reaction. Her subject was herself, even as was Miss Millay's, but she sang of herself impersonally; she translated her feelings immediately into delicately wrought images. She was no profound thinker, or philosopher, or metaphysician—the basis of all her poetry was emotional—but she began very soon to play with the subtler shades of feeling which inevitably have their ideational counterpart. Her vocabulary was small, very small, but she bent words to her own precise purposes, using them with no romantic lavishness, but with an intellectual awareness of their inevitability. Mrs. Wylie, in her writings, was always intent upon the form, upon the refinement of every image and feeling; not, as is Miss Millay, upon the passionate and luxuriant emotion expressed as directly as possible. And for all these reasons Elinor Wylie's poetry is far more contemporary today, when the scene shifts so rapidly that we have hardly

comprehended one movement before another is upon us. We see in her poems hints of that intellectuality, that delight in intricacy of expression, that ever-present analytical mind, that emphasis upon form and distinction in manner, which are the modern mode. Edna Millay's poetry began with the rather naive and violent projection of a personality, and ends, it seems, in much the same way, save for the poet's accumulation of a more literary imagery through which to project her own feeling. Elinor Wylie's poetry began with mannered verse, with a delight in method rather than a desire to express a personality, and ended with the full expression of a personality through a perfected technique. She stands between the very ripe yellow of the so-called "renaissance" poets in America (poets given over to an exuberant exploration of the country itself—Frost, of New England; Sandburg and Lindsay, of the Middle West—and to a tremendously emotional expression of themselves) and the rather too cool silver of the intellectually dogmatic classicists who hold the field in poetry today. Had she never written her last and greatest book she would have been one of those poets who turn the stream of literature in a new direction. With her last book she became, in herself, an authentic artist.

Elinor Wylie's growth was slow; she matured late. Fashion and form interested her, her own feelings interested her. She sought to weave her feelings into the most skilful and brittle patterns. Ill as she was most of her life, she had a passion for bravery and for detachment. Love and death, the two Millay themes, became her themes likewise, but to neither would she give herself over completely. Instead, she would translate these themes into intricate and sometimes merely prettily fashioned images. She developed no consistent symbols; her imagery remained personal. It had to do always with the polished, the stony, the carved, the glassy, the silvery surfaces of things. It did not plunge into the heart of the emotion but played fancifully over the chrysalis in which the emotion was incased. Aristocrat by birth, the poet was aristocratic in the detachment she obtained from her own terrors. She wanted love, but her mind told her that love was an illusion; she knew for years that death would take her early, so she made death into a fine and jeweled retreat. She was a beautiful woman and she worshiped beauty in herself and in others, but she emphasized always the clean outlines of loveliness rather than the fleshy and sensuous wholeness of beauty. Always her mind caught at a kind of minute permanence, moments of perfection which might stand against the flood of time. She never gave herself up to feeling; she played with it emotionally and intellectually; until, in those very last years, she found herself compelled to believe in the very passions she had dallied with. The great sequence of love sonnets in her last book, "Angels and Earthly Creatures," is the final poetic expression of a woman who, having for long been the artist with words, has come at last into a profound understanding of life and of herself. The sequence is, therefore, one of the very few great modern contributions to the sonnet form. There is no literary verbiage here as there is in "Fatal Interview" by Miss Millay; there is the heart itself speaking in the most simple and the most personal language. The spirit is utterly humble before its own conversion. Artifice has vanished, but the master-hand controls the form while the heart dictates the lines. All Mrs. Wylie's earlier poetry is a little cold; this is fired:

Upon your heart, which is the heart of all
My late discovered earth and early sky,
Give me the dearest privilege to die;
Your pity for the velvet of my pall;
Your patience for my grave's inviolate wall;
And for my passing bell, in passing by,
Your voice itself diminished to a sigh
Above all other sounds made musical.

Meanwhile I swear to you I am content
To live without a sorrow to my name;
To live triumphant, and to die the same,
Upon the fringes of this continent,
This map of Paradise, this scrap of earth
Whereon you burn like flame upon a hearth.

And after this sequence comes the single great lyric, Hymn to Earth, which is, I think, certain to go down as immortal poetry. Here finally the theme of death is treated with profundity and sublimity which will give the poem universal appreciation. Other briefer lyrics in this volume have the same perfection if not the same grand theme. The last volume seems almost miraculously perfect. It followed, strangely enough, upon "Trivial Breath," a book containing the most artificial group of poems Mrs. Wylie ever wrote. When "Trivial Breath" was published, it looked as if this poet's end was to be in highly mannered and empty verse. But only a little later we had "Angels and Earthly Creatures," a collection sent to the publishers on the day of the night in which the poet herself died. Here all prophecies of the dangers implicit in Elinor Wylie's method proved false. The method became the humble tool toward the expression of profound feeling, never once in the way, never returning to overelaboration or prettiness—just the perfected language and imagery fused now with intense feeling and communicating that feeling without a flaw.

And so the work of Elinor Wylie was complete:

Farewell, sweet dust; I was never a miser:
Once, for a minute, I made you mine:
Now you are gone, I am none the wiser
But the leaves of the willow are bright as wine.

William Rose Benét's introduction to his wife's book is as fine and sensitive a piece of writing, in its way, as are her poems. So difficult a task is seldom accomplished so perfectly.

EDA LOU WALTON

In Defense of Hoover

The Truth About Hoover. By Herbert Corey. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

AT last a book has appeared which attempts to answer the sensational charges which have been brought against President Hoover by a number of authors in recent months. The need for such a defense has long been evident. While most of the accusations were obviously prompted by malice, certain of the books, notably Mr. Liggett's, gave the impression of being substantially true, and all of them raised points which every conscientious voter must desire to see cleared up before next November. Fairness demands that Mr. Hoover's side be adequately presented to the public.

Mr. Corey takes up his task with commendable zeal. We are assured that "the President of the United States does not stand in need of any defense . . . and yet . . . no President, with the exception of Washington and Lincoln, was ever so persistently or untruthfully maligned." But if the author honestly desires to clear the President of the serious allegations made against him, the strategy which he has adopted is incredibly faulty. Most of the first seven chapters are devoted to extravagant and wholly uncritical praise of Mr. Hoover's achievements as President. On the very first page, for example, we are told that "in 1932 Herbert Hoover . . . saved the world from a panic which might have been more devastating than any that has ever been imagined in modern times," and on the third page we find the somewhat more modest statement that in 1919 he "saved Europe from going wholly to pieces."

It is strongly intimated that Mr. Hoover was one of the

few men who accurately foresaw the present economic debacle, and that he alone "knew what should be done and dared to take the responsibility of doing it." To buttress this view, quotations are made from a speech delivered in January, 1925, in which Secretary Hoover warned against "waste from the speculation, relaxation of effort, and extravagance of booms." It is unnecessary to add, however, that no reference is made to his now famous utterance, made when accepting the Republican nomination in 1928, that "given the chance to go forward with the policies of the last eight years . . . we shall soon with the help of God be in sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this nation."

The devices used to divert attention from the failure of the present Republican Administration to fulfil the foregoing prediction are so specious that no one will be deceived. We are informed that "previous Presidents . . . when anything happened to their people . . . have stood on the White House steps and mourned mellifluously. But Hoover fought it [the depression] from the first. . . . By cushioning the shock he was enabled to preserve social order." Every act of the President's, including many attributed to him which undoubtedly originated elsewhere, is lauded to the skies as a stroke of genius. When the Democrats agree to cooperate with the Administration, it is hailed as a proof of Mr. Hoover's inspired leadership; when they do not cooperate, it is because they are dishonorably trying to "smear Hoover." If economic conditions have not been as bad as they might have been, the President is given full credit for averting a catastrophe; but the depression itself, with its eight or ten million unemployed, is attributed to outside forces which no man could be expected to control. His infrequent actions, such as the "Hoover" moratorium, are cited as evidence of courageous leadership; while the long periods of inaction are justified upon the theory that "a depression is like a fever. It must run its course."

Having thoroughly silenced the critics of the present Administration, Mr. Corey proceeds to discredit the writers who have presented Mr. Hoover's early record in an unfavorable light. Hamill is represented as an Englishman who "is distinguished by his indifference to linen"; Clement Wood is alleged to have stolen his material directly from Hamill; while it is rumored that Knox (alias Thomas J. Dockerty) was "vaguely intimate" with the "advocates of bigger battleships." Worst of all, Liggett is revealed as having been on the Soviet pay roll.

There is doubtless much truth in the author's indignant refutation of the sweeping accusations of Messrs. Hamill, O'Brien, and Wood. But it is greatly to be feared that no one will believe him, for his ill-concealed partisanship is likely to react against Mr. Hoover far more than the "scurrilous" attacks of others. Moreover, Mr. Corey's style and technique work against him. The impression is created that he is seeking to win his argument by hurling epithets and shouting louder than his opponents. Perhaps this might be forgiven him if he gave us an accurate picture of Mr. Hoover's activities in connection with the wresting of the Kaiping mines from China by Bewick, Moreing and Company, the facts of which are available to anyone. Instead, he relies upon the defense given by Mr. Train, which absolves Hoover on the ground that he was merely an intermediary who was called upon as a witness in the lawsuit which developed. Space will not permit going into details here, but a careful reading of the record will convince anyone (1) that Hoover played a crucial role in the affair, (2) that certain of his activities were roundly denounced by Justice Joyce in his emphatic decision against Bewick, Moreing and Company—of which Hoover was a partner—and (3) that Hoover went to the lengths he did because he was assured that he would not share in the pie unless he agreed to play the game.

FOR
PUBLIC
LIB

For the rest, each reader will have to decide for himself on the face of the evidence. It is possible that by the standards of his day Hoover's activities as a promoter and financier were no worse than those of many other men. Whether they were or not is relatively unimportant. The essential point seems to be that throughout his entire life Mr. Hoover has not only accepted current business ethics and practices without protest, but that he has sought to sanctify them as the proper basis for American civilization.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Disposing of the *Zeitgeist*

Fear and Trembling. By Glenway Wescott. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

"THE world's case is grave," Mr. Wescott finds. The "troubled record" it has caused him to write is singularly hard to describe. Is it a treatise on the Situation in General? Is it the travel-diary of a motor trip with three friends through Central Europe? Is it a plea against the next war, or against "half-heartedness," or for our participation in the League of Nations? Is it a move toward capitalistic counter-reformation, seeking to check communism by proposing more cultured philanthropy to our millionaires? On the whole, I think the best word for it is "conversation," for the emphasis, plainly, is not on the subject but on the speaker. Mr. Wescott puts on his salon manner and considers the *Zeitgeist*; in a word, he holds forth. As a monologue his book is an astonishing tour de force. Written in less than five months and quite long, touching on every conceivable topic and sparkling all the way, it reveals a prodigious virtuosity. If Mr. Wescott's talents have ever been in question they will have to be conceded now.

We are never so aware of a talent, unfortunately, as when it has been misapplied. Long before the end of "Fear and Trembling" we realize that Mr. Wescott made a blunder when he essayed "the thinker's task." If our criticism could boast an Old Guard in touch with current affairs, some testy dogmatist might rule: "This person is posing as a Continental man of letters. Jerk off his cape and you will find a tender American poet who should be spanked for his affectations."

... the rich possessors of our country and our part of the world must now face ... the semi-Oriental belief in not-possessing: blessed be nothing and blessed be everyone, only everyone. The better practice of luxury by a few persons on a larger scale, even wild palaces and immoral parks and superfluous churches, would fortify the West's principle of ownership, as in the past, refresh its cunning, sharpen its conscience, as is needful. ... Even in America some renewed faith in wealth is badly needed. Frantic money-making without a thought of what can and should be done with it; the piling up of abstract millions because it is easy ... no real belief in money is involved in all this. Mammon is a god like any other, and worship of it without reverence or even respect, a daily black mass in its honor, is not only odious but dangerous. Think how one looks down upon a priest who takes his vows without faith in them, just because the church can provide him with creature comforts and a way of passing his time of life that suits him; what is of more importance, think how badly, in certain crises, such a priest would do his divine duties; how quickly and heavily, with too many like him in its bosom, the church would fall.

This is not thinking, this is blowing bubbles. The sense of reality is far away. Actualities are not wrestled with; the dummies of a pampered, capricious fancy are set up and pushed over. The curious last sentence quoted above is a sample of the wholly ornamental digressions which must form a good third of the text.

Mr. Wescott is the author of "The Grandmothers," a novel of many genuine beauties. For several years he has lived abroad. Unlike most other literary expatriates, he appears to have been attracted, not to Anglicanism or to super-realism, but to what might be called the mainstream of Continental culture, to writers like Goethe, Tolstoy, André Gide, Thomas Mann, and to the finest masters in other arts. In considering "Fear and Trembling" we must recall the special temptations which lie in wait for every young American talent, whether at home or abroad; and hope that too much significance will not be attached to this particular indiscretion. It is bound, nevertheless, to make the discerning reader worry. Mr. Wescott has used his culture not to enrich his understanding but to embellish a drawing-room brilliance. His inherent tendency to play the exquisite, hitherto bridled by the severity of his Wisconsin subject matter, in one leap has neared the point of eccentricity. There is hardly a page in "Fear and Trembling" where his naturally acute intuition and sweet sensibility have not been compromised by preciousness and inadvertent frivolity.

GERALD SYKES

Central America in Color

Banana Gold. By Carleton Beals. Illustrated by Carlos Mérida. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.

CARLETON BEALS has at least two talents which make him a good reporter: he can describe a scene so as to recreate it before the mind's eye of the reader, and he does not allow his sympathies to warp his judgments unduly. The second of these talents strikes one especially in this volume because of a tendency in some recent writings on Mexico and Central America to dwell on the virtues of primitive arts and culture while ignoring the ugliness and squalor that live cheek by jowl with them. Mr. Beals is known as a friend of the Latin Americans, but he is by no means always eulogistic. Both his talent for candid criticism and his faculty for living description are revealed in writing of the restaurant at Tierra Blanca, Mexico, where he stopped on a trip to Central America. On the walls of the room hung gilt-frame enlargements of family ancestors, a copy of Millet's *The Reapers*, and some cheap color-print landscapes, including a Swiss lake in a bamboo frame. "In the deep garden grinned a caged monkey; turkey cocks gobbled; and a straw-tinted dog, whose color had run slightly in the rain, bit his fleas."

The book tells of two journeys into Central America, the second undertaken a few years ago in behalf of *The Nation* to visit Sandino, then conducting an active snipers' war against United States marines in Nicaragua. Mr. Beals approached the camp of Sandino from Honduras, bearing letters of introduction. Ingeniously, he decided that the way to make these letters least likely to be read or confiscated en route was to carry them in an envelope closed with red seals—stamped with a twenty-dollar gold piece—and addressed "His Excellency, Minister Arthur Summerlin, Tegucigalpa, Honduras." This visit to Sandino required resourcefulness and courage, and the account of it constitutes the kernel of the volume, a book giving one many rich glimpses into the old-new civilization of Central America.

The title of the volume is fanciful, and one who looks for an account of the great banana empire will not find it. There is only an occasional allusion to the fronds of green and yellow gold which are so important a commercial asset of the region. In Puerto Barrios, Guatemala, for instance, Mr. Beals notes that "Baron Banana rules supreme," while the city is summed up succinctly as "an achievement in ugliness in a natural setting of beauty."

Mr. Beals's gifts as a word painter and candid critic make me sorry for one jarring note in the book—the author's smart remarks to various persons with whom he had unpleasant encounters. Granting that the sallies were made as recorded—some of them sound like the clever sayings one thinks of on the way home from the party—they were doubtless justifiable shots at obnoxious persons. But why should they be inflicted on the unoffending Gentle Reader?

Illustrations by Carlos Mérida add a decorative and fanciful touch to the volume.
ARTHUR WARNER

Was Shakespeare a Poet?

The Essential Shakespeare. By J. Dover Wilson. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

DOVER WILSON is coeditor with Quiller-Couch of "The New Shakespeare." A previous little book won the admiration of all those who are interested in sober, informed speculation about Shakespeare, and the present 150 pages will add to that admiration. Here Mr. Wilson is concerned with "the kind of man I believe Shakespeare to have been," and he sets out very convincingly to modify the current but excessively commonplace portrait which resulted from the work of the scholars who revolted against earlier romantic tendencies. Short as his book is, I fancy that it may well mark a turning-point and begin the process of building up a new conception of Shakespeare's character inherently more convincing than that of the Stratford parvenu which is at present the official one.

Sidney Lee concludes that Shakespeare's "literary attainments and success were chiefly valued as serving the prosaic end of making permanent provision for himself and his daughters." That view of his interests is, as Mr. Wilson points out, the culmination of a tendency which goes as far back as Halliwell-Phillipps, but it is also, as he points out still further, neither inherently probable nor necessarily to be deduced from the meager facts and supposed facts upon which it is allegedly founded. In the first place, Shakespeare's father was a prosperous and prominent man in Stratford. There is not the slightest evidence that Shakespeare attended the local grammar school, and the obvious cultivation of his mind suggests that he may have—this is not in itself unlikely—been brought up in the house of some great gentleman. In the second place, the picture of the dramatist as a man writing for the vulgar mob and associating chiefly with the rabble is wholly unwarranted. We know nothing of the steps by which he rose, but when he first emerges he is already both famous and the protégé of Southampton, who, as a friend of Essex, was very close to royal favor. Moreover, since the public theaters were tolerated chiefly as institutions for the development of plays later presented at court, there is every reason to suppose that Shakespeare wrote with an audience of cultivated people chiefly in view.

With these facts in mind, Mr. Wilson offers some fresh suggestions as to the interpretation of the plays themselves. *Love's Labor's Lost*, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Comedy of Errors," "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Romeo and Juliet" all belong to about the same period, and all present a group of gay young bachelors—four of them in the first play, and three in all the rest. Mr. Wilson suggests that these be identified as the Earls of Derby, Essex, Southampton, and Rutland, all of whom were friends, and the death of the first in 1594 would explain why he appears only the first of the series. After making these identifications seem at least not improbable, Mr. Wilson goes on to suggest a fresh view of the famous "three periods." He connects the beginning of the tragic period with the deaths of Essex and

The Greatest TRAVEL VALUE

30 DAYS
of delightful travel
'185

Tour
to **RUSSIA**

Includes: Ocean passage in Modern Third Class, FORMER TOURIST CLASS SECTION, fare to Russia via England or Germany and Finland, hotels and meals en route to Russia and during 7 DAYS IN LENINGRAD AND MOSCOW, with sightseeing, entertainment, conductor's and interpreter's services, visas, etc.

A variety of other interesting trips at surprisingly low rates offered in our booklet "N"

RETURN PASSAGE ON
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
STEAMER INCLUDED.

AMALGAMATED BANK

11-15 Union Square

New York City

THE BIG SUMMER QUESTION

Don't make that desperate last minute effort. State your requirements in the classified columns of *The Nation*.

Rates: 1/2-inch (30 words) minimum \$3.08
Additional lines of 6 words, each \$.62

THE NATION

20 Vesey Street, N. Y.

CO rtlandt 7-3330

*FREE SPEECH FOR THE CONSUMER

The playgoer is offered critical and independent comments on new plays. The reader of books, too, is afforded such outspoken opinions. Why is it that the consumer of food, automobiles, household appliances, soaps, clothing and everything else which anyone buys, spends his money on the basis of advice coming from one source alone—the man who has to sell the goods?

CONSUMERS' RESEARCH Alone

offers comment and counsel to help you deal in a practical, money-saving fashion with the higher arts of trade. If you want to know what physicians know about your favorite mouthwash, what engineers say about your neighbor's automobile and your aunt's dearly bought vacuum cleaner, read Consumers' Research confidential Handbooks of Buying and bulletins.

\$2 a year brings you:

The confidential Handbooks of Buying, which are condensed guides to the market on the things you buy, listing (with some analysis of prices and costs) as **Recommended** and **Not Recommended**, many of the goods and services which you use.

Three or four confidential bulletins, which report new tests and research in detail and offer items of substantial interest about current advertising frauds and absurdities. Two non-confidential bulletins, similar in scope to the confidential ones, but containing material which may be shown to anyone.

All subscribers must sign an application blank pledging themselves to hold certain material confidential. Send for application blank and circular to

CONSUMERS' RESEARCH, Inc.

24 West 25th Street

New York City

HARPER'S refused to run this advertisement;
TIME declined to take any advertising from C.R.

THE VOGUE IN TRAVEL

is a visit to

SOVIET RUSSIA

Weekly Departures from New York
by Fast Steamers

RATES from \$181.50

include round trip ocean passage and
an individual tour in the U. S. S. R.

SPECIAL GROUP TOURS

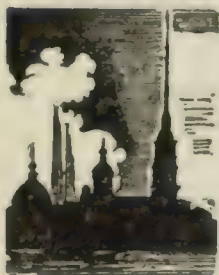
FOR STUDENTS—SAILING JUNE 25
FOR DOCTORS—SAILING JULY 7
FOR LAWYERS—SAILING JULY 7
FOR TEACHERS, Etc.—SAILING JULY 14 AND 21

For Complete Details Apply to Your
Local Steamship Agency or

HAMBURG-AMERICAN

39 Broadway **LINE** New York

Branches in Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Philadelphia,
Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Montreal,
Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver



RUSSIA IS 20% NEARER

THE new steamship rates are 20% lower; varying reductions likewise await the visitor abroad. The Open Road passes on to the traveler the full advantages which these new conditions afford.

In the Soviet Union you may enjoy Open Road services whether you travel on your own or with an Open Road group.

When sending your inquiry, please state whether you prefer group or independent travel and indicate what phase of Russian life interests you most.

Tours as low as \$198 round trip.

THE OPEN ROAD

56 WEST 45th ST.

NEW YORK

the Queen, and the development of the somber corruption characteristic of the court atmosphere after the ascension of James. The latter, as he says, "made short work of the 'spaciousness' of the old days," and Shakespeare did not recover his serenity until he began to return to Stratford where, as Wordsworth was later to do with scenes reminiscent of his boyhood, he re-established contact with the peaceful nature which had originally formed his spirit.

These detailed identifications and this interpretation are, as Mr. Wilson himself confesses, no more than possible and reasonable. Considered by themselves they seem probable enough, though not, perhaps, more reasonable than other identifications and other interpretations seem when taken by themselves. A good deal more, however, can be said for his main contention that the official view of Shakespeare's character fits the bungling bust of the Stratford church much better than it fits the author of plays. It is all very well to say that that view is founded upon the only documentary evidence we have, but the deeds, wills, etc., are not only very slight but, of necessity, throw light on nothing except Shakespeare's practical affairs, and it is a strange sort of court which would refuse to acknowledge that "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," and "The Tempest" are also evidence of what kind of man their author was. They certainly prove that he was a poet, and though poets may be many different kinds of men, there is one kind of man they cannot be. Shakespeare may not have been reckless, erratic, unpractical, or even "sensitive," but he certainly cared for something besides money and ease.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Poetry of Living

Dorothy Wordsworth. By Catherine Macdonald Maclean.
The Viking Press. \$5.

THIS is a very curious book. In a sense it is not written at all; it reads like a child's copybook: "William did this; then we did that; then we had a visitor; then William went for a walk." Yet so cunningly has Miss Maclean arranged her material, so deftly has she concealed her various sources, that her narrative reads singly and as a whole, and builds up into a lovely and affecting picture.

It is a picture of self-sacrifice, of a life lived for others, but without a trace of martyrdom. Dorothy, sister of the poet William Wordsworth, was compounded of balm and quicksilver. Herself volatile, energetic, sensitive, she quieted her own insecurities to soothe others. As a child she thought constantly of the day when she should make a home for William and herself; as a woman she spent years nursing William's children—while those children were small there was always one who slept in his Aunt Dorothy's bed; for a short while between, when, living with William in Alfoxden, the two of them were constantly associated with Coleridge, "gold dust of poetry rained from heaven upon them all." During those short happy years, when probably Dorothy was in love with both William and Coleridge, and each of the men was somehow in love with her, the poets wrote their finest poems, and the sister, poet at living, provided the inspiration. One uses trite phrases like these with some hesitation. Yet they were never more true or more justified. The three of them took long walks together they sat up long late hours, talking, talking poetry, hearing poetry, speaking poetry. Around them the world went on, and they were occasionally aware of it. They saw Charles and Mary Lamb, the Southys, poor complaining Mrs. Coleridge Coleridge's child Hartley, Mary Hutchinson whom Wordsworth was presently to marry, Sara Hutchinson whom Coleridge was finally to love. But essentially the world belonged to those

three alone; others were extraneous, and broke, not unpleasantly but nevertheless quite clearly, upon their trinity.

One turns with some reluctance from the felicity of these months to the long years that Dorothy spent in her brother's house after his marriage. She was housekeeper, amanuensis, nurse, sister, companion; her sister-in-law evidently loved her; her nephews and nieces took her for a second mother; her brother found her indispensable. The cottage at Grasmere which Wordsworth admirers today visit to sigh and dream over was Dorothy's creation; the worn furniture, polished and bright, the deep gardens, the luxuriant climbing roses, the broom which she had planted herself and whose yellow flowers she waited for—all were the work of her competent hands and her loving heart. She was the genius of the home; her bright, quick eye, her darting movements, her unfailing willing temper were always in demand and always bestowed in fullest measure. No woman was ever less niggardly of her time, her strength, and her love. Nor can one regret that she spent them for others than herself, for she regretted it so little.

Miss Maclean has drawn this picture of Dorothy Wordsworth with great sympathy and skill. And next to Dorothy, Coleridge stands out most tellingly. He was a genius; and the world revolved around him at its center. For years he counted the Wordsworths his closest friends, yet he allowed himself to be estranged from them for the most trivial of reasons. When they knew him first, they saw his "angel brow and eyes," his face full of light." They saw him in later years fat, ill, the victim of a thousand intemperances, not the least of which was his own vanity. De Quincey, too, quiet, helpful, Wordsworth's constant admirer, is clear in Miss Maclean's pages, as are half a dozen others. But the book is rightly Dorothy's, and only through her does it belong to any of the others.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Notes on Fiction

Heat Lightning. By Helen Hull. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

Helen Hull's latest novel is more or less in the tradition of Virginia Woolf's "To the Lighthouse," although her book is entirely her own and in no sense an imitation of Mrs. Woolf's. "Heat Lightning" is a novel of sentiment. Amy Norton has fled from the city and from the menacing shadows of estrangement and misunderstanding in her married life to the small town of her parents and the Westover clan from which she had sprung. There she encounters the familiar continual muted drama of family life, involving birth and death, money and honor, enmities and loyalties—all in a mood of summer tension, of heat lightning and brooding storms that never break. At once a participant in and an observer of this drama, Amy gains the necessary perspective for a better view of her own life with her husband and children, and returns to them infinitely the richer for her experience. The novel is distinguished throughout for its excellent craftsmanship.

Storm. By Peter Neagoe. With an Introductory Letter by Eugene Jolas. Paris: New Review Publications. 90 cents.

If other evidence were lacking, this volume of short stories would be enough to demonstrate that our literary expatriates in Paris, who a few years ago were considered revolutionary, have now created a cliché. The book is written by a Rumanian who came to America "when most writers have already found their linguistic mechanics," and who now, apparently, lives in Paris. Despite the novelty of most of its subject matter, peasant life, which is interesting enough by itself, "Storm" adheres so faithfully to advance-guard patterns and credos that it never

"A Plan of Relief" which appeared in last week's issue of *The Nation* is taken from the last chapter of a book now in the press entitled

"CAN WE ESCAPE?"

by GUY W. MALLON,

with Preface by John R. Commons, Prof. of Economics, University of Wisconsin

This book contains a diagnosis of the depression, a discussion of a few of the underlying essential conditions of recovery, and offers a remedy leading to recovery.

Available at book stores about June 10th
About 100 pages. Prices 75c in cloth, 40c in paper.

RUTTER PRESS — 420 Plum Street — Cincinnati, Ohio

NORMAN THOMAS said: "Miss Nureberg has made a distinct addition to the growing body of literature about Russia. Hers is in fact a travel diary written by an observer with keen and kindly eyes and deep human interests. She is successful in sharing her experience with the reader. She not only sees, but hears and one finds in her reports the note of reality. In the midst of more critical and scholarly studies, this book has a real place."

THIS NEW RED FREEDOM
By THELMA NUREBERG
WITH A FOREWORD BY WALTER DURANTY

THEODORE DREISER said: "My interest in this book lies in the fact that it is really a report direct from the mouths of the Russians with whom the author was in contact on her trip through the U. S. S. R. and it thus gives a well-rounded idea of what is happening in widely different phases of Soviet activity."

Order from your book seller or directly from us.
Price \$2.50

WADSWORTH PRESS 30 Irving Pl. New York

READ

The

MODERN THINKER

Edited by Dagobert D. Runes

What is happening in contemporary thought? What is new in psychology, philosophy, sociology, science, literature and art throughout the world? For original contributions on current ideas by such men as Bertrand Russell, Oswald Spengler, Stefan Zweig, Thomas Mann, John Cowper Powys, Albert Einstein, Benito Mussolini, Paul Morand, Everett Dean Martin, Harry A. Overstreet, Alfred Adler and Sigmund Freud, read THE MODERN THINKER.

From the current issue:

Politics and Culture	John Dewey
The Mooney-Billings Scandal	Harry Elmer Barnes
Fallacies of Psychoanalysis	Joseph Jastrow
Civilization Doomed	Robert Briffault
Sin and Insanity	Evelyn Scott

Single copy 25 cents on all newsstands

Special Offer: Trial subscription to THE MODERN THINKER at the special rate of one year for \$2.00. Pin a bill, check or money order to this form and mail to MODERN THINKER, 33 West 42nd Street, New York City.

Name _____
Address _____ City _____ State _____

☐ PLAYS ☐ FILMS ☐
"ANOTHER LANGUAGE"

A New Play by ROSE FRANKEN With GLENN ANDERS
DOROTHY STICKNEY, MARGARET WYCHERLY, JOHN BEAL
"Remarkably evocative, subtle, beautiful and tender, and as real as the truth. A splendid achievement of acting and direction."
—J. BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. Times.

BOOTH THEATRE—45th St., West of Broadway
Eves. 8:50—Mats. Wed. & Sat.

LESLIE HOWARD
in PHILIP BARRY'S New Comedy
THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

"The season's most gratifying adventure."

—Percy Hammond, *Herald-Tribune*

Staged by Gilbert Miller

EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway and 40th Street.
Eves., 8:40, Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

! "THE GRANDEST SOCIAL SATIRE THE TALKING CINEMA HAS
YET OFFERED... HILARIOUSLY AMUSING... DELIGHTFUL
MUSICAL SCORE."—World-Telegram. !

RENE CLAIR'S 3rd WEEK
"A NOUS LA LIBERTE" (LIBERTY FOR US!)

5% Dialogue and 100% understandable without the slightest knowledge
of French
EUROPA 154 West 55th Street
CIR. 7-0129 **35c** until 1 P. M.
Continuous

WELCOME ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Soviet Russia in its formation—and today

**"DIARY OF
A REVOLUTIONIST"**

NEW AMKINO ACTION TALKIE WITH
ENGLISH TITLES

EXCLUSIVE SOVIET NEWSREEL

Oniprostroy . . . Magnitogorsk
Selection of Designs for Palace of the Soviets
Accommodations for Children in Moscow
Lottery for "Five-Year-Plan"
Mechanized Salt Mining

THIS NEWSREEL WILL NOT BE SHOWN IN ANY OTHER
NEW YORK THEATRE

COLOMBIA 42nd St.
CAMEO

ALL SEATS
9 A. M.
TO 1 P. M.
MON. & FRI. **25c**

☐ CONFERENCE ☐
"A Socialist Plan for America"

will be discussed at the

**JUNE CONFERENCE OF THE
LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY**

to be held at

Camp Tamiment, Forest Park, Pa.

from June 23-26, 1932

Speakers will include Norman Thomas, Max Winkler, Colston E. Warne, Isador Lubin, Pierce Williams, Eveline Burns, Paul Blanshard, Felix Cohen, Louis Waldman, Vladimir Kazekevitch, Algernon Lee, McAlister Coleman, Frederick V. Field, B. Charney Vlodeck, Andrew Biemiller, Edward Berman, Louis Budenz, Coleman B. Cheney, Clarence Senior, Phillips Bradley, J. B. Matthews and Harry W. Laidler.

For further information apply to

LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY
112 East 19th Street New York City

fails to be thoroughly familiar and predictable. Mr. Jolas tells Mr. Neagoe in his letter that he knows "few modern writers in the English language in whose work there is such a complete balance between a sincere telluric sense and its expression."

A Lesson in Love. By Colette. Translated by Rosemary Benét. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

Colette in this novel goes over again, in the first person, a good deal of the ground covered in the first part of "Recaptured," indulging in continual descriptions of the weather's state and its relation to her successful attempt to renounce love. The letters of her dead mother, who is the muse invoked to sing of a very lush autumn, are quite remarkable, whether they are actual letters or not. Somehow, the whole procedure fails to come off properly.

Drama

Another Boy Goes Wrong

"A THOUSAND SUMMERS" is the name of the comedy-drama which Jane Cowl has chosen for her tardy appearance at the Selwyn Theater. A not-much-varied variation on the theme of the innocent youth and the experienced woman, it has already been accorded some tepid admiration, but I confess that I found it difficult to be much interested in a drama so conventional and so routine.

In the first place, I was ready, before the play began, to agree with its thesis. I had long ago been convinced that youth is a difficult time, and I was prepared to grant that a young man who is obviously destined to some kind of sexual experience had much better "learn about women" from a nice one than share his first apple with a cruder companion. Like, I am sure, most of the other members of the audience, I saw what a mistake his careful guardians were making when they interfered with his romantic attachment for a woman of the world, and I had noted with foreboding the presence of an all-too-willing but all-too-undesirable chambermaid. I might even have predicted that the young man in question would spend a despairing night in rowing away his disgust on a convenient lake after the inevitable had taken place, for that, or its equivalent, is exactly what innumerable young men—in fiction, at least—have done during the last twenty-five or thirty years. But though the thesis is sound enough, it is likely to seem, when presented with such insistent unction, more than a little mawkish. Granted that a decent young man may be expected to recover from a romantic calf love, isn't he almost as sure to recover from an unworthy one, and is not, after all, the author of the play making as much too much a fuss over the chambermaid as the guardians were making over the woman of the world? "Liberal" prigs are almost as common as prudish ones and the author of "A Thousand Summers" comes clearly under suspicion.

In the second place, the play seldom deviates from the clichés of characterization or construction. Just a few weeks ago I had occasion to remark how another play, very similar in its central situation, was redeemed by the lifelikeness and particularity of its characters; but everyone in the present drama is straight out of other plays. One feels that at an moment the heroine is likely to say that she is determined "to get away from it all," and though she does not actually say that, she is "tired of the way we live" and she has run away to the country "to think things over." Moreover, the management of the scenes is as conventional as the dialogue. Every development is planned for by obvious plants which seem to have been

arranged according to the rules in some textbook of dramaturgy. Every so often one is reminded, with the regularity of a clock, that the chambermaid is on the loose. With equal regularity some hint of the heroine's past puts in its appearance, and when the time has come around for a bit of wisdom in comic dialect, the proprietress of the inn supplies it while—believe it or not—*she is dusting the furniture*. In short, "A Thousand Summers" reminds one of so many different plays that it rarely succeeds in suggesting anything else—least of all "life."

Osgood Perkins is responsible for the one really amusing scene—that in which he quarrels with his mistress. Franchot Tone is also excellent as the boy, and Miss Cowl plays her very conventional role both with seriousness and with a minimum of that self-consciousness of stardom which has been her bane. Somehow or other she has managed to get rid of the one stereotyped gesture of the hand which used to be her signature, but she still has an annoying habit of giggling her own appreciation at the end of every cute or witty line which the playwright has been good enough to give her. Even if she had thought of these things herself, even if it were her own exploring thumb which had discovered the plum, it would be nicer of her not to say with such obvious self-satisfaction, "What a bright girl am I!"

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

J. C. BYARS, JR., is the publisher of the *Island News* of Patchogue, New York.

MARC T. GREENE is an American now residing in New Zealand.

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN is coauthor with Morrie Ryskind of the Pulitzer prize play, "Of Thee I Sing."

CLIFTON FADIMAN is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

CLINCH CALKINS is the author of a volume of "Poems," published by Alfred A. Knopf.

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE is a member of the English department of New York University.

EDA LOU WALTON is author of "Jane Matthew and Other Poems."

MAXWELL S. STEWART has made a study of the source material relating to Mr. Hoover's activities in China.

GERALD SYKES is a writer of fiction.

ARTHUR WARNER is a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

TRAVEL

TRAVEL BARGAINS TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

Special attractive offer to teachers
and students

For particulars apply

GUSTAVE EISNER

"Popular Priced Tourist Agency"

1123 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY
Chelsea 3-5080

OPEN SHELF

Henry George's Books
Sold here without profit. Ask for price list and appreciations by famous men—sent free.
None may call himself educated in social thought (says Dr. John Dewey) who lacks acquaintance with the great writings of Henry George.
ROBERT SCHALKENBACH FOUNDATION
15 Park Place, New York City

SUPPORTED BY ENDOWMENTS

EDUCATIONAL

CONVERSATIONAL FRENCH

Spanish - Italian - German

Private lessons 75c (Daily 9-9). Native teachers.
UNIVERSAL SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
265 Lexington Ave., Northeast Cor. 85th St.

FRENCH Spanish, Italian, German, Russian, Conversational.
Native teachers. Private lessons, 75c. Daily 9-9.
Fisher School of Languages, 1264 Lexington Av. (bet. 85-86 Sts.) Est. 1905. ATwater 9-6075.

POSITIONS WANTED

WRITER, 21, strong, stories and articles published by several leading periodicals, wants any work that will keep him from starvation. Varied experience. Box 698, c/o *The Nation*.

COLLEGE lecturer on economic problems, radical, seeks engagement as lecturer with summer resort or school. Will consider other suitable employment. Box 699, c/o *The Nation*.

HELP WANTED

INTERESTING SPARE-TIME WORK
services of part-time volunteer office workers wanted.

Address: American Civil Liberties Union,
100 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

FOR SALE

LAKE PEEKSKILL COUNTRY HOMES:
A small community after your own heart. High elevation, charming landscape, beautiful lake, carefully planned, solidly built homes completely appointed. Various sized bungalows to suit your needs, built to your order on a large plot. Outdoor sports for adults and children. 40 miles from New York, 48 trains daily; excellent auto roads. Prices from \$1,550, convenient terms.

B. CANICK, 3424 Gates Place, Bronx
Tel.: Peekskill 3192; evenings OLinville 2-7306

ENGLISH style stucco; eight rooms and attic studio; double garage; two baths; modern conveniences; large plot; shade trees; park-like surroundings in sportsman's paradise, southern New Jersey; Photo on request. Box 696, c/o *The Nation*.

25 ACRES, half woods, half meadow; foliage hidden brook; 700 ft. elevation; very secluded—entrance by 200 yard evergreen-bordered private lane; two miles west of Delaware River at Erwinna, Pennsylvania, new artists-writers residence section; 75 miles from New York, 40 from Philadelphia. South-facing six room porched house, on slope, surrounded by large shade trees, two fireplaces, will repair fully, including new paint of your color selection. Inexhaustible flowing spring 50 feet from house; full garden planted; grape arbors. Immediate occupancy. \$1750.
John Coffey, Erwinna, Pa.

FOR SALE OR RENT

LAKE OSCAWANA
Log Cabin 4 rooms bath, all conveniences
Large wooded plot; lake privileges
REDUCED PRICES : EASY TERMS
Also several modern 4 room bungalows with bath.
Ask for booklet

F. K. JAMES, Peekskill, N. Y. R.F.D. No. 2

PHILIPSE MANOR, Westchester. Mortgagee's sacrifice. 6 exceedingly large rooms, built Hollow tile, stone, stucco, brick. Oil heating. Frigidaire. Garage. Plot: 65 x 150. Sale or rent. 145 Farrington Ave. Phone Sedgewick 3-1268.

SUBURBAN ACCOMMODATION

IN charming house overlooking the Hudson, we will take a few people during the summer. Magnificent view. All conveniences. Three baths. Easy commutation. A. B. Parsons, South Boulevard, Nyack, N. Y.

ONE attractive room in home, overlooking beautiful flower garden, delicious home cooking, fifty minutes from Grand Central Station, walking distance from village station. \$20 a week. 48 Church St., Greenwich, Conn.

WANTED

SMALL FAMILY, Jewish, desires for summer, attractive 5 room cottage, furnished, within 50 miles New York. \$250. High altitude, excellent bathing, modern sanitation and improvements. Safe for children. Tel. Gramercy 5-6438.

SUMMER RENTALS

BUNGALOWS on farm in Taghkanic Mountains. Glorious view. For rent, furnished, one hundred fifty for season; tent camp. Fifty. Fresh farm products. Children welcomed. Wheeler, Hawthorn Hill Farm, Claverack, N. Y.

HOUSE to let for season in Greens Farms. Newly decorated, neatly furnished, modern improvements, well equipped kitchen, 10 minutes walk from L. I. Sound; bathing, fishing, rowing. Suitable for 2 congenial families. Reasonable. Information: H. Tick, Southport, Conn.

RENT for season; delightful new studio house. 6 rooms and bath, completely furnished. 65 miles from city, in New York. Trees, brook. Altitude 900 ft. Box 700, c/o *The Nation*.

CROTON: Summer or year. 4 room bungalow, bath, electric, gas, telephone, automatic hot water. Swimming—tennis near. 50 minutes Grand Central. Ingersol 2-2291 or Harlem 7-0623 evenings. Miller, 32 W. 123d St.

APARTMENT FOR SALE

FOR \$2,500.00 Cooperative apartment in Greenwich Village. Near all transportation lines. Small group. Large rooms, fireplaces, garden. Interest bearing stock. Low maintenance. Box 690, c/o *The Nation*.

FURNISHED APARTMENTS

TWO cool airy rooms. Dressing room, kitchen, bath. Old furniture, books, paintings. Large garden with flowers, trees and fountains. For all or part of summer. References required. \$75. Steegmuller, or superintendent. 229 E. 48th St. Wickersham 2-5896.

FOR summer, five rooms; three exposures; cool, quiet; near New York University; attractively furnished; well equipped study. Piano, radio, Electrolux. Sacrifice rental to responsible people. Call mornings—Raymond 9-8263.

COOL duplex, well furnished. Large living-room, excellent library, two bedrooms overlooking garden, dressing-room, big kitchen. Ample closets, private garden. \$70 a month. Varian Fry, 327 East 58th Street.

FOR RENT, furnished apartment, June 15th to Sept. 1 or Oct. 1—Brooklyn Heights, living room 30x20, bedroom, kitchen, bath, attractively furnished, quiet, \$50 a month. Apply Supt., 135 Hicks Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

71 WEST 12th ST. Sublet, June 15 to Sept. 15. Completely furnished, unusually attractive 4 rooms, kitchen and bath. Radio and books. Extra large Electrolux. Very convenient location. Apt. 2 B.

WEST 11th. Sublet July and August. Modern elevator apartment, 2 large rooms, kitchen and bath. Conveniently located. Very reasonable. Call Chelsea 3-2808 after 5 o'clock, or write Box 701, c/o *The Nation*.

1-2-3 and 4-rooms; private kitchens and baths, hot and cold water. One of the nicest neighborhoods in Rockaway Park. 431 Beach 122 St.

CHILDREN—SUMMER

**LILLIPUT**

A healthy, happy, homelike camp for 4 to 11 year olds

A lovely house, ideal surroundings, in the mountains, very accessible. The entire staff is experienced in the guidance of small children. Resident physician, trained nurse. Highly endorsed by educators and parents. Group of 40. Booklet. RAYmond 9-4145. Anne Josephson, 1880 University Ave., N. Y.

**KENT CLIFFS**
Camp-School for Boys 9-14

Opens in July with an all-year program of progressive school and health-building activities arranged for not more than 15 boys requiring physical and mental development. Ideally situated high on the cliffs of Putnam County, 1000 feet up and only 1½ hours from Grand Central.

Sane industrial, agricultural and academic projects individually administered. Resident Registered Nurse. Initial rates unbelievably low. Students accepted for periods of from 4 weeks to years. Guest cabins for visitors.

Telephone: Melrose 5-0878

Ralph Terry Kimball, Director

for an interesting interview or visit to the Cliffs

CAMP Robinson Crusoe
FREEPORT, MAINE.

An intimate educational community. Limited to 30 boys and girls, and directed by an educational staff of ten teachers from various progressive schools.

Two vacancies for boys
11 and 12 years of age.

Directors: Joshua Lieberman, Author of Creative Camping; Leah Lieberman, Teacher Walden School.

3921 45th Street Long Island City
Tel.: STillwell 4-8790

FRIENDSHIP FARM
STONY HILL, near BETHEL, CONN.

A summer play school for children between the ages of two and ten years. Guided play activities stimulate the creative impulses and develop both individual initiative and social cooperation. Continuous attention to every detail of the physical welfare of each child.

Recommended by John B. Watson, Everett Dean Martin, Fola Lafollette, Margaret Naumburg and Vivian Thayer.

MRS. HORACE M. KALLEN, Director
R. D. 2, Bethel, Conn.

MRS. W. F. SPENCE, Secretary,
610 West 152d St., New York City
Telephone, EDgcombe 4-5441

RESORTS

VINEYARD LODGE

Ulster Park Near Kingston
A 200 acre fruit farm at foot of Catskills. Beautiful walks through mountain woodland. Whole grain foods. Sun baths. Modern improvements. All sports, including horseback riding. Kosher. Rates reduced to \$18.20.

RESORTS

**TENNIS FANS—ATTENTION!**

A celebration to mark the formal opening of increased tennis facilities will be held at the Lodge on June 18 and 19. Tournaments, prizes, and other fitting festivities. Exhibition game by eminent tennis celebrities. A weekend you will thoroughly enjoy.

By railway: N. Y. Central to Harmon Station.

BLUE MOUNTAIN LODGE

FURNACE DOCK RD. PEEKSKILL, N. Y.
PHONE PEEKSKILL 1403

COOK FALLS LODGE

ROSCOE, N. Y.

On the beautiful Kodak trail

John Rosenfield, Prop. Tel. 2 F 13

Just what you have been looking for—a modern hotel in gorgeous country, with all camp activities. Facing Beaverkill River, famous for its trout fishing. Private lake. Tennis, handball, golf, fishing, swimming, etc. Also Egyptian card room and Bohemian Tea room.

SPECIAL JUNE RATES—\$22.50

Equally attractive rates for the summer.

ZINDOREST PARK

MONROE, N. Y. Phone: 300

A Millionaire's estate crowded with beautiful trees, shrubs and flowers.

Bathing, Boating and Fishing. Tennis, Basket and Handball Courts. Saddle horses and nearby Golf. 1½ hours Erie R. R. Bus or route 17.

OPEN ALL YEAR

ReST CUPERATION CREATION

at THE CRYSTAL VILLA

Woodcliff Lake, N. J.

■ miles from N. Y. Fare 90c. Weekends—\$1.00 return. Combines country pleasure with city conveniences. Ideal for convalescents. Cater to diets. Bracing walks. Bathing on premises. Wholesome Jewish-American table. Refinement. Congeniality. Rates considerably reduced. Phone Park Ridge 404.

HAMBURGER'S EVERGREEN FARM

Farmingdale, N. J. Nr. Asbury Pk. & Belmar
Tel.: 113

Vegetarian Resort in Beautiful Rural Setting
Modern Improvements, Amusements and Sports
Sun Baths, Showers

Delicious and Wholesome Meals
Attractively Reduced Rates for June
Write or telephone for information

For complete relaxation, beautiful country, pleasant companionship, wholesome food. Tennis.

THE HILBERT HOUSE, Lake Mahopac, N. Y.
Hill Friedberg, Prop. Tel. Mahopac 953

RIVERSIDE INN, Seymour, Conn., on Lake Housatonic. Swimming, boating, tennis, basketball. Horses. Beautiful surroundings. Hills, Woods. Special June rates, \$20 weekly, \$3.50 per day. Also housekeeping bungalows to rent. Tel. Derby 231-2.

ANDERSON'S ACRES—Home hospitality. 300 acres for your enjoyment—woodland, streams, hills and valleys. Write for booklet for further advantages. "Anderson's Acres," New Preston, Connecticut.

RESORTS

**COIPA KIE**
"THE ISLAND PARADISE"

CRARYVILLE, NEW YORK

Golf—our men sporty 18-hole course, tennis, handball, swimming, canoeing, fishing, riding . . . every other sport . . . airy, comfortable accommodations, in real rustic style . . . a beautiful lake . . . splendid cuisine . . . excellent service . . . and the sort of guests you'll enjoy knowing.

LOW RATES \$25 Per Week up
FOR JUNE Daily up

REDUCED ROUND TRIP R.R. FARE

Illustrated Booklet and Road Map on Request

N. Y. C. Office—116 NASSAU ST.
Phone BEekman 3-9620



3 hours from Grand Central

SCAROON MANOR

In the Heart of the Adirondacks

Hotel Comforts Complete Social Staff
COUNTRY CLUB INFORMALITY

SPECIAL JUNE RATES

9 HOLE GOLF COURSE ON PREMISES
No Green Fees in June

NINE CLAY TENNIS COURTS
FOUR HANDBALL COURTS

ON SCHROON LAKE

Paradise for Honey-mooners

JOS-FRIEBER MGR.-DIR.

THE HOMESTEAD

Community Church Summer Colony

A beautiful rustic retreat, combining relaxation in the country with a forum for serious consideration of social problems.

WEEK-END CONFERENCES AND LECTURES
HANDICRAFTS AND GAMES
EXCELLENT TENNIS, HANDBALL, SWIMMING
Operated on "guest co-operation" plan at non-profit rates: \$3—\$3.50 day; \$15—\$17.50 week. Reservations. Write—Homestead, Crafts, N. Y.; phone Mahopac 2257.

MR. and MRS. ARTHUR HYATT MORSE offer English hospitality to few discriminating guests. 100 lovely acres. Delightful hiking country. Daily rate \$4; Public Holidays \$5. Trains met. Erwhon, Box 547, Monroe, N. Y.

BROOKWOOD LABOR COLLEGE

A quiet summer vacation, within commuting distance of New York City.

Tennis, outdoor pool, labor library, good food, modern conveniences and—low rates!

Details from Summer Manager, Brookwood, Katonah, N. Y.

ROBIN HOOD LODGE, Warrensburg, in the Adirondacks. One minute from Echo Lake with splendid bathing. Canoes and boats for guests. Tennis court. Cabins if desired. Beautifully located. We meet all guests at Lake George. Rates \$18 and \$20. R. J. Venton.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

MAR 25

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1932

No. 3494

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	691
EDITORIALS:	
"Christless Culture"	693
The Budget Has Its Face Lifted	694
The German Republic Totters	695
PIONEERS AMONG THE SOVIETS. By Harry F. Ward	696
THE MORONIC CONVENTIONS. By Paul Y. Anderson	697
THE FUTURE OF THE RAILROADS. By Winthrop M. Daniels ..	699
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	702
CORRESPONDENCE	702
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	704
FINANCE: A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS. By S. Palmer Harman ..	704
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:	
Potential Christ. By Emanuel Eisenberg	705
2033—or 1933? By James Truslow Adams	705
Bullfights and Goya. By Alice Beal Parsons	705
An American Reformer. By Oswald Garrison Villard ..	706
Shorter Notices	707
Drama: A Booby Prize and Some Others. By Joseph Wood Krutch	707
Films: Hollywood Tries "Ideas." By Alexander Bakshy ..	708

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER
MURIEL C. GRAY, Advertising Manager

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$6.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

AS WE GO TO PRESS it appears that there is to be a good, above-board fight in the Republican National Convention for a clear-cut, straightforward, and honest plank calling for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Nicholas Murray Butler has arrived in Chicago with his fighting clothes on, refusing to permit himself to be muzzled and announcing that he will offer his plank for repeal from the floor of the convention. More than that, the National Committee went contrary to the President's wishes and seated the old-line Negro delegations from the South instead of the contesting hand-picked Hoover delegations, thus upsetting the President's Southern patronage policy; and there was also evidence of a rising revolt against the renomination of the ridiculous Charles Curtis as Vice-President at Mr. Hoover's behest. If this revolt is carried through, we shall see one of the most interesting conventions in years, and Mr. Hoover will be put to his trumps. If he disavows the wet plank, his party courts defeat. If he accepts it, he stands convicted of gross hypocrisy. Certainly it is impossible to think of men like Nicholas Murray Butler, Senator Bingham, and all the long list of Republican wets campaigning on the same platform with Mr. Hoover if he repudiates the plank in which they are chiefly interested. It may be quite true, as William Allen White writes in the *New York Times*, that the prohibition issue is only a red herring to draw attention away from the real issues at stake, but the fact is that there is a public uprising against the Eighteenth Amendment which is not to be denied. Let us thank heaven there is an issue that some Americans will get excited about.

THE SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS, twenty-five in number, have now officially flung Herbert Hoover, whom they supported four years ago, overboard, and have come out for Alfred E. Smith—not Newton D. Baker, their attorney, whom they have steadily been boosting in their columns, but our old friend Al. More than that, they have gone out of their way to give Governor Roosevelt one of the most humiliating slaps which could be administered to a public man, and in these words: "It is with regret we say that in Franklin Roosevelt we have another Hoover." Then the editorial continues: "In our solemn judgment the election of either Hoover or Roosevelt in November next would be a blow from which this nation would not recover in a generation. We have had about as much as we can stand of government by doubt. The times call for courage and action. We have those qualities in Smith. There are other men in the Democratic Party who possess them. Judging by performance Roosevelt does not." This is certainly killing two birds with one stone, though we most respectfully dissent from the Scripps-Howard belief that Al Smith is today available or desirable. Incidentally, the day after their first anti-Hoover editorial the Scripps-Howard dailies printed a second. It is so delightfully frank and honest that we reprint it in full: "The Scripps-Howard declaration for Smith as against Roosevelt has brought from many sources this question: 'If you think so much of Smith today, why didn't you support him against Hoover in 1928?' The answer is, we wish we had."

THE SPECTACLE OF THE BONUS ARMY encamped at Washington has its humorous side. When the Chief of Police politely offered the men trucks to depart in, the veterans as politely announced that they would stay where they were. Father Cox of Pittsburgh was there to inspire them; rumors that the whole march had been instigated by the "reds"—their exact status was vague—have disturbed the city officials and many of the veterans themselves. In the meantime, the army remains, in a camp whose conditions are described as "frightful" by Washington health authorities. Epidemics threaten as well as hunger. The veterans declare, nevertheless, that they will not go home until the bonus is paid. Mr. Hoover has been firmly set against direct federal relief to the hungry. If a large group of American citizens, who see relief administered by the federal government to starving banks and suffering railroads, take it into their heads to march in a body to the seat of government and ask help for themselves to which they believe they are entitled, who is to blame? Who will be to blame if, as "Commander" Waters of the "Bonus Expeditionary Forces" promises, the eight or ten thousand men now in Washington grow to 150,000 in the next two weeks? Mr. Hoover, of course, will be busy being renominated for the Presidency. But it is hard to believe that his complacent faith in rugged individualism will not be ruffled somewhat by the thought of the thousands seeking aid at the national capital, representing not only the war veterans but the army of American unemployed.

THE MOVEMENT TO REPEAL the Eighteenth Amendment has gained remarkable momentum in the last few weeks. It is even sweeping the South, the section the prohibitionists had been depending upon for their last-ditch support against reamendment of the Constitution. In North Carolina an uncompromising wet, Robert R. Reynolds, ran far ahead of Senator Cameron Morrison, driest of the dries, in the preliminary Senatorial primary. In the Congressional primaries in Florida the daughter of William Jennings Bryan, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, a dry who favors a referendum, was eliminated by Mark Wilcox, who favors outright repeal. Turning to the Middle West, the Republicans of Indiana have declared for resubmission of the Eighteenth Amendment to the people and for direct repeal of the Wright Act, the most stringent State enforcement law in the country. But the greatest impetus was given to the repeal drive by the declaration of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., long an ardent and sincere prohibitionist and himself a teetotaler. His statement that the prohibition experiment had failed was quickly followed by other statements from dries like Dr. John R. Mott, William Gibbs McAdoo, and Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., urging that the question be submitted to the people. Now that the repeal movement has gained such strength it is extremely important to keep in mind the necessity for obtaining a direct and genuine referendum. This, as we pointed out in *The Nation* of May 4, can only be had by submitting a repeal amendment not to the State legislatures, but to "conventions specially elected for the purpose of passing upon this question and upon no other."

"POOR OLD JOHN BROWN, God sanctify his death to our good, and give us a little of his courage, piety, and self-sacrificing spirit, with more brains!"—thus wrote George Hoadly of the Harper's Ferry raider. Something like this might also be written of Senator Smith W. Brookhart, just defeated in Iowa for reelection to the United States Senate. Not that Senator Brookhart is dead—far from it. He will fight on. But for the present he is retired by Henry Field, whose victory is admittedly due in large part to his voice coming over the ether from his own radio station thus: "Hello, folks, here's Henry"—to be followed by intimate details of the life led by himself, his wife, their eleven children and grandchildren. Whether he was nominated because of what he has said and taught or as a result of the desire of the Iowa public to get him off the air, we leave to the historians. He did, however, score effectively in his criticism of the Brookhart nepotism, thanks to which several of the Senator's family are on the government pay roll. Mr. Brookhart has often played a useful role. His heart is warm, his instincts are sound, his courage is admirable. His many errors, on the other hand, have been due to lack of taste, of knowledge and training, especially in economics. Like so many other politicians he has been unable to see our American situation from the point of view of the rest of the world. His good qualities and his desire for reform will be missed in the next Senate, even if he could not discover the fundamentals of our needs.

THE ARMY AND NAVY LOBBY has once more clearly demonstrated its power in Congress. It has defeated all efforts to cut the army and navy budgets drastically, and it has preserved the army and navy officers from

any salary reductions, although many other branches of the government have not been spared, not even the diplomatic service and the State Department. More than that, the army and navy propaganda goes on unceasingly, and press and radio lend themselves freely. Thus, Secretary Hurley is making impassioned pleas for more armaments and prefacing them with the false assertion that we are about disarmed now. Even the depression is being used to bolster the army on the ground that it will be needed to keep the peace and maintain order next winter. A number of frightened Congressmen so expressed themselves in the debate—only to see to it that their remarks were carefully cut out of the printed reports in the *Record*. Congress is conniving at the building up of a sacrosanct group of officials and is fostering a spirit of American militarism which daily shows greater and greater resemblance to the despised pre-war Berlin brand.

MR. SEABURY'S LETTER to Governor Roosevelt, in which he discussed the case of Mayor Walker and presented documents to fortify his argument, was extremely impressive. It is a little hard to see why, judging from the tone of Mr. Roosevelt's acknowledgment of it, it should have aroused annoyance in the gubernatorial breast. It is reported that the Governor was not pleased because Mr. Seabury gave the material out to the press at the same time that he sent it to Albany; but one remembers that the memorandum on Sheriff Farley, sent privately to Mr. Roosevelt, was not made public for twelve days. Perhaps Mr. Seabury had his own reasons for desiring prompt publicity; perhaps it would have been vastly more convenient if there had been no pressure on Mr. Roosevelt to act before the coming Democratic convention. The whole matter is so tied up with political ambitions that it is very hard to keep clearly in mind what is really at stake. The issue, in the last analysis, is whether or not the people of the largest city in the United States are to enjoy good government or not. Mr. Walker himself is only an episode in that question. If he is removed, Tammany Hall will still reign triumphant. It will continue to reign until the citizens of New York decide they have had enough of it. Publication of the conduct of city affairs under Tammany rule will help; the removal of city officials for nonfeasance or malfeasance of duty will help. But only the voters can finally and firmly put the quietus on the Tiger. So far they have shown small inclination to do so.

EUROPEAN STATESMEN seem paralyzed in the face of the continued economic decline. Even the gravity of the reparations problem has not served to arouse them from their inaction. They have had six months in which to prepare for the Lausanne Conference. In that period they have done precisely nothing. A recent news dispatch from London quoted a government spokesman as emphatically denying the report that the British government intended "to take a bold stand at Lausanne." Premier MacDonald and M. Herriot, it is announced on the eve of their departure for Lausanne, think alike, "however they must act." They both desire a "just solution." A month ago it appeared that the French would be much more lenient toward Germany in the matter of reparations than they would have been last winter, but recent statements of Premier Herriot now suggest that French opposition to cancelation or drastic reduc-

tion is stiffening. Herriot has veered around because our own State Department has again and quite needlessly gone out of its way to inform the European Powers that they must not cancel reparations on the supposition that the United States would thereupon agree to drop the war debts. The French Premier has since indicated that without some advance assurance that his country will be relieved of its war debts he will have to insist upon continued reparations payments.

ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS BILLS ever to come before Congress has been passed by the House of Representatives without a record vote. This is the Fish-Dies bill providing for the deportation of alien Communists residing here and for the exclusion of others who may want to come to this country. The immigration laws are already broad enough to permit the exclusion or deportation of aliens who advocate overthrow of the government by violence, and surely the Department of Labor has not hesitated indiscriminately and arbitrarily to use these laws for that purpose. But the new measure goes much farther. It so redefines communism as to embrace almost every alien who advocates the establishment in this or any other country of a new social order based upon equality or common ownership of property. At the same time the bill by inference would admit to this country persons advocating the violent overthrow of Socialist or working-class governments. This is class legislation clearly designed to protect the capitalist system and the capitalist class. It is the first concrete step toward that fascist dictatorship for which many of our bankers, industrialists, and politicians are longing. If the Fish-Dies measure is allowed to become law, it is certain to be followed by more repressive legislation directed not alone against alien residents, but against native and naturalized citizens who may wish to change the existing order. The Communists have failed to stir up class conflict. Proponents of the Fish-Dies bill are likely to succeed where the Communists have failed.

THE LATE Dr. William W. Keen had a rare personality and tremendous ability. Hence he was bound to make his way in any walk of life. His was an open mind toward new developments in his own profession, which is a rare attribute in any profession—especially among the medics, we should be tempted to say, if we did not know so many editors. A distinguished surgeon, Dr. Keen will perhaps be best remembered for his operation for sarcoma of the jaw on President Cleveland on July 1, 1893, on Mr. E. C. Benedict's yacht Oneida as it steamed through Hell Gate. This was so concealed that, incredible as it seems, not a reporter suspected, and nothing leaked out about it for twenty-four years, when Dr. Keen published the details. But Dr. Keen deserves far greater fame for his distinguished teaching in three colleges, his early championship, against tremendous opposition, of antiseptic surgery in this country after the Lister discoveries, and his own important labors in insisting upon the use of paratyphoid inoculation in our armies. In addition to this he wielded an admirable pen which interested laymen as well as the medical profession. His ninety-five years, full of genuine service to humanity, are remarkable in themselves and because they more than span the triumphant rise of modern surgery.

"Christless Culture"

PAGANISM scored by Presbyterians. Christless culture is blamed by assembly for present conditions of the world." Thus run the headlines to a news story of the meeting of the Presbyterian General Council at Denver; and from the account which follows, it is evident that a glorious time was had by all. Stuffy clerics from all parts of the United States went on a moralistic rampage and put on a show which in its general self-righteous irrelevance reminds one of nothing so much as a political rally staged by the contented members of the G. O. P.

What had best be called the key-note speech was delivered by one Rev. Dr. William Chambers Covert of Philadelphia, and this gentleman appears to have had the best time of all. In an address which seems to have been one continuous peroration he blamed the present condition of the world on our "Christless culture," denounced the products of our schools as "educated ruffians," and wound up with a lamentation concerning "Christless men of letters, Christless professors and philosophers, Christless leaders in business, and Christless politicians."

So far, perhaps, so good. But what, after listening to this harangue, were the specific proposals which the combined wisdom of the assembly could excogitate and present to a suffering world? They may be summarized as follows: It passed a resolution requesting that "the better magazines" refuse tobacco advertisements; it denounced motion pictures "in general"; it advocated a federal censorship; it condemned the use of radio on Sunday; it denounced all advocates of prohibition repeal as "the most infamous conspirators who attack the Constitution"; and it concluded by supporting "with no wavering loyalty the army and navy as organizations to be used only in self-defense."

Now it seems strange that anyone who contemplated this as a sample of what the best Christian minds could produce should wonder why it is that intelligent people everywhere do not protest against the dominance of a "Christless culture." But if the leaders of the Presbyterian General Assembly still find it strange that those who are interested in human happiness and social well-being have lost faith in organized Christianity, we should like to suggest that they contemplate the history of modern Europe and ask themselves at what moment the church took the lead in any serious effort to establish a more equitable society. This age is "Christless" and it has got itself into a mess. But before we could be convinced that the "Christlessness" produced the mess we should have to be shown that the "ages of faith" were characterized by the rule of justice and mercy.

After all, the church has had nearly twenty centuries to show what it could do. During the greater part of that time nine out of ten of all persons in authority professed, at least, to accept its guidance, and the world, whatever else may have been wrong with it, had clerics in charge of education and church members in the seats of councils and parliaments. We wonder at the folly of those who propose to reelect Mr. Hoover as President of the United States. But Mr. Hoover, after all, has had only four years to demonstrate the ineffectiveness of his leadership. The church has had two thousand.

The Budget Has Its Face Lifted

IF one had taken at their face value the panicky statements of many editorial writers, Congressmen, and the President himself in his theatrical address before Congress, one would have supposed, just prior to the passage of the new tax law, that the government was going to be obliged to support itself by paper money within a few weeks if Congress did not act within a few days. Yet the national debt, it is well to remind ourselves, is still \$7,000,000,000 below the level it reached in 1919, and when the Secretary of the Treasury this month offered \$750,000,000 of Treasury certificates, approximately one-half consisting of three-year notes bearing 3 per cent and one-half of one-year notes bearing 1½ per cent, the issue was nearly four times oversubscribed. The government's credit is plainly not in immediate jeopardy.

The anxiety and hysteria that developed in the Congressional debates whenever it was discovered that the new tax rates failed to "balance" the budget by \$100,000,000 or \$200,000,000, and the implication that finding revenues to cover this shortage meant the difference between ruin and salvation, betrayed a particularly absurd sense of proportion when it is recalled that the budget deficit in the 1931 fiscal year amounted to \$900,000,000 and that the deficit for the present fiscal year to date amounts to the stupendous sum of \$2,700,000,000. An added touch of absurdity was given by the questionableness of Secretary Mills's estimates of tax yields, which the *Baltimore Sun*, as the result of a rather careful investigation, has estimated to be over-optimistic to the extent of about \$700,000,000.

Let us attempt to look at the question with some sort of rational perspective. It is, of course, imperative that over a reasonable period the budget be balanced, but as Professor Seligman pointed out in a recent article in *The Nation*, there is nothing sacrosanct about any particular twelve months. Mr. Hoover has done everything possible to make it appear that Congress would never have "balanced" the budget had he not acted with such promptness and decision. This pretense is particularly ludicrous in the light of the record. When the great Republican prosperity began to crack in 1929, Mr. Hoover refused to acknowledge that anything of importance had happened. At the end of the 1931 fiscal year, when the deficit of \$900,000,000 was recorded, he still did not act. He still believed that a revival of prosperity was just sixty days ahead. He was still unwilling to accept the unpopularity which he believed an increase of taxes would bring to his Administration. He urged "economy," but said nothing about taxes. It was not until last December, when even the official budget estimates forecast a deficit of more than \$2,000,000,000 in the current fiscal year, that the President brought himself reluctantly to recommend that taxes be increased. As a result of the former short-sighted attitude at least a year had been lost. It is obvious that if the tax rates now adopted by Congress had been adopted a year ago, the federal government would have been more than a billion dollars better off than it now is. To put the matter another way, if tax rates had been increased a year ago, we should not have had to resort to so

Spartan a tax measure as we have now. Our burdens have only been increased by delay.

One final remark must be made on the question of the budget balance. The great bulk of the comment both in the Congressional debates and in the daily press implied that the essential thing was to make income equal expenditures, and that it was a matter of indifference whether the budget was balanced upward or downward. The real need, of course, was for a budget balanced downward. What we actually have is a budget balanced upward. For it is not an increase in expenditures that has caused the present deficit, but a falling away of revenues, and revenues have been drying up because of the fall in the volume of business and employment and the fall in world price levels. In the light of such a situation, it does not create real confidence to balance the budget by imposing on the taxpayers of the United States the greatest tax burden they have had to bear in peace times. Confidence can be created mainly by the assurance that the proportional burden of the government will be no greater or very little greater as a result of a fall in world price levels than it was before. The complete timidity of Congress in agreeing to any but the most niggling economies does not give this assurance.

Perhaps the pressure on Congress for economies, however, will become formidable when the taxpayer begins to realize in the next few weeks that he is really being taxed. He will not be spared that keen realization. He will feel it with every stamp he buys for every letter he writes; he will feel it every time he makes out a check, every time he stops for gasoline, nearly every time he goes to the movies; he will see it on the monthly telephone bills and electric bills; he will pay it when he trades in stocks or bonds, when he buys automobiles, tires, jewelry, radios, phonographs, mechanical refrigerators, firearms, cameras, candy, chewing gum, soft drinks, toothpaste; his heirs will feel it when he dies; and he will get his hardest blow on March 15. If he is a married man with no dependents he will pay \$20 on a \$3,000 income, where before he paid nothing; \$60 on a \$4,000 income, where before he paid \$6; \$100 on a \$5,000 income, where before he paid \$17; \$480 on a \$10,000 income, where before he paid \$101; and if his income is in the highest brackets he will have to let the government take more than half of it.

Yet considering the difficulties Congress was under, considering the requirement laid upon it to raise in the worst year of perhaps the greatest depression of modern times more than one billion dollars additional in revenue, it is to be congratulated upon having produced, on the whole, a bill so generally sound and courageous. It set its face against a general sales tax, in spite of the greatest pressure from active lobbyists, from one of its own committees, and finally from the Administration. It raised the income tax and the inheritance tax boldly, and it showed excellent sense, with a few exceptions, in the articles it chose for special excises. If it could only attack the expenditures of the Veterans' Bureau, and of the army and navy, as courageously as it attacked the question of revenue!

The German Republic Totters

THAT the German Republic is in jeopardy must be obvious to everybody. The sudden return of Paul von Hindenburg to his war-time mentality has resulted in the establishment of a reactionary regime composed of aristocrats, big business men, and militarists—the worst possible combination—which menaces at every point the maintenance of republican institutions. More than that, the proclamation of new elections for the Reichstag on July 31 will result in the taking over of the government by the Hitler forces unless all signs fail. They will have no difficulty in getting on with those in charge of the present reactionary rule, who are now trying to obtain control of Prussia by having the Reich take over its government. Whether this will precipitate a conflict with the trade unions and the Communists time will show. The heads of the state governments have already protested. The *Vorwärts* has been quick to declare that the final struggle is at hand between the reactionary forces and those who believe in the revolution of 1918. At any rate, until this question is settled there must be great anxiety and an intensified internal conflict which bodes ill for the peace of Germany and the economic rehabilitation of the world. From every point of view there is nothing more important today than the question whether the German Republic will live or yield to a dictatorship.

Why is it that the Republic is so threatened fourteen years after its founding? Some say this is another failure of democracy. Others insist that the Germans are merely throwing off a blind set up to make the world think that their character had changed, and that they are now returning to their old role and revealing the same inherent imperialistic tendencies which were heralded to the world as so dangerous to it in the war years. Does it mean that the bulk of the German people, nurtured under the monarchy, naturally favor autocratic government with centralized control? Or is the sudden collapse of the government into the hands of the old gang due to economic conditions rather than to political desires or to inbred tendencies? To our minds this event is the natural outcome of the Treaty of Versailles and the treatment given to the Germans ever since their defeat in 1918. It has been repeatedly pointed out in these columns that if the United States and the Allies had deliberately planned their course to make the existence of the German Republic as difficult as possible, they could hardly have done otherwise than they did. At home, on the other hand, the new German state has had to face the anti-republican elements, while year after year the industrial and economic situation of the Reich got worse and worse, so that today, as Chancellor Brüning has just testified, one-half of the workshops of Germany are closed and 6,000,000 German workers are without means of livelihood. Any form of government which had to face these facts after fourteen years would find it hard indeed to hold its own.

We do not believe that this is a failure of democracy, or that it means that Germany is inherently monarchistic or imperialistic, although there are, of course, many devoted monarchists and militarists. Certainly the workers are overwhelmingly pro-Republic and utterly opposed to any form

of dictatorship, whether from the left or the right. What has happened is that the bulk of the German people must now pay for the failure of the Socialist governments of the past to rise to their opportunities immediately after the war—their failure to reorganize, their failure to make the revolution as thoroughgoing as it should have been. This, coupled with the economic distress, has so exhausted the popular forces that the reactionaries, thanks to Von Hindenburg, had only to sit still and let the plums drop into their laps. It was the workingmen of Germany, and not the middle classes, who defeated the Kapp Putsch in 1920. The question now to be answered is whether the trade unions, worn down by suffering and unemployment, by lack of adequate food and adequate earnings, have still left within them the power and unity to repel this attempt to overthrow the Republic.

Looking back, it is plain that the revolution did not go far enough in 1918. It was not radical enough. Not a day should have been lost in breaking up the great estates, in smashing the power of the great East Prussian agrarians who for so long have been the real rulers of Germany, as the big business men of America have so long ruled this country. Precisely as was the case in England when the British Labor Party came into power, the German Socialists were weak in not immediately proceeding to socialize certain of the leading industries, thereby breaking the strangle-hold of the great industrialists. When the Reich collapsed, the German leaders appointed committees to report which branches of industry could be considered ready for socialization. The committees reported on coal, potash, and electrical production, and drafted a general socialization law. A second commission, appointed in 1920, reported a weak dilution of the original plan, and with this ended all efforts toward direct programmatic socialization. Thus the opportunity was lost to take control of key industries.

Finally, it remains to point out that the government was repeatedly weak in dealing with such menacing manifestations as the "private armies"—the Steel Helmets, the Hitler shock troops, and similar bodies, although it did some years ago dissolve the Communist "Red Front" organization. Certainly no government ever paid a higher price for an error of judgment than has the German Government for its failure to expel Hitler after he raised the banner of revolt in Munich with General Ludendorff, and was caught red-handed. It is an open question, also, whether the government has not been weak in permitting the members of the Hohenzollern family to remain on German soil. But even in judging the government for these shortcomings one must never lose sight of what has been going on in Germany during these crucial years: the economic distress; the sense of infinite wrong done to Germany by the Treaty of Versailles; the false accusation of sole responsibility for the war; the Ruhr invasion; the frightful loss of wealth due both to the war and to the inflation, and many other factors. All these incidents, plus the weakness of the government, the failure to carry the revolution through with vigor, and the survival of many militarists and monarchists, are today the reasons why the German Republic totters.

Pioneers Among the Soviets

By HARRY F. WARD

Moscow, May 25

SCATTERED here and there through the fertile sections of central Russia and the Ukraine are a few agricultural communes. The total of their production is slight beside that of the enormous state farms, and so they receive but slight mention now in government reports and discussions. Also, since the popular drift in the villages toward collectivization makes it expedient to concentrate every effort on making the *Kolhoz* form of organization universal as rapidly as possible, writers on the peasant problem merely mention the commune in passing as the most advanced form of Socialist agricultural organization, in which all productive livestock as well as land and labor is held and administered in common and in which there is communal eating. It stands far removed from the simplest form of collective farming, which is merely an agreement to join land and pool labor for the production of the crop. But whereas this simple type grows into the *Kolhoz* with its co-operative holding and administration of land, productive animals, and machinery, and therefore rapidly disappears, the commune remains to challenge the *Kolhoz*—whose organization it has inspired and led—to take further steps. Also it is an admirable example of that combination of personal and small-group initiative with governmental direction and expansion which is characteristic of Soviet administration, instead of that rigid overhead control which is abstractly assumed to be inevitable in Socialist economy.

So far as I can discover, these communes were all started by people who came from outside the borders of the Soviet Union or from beyond the seas. While the government was finding the key to the solution of the peasant problem in big-scale mechanized agriculture on state farms, these outsiders were pioneering in the discovery of methods of local organization for farmers who did not want to be wage workers and for kinds of farming that could not be best done that way. In the black-soil belt are several communes which were organized in the United States. Their founders were in part Russians who came back bringing gifts to their mother country, and in part workers of other European nationalities. All their savings—running from \$500 to \$1,000 and in one case \$3,500—they put in for capital. Some were Communists, some were Socialists. All had the vision of the ideal rural community and all had the heritage of the communal village living of Europe. The young proletarian writers, set to push along the collectivization that is everywhere destroying the foundations of capitalism in the villages, find their characters and stories in the *Kolhoz*. But the communars are still the pioneers, and will be for a long time to come. It is in terms of their type of organization and life that the younger administrators at *Kolhoz* headquarters talk when they are picturing tomorrow in the countryside.

I have lived long enough in one of these American-Russian communes and talked sufficiently with men from the others to believe that they went through a common experience. Given land by the government and usually some partially destroyed buildings of an old estate, they endured a first

winter something like that experienced by our first colonists. Used to the plenty of American kitchens, they had only coarse staples to eat and were not able properly to house the livestock and machinery they had brought with them. Now, with their truck gardens, orchards, and vineyards coming into bearing to relieve the heavy starch diet of central Russia, they can afford to smile at the first lean winters. But soon they were to find worse difficulties. There were two types of men among them—some who had a great purpose, others who thought only to better themselves. These were the first to shirk the common labor and the first to draw clothing from the common store. When wage labor was put in and then piece work with its agreed-upon norms, the shirkers, seeing they could no longer evade the common task, began to say that if they had to work as hard as in the States they preferred to go back there where life was easier. So they gradually weeded themselves out and were allowed to take with them whatever capital they had put into the common fund. For those who now remain it is agreed that the common capital, like the pooled land of the *Kolhoz*, is indivisible. In fact, the sense, like the reality, of a separate group ownership has practically disappeared, owing on the one hand to increasing government credits for buildings and the increase of herds, and on the other to the part which the communes have played and are playing in the whole agricultural program of the Soviets.

It is agreed in all these communes that each step in distributing the product according to quantity and quality of work done has resulted in an increase of productivity. The books are clear on that point. Now they say: "If we had known in the beginning the value of the principle of payment by results our way would have been easier." They have not abandoned the Communist principle "To each according to his needs," but they have been forced at present to administer it in such a way as to secure "from each according to his ability." Later on when, as they put it, people have been emancipated from the habits and psychology of capitalist society, they expect as a matter of course that all will render their maximum contribution to the common life, and then distribution can safely proceed on the basis of need alone. It is more likely, however, that a part of their pioneering, perhaps the principal part, lies in finding the true synthesis of results and needs for the governing of distribution.

So far the record runs parallel to that of the religious communities in the United States which came to seek a refuge in the New World; but here they part company. The American bodies have gradually been overcome by the capitalistic environment around them. They have accepted its ways and works and finally have tried to keep apart only by a routine of custom and mode of dress to which finally their young people have refused to conform. In the Soviet Union whatever concessions the communes have been compelled to make to a transitional period are also part and parcel of the general tactics of the government, which is determined to move in the direction in which they themselves started. Hence the whole social environment is with them,

and they can not only hold their young people but train them for larger activities. "We were ahead of the government," say the old leaders, "but it moves our way."

The Lenin commune, about two-thirds of the way between Moscow and the Volga, is a good example of the blending of group initiative and governmental direction. Its founders had their tractors and were plowing and threshing for the peasants before the government developed tractor stations. They built up their herd of record milk-producing cows and fine swine from imported Yorkshire stock and have supplied breeding animals all around the district. Now that they have explored the agricultural possibilities, the authorities have decided that they are to specialize in producing milk, cheese, and pork, and in breeding stock for the *Kolhoz*. Already they have supplied a good quota of high-quality cheese for export. This year the government plan asked them for 200 hogs. Copying the *stretchny* plan of the industrial workers, which always goes farther than the official plan-makers, they decided to give 400. This meant that they ate meat themselves only every other day last winter.

Similarly they give their people for party and government work. Twenty-six of them were off on missions of one sort or another when I was there. Once a week, for her social work, each woman party member in turn tramps off to a neighboring village to lead some class or club. So they have evangelized the district until they have two other affiliated communes and have collectivized in whole or in part all the villages but one. This one they call "the dark village." When I asked them about the vital point in control—the fixing of the price at which they must sell their products to the government—they said they had a voice in the

body that determined it and if it proved to be below the cost of production, when that was reduced to the lowest point compatible with proper living standards, they could always get it changed.

But it is of their cultural work and their children that they are most proud. "How do our children compare with those of the villages?" they want to know. Of course they have their nursery and kindergarten, and are now debating whether it is better for children to stay there night as well as day. Then they provide the quarters—with nurses, dispensary, and tiny hospital—for a government doctor and for an agronomer, who also serve the villages. Likewise of course there are the school, the club with its movies and lectures, and the evening classes for workers.

For all that this will lead to in revolutionizing the life of the district, it is the women who pay the biggest price. Some of them, especially in the kitchens and dining-rooms, are working longer hours than the men. Like those who came first to New England and Virginia, and those who later crossed the prairies and mountains in covered wagons, they left comforts behind them when they came to Russia which sometimes must obtrude upon their memory. For them the externals of living are still rough and hard, but they say the bigness of the enterprise and the joy of common labor more than compensate. Still they would like to be able more often to buy a pair of stockings and to see more cloth upon the shelves of the cooperative. The city cooperatives now are getting the things that women like and need. In all fairness some of this stock should go at once to these agricultural centers, which are just as essential to the building of socialism as the heavy industries.

The Moronic Conventions

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, June 11

ABOUT the time this appears some eleven hundred unhappy men and women in the Chicago convention hall will be going through the drab and distasteful motions of renominating the most unpopular and discredited politician who has occupied the White House since Rutherford B. Hayes. None of them will enjoy it—at least none of the sober ones—and many will feel that it means the ruination of the Republican Party and possibly of the country. Yet such are the bonds of party tradition and Presidential patronage that they will go through with it, even as they hold their noses and pray secretly to God for forgiveness. A more depressing affair can hardly be imagined. The only important decision will have been made in advance; indeed, it has been made already, to the extent that Herbert Hoover ever decides anything. After a succession of comic developments which saw poor Dr. Harry Garfield, the official platform-maker, scurrying frantically and in the most undignified haste between the White House, the Congressional Country Club, and Senator Borah's office, Hapless Herbert has again decided to straddle on the prohibition issue. Assuming that he does not change his mind in the next few days (always a dangerous assumption), his straddling this time will take the form of assenting to a plank

advocating "resubmission" of the Eighteenth Amendment. Apparently there will be no suggestion of a substitute plan for regulation or control, the Pericles of Palo Alto having explained pathetically that "no substitute would satisfy everybody," and so it is difficult to see how "resubmission" could mean anything except unconditioned repeal. Yet I venture the confident assertion that the candidate will emphatically disavow any such desire. It all amounts to the President saying to the voters: "If a majority of you are wet, I want to be wet; if the majority of you are dry, I'm dry." This is what, in the delectable language of Secretary Hyde, may be recognized as "the leadership of our great President, Herbert Hoover."

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

AS usual, the Democrats will provide a more entertaining spectacle, if not a more edifying one. Governor Franklin Roosevelt seems definitely and finally committed to the strategy of capturing the nomination by the inspiring device of creeping up and sprinkling salt on its tail, while he in turn is stalked by a posse of masked hunters whose deep-mouthed hound answers to the name of Al but whose collar bears the initials of Raskob and Baruch. There is no doubt that Friendly Frank's furtive quest has made progress in

recent weeks—owing largely to the obstinate and wooden-headed blundering of the supposedly great minds who oppose it. The revival of his popularity dates very definitely from the strangely halting, reactionary, and spiteful speeches of Smith. Poor Al! He governed New York brilliantly and he made a manly campaign in 1928, and it is nothing short of a major tragedy that disappointment, envy, and the necessity of earning a good living have reduced him to his present servile circumstances. Still sadder, from a strictly artistic standpoint, is his astonishing loss of political acumen and intuition. As a result of it he has succeeded in strengthening his arch-enemy to such a degree that it now appears Roosevelt can either have the nomination or render it worthless to anyone else. If Furtive Frank is nominated early he probably will win, because of the widespread public feeling that he offers some hope while Hoover offers none. It is whispered incessantly around Washington that in the event of Roosevelt's nomination the Raskob-Baruch-Smith forces will enter into a deal with the Republicans whereby Hoover will pledge himself to establish a "national" or "coalition" government patterned roughly on the present British hybrid (a natural surmise, considering Lord Herbert's background), and that the ensuing patriotic rally is guaranteed to return him to the White House. But the picture has other aspects. Any such attempted coup certainly would solidify the South and antagonize the West—so much, indeed, that I should not be surprised to see the hitherto impeccable Borah jumping the party fence to campaign for a Democrat! In short, it looks like Roosevelt—or Hoover.

ONE long chance remains. If the power trust succeeds in "stopping Roosevelt"—and its agents are boasting privately that he is "stopped"—several million voters (who never heard of Norman Thomas) will be looking for a place to go. And they may find it. There is still a possibility that Hiram Johnson will get into this race. His character and mentality are so vastly superior to Hoover's and his popularity is so much greater than that of any Democrat who might be named, excepting Roosevelt, that the temptation would be tremendous. The fact that the country needs a new party has now penetrated even to the bread lines. Let the old parties confront the country with a choice between Hoover on the one hand and somebody like Baker or Ritchie on the other, and anything might happen. What might happen, of course, is only a luscious conjecture. The chief hope of the long-suffering public probably lies in the Democratic platform. That document should be and probably will be written by members of the House and Senate who not only have some knowledge of present economic conditions and their causes but have occasionally displayed convictions on the subject. Fright and the insistence of a determined man like Senator Cutting may force new language into the Republican platform, but through it the country is bound to recognize the same old hoey and the same old Hoover. On the other hand there is genuine reason to expect something intelligent and constructive in a platform drafted by such thinking men as Cordell Hull, Tom Walsh, Carter Glass, Tom Connally, Bob Wagner, and Frank Walsh. Even among the Democratic wheel-horses it is usually possible to discern a measure of sincerity and intelligence which is entirely lacking on the Republican side, when the Progressives are excluded—and

they are always excluded at national conventions. In other words, if Roosevelt were nominated and elected over Hoover on a platform sufficiently honest and unequivocal to convince him that common decency is the best policy, we might start to get somewhere. It is a slender hope, but is there any other?

* * * * *

MORE significant than all the maneuverings of the professional politicians, it seems to me, is the obvious purpose of certain interests, under cover of the present emergency, to set up some kind of political and economic dictatorship. As the first stage of this movement we are now witnessing the most dishonest, vicious, and formidable campaign of propaganda and slander ever waged against Congress during my lifetime. In the face of harassments and obstacles almost unparalleled, the present Congress has made a devoted effort to do its duty. It has listened patiently to the camp-meeting exhortations of John Garner and the breast-beating orations of Charlie Crisp, and still has managed to do an amazing amount of hard work in a remarkably short time. Yet through the press and the radio it has been subjected to abuse, misrepresentation, and vilification on an unprecedented scale. Who is behind this barrage of calumny? Why, the millionaire morons whose rapacity plunged the country into its present plight. And what is the essence of their complaint? Why, that Congress in six months has failed to restore the health of a nation which they undermined for twenty years by sucking industry and agriculture dry of every drop of blood, thus bankrupting the purchasing power of the consuming public. Talk about demagogues! This is demagoguery on a plane low enough to insult the intelligence of an infant chimpanzee, but there is a well-defined and obvious purpose in it. Already the glib Owen D. Young has advanced the desirability of reposing greater powers in the President, and the ineffable Dave Reed has mentioned the possibility of an "American Mussolini"—although he suggested no candidate, and Al Capone has been put away temporarily. The point is, however, that these people are whipping themselves into a state of preparation for an attempt to overturn the constitutional processes of government and to seize openly the power which they have long exercised by indirect means. It may be stupid, but subtlety has never been characteristic of this particular class.

* * * * *

IT has been said that nobody ever underestimates the intelligence of the American public, but in the present instance there are grounds for believing that the Congress-baiters and the President-worshippers have overstepped the bounds. For instance, readers of this page will remember the vehemence with which the President a few months ago denounced all attempts to obtain federal aid for the starving as part and parcel of a conspiracy to foist the "dole" upon this country. They should be enlightened to learn now that he is actively advocating a federal loan of \$300,000,000 for that very purpose. Even the dread word "food" has ceased to be anathema to this Administration! Because of the peculiar circumstance that all plans for helping the needy are wicked unless the Great Humanitarian thought of them first, and because the entire program of this Administration is summed up in "Let the Reconstruction Finance Corpora-

tion do it," his methods are certain to differ from those devised by Congress, yet nevertheless he has come over to the idea that the government of the United States owes something to the citizen of the United States who has been reduced to desperation by Administration policies. This dearly bought but happy consummation may be attributed to an awakening on the part of the public or on the part of the

Administration or to the fact that an election is imminent. The important and reassuring thing is that our tin-pot candidates for the dictatorship have been compelled to recognize that Congress was right and they were wrong more than a year ago. The year may bring still further enlightenment to them. In this country a moron can always learn something, no matter how many millions he has.

The Future of the Railroads*

By WINTHROP M. DANIELS

THE post-panic period since the fall of 1929 has sufficed to explode a number of illusions as to the future of our railroads. These illusions were entertained from 1920 to 1929, a period in our economic history which is likely to be known as the "fools'-paradise decade." The first legal breakdown came in the midst of this period. This was the elaborate provision in the Esch-Cummins Act of 1920 for the settlement of railroad labor disputes by the tripartisan Railroad Labor Board. That ill-starred tribunal created a record remarkable for nothing so much as the mutual billingsgate of majority and minority opinion. The opposing factions indulged in an undiplomatic interchange of impolite symbols of mutual distrust, and the board was fortunately snuffed out of existence by a repealer in 1926. The cumbrous legal artillery which was substituted by the Railway Labor Act serves today chiefly as "the gun behind the door," to escape which both parties, when the wage question is grave and urgent, resort to direct conference, as in January of this year. In a sense wholly alien to that in which Lord Mansfield coined the phrase, both management and employees realize that "freight is the mother of wages," and that direct negotiation and adjustments are infinitely preferable to the well-meant but dilatory official routine of settlement.

But the futility of this section of the Transportation Act of 1920 has been matched by its demonstrated breakdown in matters of equal importance. Had the Labor Board provision never been made a rider on the other provisions of the law, the country might have anticipated with some considerable confidence that railroad labor disputes and wage controversies would be adjusted eventually through the voluntary process of collective bargaining. Where the Esch-Cummins Act lulled the country into an unfounded sense of security was mainly in the matter of future railway rates, the anticipated fair return on railroad property, the recapture of excess railway earnings, and the speedy realization of railroad consolidation. Indeed, the only marked exception to the disappointing category of achievements under the new law has been the regulation of railroad security issues—a device long before in use by many State commissions in respect of local public utilities.

There were, of course, no factual data upon which to base the optimistic opinion, expressed in Congressional debate on the Act of 1920, that consolidation would bring economies of hundreds of millions of dollars which would be translated into abatements of railway rates and charges. These roseate

dreams never had any solid foundation, and the railroads, to do them justice, never made any such pretensions. The fatuous idea seems to have arisen from the conception that railroad operation was like a Ford automobile factory, and that if only the plant could be made large enough, the unit cost of product could be correspondingly lessened.

If the shipping public was misled in anticipating marked abatement of rates, the railroad investors were equally disappointed in expecting assured returns on their securities. The so-called "rate-making provision" proved a delusion. "In the exercise of its power to prescribe just and reasonable rates" the commission was to establish general rate levels such that carriers as a whole were to earn an annual operating income "equal, as nearly as may be, to a fair return" upon the aggregate value of their operating properties. This provision was hailed as the railroads' new Magna Charta. It was supposed to double-track the old single-line Interstate Commerce Act. Before then the act had for its main aim the relief of shippers distressed by unreasonable or unduly prejudicial rates. Thereafter the act was to aim equally at providing annually a fair rate of return upon carrier property as a whole. The law, said the Supreme Court in the Dayton-Goose Creek case, "puts the railroad systems more completely than ever under the fostering guardianship and control of the commission." Investors since the passage of the act have put hundreds of millions of dollars of additional capital into American railroads. Commissioner Woodlock said in a dissenting opinion in 1927: "If any conclusion may fairly be drawn from the fact that capital has been supplied to the railroad industry by investors in the years following 1920, it is the conclusion that in supplying it investors have relied upon the terms of the law, the statements of this commission, and the decisions of the Supreme Court."

It will be well to consider the causes which precluded the realization of the expected rate provision for a fair annual return on railroad property. Primarily, that provision completely overlooked the cyclical rise and fall in industrial conditions. The demand for the service of transportation is at all times a derivative of the contemporaneous output of general industry. Only to the extent that things are being produced and consumed, are being bought and sold, is there an effective demand for their transport. This has always been true for any considerable period of time, even when no abysmal depression such as the present one has been encountered. The railroad freight tonnage which originated in 1921, for example, fell just 25 per cent below the tonnage of the previous year. The average rate per ton mile, how-

* The ninth of a series of articles on economic problems, aiming to suggest a practical program for America. The tenth, *Has the Crisis Run Its Course?* by Ray Vance, will appear next week.—EDITOR THE NATION.

ever, was more than 20 per cent higher in 1921 than in 1920; but with major fluctuations of traffic volume the average rate of charge per unit of traffic becomes a factor of wholly secondary importance. Until or unless a substantially constant volume of traffic can be anticipated, no approximate assurance of a virtually constant annual return, gross or net, can be given. In the face of facts only too patent, the Transportation Act of 1920 held forth the expectation that a stable return would be forthcoming. It is hardly necessary to add that what was impossible in a decade of normal ups and downs became almost tragically ludicrous in an industrial debacle such as the present, when weekly car-loadings are hardly more than 50 per cent of what they were in 1929, and when over three-quarters of the Class I railroads, with normal annual revenues over \$1,000,000 each, failed in the first two months of the present year to earn their fixed charges of interest, rentals, and taxes.

The failure for twelve successive years to realize, even in a single year, the fair rate of return points to other factors besides the law's mistaken assumption already discussed. If for a few years out of the last twelve the declared fair rate of return had been exceeded, there would arise a possible presumption that, while no constancy in annual return might be attainable, at least the return might be realized on the average, taking one year with another. Marksmen who for twelve consecutive years invariably shoot below the bull's-eye must be chargeable with too low an aim, or with trying to hit an impossible target. The responsibility for the result of continuous failure cannot be put on any one pair of shoulders. The law, the commission, the carriers themselves, Congress, the early distress of agriculture, the expansion of pipe-lines, the enlargement of water carriage, and the growth of motor transport, all contributed in various degrees to the result.

The commission began bravely in 1920 to attempt to solve the insoluble problem that the law had set. The first full year under the new and higher rate levels coincided with a marked industrial recession. The return realized was less than half of what the carriers had been led to expect. In 1922 the commission reduced freight rates by 10 per cent in the hope that the reduction would enlarge the tonnage. The railroads made a *pro forma* protest, but privately admitted that the rate level had been higher than the traffic would bear. While there was no repetition of the cutthroat competition of the early rate-war days, the carriers themselves, in seeking individually to gain traffic or to divert it from other lines, were continually reducing rates. The average revenue per ton mile sank steadily with each successive year. Some of the reductions made by the commission provoked loud outcry from the carriers, but they were doing the same thing themselves. In other cases, where the carriers knew that certain rates were non-compensatory, they were inexcusably dilatory in proposing an advance. The commission's new power of prescribing minimum rates was used most sparingly. Nor was it easy for that body to divest itself of its earlier habit of regarding rates mainly from the shipper's standpoint.

In the meantime the increasingly pronounced agricultural depression had found a voice in the Hoch-Smith resolution. The commission in conformity therewith discovered that rates recently fixed by it were not at the exact bottom of "the zone of reasonableness," and proceeded to

depress them further, and even to grant reparation to shippers who had paid the commission-set rates, until the Supreme Court called a halt on this policy of spoliation. Meanwhile the attitude of the commission toward minimizing the valuation on which a return was to be computed was evidenced in the famous O'Fallon case. Apparently the commission has concluded that the rule of rate-making is in abeyance, or in strict subordination to the independent fixing of just and reasonable rates. The assumption of the statute that just rates and fair return are compatible, or the interpretation of the statute to the effect that the resultant return is a regular criterion of justness and reasonableness, has gone by the board. The "fostering guardianship" of the railroads by the commission, of which the Supreme Court spoke, has evidently not materialized.

It is not necessary to determine in just what degree other factors, such as competition by motor vehicles, by water, or by pipe-lines, have cooperated to create the impasse at which the railroads and the commission have arrived. Economic forces more powerful than either have stamped with futility the statute which ostensibly governs them both. The proposed repeal of Section 15a, which contains the rate-making provision, is only a belated recognition of legislative ineptitude. The proposed substitute is a meaningless formula exemplifying the adage that "mistiness is the mother of wisdom." The earlier vituperation against the section as a virtual guaranty of profits, and the earlier homage to the section as "the perfection of reason" and the sheet anchor of the investor, look equally absurd in the grim light of subsequent happenings.

If a legal regulation of return on carrier property is to be again essayed, it might be sought along the line of establishing in advance a basic or standard net operating income for the roads as a whole in each distinct railroad region. There is no reason to suppose that this income would be exactly realized in any particular calendar year. But the defect or excess in such standard earnings might serve as a barometer, exempting the carriers of the region from mandatory or voluntary rate reductions in the period following a deficiency, and entitling the patrons of the roads to rate abatements in the period following excess carrier income. This is the provision in the law in Great Britain, where the 1913 earnings are taken as the standard bench mark, and where the Rates Tribunal makes an annual review of earnings with a view to a recension of the body of rates, as yet, admittedly, without attaining the desired result.

The greater feasibility of such a plan in Great Britain is due to that country's having amalgamated its railways into four systems. It would be facilitated here had our roads been consolidated into a limited number of systems. Of all the prospects held out by the Transportation Act of 1920 none has miscarried so eccentrically as the consolidation project. It is true that large and numerous unifications of control through stock ownership and lease have been effected, with immunity from the anti-trust acts. It is true also that the holding-company device, in extra-legal fashion, may have accomplished the same result, except for the feature of legal immunity. But in no case of major importance has complete consolidation in the strict sense been attained, with its extinction of multitudinous subsidiary corporations, and with full realization of even the limited economies that full-fledged consolidation would permit. For those who are at-

tracted by the modern economic device known as "economic planning," it must be a sobering reflection that a presumably expert commission took almost ten years before promulgating what the statute required—a final plan for the consolidation of the railroads into a limited number of systems. During this period the virus which the consolidation provisions of the law had injected into the veins of railroad men worked ill. Ambitious executives were bitten with the illusion of grandeur, and dreamed of transportation empires worthy of Harriman. Others, fearful of possible dismemberment of their present mileage, or of a blocking of their own cherished plans of annexation or extension, sought through affiliated holding companies to acquire rail securities as trading assets which would strengthen their strategic position. The placement of new shops to be centrally located on the new systems was deferred in some cases, because no one could tell in advance just what lines each system would comprise. Employees saw their rights of seniority and pensions jeopardized by a possible severance from their long-time corporate employers. Short lines saw an opportunity of realizing on their nuisance values by threatening to oppose any plan of unification which did not absorb their properties at inflated purchase prices. Regional racketeering received an impetus by the possibility of intervening in opposition to proposed unifications of lines if the project did not pay tribute to grandiose local aspirations. The commission's "final plan," moreover, embodied some fantastic mergers of lines which stretched from the Missouri River to the Florida Everglades, the chief components of which are at present in the bankruptcy courts. Presidential and Congressional interference in the settlement only intensified the chaos, and the labor organizations, recognizing that many of the economies were to be effected by labor displacements, formed a bloc to checkmate the whole design. No such comedy of errors ever before attended what was proposed as a serious economic design.

To effect consolidation with reasonable promptness, the spur of compulsion must be applied. With federal power which is exclusive and plenary over interstate commerce, this should not be an impossible task. The present law conditions the capitalization of the new consolidated systems upon the commission's valuations of their constituent properties. If these valuations are disputed, and they frequently are, the law necessitates an interminable delay. This provision might be advantageously junked, leaving with the commission a sound discretion to require a capital set-up in each case compatible with the public interest. The official "plan" of consolidation might also go to the scrap-heap without loss. If the companies were allowed, or required, to propose their own plans for consolidation—and the commission might, as now, exercise a veto over them—we should be farther along than we are today. We might also wisely take another leaf from the English statute book by requiring that each consolidation should provide financially, as, for example, by pensions, for the displacement of labor which was occasioned by it.

While the current depression has radically decreased the demand for rail transportation, the railways have also been suffering from the rapid extension of the supply of transport services, mainly offered by motor vehicles. It is only too apparent that in the domain of passenger conveyance the railroads must be content with playing a subordinate role. With

over 23,000,000 registered private cars, the possibility of the railroads ever regaining their former dominance in passenger transportation is gone.

Truck competition is an even more vital thrust at the railroads, in large measure because rail movements are in a regulatory harness as to the requirement of publishing and observing scheduled rates and conforming to the acts controlling the hours of service of their employees. Even if public interstate buses and both common carrier and contract trucks be eventually subjected to the same regulation as railroads, the private car and the private truck will permanently retain a substantial volume of traffic. The rail companies are keenly alive to the menace of the trucker, and the annexation of motor equipment to their own operative apparatus is a sign that they recognize the inevitable. The carriage of heavy carload freight, however, particularly for long hauls, is the railroads' least vulnerable citadel.

The future of rates is to be determined by the inevitable future law of costs. "What the traffic will cost" may not improbably displace "what the traffic will bear" as a transportation watchword. It can hardly be anticipated that the regulatory effort, already apparent in Germany, to restrict road haulage artificially in order to protect rail tonnage or earnings can eventually prevail against advancing technique in the world of transport. It has been proposed to meet the difficult problem of unregulated truck competition by giving to the railroads the same unrestricted powers as the truckers in operating trucks on the highways. It may be urged in opposition that this would enable the railway treasuries to cover the loss on highway operation until the independent trucking companies had been killed off. It would seem preferable to permit rail carriers to acquire substantial interests in large trucking companies and in motor-bus lines, with the anticipation that this arrangement will tend to allocate to rail and highway the traffic which each can most appropriately handle.

The question of our ultimate governmental policy toward railroads, whether by a changed system of regulation or by eventual government ownership and operation, is complicated by the present world-wide depression. If economic recovery is delayed for several years, the possibility of rational choice in the matter may simply disappear. The question will then resolve itself not into the query whether we deliberately prefer governmental ownership, but whether we can avoid it. The holding by insurance companies and mutual savings banks of something like \$4,000,000,000 of railway bonds in their portfolios may dictate government advances to the railroads for a time, in order to prevent default on bond interest or maturities. But should these advances grow to an amount of great magnitude, it will be difficult to oppose the proposition that there should be federal representation on railroad directorates. This could easily presage government ownership outright. Security-owners of British railroads are said to be doubtful whether to continue their present status or to exchange their holdings for government bonds which might be issued to purchase the properties. It is by no means impossible that a similar tendency might develop in this country. Stock equities in many of our strongest companies have shrunk to almost microscopic proportions. Receiverships have been avoided only by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation's coming to the rescue. We are hardly aware of the extent to which the federal government in this

Administration of "sturdy individualism" has gone in underwriting private industry. The demonstrated failure of the tariff to help the farmer has compelled the Farm Board to buy up and hold off the market stupendous quantities of wheat and cotton in a vain attempt to peg their prices. The Farm Loan machinery has put its credit at the service of hundreds of thousands of distressed agriculturalists. The frozen assets of hundreds of banks have been taken over into Uncle Sam's bosom, and schemes innumerable for giving Treasury aid to the building trades and to all sorts of enterprises, public and private, swarm in the halls of legislation.

It is questionable whether the railroad managements themselves realize the moral liability they incur in invoking federal aid. "The borrower is servant to the lender," as they are likely to discover to their cost. They may shy at receiverships and reorganizations, and find that they have escaped both at the cost of having permanently become the vassals of the government. The writer believes this would be an irreparable misfortune, but cannot affect to be blind to the threatened outcome.

In the Driftway

FROM the *New Statesman and Nation's* London Diary the Drifter collects some pertinent information about war censorship. In France two press censors, Marcel Beyer and Paul Allard, have published a book called "*Les secrets de la censure pendant la guerre.*" They let out, according to the London Diary, "a quantity of interesting facts about the manufacture of public opinion in France during the war."

In each country censorship was at first justified on the ground that it was necessary to prevent the publication of information which would be useful to the enemy, and it was then found that its most important function was to "uphold morale." Very odd things were done in the name of morality in France, and not quite the same things that were done in England. The French press, for instance, was not allowed to indulge in sensational stories about German atrocities and, especially, about German offenses against women and children. They were not, as a rule, permitted to paint fantastic pictures of Germany's inevitable doom. The French took the very sensible view that the war would last a long time, and that the French public should be prepared for prolonged hardships. But the gospel of hate and fight-to-the-last-man-and-last-penny was even more rigidly kept up than in England.

NO French paper was permitted to use the word "peace" without the adjective "victorious" before it. The radical *Œuvre* wickedly came out with a daily motto as follows: "After the night comes the day; after war comes — (word banned by the censorship)." It was not permitted to make any reference to the cold winter of 1916, "as it would remind people of the shortage of coal." "One day," the London Diary goes on, "a chimpanzee escaped from the Paris Zoo and found refuge in the garden of the Elysée Palace. The censors were instructed . . . to suppress 'every reference—even in the most respectful form—to the chimpanzee's meeting with Madame Poincaré.'"

NOT all the rulings were as harmless as this one. Some of them were very subtly as well as cruelly effective. When the Caillaux affair was disturbing the press, orders were given out, a fortnight before Caillaux was arrested, "to say nothing against Caillaux, but only to reproduce *every German article favorable to him.*" The Drifter quotes from the London Diary once more.

One of the authors of the book describes how he "passed" an unusually virulent article by Maurice Barrès on the "partition" of Germany after the Allies' victory. This happened at the end of 1914, just at the time when Germany, disappointed in the war, might well have agreed to an "honorable" peace. The Barrès article came just in time to stir up new aggressive (or defensive) energy in Germany. It was reproduced by every German paper and had a marked effect in stopping all peace talk. "I had an uncomfortable feeling," says the censor, "that if it had not been for my carelessness the war might have ended in 1915."

The writer of the London Diary hopes that the book will be translated. It should be, and should be circulated as widely as possible. Nothing could more effectively explode the myth that wars are prosecuted for national honor and must be continued until that honor is satisfied. War merely becomes a business, carried on like any other business, but one in which the entrepreneurs have little more ultimate success than the individual laborer. In other words, not worth doing.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Economic Sanctions

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A growing number of friends and admirers of *The Nation* are seriously concerned with its indiscriminate opposition to all proposals for the use of economic sanctions or other measures of non-intercourse in the preservation of world peace.

Applied to the rigid and drastic provisions of Article XVI of the League Covenant or to an independent boycott undertaken by the United States the criticisms of *The Nation* have been well taken. It is unfortunate, however, that you have not given detailed and sympathetic consideration to the proposals of a committee of eminent and not illiberal or uninformed citizens headed by President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University. This "Committee on Economic Sanctions," after a thorough canvass of the very difficulties in other plans you have so ably pointed out, has suggested a procedure which is carefully designed to avoid them—or at least reduce them to a minimum—and at the same time to avoid the moral and material dangers of do-nothing isolationism.

The committee has proposed an amendment to the Pact of Paris which would in effect pledge the signatories jointly to refrain from giving such measures of support to a nation which violated or threatened to violate the pact as would assist that nation in the violation. Such action, as provided for by treaty, would be neither war nor a provocation to war; neither would it require warlike emotions for its support. It would not involve the United States in the dangerous commitments of the present League Covenant. It would be flexible enough to reduce to a minimum both the suffering of noncombatants in the aggressor nation and industrial losses in the others. And finally it would not require the use of armed force, but enforcement

merely through joint action by the port and police authorities of each state.

The Nation has so far refrained from a serious consideration of the alternative to such an amendment. Suppose a state were to go to war now in violation of the pact—a supposition already proved to be within the realm of practical possibility. Would *The Nation*—could *The Nation*—keep silent while American munition-makers shipped arms to the offender and American bankers furnished it with credit? To do so would condone the subsidizing of war and of the violation of treaties. Unscrupulous commercial interests might advocate such policies from motives of private profit, but surely *The Nation* would oppose them. Why not take this stand in advance when by so doing you would buttress the cause of peace?

The do-nothing policy to which *The Nation* would be committed by opposing all such pledges in advance creates a continuous menace of war by emasculating the will to peace. The continued refusal of the United States to declare its policy in case of a violation of the Pact of Paris prevents any effective joint action by the other nations to preserve the peace. On the other hand, a commitment by the United States, such as the Butler committee has proposed, would greatly reduce the likelihood of war. It might even create that sense of international security which is a condition precedent to genuine disarmament—and without the necessity of any international armed forces or further futilities of peace by the sword.

New York, June 1

EVANS CLARK

[*The Nation* is by no means indiscriminately opposed, as Mr. Clark suggests, to all "measures of non-intercourse in the preservation of world peace." Nor is it in any sense adverse to taking in advance a stand that "would buttress the cause of peace." For example, *The Nation* is steadfastly opposed to loans and the shipment of munitions to belligerent countries. We believe, too, that the cause of peace would probably be strengthened, in any case psychologically, were the government to state clearly and in advance that it would refuse to permit armaments to be shipped and credits to be extended to countries violating the Kellogg Pact. But obviously it would have to determine beforehand precisely what constitutes violation of the Kellogg Pact. Here we have again the old problem of the definition of aggression, which has never been solved. It is certainly questionable whether a technical violation of the Kellogg Pact would be proof of aggression or war guilt in any given case. But waiving this difficulty, can we in any event accept as sincere the announced intention of this or any other government to take definite measures to restrain or punish an "aggressor" when it has no way of determining exactly what constitutes aggression? In such a situation would there not be more than a bare possibility that national policy or self-interest would determine which of two parties to a war or threatened war should be regarded as the aggressor?

But Mr. Clark, foreseeing this possibility, wants all the signatories to the Kellogg Pact to bind themselves beforehand to act in concert in refusing to give "such measures of support to the nation which violated or threatened to violate the pact as would assist that nation in the violation." In the absence of a concrete definition of aggression, how are these sixty-odd governments to reach an agreement on which of two belligerents in any given case shall be denounced as the aggressor? Even supposing that every signatory was able to take a completely disinterested and unselfish view of the problem, can such an agreement be reached among so many governments in the heat and hurry of the opening days of a war? Is it not more likely that protracted negotiations would be necessary, thus delaying that immediate unanimous action which is to prevent war?

Mr. Clark would include in his universal embargo not only credits and munitions, but other support as well. The

embargo, however, would be modified so as to minimize "both the suffering of noncombatants in the aggressor nation and industrial losses in the others." It is an inescapable fact that a boycott or embargo—call it what you will—must be complete to be effective. This modification of the original economic-sanctions plan simply weakens that plan without eliminating any of its vices. Any such action, however peaceful in intent it may appear, is certain to arouse the hostility of the nation affected against those nations which seek to enforce it.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Instead of Roosevelt

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I notice with interest that *The Nation* apparently does not consider Mr. Roosevelt a liberal at all. I wish you would examine the record of Harry Byrd. He has been liberal in action, which is more important, I believe, than liberality in words. He put through the Virginia anti-lynching bill. The Virginia water-power bill has no strings to it and has become a vital element in State policy. Byrd was the first Southern politician to throw the revenge lobby of the Anti-Saloon League out of his Capitol. And there are many other things.

Richmond, Va., May 31

ROY FLANNAGAN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I favor Albert C. Ritchie for the Presidency, and in view of your recent lukewarm article, I should like you to know why. My favor for Ritchie is quite a matter of recent development and is in no way associated with partisan or friendly bias. I have no ax to grind. Under the mechanics of our political system only an idealist might envisage a perfect political state. I cannot see it and I believe that our aim should be lower. Against the established record of Hoover, the transparently deliberate evasions of Baker, and the weak-sister constitution of Roosevelt, Ritchie's record, his clarity of statement, his political courage, and his freedom from direct big-business alliances make him stand out in bold relief as a logical and common-sense choice.

I believe our need for radical and immediate political reform is more vital than is generally acknowledged; witness Mencken's recent opinion that the depression has been greatly exaggerated. While I believe your general and broader program, not excepting socialism, should have consideration, its hope of accomplishment is too remote to meet our present emergency. Under the circumstances I believe in accepting the most definite and least risky alternative that offers. Ritchie, in my humble opinion, fits these specifications.

Baltimore, Md., May 30

CARL S. BLOEDE

Unemployment and War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On page 453 of *The Nation* for April 20 you say, "We have millions of unemployed, most of whom would be at work had we not gone to war." I challenge this statement—in fact, I flatly deny its truth. (Do not mistake my intent. My pacifism is at least as ardent as your own.) Your error is that you have the cart before the horse; you confuse cause and effect. War does not cause unemployment. It is more true that unemployment causes war, although both are the direct result of capitalistic crises, or "depressions," those ever-recurrent and continually more severe periods of "overproduction"—which is really underconsumption. The purchasing power of

the great mass of the people is not sufficient to buy back what they have produced for the capitalists; consequently there is overproduction, unemployment, a frantic struggle for expansion of foreign markets which meets the opposition of other nations bent on the same purpose—and then war.

Had the World War not occurred, this epidemic of unemployment would have become as acute as at present at least ten years sooner. In fact, it was already in evidence in 1914.

Madison, Wis., May 19

A. M. TUTTLE

[The causes of the present crisis are of course complex. If, however, the World War had not dislocated industry and produced the enormous inflation of the world price level, it is altogether unlikely that we should have experienced a collapse in any way approaching the present one in severity or extent.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Georgia Power

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has just been called to the editorial on the Insulls in your issue of May 25. This editorial contains a reference to the Georgia Power Company which is inaccurate and misleading. The Georgia Power Company is not connected in any way, directly or indirectly, with the Insull group of utility properties. It is probable that the writer had in mind the Georgia Power and Light Company, which supplies electric service in a portion of southern Georgia and which is a member of the Insull group of utilities. The Georgia Power and Light Company is entirely separate and distinct from the Georgia Power Company.

While this confusion of names was no doubt unintentional, you can appreciate the effect of this erroneous statement upon the minds of those Georgia Power Company stockholders who happened to see the paragraph or had their attention called to it.

Atlanta, Ga., May 25

P. S. ARKWRIGHT,

President Georgia Power Company

For Readers in Hudson County

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to form a progressive group in Hudson County, New Jersey, for liberal discussion and voluntary, independent, progressive political action. Such a group is sorely needed here and I feel that *The Nation* reaches the type of person to which such an idea will appeal. Interested readers may communicate with me at 54 Park Street.

Jersey City, June 1

J. OWEN GRUNDY

Contributors to This Issue

HARRY F. WARD, secretary of the Methodist Federation for Social Service and professor of Christian ethics at Union Theological Seminary, has recently been making a study of conditions in Soviet Russia.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

WINTHROP M. DANIELS is professor of transportation at Yale University.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS is the author of "The Epic of America."

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is the author of "John Merrill's Pleasant Life."

Finance

A Rift in the Clouds

SEVERAL events have recently occurred which, if they are permitted to work out their proper effects, should tangibly improve the business situation. The tax bill has become law; the average citizen probably does not yet realize what he will have to pay in the name of fiscal probity, but he will realize it as the year rolls on, and it should be a wholesome lesson. A corporation having \$100,000,000 initial capital and headed by Thomas W. Lamont of the Morgan firm has been formed to invest in bonds and other sound securities. The fact that this enterprise will work for its own profit, with no duty to "support" or "stabilize" the market, has made a far more profound impression on the public than some recent quixotic efforts to halt the progress of deflation by using hundreds of millions of the government's money.

Foreign-exchange rates, recently at levels which permitted a torrent of gold to leave the country, in the greatest export movement of which there is any record, have moved sharply in favor of the dollar, and the prospects now favor a stanching of the gold flow, or possibly its reversal if European unsettlement grows more threatening. As a result of the gold shipments the United States stands revealed as colossally strong. In spite of the enormous losses of last autumn—\$398,000,000 was shipped in October alone—we actually gained gold on the year's transactions; and this year, when exports have amounted to more than \$100,000,000 in more than one month, imports have been coming in at a rate which has substantially cut down the loss. Our ability to ship a billion dollars in eighteen months, and thereafter to spare a second billion if necessary, ought at least to convey an answer to those who have been theorizing about this country's being forced off the gold basis.

A change in the trend of events, a sense that business was once more moving forward under its own steam and steerage, would be highly important for other reasons than that of immediate material gain. For such a change would at once bring within the range of practical discussion all those hopeful plans for social reconstruction and financial and business reform which have been so deeply confused, in our common thinking, with schemes for curing the depression. The two fields of effort are entirely distinct. It now seems fairly plain that a depression cannot be cured by any of the "stimuli" which have been so lavishly applied in recent months, and it is equally plain that none of the carefully designed plans (whatever may be their merits) for managed currencies, planned economies, or rational debt and price adjustment has the faintest chance of being adopted, or even of being seriously discussed, amid the confusion and alarm incident to a great deflationary movement. The reason lies near the surface in human nature: each of these plans involves, or seems to involve, the possibility of loss through change; whereas the more a man loses, the more desperately he clings to whatever is left. Each implies common effort and agreement; and at a time like this conflicting interests are rampant. Business reformers, then, will find in an era of reviving trade the most promising milieu for their efforts.

What is written here is in no sense a prediction that the "turn" is at hand. Present hopeful indications may be reversed by the critical events of June and July, by continued weakness in commodity prices, by the poor corporate earnings which will certainly be recorded during the rest of the year, by autumn politics. A beginning must be made, however, and there seems at least a fair possibility that a beginning has been made.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books, Drama, Films

Potential Christ

By EMANUEL EISENBERG

A subtler crucifixion than the nail
Has etched its exquisite line across his form.
The frigid triumph in his gaunt, pale
Face melts into a posthumously warm
Forgiveness for unwitting humankind.
Belated Magdalenes surrender tears
To swooping skies and rack themselves to find
A pliable story for senescent years.

His undimmed eyes send vision-fingered sleuths
To garner twelve disciples from among
The thronged observers (preferably youths
Because of their high ardor). Having sung
An Eli, Eli, he encounters earth
In sure anticipation of rebirth.

2033—or 1933?

Thunder and Dawn. By Glenn Frank. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

THE somewhat cryptic title of this book is further explained in the subtitle as "The Outlook for Western Civilization with Special Reference to the United States." That the world is in a mess at the moment is obvious to anyone. The object of Mr. Frank's work is to analyze the mess and to point a way out.

The book is a useful one in spite of obvious faults. The reader is tired by its diffuseness, and at the very start wonders why he should have to wade through six pages about a house-party at a rich banker's in order to get on his way to the real problem. Later in one paragraph I counted eight sentences expressing the same idea in eight different phrasings. The intelligent reader may also be repelled by overemphasis, exclamation points being almost as numerous as stars in the Milky Way. On the other hand, the general reader who is not familiar at first hand with the large literature now accumulating on our ills and their future will probably find two sections of the book important and instructive.

One of these gives a very good summary of the outpourings of "the prophets of doom," and the other summarizes the "literature and leadership of hope." By the end of the first 150 pages the reader has acquired a better acquaintance with all the fears and hopes of commentators on our situation than he could probably gain from any other work. That is well worth doing, even though the treatment might have been much condensed to its improvement.

Having presented both sides of the case to court, the author proceeds, not so much to judge between them, as to offer his own views as to our mess. Disentangled from a good deal of verbiage in the next 250 pages, we may note two of the chief threads of Mr. Frank's argument—one relating to the nature of the present mess, and the other to the way out.

As to the first, the author appears to align himself clearly with those who consider our crisis as something unique, unprecedented alike both in quality and importance. Of course no situation repeats itself precisely in human history in all its details and factors. Nevertheless, certain broad generalizations

may be made as to recurring crises in the economic world. It is the belief of the reviewer that this depression does not constitute a "new era" any more than did the so-called prosperity of 1929. The old "new era" talk of hope has been displaced by a new "new era" talk of gloom. It does not appear that the author has marshaled any facts to prove that the present situation is as unique as he makes out, and the part of the book in which he analyzes the economic depression is the weakest.

He seems, for example, to be amazed by what he asserts as a fact, that the depression came at the end of 1929 when "never was there less defensible excuse for economic depression." As I pointed out in the *Outlook* in December, 1928, there were many red lights already swinging as danger signals, and the economic structure had become dangerously out of balance. The wonder is not that the crash came at the end of 1929 but that it had not come sooner. Other generalizations also give us pause as we read, such as the statement that failure of leadership alone accounted for the agricultural depression; that self-interest has never created a civilization at once durable and satisfying; that in previous depressions the people at large did not search for a cause of their troubles; or that people in the pre-machine age did not have beauty in their individual lives and possessions but only in "a few monumental enterprises." Even the term "Western man" is used in such a way as to leave us questioning what it means when the author speaks of "the millions of the West" as having won the recent war. Surely the German and the Austrian are "Western men" if the Frenchman and the Englishman are.

Unless the present situation is to pass as other economic crises have, there would seem to be little hope for the world if we have to wait for the author's suggested means of salvation, which include nothing less than a new Renaissance, a new Reformation, and a new Industrial Revolution. These may come in time, but they cannot come quickly enough to save the present situation. That situation, in the opinion of the reviewer, will be saved as others have been by the working out of economic laws upon a recalcitrant humanity. If that takes place, the next generation will again taste prosperity, and the Renaissance, Reformation, and Revolution may wait. Without that, humanity may gradually descend, in centuries, to the new Dark Age which the prophets of gloom predict. That, however, is an ultimate fate, not our immediate problem. For that, the above three R's are an inadequate solution. That "dawn" is far removed from the present "thunder." At present people are intensely interested in 1933; few care and fewer can predict about 2033. The book contains, however, as I have said, useful summaries of present literature and suggestive comment on the possible future.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Bullfights and Goya

Letters from Spain. By Karel Capek. Translated by Paul Selver. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

PERHAPS we have no right to ask that so disarmingly casual a collection of random travel impressions as this should tell us anything new. The ideal traveler is he who brings keen perceptions and a somewhat instructed mind to an interesting subject, and Dr. Capek does this. But I confess to disappointment that he should have done it before the revolution. I opened his book with eager anticipation of what the clever master of the puppets in "R. U. R." might have to say of a social and political overturn which, if we are to believe our Spanish friends, is on the way to accomplishing some of the most cherished aims of social revolutionaries everywhere,

without resorting to as catastrophic methods as those of the Russian Soviets. What a subject for a writer who adds to the historical background and aesthetic appreciation necessary to perceive the lineaments of old Spain an awareness of the present! But Dr. Capek wrote before the revolution.

And writing before the revolution he seems to have been in a mellow, appreciative, godlike, and somewhat lazy mood. We relax when we travel, and Dr. Capek relaxed. We feel inordinately superior and magnified, for here is the daily life of numberless people docilely deployed before our attentive eyes, and here is our consciousness vastly magnified by the various expressions of other consciousnesses. But every traveler knows that to fight back through our mellow relaxation and our magnified consciousness to the precise expression which will convey to others even a small part of what we see requires Brobdingnagian effort. Dr. Capek fights back only occasionally. For the most part he contents himself with lyrical lists of place-names, lists of food, of wines, of dances, of songs.

Certain phenomena, however—notably Goya, Seville, Moorish architecture, and a bullfight—startle him into expression that is variously vehement, caustic, delicately precise, sensitive, charming. "You might say that Goya turned man inside out, peering through his nostrils and his yawning gullet, studying his misshapen vileness in a distorting mirror. It is like a nightmare, like a shriek of horror and protest." His delightful description of the Alcazar really transports us to it, invokes in us the lyrical mood with which it inspired him. And in his lively account of a bullfight we see the good doctor struggling comically between disgust for the butchery, exhilaration over the spectacle, his civilized desire to retch at the sight of the bestiality of the crowd, and his knowledge that the ability to stomach this naive slaughter is absolutely necessary to the properly tailored modern aesthete.

If you don't mind deciphering shorthand, piecing together stray notes never quite sorted out or made explicit, perhaps you ought to make a place on your shelves for this irritatingly lazy, yet sometimes exciting little book.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

An American Reformer

Portrait of an Independent: Moorfield Storey, 1845-1929. By M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

MOOBFIELD STOREY was an extremely pestiferous person to the highly respectable classes in American life. He was a Harvard man of most excellent family, a patriot, a lawyer of great distinction and ability, and completely fearless. These things, it might seem, would have entitled him to unlimited honor and distinction. Oh, no. He was also a reformer, and therefore a crank, a chronic fault-finder, a "little American," frequently quite unbearable. He was particularly disloyal to Harvard because at times he criticized it and its policies, when, as we all know, a true Harvard man must always believe that his university is one hundred per cent perfect and right at all times. The trouble was, perhaps, that Mr. Storey, in addition to being naturally independent, was early exposed to the pernicious influence of one American whom it is now quite the custom to denounce as a dreadful demagogue, namely, Charles Sumner, whose private secretary Storey was from November, 1867, to May, 1869. As Mr. Howe explains: "In the eyes of the Boston circles to which the Storey family belonged, Sumner, for all his arrogance and intemperance of thought and speech, was a figure of heroic aspect." At any rate, Charles Sumner had courage, ethical standards, and the readiness to criticize at great length without ever counting

the cost to himself. That was also the trouble with Storey. He came back from Washington determined to insist upon fundamental principles of justice and civic morality; this, to quote Mr. Howe again, "was inseparable from the conduct of his life in general."

So he fought hard for the things in which he was interested, notably for civil-service reform, for the rights of the Negroes, for justice to the Indians, for freedom for the Filipinos, for tariff reform, for independence in politics generally. He was a distinguished member of the group which contained such men as Henry and Charles Francis Adams, George William Curtis, Carl Schurz, Richard Henry Dana, Charles Eliot Norton, and Edwin Lawrence Godkin. In other words, he belonged to the cranks who were anathema to the Henry Cabot Lodges and Theodore Roosevelts, as well as to all the bosses of the day—Platt, Quay, Hanna, Croker, and all the rest. Why must the Republic produce men of this type? Why do men like these insist upon criticizing their own government and its acts? Why can they not worship at the shrine of things as they are?

Especially in the cause of the Filipinos and the Negroes did Moorfield Storey distinguish himself. Were the Republic's rewards distributed according to merit, Storey would have received the highest honors and decorations available. Nothing could call him off once he had made up his mind and had it confirmed by his conscience—no ridicule, no abuse, no ostracism, no reflections upon his patriotism. His Harvard associates could not understand why he should criticize that institution in the matter of its football games and its treatment of Negro students; that affected him not at all. As for the Filipinos, they never had a more faithful or a truer friend, and he labored for their freedom until the last day of his life. Like many others of his school he was quite unaware of the conflict between capital and labor, of the economic abuses of our time. He did not always see that he was often concerned with symptoms of the disease of the body politic instead of with the real causes. He was a liberal without being a radical, a reformer without the least touch of the social revolutionist. But he lived an enormously useful life, and was the last of the distinguished group to which he belonged. It is a profound misfortune that it has left almost no successors, that the day of the standards which its members upheld in our American life has practically passed.

Curiously enough, one blind spot in his eye related to the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Storey was indignant that anyone should challenge the courts of Massachusetts which he had himself so long adorned. To him the protest of members of the Harvard Law School against this horrible miscarriage of justice was as inexplicable as it was damnable. He did not wish them expelled, but he did wish that Harvard would make sure that the students who were exposed to such treasonable doctrines were also exposed to the true facts as he saw them. He could, and did, carry to the Supreme Court of the United States lawsuits involving the life and liberty and rights of citizenship of colored Americans equally innocent, but he never had any doubt at all that Massachusetts should stand by the one biased judge who put Sacco and Vanzetti to death.

Mr. Howe has put all the salient facts about Mr. Storey into this volume, has treated him with scrupulous fairness and made every effort to be just—quite obviously and deliberately, for Mr. Howe is himself of a different type, with different views from the subject of his memoirs. In this fairness the author lives up to the best New England tradition. But the book suffers from the innumerable quotations, long and short, from Storey's letters—he was a terrifically long-winded letter-writer, and he wrote incessantly. Hence we have a record, and a complete one, but not an inspired or inspiring portrait of one who was a very great citizen and entitled to the respect of every American.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Shorter Notices

The Master of the House. By Radclyffe Hall. Jonathan Cape and Robert Ballou. \$2.50.

Here is the first novel that Radclyffe Hall has written since the publication of "The Well of Loneliness." Everyone remembers the storm that the earlier book raised, a curious accident set into motion by the sudden horror of a British censor. The book, in fact, was neither a great work of art nor a deliberate affront to English morals. It was merely a mild, somewhat sentimental story, a perverted Victorian love story if you will, written in a style resembling the chaste cadences employed by our own Thornton Wilder. Surely Radclyffe Hall's intentions were not vicious, nor even bold; if decadent, they were mournful and sweet—and perhaps a trifle slushy. The present novel follows the same tradition—but those who are looking for another "Well of Loneliness" theme will be disappointed. The Christ legend is retold as the story of a Provençal carpenter's son, Christophe Bénédict, a chubby little fellow with golden-reddish curls. The symbolism is obvious, childish, and saccharine to the proper degree of stickiness, but by no means offensive. Within her limits, which are not wide, Radclyffe Hall is a conscientious artist, and her delight in telling this simple story was no doubt genuine. There are many roseate descriptions of the way French peasants live, of their charm, of their well-knit bodies, of their refreshing physical health. Little Christophe grows into a good-looking young man who values his virginity more than anything else on earth and defends it against the passion of a lusty French girl who should have known better than to make the first advances to a boy of his disposition. The war breaks out and Christophe goes into battle. He is crucified by the wicked Germans.

Nine Women. By Halina Sokolnikova. Translated by H. C. Stevens. With an Introduction by Mrs. Sidney Webb. Jonathan Cape and Robert Ballou. \$3.

A Soviet woman writer gives in this volume an account of nine women of the French Revolution, some of them rebels themselves, others influencing their husbands by steadfast devotion or intrigue according to their natures, and one, Mme du Barry, stealthily returning from her safe exile in an attempt to salvage some of her expensive gewgaws and paying for her covetousness with her life. The book is biased, but it is interesting. Apart from the liveliness of its style it is made additionally entertaining by the feminine turn its bias often takes, in descriptions of calculated toilettes, of tricks of posture, and so on. The effect is an odd one, for it is an amusing surprise to find "cattiness" in otherwise well-done conventional historical portraits.

The Old Norse Sagas. By Halvdan Koht. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.50.

Some of the Icelandic sagas, dating from the thirteenth century, remain as living literature, and it is to an analysis of their timeless attractions that Professor Koht devotes the bulk of his lectures. Within a hundred years the art of the sagas flourished and died, and by illustrations, quotations, and résumé of the narratives, Professor Koht convincingly demonstrates that it was a great century. His aesthetic judgments are less impressive, and it seems unnecessary to go into a long explanation of the historical distortions that occurred as the story-tellers manipulated common knowledge to produce their dramatic effects. The book on the whole is simple and direct, and leads the reader to an interest in an important literary period.

Russia. By Hans von Eckardt. Translated by Catherine Alison Phillips. Alfred A. Knopf. \$7.50.

This book arrives with extravagant encomiums from the German press. The reason is obvious. Herr Eckardt dwells so lovingly on the part Germans played in Russia as conquerors, dynasts, settlers, diplomats, and experts. For American readers its chief value is its bulk and comprehensiveness. It contains 13 maps and 127 illustrations. A vast amount of information is presented, but its ordering and meanings are left to the reader himself. Interpretations and conclusions are vague; the writing has a stuffiness which the translation preserves. It is divided into three main sections: about a third of the volume is devoted to the past history of Russia; a somewhat larger section is given to an account of the revolution and a description of the new social, political, and economic institutions in Russian life; the last section is a description of the Russian land and its resources, and the opportunities it offers to, and the limitations it imposes upon, its inhabitants. The book is undoubtedly useful, but only for want of a better one.

Drama

A Booby Prize and Some Others

"BRIDAL WISE" (Cort Theater) is an amusing concoction obviously intended for the warm weather. It is admirably performed by James Rennie and by the still charming Madge Kennedy, but it is so thoroughly unpretentious that it requires no further comment beyond the remark that the proceedings are considerably enlivened by the presence of two unexpectedly diverting children—one black and one white. On the other hand, "Christopher Comes Across" (Royale Theater) is so painfully pretentious and so laboriously unsuccessful that the less said about it the better. The Christopher of the title is no less a person than Columbus himself, but none of the previous attempts to burlesque history have been so completely unfortunate, despite the wasted efforts of a good cast. I think that I caught all the most elaborate obscenities, but I was still not amused.

Obviously not much more is to be expected of the expiring season, and I shall now proceed to the distribution of our annual but purely honorary prizes for the Best Plays and the Best Performances. They are hereby conferred upon:

"Mourning Becomes Electra." Eugene O'Neill's three-part tragedy which rises above the mere pathos that is the most our drama ordinarily achieves and strikes the note of genuine tragedy.

"Brief Moment." In which S. N. Behrman again demonstrates his right to be called our most accomplished writer of pure and almost wholly intellectual comedy.

"Reunion in Vienna." A joyous comedy which provides so delightful a romp for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne that one needs to read the text in order to learn that the play is every bit as good as the performance.

"Of Thee I Sing." A musical satire on current politics which is at once so lively and so stinging that even the grave Pulitzer committee was inspired to throw precedent to the winds and to please nearly everybody by distinguishing it with the Pulitzer Prize.

"There's Always Juliet." One of the rarest of all dramatic phenomena—a comedy of pure sentiment which is always fresh, genuine, and delightful.

"Springtime for Henry." In which Benn W. Levy abandons both good sense and sound morality in order to become deliriously absurd.

Alla Nazimova and Alice Brady for two performances in "Mourning Becomes Electra"—both so fine that there is no point in discussing which of them was the best.

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne for acting "Reunion in Vienna" so dashing that (*vide supra*) one was inclined to give them almost too much of the credit for a delightful evening.

Romney Brent for demonstrating in "The Warrior's Husband" his genius for a kind of artificial acting which makes one long to see him in Molière.

Ed Wynn for making folly an art and creating a fool with a perfectly defined individuality.

All in all the season was a hard one for those of the managers who did not happen to own one of the few great successes. For dramatic critics, on the other hand, it was rather more rewarding than most.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Hey Nonny, Nonny," at the Shubert Theater, is a fairly good summer girls-and-music show but does not manage to be more than that. It is more intelligent than most efforts of the kind, with satirical lyrics and sketches which show the influence of the "Of Thee I Sing" school. Frank Sullivan contributes a parody of "Mourning Becomes Electra," there is an amusing sketch showing how Billy Minsky could help the Metropolitan; the principals are pleasant, the chorus is pleasant, and so are some of the tunes. But the show lacks the character it might have acquired by holding to some definite point of view, and it lacks very sadly what it should surely have in the absence of such a point of view—some first-rate clown.

H. H.

Films

Hollywood Tries "Ideas"

IT is difficult not to sympathize with Hollywood. No matter what it does, in what direction it strikes out, it is always faced with the same problem, the problem of choosing between the devil of the theater stage and the deep sea of its own helplessness. Watch it launch its gaily painted* filmcraft, a thing of enormous size but of shallow draft, on some daring adventure into the less familiar regions of art. Almost as soon as land is lost from sight, you see the ship's pilot indeed at sea and the ship itself foundering in deep waters. No wonder Hollywood is loath to undertake such adventures. But unless it keeps within a safe distance from the shore, what alternative has it? Obviously, there is only the devil of the theater stage, with his tempting offerings of polished dialogue and greater intellectual subtlety.

To be sure, to accept the stage dialogue is to sin against the inner truth of the movies, for on the stage the dialogue is an artificially inflated thing which does duty, in the conditions of theatrical presentation, for a great deal of human conduct that is essentially wordless. But there is undeniable fascination in the glitter and stimulating impact of well-chosen words, and Hollywood would have been more than human if it had not yielded to the temptation.

Not so with the other offering held out by the stage, its relatively superior intellectual approach to the material of life. Ideas, it so happens, have no important box-office value unless they can be appreciated by the least intelligent. Mindful of this, Hollywood has been chary of adapting stage plays of any marked originality of thought. But times have changed. Even the easily pleased movie public seems to be turning away from the infantile hokum on which it has been fed for so many

years. Hollywood has now discovered that it cannot quite do without ideas—ideas sufficiently safe, of course, to stand the test of the box office, but ideas all the same, no matter how slight, provided they can pass for novelty. Evidence of this awakening interest in ideas has been accumulating for some time. At present suffice it to cite a few pictures which are current on Broadway this week.

One of them is "As You Desire Me" (Capitol), which is based on a play of the same name by Pirandello. The reputation of a profound thinker enjoyed by Pirandello has perhaps been too easily won. At least to this writer his profundities never seemed to amount to much more than conscientious, if rather dull and superficial, exercises in intellectual gymnastics. But meet Signor Pirandello on the screen, and by contrast with other screen playwrights he appears almost an intellectual giant. To be sure, his play contains no ideas of striking depth or originality. The problem of a woman assuming the identity of another woman, dismissing her doubts as well as those of her supposed husband in order that she may satisfy his ardent love for his lost wife, is really only a variant of the old dictum that the wish is father to the thought, superimposed on the familiar Pirandellian quandary of whether we are what we and others think we are. But it is an idea after all, and a refreshing one at that, when compared with the endless variations of the love triangle in which the only "idea" is the animal attraction of the sexes. Apart from this consideration, "As You Desire Me" has little to distinguish it from the average product of the Hollywood studios. It is essentially a stage play, with its dialogue bearing the entire burden of dramatic development, and it is acted without much distinction, even by its principal star, Miss Greta Garbo.

And now we may turn to Hollywood's own efforts to supply new ideas. Here is, for instance, "Forgotten Commandments" (Rivoli). Free love in Communist Russia, people worshipping the state instead of God, all moral precepts reversed, "thou shalt covet thy neighbor's wife, thou shalt steal, and thou shalt kill, if it is for the good of the state"—ah, here is something decidedly different, original, new. And so it would be, but for the unimportant fact that it is no more true of Soviet Russia than it is of America, and that, moreover, the picture shows neither Russia nor America, but typical Hollywood, with all its cheap sentiment and lurid sex. As for the other novel idea of the picture—the contrast between the present and the past with the help of some excerpts from Cecil de Mille's "Ten Commandments"—the pasteboard dramatics of this screen ballet are enough to kill any moral it was supposed to suggest.

No more successful in the matter of new ideas is "Two Seconds" (Winter Garden), in which an attempt is made to add novelty to the familiar love triangle by telling the sordid story of a murder as it is supposed to have flashed through the mind of the murderer the moment before he met his death in the electric chair. The device is of course not new. It has been tried on the screen in Paul Fejos's "The Last Moment." But what makes it so pointless in "Two Seconds" is that no sooner is it introduced in the opening sequence than it is completely forgotten in the rest of the picture, for we are shown incidents which could never have been seen by the man supposed to recollect them, and the whole story is told not as it might have flashed through the man's mind, but as it could be seen only by an outside observer. As to the story itself, it is hardly worth telling, so hackneyed are most of its ingredients.

Little consolation, too, can be derived from the latest German film, "Monte Carlo Madness" (Roxy). A deliberate extravaganza in its story, the film seldom rises to its opportunities, showing neither originality of treatment nor any marked sense of dramatic emphasis or contrast.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1932

No. 3495

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	709
EDITORIALS:	
The Tragedy of Chicago.....	712
Light Is Too Dear.....	713
Profits in Blood.....	713
Celluloid Sin.....	714
CARTOON: "MAYBE I COULD LET YOU HAVE A CHICKEN FOR THAT POT LATER." By Edmund Duffy.....	715
BEER, BUMS, AND REPUBLICANS. By Mauritz A. Hallgren.....	716
SEATTLE'S JOBLESS ENTER POLITICS. By Robert C. Hill.....	718
HOW BRUNING WAS OVERTHROWN. By John Elliott.....	720
APOCALYPSE OF THE WORD. By William Troy.....	723
HAS THE CRISIS RUN ITS COURSE? By Ray Vance.....	724
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	727
CORRESPONDENCE.....	727
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	728
FINANCE: THE RAILROAD DEFICITS. By S. Palmer Harman..	728
BOOKS AND DRAMA:	
The Third Decade. By Horace Gregory.....	729
Portrait of a Paragon. By Benjamin Stolberg.....	729
A Bewildering Symposium. By Ernest Sutherland Bates.....	730
The Perversion of Democracy. By William Seagle.....	731
Another Soldier. By Edwin Seaver.....	732
The Robert Burns Legend. By Isidor Schneider.....	732
Shorter Notices	733
Drama: "Troilus and Cressida." By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	734

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER
MURIEL C. GRAY, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States;
to Canada, \$6.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address:
NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss
Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE LAUSANNE CONFERENCE opened well by taking the first obvious and necessary step—that of getting out of the way the debt payments due on July 15, including the German reparations payments of \$35,000,000 and the smaller payments due from France and Italy to Great Britain. These payments were neither canceled nor, as in the Hoover moratorium, "postponed"; they were "reserved during the period of the conference." More important than this move was the categorical resolution adopted by the conference in favor of "a final and definite solution" of the whole reparations and debt question to be pursued "without delay or interruption." In addition to that, Great Britain has moved forward from the position of the Balfour note, favoring, in the words of Neville Chamberlain, "complete cancellation in common with all other parties to the conference." This means that the British, in the interest of world stability, are willing to cancel both their share of German reparations and the war debts of France and Italy to them, irrespective of whether or not we cancel the British debt to us. It is almost impossible, however, to imagine France taking a similar position. Probably the best that it is possible to hope for at Lausanne is that the French will accede to an extension of the moratorium on reparations for two or three years, reserving the right only to a reparations tax on the German railroads, and will make a flat, unequivocal statement promising to wipe out German reparations entirely or to reduce them to a fraction of their present

amount as soon as the United States takes similar action on war debts. That would place the problem frankly and unmistakably on America's doorstep.

IT IS ENCOURAGING to learn that a large majority of the fifty-three leaders of finance and business who replied to the questionnaire sent out by the League of Nations Association were strongly insistent that no international economic conference would be of any real value that did not include in its agenda the questions of war debts, reparations, and tariffs—all of which were ruled out by Secretary Stimson from the conference proposal he recently "accepted." It is doubtful if so general an indorsement of American participation in an international discussion of war debts and tariffs could have been obtained even six months ago. True, the indorsement comes from bankers, heads of railroads and large industrial corporations, and a few academic economists, and not from any holders of political office; but the trend is significant and hopeful. Only a very few of the telegrams answering the questionnaire, however, raised the question whether, granting the desirability of settling the question of war debts and lowering tariffs, a general economic conference was the best method of securing that result. The method of general international conference has not been so speedy or so brilliantly successful otherwise as to warrant the surprisingly widespread faith still held in it. Whenever such conferences have really accomplished results, it has usually been because a private agreement was arrived at before the conference met.

THE HOUSE PASSED THE BONUS by a vote of 209 to 176; the Senate, with commendable promptness, defeated it by a vote of 62 to 18. Both these procedures were pretty near what everyone knew would happen, except possibly a few of the more optimistic members of the bonus army in Washington. In other words, the House passed the Patman bill appropriating \$2,400,000,000 for the payment of veterans' adjusted-compensation certificates because it felt sure that the bill would fail in the upper house, or if by some wild chance the Senate passed it, it would be vetoed by the President. A thoroughly dishonest proceeding, in short, designed to get votes and to curry favor with those of the folks back home who have come all the way to Washington to get the money they think is due them. The veterans who remain—and there are a good many—might be interested to note the report issued by Senators Copeland, Wagner, and Walsh, giving their reasons for refusing to vote for the bonus bill. The report declares:

The condition of the public Treasury and the serious menace to the credit of our nation make it impossible to act favorably on this measure without bringing financial ruin to the country. . . . That we shall need an unimpaired Treasury next winter no one can question. We propose that when the call comes for that last-ditch aid, the federal Treasury shall not fail the hungry, the suffering, and the destitute.

This is a sound reason for voting against the bonus, but it

is not very cheering to an Administration pledged to oppose the dole.

WHEN THE BANK OF FRANCE on June 14 drew \$55,000,000, the last of its dollar balances, out of the United States, the action was greeted with the most vigorous upward movement of the dollar that had occurred in several weeks, and expressions of satisfaction were voiced by New York bankers on the fact that the French drain had come to an end, because the bank had no more to withdraw. Nevertheless, the adherents of the gold standard had genuine reason to be proud. The United States in a period of less than ten months had successfully met gold withdrawals of more than \$1,000,000,000, many times the greatest drain to which any country had ever been subjected in any comparable period. With that drain ended, our gold reserves, still in the neighborhood of \$4,000,000,000, are more than adequate. And now that the Bank of France has removed all of its deposits (the gold not actually shipped out has been "earmarked" for French account), it is probably true that the stability of our gold standard has little more to fear through any apprehension about it in Europe. This does not mean, however, that we can afford to deal with the problem irresponsibly. Countries can go off the gold standard by other means than foreign withdrawals. If Congress continues to discuss absurd measures like the Goldsborough bill passed by the House, or needless and dangerous measures like the Glass bill reported out of committee in the Senate, it is bound soon or late to create enough apprehension among Americans themselves to lead to a wholesale drain on the gold supply and the hoarding of gold in deposit boxes.

IN GAINESVILLE, ALABAMA, the municipally owned ice plant is distributing free ice to the citizens of the town this summer. Taxes and collections have more than equaled expenses, and free ice is one of the joyful results. This little story is in sharp contrast to the recent defense, by the New York Telephone Company, of its charge of twenty-five cents a month to the users of "French" telephone instruments. The company declares that the new instruments are expensive to make and are a luxury anyway. But when questioned, Edward L. Blackman, special counsel for the company, admitted that the old type of desk phone is no longer being manufactured, so that in time every telephone user will presumably be compelled to pay twenty-five cents a month for a luxury which he cannot do without. "The company," Mr. Blackman said, has "no intention of submitting to a reduction of the twenty-five-cent charge unless there is an increase made in other rates. The company is willing to go along with the same rates, but it is not willing to reduce any rates at this time." To an ignorant bystander, who has heard somewhere that the price of copper, of which telephone wires are made, has dropped almost out of sight, that other raw materials are not far behind copper, that wages are down, that, in short, the expensive equipment and personnel which the telephone company always adduces for the computation of its rates are probably cheaper than they were, say, in October, 1929, it is very cheering to be reassured that the "company is willing to go along with the same rates," and that it proposes to levy a three-dollars-a-year charge—for an indefinite number of years—only on "luxuries."

CLASS PREJUDICE and race antagonism have united in the Harlan County trial. Two miners had previously been sentenced to life imprisonment, and on June 11 the first of the forty-one now up for trial was sent after the earlier victims. The new casualty in the struggle is Elzie Phillips, a Negro, who was the initial witness of the defense, testifying that he was not at the scene of the famous "battle of Evarts" when the shooting of Jim Daniels and three other company guards occurred, that he did not, as alleged, boast of murdering "the man who killed my buddy," and that he did not attend a secret union meeting the night before the Evarts affair. Phillips's testimony was corroborated by that of Mrs. John Singleton, who swore that she saw Phillips at his home at the approximate hour of the encounter. But because Mrs. Singleton's husband had been killed last year by a mine guard, her crucial testimony was thrown out as prejudiced. The statements of other witnesses who declared they also saw the Negro miner at his home during the time of the shooting had no effect. It is apparent that the prosecution's strategy was based on the belief that it would be easy to convict a Negro, and after his conviction, easier to follow, one by one, with the rest of the accused workers.

AT THE BEHEST OF THE ARMY, the Chilean Socialist regime under Colonel Marmaduke Grove, which displaced the Socialist regime under Carlos Dávila, has been replaced by Dávila once more. The new government promises "moderation," "due respect to the independence of courts of justice," and respect for and recognition of international obligations. However, Mr. Dávila is still planning a constitutional government "based on the Socialist organization of the state." That this is far from socialism, anyone who knows South America can readily see. But Mr. Dávila is a courageous and intelligent man, and it may be that his "constitutional principles," even though they are enforced by the army, will offer to an oppressed Chilean people some measure of relief from the cruel and bloody dictatorships which they have called government. The revolution in Chile, of course, is mainly economic in origin. Copper ingots exported in 1929 were valued at \$105,488,000; in 1930 they had fallen to \$53,658,000. Nitrates have followed copper, and have been affected not only by the general world crisis but by the manufacture of synthetic nitrogen fertilizers in Germany and the United States. The imposition by the United States of an import tax of four cents a pound on copper not only added to Chilean economic distress but augmented the already strong feeling against this country. So far the Chilean government, in whatever form, has insisted that foreign investments are safe. If there is, as many persons suspect, a measure of radical feeling among the masses of the people which will destroy the power of the army, the real test of Chile's socialism and of the response to it by the rest of the world will be made.

THE PRESS has recently carried an "exposure" of the nepotism practiced by Senators and Congressmen in appointing relatives, often their wives, as their private secretaries and clerks. This is a perennial happening. Were the trail followed farther it would be possible to present a long list of office-holders who have had their sons educated free of charge at West Point and Annapolis, and more distant relatives berthed in all sorts of odd jobs. Sometimes, we

will admit, the arrangement by which a wife is her husband's secretary, or a son his father's, works extremely well and results in much efficiency. The worst phase of it is when the relative draws half the pay and does nothing while the real secretary gets the other half for long and laborious hours of labor. As a whole, however, no one can question that it would be vastly better for the morale of our public life if every Congressman and Senator were compelled to take an oath not to appoint any relatives or "in-laws" to any office whatever. Until then, or until there is a marked rise in the tone and standard of our public life, this bad custom will continue despite periodic exposures.

GLENN FRANK, president of the University of Wisconsin, has actually found it necessary to defend the good name of the university against a new crop of witch-burners who used the flying of a red flag for an hour over one of the college buildings by prankish undergraduates as proof that the institution had gone Communist. President Frank's baccalaureate sermon of last June is being used against him. In it he said that he was opposed to communism but added: "I am convinced that the American system of free capitalism and political liberty can answer communism, but it must do it in deeds not in words. For men cannot eat words! Men cannot wear words! Men cannot trust their old age to words!" That any academic head should have to defend himself, or his institution, for using words like these is an outrage. It would be ridiculous to do so were it not that there has arisen in Wisconsin a most dangerous reactionary in the person of an editor, John B. Chapple, who denounces people with whom he disagrees with the violence, the animosity, the bitterness which marked the years immediately after the war. As this editor has been nominated by the regular Republicans to oppose Senator Blaine for reelection, the fight is well on. He talks, of course, an entirely different language from that of Mr. Frank, who is steeped in the principles of true Americanism and is most admirably defending the right of his university to free speech and free thought.

GASTON B. MEANS, convicted of grand larceny for having taken \$100,000 from Mrs. Edward B. McLean to restore the Lindbergh baby, has been sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary. This is the third time Mr. Means has been convicted of a crime, and the inside of a jail is by no means strange to him. Yet it is reported that he heard the judge's sentence with a "cherubic smile" on his face, as unconcerned as if he had been asked for a match instead of fifteen years of his natural life. The phenomenon that is Mr. Means, therefore, will very likely pass out of the picture for long enough for him to be forgotten. But his strange career will hardly be forgotten when stories of odd criminal behavior are told. He has spent the better part of his fifty-three years in "undercover work." He has been spy, confidential agent—actually in the service of the government—private detective; he has served a term in prison for bribery and has been tried for murder, though he was acquitted. One can only wonder that Mrs. McLean found it possible to pay over \$100,000 on the word of a man whose word has so often been found worthless. Nor would Mr. Means be worth mention if he were not, somehow, in his complete and buoyant disregard of any possible stigma that might be at-

tached to his way of life, rather typically American. He might, indeed, be set up as a terrible example of what American carelessness of law can lead to.

THE LOS ANGELES RECORD deserves the gratitude of the newspaper fraternity and of the public everywhere for a victory it has just won in a contempt-of-court case. During the Julian Oil Company scandals, the *Record*, outraged by the way the rascally Julian managers—leading citizens of Los Angeles—were escaping a just penalty for their conduct, demanded action and criticized judge and grand jury for their delay in administering justice. Those criticized found that they could get into action at once, and so they cited the publisher, H. B. Briggs; the editor, Gilbert Brown; and the managing editor, Rodney Brink. For two years these courageous journalists fought the case and have won two extremely important decisions from the Supreme Court of California—first, that no judge charged with prejudice may pass upon his own qualifications; and, second, that the particular judge affected was disqualified from trying his own case. With everything in readiness for the trial of the journalists before an independent tribunal, the Los Angeles Bar Association, which had been associated with the prosecution from the start, suddenly discovered that it was time to dismiss the whole procedure, because, first, "due to lapse of time the Julian Petroleum case is no longer of public interest" (!); second, because of the rise of radicalism in the community by reason of the depression, "no good would be served" by reminding the community of the unpunished perpetrators of the oil frauds; and, third, "all wholesome purposes . . . have been achieved." The *Editor and Publisher* adds to this a fourth reason: that the Bar Association, never having been sincere in its prosecution and using its power solely to silence a public-spirited editor, could not risk having these facts brought out in a just court.

A GROUP OF GERMAN and British scientists gathered on the Brocken in the month of June and attempted to determine, by scientific experiment, the truth of a magic formula. They read out of the "High German Black Book" the incantations for turning a goat into a man, faithfully performed the required operations, and when the goat insisted on remaining a goat, went home satisfied that they had established a truth! No better proof could have been offered of the complete disappearance of the Age of Faith. In the old days when the Brocken was crowded on Walpurgis Night with fays and witches, and goats were by fearful rites turned into men, it was not necessary to measure the result by the hard rule of empirical evidence. If a skeptical scientist in the sixteenth century could have been so bold as to find the goat had not become a man, the faith in the hearts of countless believers would have proved him conclusively to be wrong. And who shall say that they would not have been right? Magic is magic; science, when it is at its empirical best, is science. But science cannot disprove magic, any more than it can argue away true faith. The scientists who went the other day to the Brocken knew beforehand that they could not turn a goat into a man; the believers who went long ago knew beforehand that some power which they did not understand could. For them the miracle, since it took place in their minds, actually happened. It was the miracle of faith.

The Tragedy of Chicago

MR. HOOVER was renominated at Chicago—but not by his party. Those that selected him to head the Republican campaign again were Cowardice, Hypocrisy, Sham, Deceit, and Falsehood. Others were there; these triumphed. Some of the very men who sang Mr. Hoover's praises are among those who dislike him most. They know that never has there been a Republican President so unpopular and so distrusted. They know that if they had not been bound by precedent and threatened by the Presidential lash, someone else would gladly and enthusiastically have been chosen. This is proved first by the attempt to get rid of the ridiculous Vice-President, which was so nearly successful, and second by the demonstrated fact that the discreditable prohibition straddle was "nailed into the party platform" only, as a correspondent of the *New York Times* put it, "by the postmasterships of the dry South." In other words, as so often before, the President, because of his appointive power, was able to dictate his renomination and also the plank which was bitterly opposed by a majority of the delegates not under Presidential control. Never in the history of the Republican Party has it sunk quite so low and never has it shown itself so destitute of principle. It went farther—it showed itself destitute of the fundamental moralities. The leaders vied with one another to impose a monstrous falsehood upon the American people.

For once the Republican Party got off to an extremely bad press. The disgraceful prohibition compromise was denounced by all the leading writers there. Some of the oldest Republican newspapers characterized it adequately, the *New York Evening Post* calling it "a moral failure." The *Herald Tribune* described it as "a wet-moist-dry plank" without a rival as an "indecisive and vague" compromise. The *Chicago Tribune* minced no words in dubbing it a "flagrant fraud." That old Republican war-horse, the *Hartford Courant*, described it as a "dud" and as placing the party in anything but "a respectable posture." There is not even agreement among those organs which swallowed the dose. Thus, the *Boston Herald* calls it "a long step away from prohibition," while the *Philadelphia Inquirer* thinks that this puts the whole issue up to the people, and the *Kansas City Star* thinks that the convention "took a reasonable middle ground between the views of the extreme wets and the extreme dries." You pay your money and you take your choice! One newspaper printed a picture of the delegates in the convention hall being given, out of pails with dippers, a liquid "which looked and tasted suspiciously like beer." Who could be there and deny the complete hypocrisy of this branch of the Anglo-Saxon race?

As for the platform and the "keynotes," according to these Mr. Hoover is the greatest genius of all times. He alone has kept the whole world from collapse; and he whom the leaders despise is portrayed as "wise, courageous, patient, understanding, resourceful . . . tireless in his efforts and unswervingly faithful to American principles and ideals." Forgotten, of course, are the full dinner pail, the two-car garage, the chicken in every pot, the promised abolition of poverty.

Forgotten were all those incredible Presidential assertions that the depression was over, unemployment only seasonal, and prosperity just around the corner. With complete falsity every effort was made to saddle the responsibility for some of the ills from which we suffer, and for the unfavorable aspects of the present Congressional session, upon the Democrats. It was clearly explained by Keynoter Snell that they are a "mob of feuds and factions" and "have exhibited colossal incapacity, hopeless division and disintegration," which doubtless explains just why it is that the Democrats have voted every important measure for which Mr. Hoover has asked. The platform, too, charges the Democrats with instructing "the Federal Reserve Board and Secretary of the Treasury to attempt to manipulate commodity prices," and fails to add that this was done by a *five-to-one vote* in the House, 123 Republicans voting with 165 Democrats in favor of the proposal. But why go on?

The tragedy of it all is that barring the words of certain wet dissenters there was not a vestige of statesmanship, not a shred of courage, not a single constructive proposal in regard to the desperate situation in which the country finds itself. True, there are in the platform some expressions of regret, as well as the effort to place the blame elsewhere. But we submit that no intelligent foreigner, unaware of conditions in the United States, could possibly gather from the proceedings the gravity of the country's situation, the extent of the suffering—the fact that twelve millions of Americans are approaching starvation; that the "American system" of leaving the fate of these unfortunates to private charity has broken down; that our leading cities are approaching bankruptcy; that, above all, millions upon millions of Americans have lost all faith in their institutions and their leaders.

No, the trouble in Chicago was that the Republican Party went through the old motions and tried to act as if it were still in the first decade of this century. There was not a single Hoover banner in sight, and only one picture of our model President. But for the rest the entire effort was the old one of striving to claim credit for everything good in sight, and to pretend that the world is just as it has always been. The Republicans bewailed, it is true, the "breaking of party ties and party faith," both among Republicans and Democrats. But they could not see that what is wrong is that the whole party system as now managed is rotten. As for the plight of the world, such men as these do not know what is happening. Never was incapacity more clearly shown. Never a more barren result when it comes either to analyzing conditions or prescribing remedies. Were we among those who believe that there is no other way to a better world than through incapacity, disintegration, collapse, and chaos, we should be throwing up our hats over this spectacle in Chicago. But we belong to that section of the American people which places human values above all others. Therefore when we read of such really obscene proceedings as those in Chicago, we can think only of the starving millions of Americans and shudder at the tragedy of indifference, casualness, and total incompetence which in this hour could talk and think only of the drink question and nothing else.

Light Is Too Dear

THE recent speech of Floyd L. Carlisle, chairman of the boards of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York and the Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, to the convention of the National Electric Light Association in Atlantic City had a fresh, new sound. Mr. Carlisle pointed out that management of the electric-light industries had not been conducted entirely without criticism, and told his confreres that it was up to them to mend their ways. "Under the guise of management and supervision contracts," Mr. Carlisle said, "efforts have been made here and there to charge the operating companies with unreasonable and improper costs." Mr. Carlisle did not add that these "unreasonable and improper costs" were finally paid by the consumer, as he might have done, but he did declare it the "duty of this association to stamp out such practices." The other important point raised somewhat unexpectedly by Mr. Carlisle was that of lobbying, and "education" carried on by the utilities companies:

Any taint of propaganda, of lobbying, of trying to color facts or to influence anyone except with facts, is definitely, and I hope permanently, ended in this association. . . . I repeat that the purpose of this industry is the generation and sale of electricity at fair and reasonable prices and no other, and that any company violating that purpose should not be permitted to remain within this association.

These, of course, are large, handsome words, and they ought to bring cheer to the heart of every citizen tonight when he turns on the light. In spite of the aura of "service" and general helpfulness which has illuminated the electric-light industry and cognate industries, a number of persons, thanks to the effective research done by a few assiduous and earnest workers, have suspected that the light they burned cost more than it should. They read of the elaborate program of education conducted by the electric-light companies. This program tended to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that private companies, operating for private profit, could produce and sell better and cheaper electric-light service than municipal or State-owned companies operating for expenses only. Any figures which were adduced to indicate the contrary were declared false, misleading, and probably the work of Bolshevik agents. Women's clubs, lecture bureaus, literary groups, college professors, Rotary clubs, church, lodge, and school organizations were utilized and paid by the light associations to carry on this propaganda. Any bright child in the third grade can stand up and say who ultimately reimbursed the light companies. It was, of course, the consumer. The cost of propaganda, according to Jack Levin in his admirable study "Power Ethics," which is based on the material gathered by the Federal Trade Commission, was all charged to operating expenses, and was inevitably included when rates were computed.

Mr. Levin quotes a number of incidents from the record which make clear the workings of the educational campaign. For example:

There was a very prominent lady in the community . . . member of the Literary Club . . . of the W. C. T. U., and a number of organizations. She gave an afternoon tea, and in the course of the party . . . brought the con-

versation around to the subject of State water and power acts, and said rather casually, "My banker tells me that that is an iniquitous and dangerous measure," and with a little comment of that kind passed on. Those who were at the tea did not realize until the investigation came out that she had been paid (by the private utilities) . . . to buy cakes and cookies for the giving of that party.

The light companies made some attempt to conceal the true nature of this propaganda: "A \$1,875 payment to a college professor and a \$4,200 motion-picture bill for farmers are labeled on a voucher 'engineering investigation on wind and ice loading of transmission lines.'" If Mr. Carlisle, therefore, promises that there will be no more of this sort of thing, no more expensive lobbies, no more subsidized school teachers and engineers and leaders of the W. C. T. U., for the ultimate consumer to pay for while he is receiving the misinformation that municipal light plants are no good, the users of electric light and power ought to be grateful and even hopeful. It is true that thanks to the very propaganda which Mr. Carlisle decries, the public, with some exceptions, does not suspect that light rates are much higher than they might be under a different sort of management. There are grumblings at the size of the light bill, and these grumblings will increase when the new federal tax is added to it, but they do not get very far or carry much weight. We need education, right enough, but not of the old utilities sort; we need to know more widely that there are figures to show that public ownership of these utilities results in lowered cost to the consumer. But if the light companies no longer spend money on spreading misinformation, as Mr. Carlisle promises, and if that saving is reflected in a reduced rate for light and power, we shall have begun to bridge the gap between private and public ownership and control.

Profits in Blood

THIRTEEN years have elapsed since the League of Nations, through its Covenant, declared that "the manufacture by private enterprise of munitions and implements of war is open to grave objections," and charged the Council of the League with advising "how the evil effects attendant upon such manufacture can be prevented." The Temporary Mixed Commission in 1923, however, refused to urge the prohibition of private arms manufacture, asking merely that it be brought under control. That so unscrupulous an industry can be controlled only by outright abolition has been revealed by subsequent events.

During the World War British troops fell under the fire of enemy cannon made by British hands; Krupp guns blasted their way through the Belgian forts which were the creation of Krupp engineers; and all through the conflict an international powder cartel directed war supplies by devious channels into the hands of the larger belligerents on both sides. Today, on the very fields of Flanders where German shells rained destruction, Belgian farmers ride harvesters bearing the Krupp label in conspicuous letters. But this idyllic abatement of war-time passion hardly symbolizes a general conversion of swords into plowshares. The stranglehold of the arms rings on their dividends has not been broken, even though there have been shifts both in pur-

chasers and profit-makers. Paul Faure, general secretary of the French Socialist Party, recently gave out sensational evidence in the Chamber of Deputies to support a charge that the Schneider arms factories at Creuzot have combined to sell munitions of war not only to France but also to fascist Hungary, and, less directly, to Czecho-Slovakia and other countries through the Skoda works at Pilsen. Eugène Schneider, according to M. Faure, is a director of the Banque de l'Union Parisienne, which finances the Banque Générale de Crédit Hongrois, which in turn has financed the purchase of arms for Hungary. The same bank is stated to have founded the Union Européenne Industrielle et Financière, now in control of the Skoda plant, while the Schneider concern itself in recent years has delivered arms to Greece, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Turkey, Russia, Spain, Italy, Argentina, and Mexico.

The British government, recently questioned in Parliament, admitted that British companies had sold arms alike to the Chinese and Japanese while their delegates at Geneva were ostensibly engaged in a heroic attempt to end hostilities in the East. Japan in six months received arms valued at £123,000, while China bought £31,000 worth in the same period. The names of the firms supplying these munitions were refused to members of Parliament by the Cabinet.

A report published by the League on June 15 shows that Great Britain led the world in the export of arms and ammunition during 1931. Its share was 30 per cent of the total; France's was 13 per cent; and that of the United States amounted to 12 per cent. In this country we have no delegations from anti-war societies in Congress with strength enough to force facts into the open, and our specific role in this trade has been substantially unknown. It is safe to say that the world-wide traffic will follow its traditional sinister ways until, as a minimum measure of control, the manufacture of arms is taken away from private and profit-making "internationalists" and placed under the ownership of governments, as Lloyd George promised during the war, where at least it can be subjected to a degree of world scrutiny and criticism.

Celluloid Sin

ADVERTISING men are, presumably, the men who know best what really interests the American people. Presumably, also, they are the ones who know best how this interest can profitably be appealed to; and, accordingly, we periodically examine their writings for the purpose of bringing ourselves a little closer to the heart of the people. Our deductions are not always too comforting, but we offer for serious consideration the following excerpts gleaned from the movie advertisements in one issue of a prominent trade paper:

"Bought on Time." A pent-house blonde who loved in instalments and wouldn't go off the gold standard.

"Havoc." Taunted by her smile—haunted by her kisses—men lied, stole, betrayed, and killed—in an unholy struggle for the soul of this woman.

"Rackety Rax!" Racketeers gone collegiate. Gun molls gone co-ed. Turning the campus into a hotspot of sexology, sockology, ginology, and jazzology.

"Born Wild." Untamed, unashamed, *free*—amid the shadows of grim buildings—catching sunshine in crowded parks—snatching kisses in dark hallways.

"Okay!" A merry kiss-and-run romance amid city lights and city sounds.

"Red Dancer." Glamorous foot-loose beauty seeking men and money in pent-house parties.

"Shanghai Madness." Shanghai—glamorous, perilous, treacherous—luring a beautiful girl to explore its evil heart and all but destroying her.

"Beautifully Trimmed." High-riding story of a blue-flame vamp whose red lips laughed at love.

"Hat-Check Girl." A miss who missed nothing—a new slant on the wise women of the White Way.

"The Sun Also Rises." The story of a woman who squandered love to ease her breaking heart.

"Prodigal Daughter." Dares to tell you what slumbers in the soul of a woman.

"Mazda Lane." The glitter—the glamor—the laughter—the tears of Broadway. Where girls with wishbones wear sables and girls with backbones wear rags!

Twelve pictures advertised in a single issue of a journal, every one of which assumes that sexual sins contribute the one really interesting subject in the world and each of which exhausts the vocabulary of the copywriter in an attempt to suggest that it is more raucous, more provocative, and more "daring" than any of its fellows. Twelve pictures every one of which may be, and every one of which probably is, tagged with a moral thrown as a sop to hypocrisy, but every one of which does, nevertheless, base the whole of its box-office appeal on the assumption that the potential audience will accept a half-reel of repentance in exchange for six reels of transgression.

What does it all mean? Does it mean that the public imagination is so thoroughly and so cheaply corrupt that even the wisdom and purity of Mr. Hays's august body has been unable to restrain it within these limits—whatever they are? Does it mean that a movie-making industry which could really give the public what it wanted would riot even more frankly in sentimental pornography? We doubt it. It means, we think, that the attempt to suppress anything as normal and as irresistible as the interest in sexual passion is inevitably to diffuse it, and that by keeping the movies pure—that is, by forbidding any frankly comic or frankly serious treatment of love in modern life—the reformers have produced an endless crop of leering, hypocritical, and dishonest dramas which perpetually suggest what they dare not say.

The theater, on the other hand, has gone its own way without any official censorship and with very little real interference. Yet the theater, however sex-obsessed some may feel it to be, has never in its worst season so tirelessly hammered away upon one theme. It uses titles which occasionally do not contain any reference to "passion," "kisses," "pent-houses," or "lips." It sometimes treats of themes which are not advertised as "daring," "glamorous," or "forbidden." Sometimes it even recognizes the fact that flaming youths, kept women, and all-but-seduced virgins are not the only interesting people in the world. Perhaps, therefore, if the movies had not been so pompously regulated they might not now be so preposterously lurid. Perhaps, in a word, if some movie stars occasionally fell, all of them would not be always on the brink, and perhaps nine out of ten heroines would not have to be, as they now are, frustrated nymphomaniacs restrained at the last minute by fear.



"Maybe I could let you have a chicken for that pot later."

BUF. 1000
PUBLIC
LIB.

Beer, Bums, and Republicans

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Chicago, June 16

THE men and women who owe their political jobs to Herbert Hoover have renominated him for the Presidency. These district attorneys, federal marshals, revenue collectors, and other "representatives of the sovereign people" carried out their orders from Washington without a hitch. Not eagerly, of course, for most of them have little stomach for the man they believe will pull the Republican Party down to defeat in November—a defeat which will mean the loss of their jobs. Even the excited efforts of professional cheer-leaders and the several crudely manufactured "demonstrations" for Mr. Hoover could not conceal the apathy of the office-holders, their lack of enthusiasm for the man who temporarily is their boss. The delegates at the convention talked of rebelling over this or that minor issue. For a while the hotel lobbies were filled with rumors of revolt, but these rumors were taken seriously only by the White House. Reinforcements to keep the job-holders in line were rushed from Washington as the convention was opening; for some curious reason the White House appeared to be afraid that the repeal drive or the rebellion against Vice-President Curtis might result in a stampede against the President himself. Mr. Hoover's lieutenants in Chicago reflected his nervousness. They were needlessly alarmed. There never was the slightest danger that the delegates—the beneficiaries of the Presidential patronage machine—would deny Herber Hoover the nomination he wanted. Indeed, they denied him nothing.

It was on the whole an extremely polite convention. The majority dropped its demand for beer out of deference to the White House. The convention renominated Charles Curtis for the Vice-Presidency, largely because no one could think of a graceful excuse for turning him out of office. The delegates tactfully ignored the evidence of unemployment and poverty which surrounds the Chicago Stadium, where the convention was held; they apparently did not wish to see the hundreds of permanently unemployed men, the "bums" of West Madison Street, who lined the main approaches to the hall—people good enough to be members of "the only party fit to rule" are quite obviously above noticing the derelicts of a civilization that keeps faithful Republicans well fed and comfortably clothed. But the stage managers of the convention, Mr. Hoover's agents, were afraid for a while that the delegates were carrying their politeness too far. At the opening session the mention of Mr. Hoover's name was greeted with only perfunctory applause. This was remedied the second day by the importation of a professional cheer-leader from Alexandria, Virginia, who gained the floor of the convention by borrowing a badge from a Delaware delegate. But the managers did not depend upon his efforts alone. They resorted to other artifices—waved flags themselves whenever the enthusiasm of the delegates lagged, had toy balloons released at appropriate moments from nets hanging from the rafters of the hall, kept bands waiting in the wings ready to sweep out on to the floor as soon as Mr. Hoover was placed in nomination, and ordered the bands

and the great pipe organ of the stadium to continue playing lest the shouting and hand-clapping die down prematurely and thus embarrass the President.

Yet the show was so artificially staged that even some of the conservative newspaper correspondents from Washington could readily detect the false note. Only three of the demonstrations, two of them directed against Mr. Hoover, were in any sense spontaneous. The galleries booed and jeered James R. Garfield when he spoke in defense of the platform plank on which the President will now attempt to straddle the prohibition issue. They howled with derision as the police, upon instructions from Senator Fess, were ejecting former Senator France of Maryland from the speakers' platform for having tried to place Calvin Coolidge in nomination. The third genuine demonstration was the work of Roscoe Conkling Simmons, Negro delegate from Chicago, who lifted a part of the audience to its feet with the only real oratory of the convention. Otherwise the meeting of the Republican marionettes was conducted entirely in accordance with the program sent from Washington.

"Keynote" speeches are inevitable. They are required by tradition and custom, so sacred to all conservatives. Moreover, the radio, providing as it does an unprecedented publicity channel, keeps the custom alive. It was left to Senator Dickinson of Iowa to sound the keynote of the 1932 convention. The Republican managers knew that they could depend upon Senator Dickinson to say the right thing in the right way—to extol the virtues of the protective tariff, denounce the Democrats, and attribute to President Hoover all the qualities ordinarily identified only with the gods of mythology. And the keynote speaker did so with great vigor. He even went so far as to give Mr. Hoover credit for some of the accomplishments of the Democrats in Congress—for example, the London naval treaty, the moratorium on war debts, and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, among many other measures, Congressional approval of which was made possible only by Democratic votes. And these votes were obtained upon the distinct understanding that neither side was to seek to make political capital out of the passage of the several measures. For some reason or other the delegates did not respond to this laudatory speech. Perhaps they were already acquainted with most of its contents, for the address was merely a summary of the many publicity handouts that have in recent months come from the White House or the Republican National Committee headquarters in Washington. Again, the keynote speaker slid cautiously over the only controversial issue that really interested them—prohibition. In any event they revealed their indifference by engaging in private conversations throughout the long address. At one time their talking became so loud that it drowned out the amplifiers, and Senator Fess had to pound long and strenuously for order.

But the real keynote was sounded by National Chairman Fess himself. He opened the convention by reminding the delegates that June 14 was Flag Day. He rambled on about "the nimble fingers of Betsy Ross" and "the halls of Monte-

zuma." He lovingly draped, figuratively speaking, the Stars and Stripes over all our national heroes, not, of course, forgetting Herbert Hoover. He received a brace of standards from an American Legion color guard, and called upon the audience to respond with the oath to the flag. Perhaps Simeon Fess was not conscious of the fact that he was thereby officially opening the campaign, and sounding the note which the campaign will most probably follow. The whole attitude of the convention was apologetic; every pro-Hoover speaker indicated by his gestures and the pitch of his voice that the Republicans will have to have something more than the President's record to offer the voters. And what could be better than patriotism and loyalty to the flag? The trick was tried in 1924. The Republican orators in that campaign largely ignored the Democratic candidate, John W. Davis, and concentrated their fire on Senator La Follette. The latter was damned as a radical and a red. His plan to reform Supreme Court procedure was roundly denounced as part of a conspiracy to undermine American institutions and wreck the American government. Today the danger of a red revolution, at least in the minds of the Republicans, is much greater. Are there not millions of men and women out of work? Was not West Madison Street in Chicago lined with enemies of our society, though we pretended not to see them? True, the government could help these unfortunates and so protect itself. But the Republican nominee considers such help un-American, and a peril no less real than that which may come out of the widespread privation and misery among the working people. The better way would be to appeal to the patriotism of the victims. And so during the next few months we shall very likely hear that every vote cast for Mr. Hoover is a vote for Old Glory and the security of the Republic, while the voters opposed to his candidacy must be considered unpatriotic and probably bolsheviks. We shall be told that a vote for the Democratic candidate, whoever he may be, is really a vote for Norman Thomas and Moscow. Indeed, the closing paragraph of the newly adopted platform declares: "The Republican Party faces the future unafraid. With courage and confidence in ultimate success we will strive against the forces that strike at our social and economic ideals, our political institutions."

But the Democrats will not have the pleasure of being entirely ignored. Virtually every speaker, and the platform as well, pointed out that in deciding between two evils the country ought in justice to itself to choose the lesser. The electorate may not consider the Hoover record satisfactory, but then they should remember that the Democratic record is much worse. According to the platform, "The vagaries of the present Democratic House of Representatives offer characteristic and appalling proof of the existing incapacity of that party for leadership in a national crisis. Individualism running amuck has displaced party discipline and has trampled underfoot party leadership. A bewildered electorate has viewed the spectacle with profound dismay and deep misgivings." Would a party that really had confidence in its own record emphasize with such extravagant and bitter language the supposed weaknesses of its opposition? It is noteworthy that the 1928 platform, far from attacking the Democrats, did not even mention them. In that campaign the Republicans were quite willing to let their chances of victory rest on their own achievements.

Future historians, if they have any sense of honest realism, will unquestionably put down the Republican convention of 1932 as the most revolting spectacle, from the standpoint of humanity and common decency, in the entire history of American party politics. It seems hardly necessary to repeat that we are today in the midst of a great economic crisis, that millions of our fellow-Americans are in want. Yet all that really interested the delegates to the Republican convention was beer. *The Nation* wants the Eighteenth Amendment repealed. I am personally opposed to prohibition, and always have been, not for economic reasons, but on moral grounds. But the sight of some hundreds of representative citizens, even of Republican office-holders, bawling for beer while all about them is misery in the extreme, has virtually crushed what little faith I have left in American society. The wet circus might have been at least partly excused had the convention in any substantial or intelligent way recognized the need for concerted social action to meet the unemployment problem. But there was no revolt against the beautifully meaningless phrases in the platform on this question. Not a single voice was raised in behalf of the hungry millions. It is possible that the Republican delegates had not previously come into direct contact with the problem. Perhaps in their comfortable homes in their own communities they had avoided sight of the working-class districts. But here in Chicago they were deprived of that excuse. By some strange fortune the convention hall stands in the very middle of one of Chicago's poorest districts. Running out in every direction from the stadium are streets—Warren, Madison, Monroe, Adams, Honore, Lincoln, Paulina, Marshfield—lined with the houses of unemployed workers. I walked up one street and down another for an entire afternoon and found hundreds upon hundreds of idle men and women. They were somewhat more "respectable" than the defeated, discarded men known to Chicago as "West Madison Street bums," but it can hardly be said that they were more hopeful or more comfortable. Where is the protection for these people which Senator Dickinson said every class would find in government by the Republican Party?

But the delegates were not alone to blame. Before the convention opened, every means of bringing pressure to bear on the delegations was used by the wets. They staged huge parades, held mass-meetings, thundered their demands over the radio. But were the unemployed or their representatives given a similar opportunity to be heard? Not for a moment. In fact, when they sought to organize a demonstration before the convention hall, the mounted police of a Democratic city administration rode them down. There is no doubt that the police will perform the same useful function when the Democrats gather here week after next.

In a sense the attitude of the Republican delegates is understandable. They had come to Chicago to undertake what was to them a disagreeable task. They were compelled to nominate a man for the Presidency who, in the opinion of a large majority of them, has not the slightest chance of reelection. And with his defeat they would lose their political jobs. Naturally they were in a mood for rebellion. But their revolutionary vision was bounded by the inside of an old-fashioned growler of beer. Beyond that they could see nothing. Therein without question lies the particular futility of the 1932 convention of the Republican Party.

Seattle's Jobless Enter Politics

By ROBERT C. HILL

Seattle, June 13

"**J**OBS, not charity," is the keystone upon which the Unemployed Citizens League has erected a structure that promises to become an outstanding political power in the State of Washington. Its potential strength and the sincerity of its leaders in demanding economic reforms have projected it into the limelight. With their ears to the ground politicians are listening intently, prepared to board the bandwagon and support the league's program. The organization came into being in Seattle as the result of a spontaneous movement to provide work for the unemployed during the recent winter. While its efforts have since been forced into channels of emergency relief, its future is concerned principally with the enactment of legislation that will prevent a recurrence of the conditions which have compelled thousands of self-respecting and hard-working American citizens, now reduced to want and destitution, to accept public charity.

Unique in character, aggressive in leadership, successful in accomplishment, the Unemployed Citizens League occupies a distinctive place. It has molded a disorganized, almost desperate mass of humanity into a disciplined political entity. The plan is spreading over the State and locals are being formed in suburban centers as well as in the cities. It is at least possible, at the present rate of growth, that its membership may dictate at the coming election the personnel of the State government.

The political strength of the unemployed was manifested at Seattle's municipal election in March when the slate indorsed by the U. C. L. was triumphantly elected. This ticket included the mayor, three councilmen, two members of the school board, and the port commissioner. The new mayor, John F. Dore, a brilliant and successful lawyer with unique and liberal ideas, strongly appealed to the voters, especially those out of work. He was elected by the largest plurality in the history of the city. His platform included tax relief, particularly for the home-owner, drastic reduction in public expenses, abolishment of useless positions, increased public efficiency, reduction in public salaries including his own, jobs for the needy, and legislation that will correct current economic ills. This program harmonizes with that of the U. C. L. Mr. Dore is a newcomer in public office. He defeated Mayor Robert H. Harlin, union-labor man, who with two councilmen failed to understand the spirit of the unemployed's program and went down to ignominious defeat. Mr. Harlin's indorsement by organized labor failed to save him. The total city registration approximated 144,000, of which it is conservatively estimated the U. C. L. controls 50,000 votes. This is formidable political strength, and that it is recognized as such by public officials is shown by their changed attitude toward the unemployed. Hereafter the voice of the workless will command respectful attention.

For weeks during the early winter the council had discussed emergency relief work, but there was more talk than action. The city fathers evidently thought the U. C. L.

was composed of unorganized and loud-mouthed agitators. But so emphatic was the popular expression at the recent election that reactionary councilmen have since seen the light. Shortly after the election the same city officials who had ignored the demands of the unemployed gave them the free use of the Civic Auditorium for a mass-meeting and in addition furnished free street-car transportation to league members. At this gathering, where 10,000 citizens met to air their grievances, former Mayor Harlin and a committee of councilmen were castigated in frank language for their alleged shortcomings in dealing with the situation. The distressed voters plainly told their officials they would tolerate no further juggling or sidestepping. Definite action, not honeyed promises, was demanded.

Since the public reprimand the council, responsive to the mighty political whip wielded by the U. C. L., has been active in its attention to unemployment problems. It has passed a resolution requesting the Governor to call a special session of the legislature for the purpose of providing relief and to outline plans for cooperation of the State with federal and local governments in a program of public works. It specifically demands that the legislature repeal an obnoxious State law which directs the sale of property on which local improvement assessments are delinquent for two years, without giving notice to the owner. In addition the council now favors federal appropriations for extensive construction to provide emergency work. Plans are also in the making for a municipal bond issue of \$1,000,000 for city emergency work. As a measure of more immediate relief, the council has provided free garden seeds for the needy.

Employment, legislation, and relief, in the order named, are the objects of the U. C. L. Even should conditions improve so that emergency relief may be no longer imperative, there are earnest and sincere members who intend to perpetuate the organization in order to obtain legislation that will make it impossible for the conditions of the past winter to recur. The principle is laid down that in future the government must provide sufficient employment so that distress may be prevented. This will be the objective of the league's future course, although a definite program has not yet been adopted. Already the organization is working to obtain by the initiative an unemployment-insurance bill. A similar measure was presented to the legislature last year but received scant attention. League leaders believe they will obtain the 50,000 signatures necessary to place the proposal on the ballot next November.

The U. C. L. came into existence almost overnight late in the summer of 1931. The conditions that the unemployed faced during the winter were visualized by such leaders of progressive thought as Hulet M. Wells and Carl Brannin, the latter the head of the Seattle Labor College, and they are given credit for fathering this unique movement. District locals of the unemployed were then formed, the idea spreading rapidly until twenty-two locals were functioning, each equipped with a commissary. Each local elects five delegates to the central organization, which meets weekly. The

president is John F. Cronin, a contractor out of work, and Charles W. Gilbreath, formerly in the trucking business, is general manager of relief. These men and many others have unselfishly given their entire time to the problems of the unemployed, serving without salary, and developing a high type of leadership in the face of the most discouraging conditions.

At this writing the Seattle league numbers 13,000 families, the total dependents being nearly 44,000. About 95 per cent of the membership is in family units, comparatively few single men being on the rolls. Recently nearly 5,000 veterans were added when the county funds for veteran relief were exhausted. The league is cooperating with public officials and welfare organizations in a program of continued relief, as it believes the situation will remain acute for an indefinite period. The original object of the organization was to provide employment. The thought of accepting charity was repugnant to the great majority of members. However, with the coming of cold weather, when conditions assumed a serious aspect, the major effort of the league was directed to the task of saving thousands of unfortunates from starvation and suffering.

The great mass of our members [explained President Cronin] are hard-working, loyal American citizens. In our organization we require no certificate of character. Anyone in want is eligible. All are treated equally. Naturally there has been a great conflict of ideas. We have suffered from individualism. It has been hard to fuse divergent ideas and get mass action. The Communist element has been active but it has failed to dominate the league. It has taken strong and tactful leadership, not only in the central federation but in the locals, to accomplish what we have done in the face of constant dissension. But the morale of our people has been wonderful. To their credit, despite the stupid lack of consideration from some public officials—absolutely inexcusable—there have been no riotous public demonstrations, no conflict, no outbreak. They have remained law-abiding and orderly. We know that 95 per cent want to work and abhor charity. It is possible that 5 per cent are unworthy, satisfied to remain idle, subsisting on charity on the theory that the State owes them a living.

In response to the U. C. L. demand, presented early in the winter, for an appropriation of \$1,000,000 to finance jobs for the needy, the Seattle City Council set aside an emergency fund of \$462,000, in addition to \$428,000 to be expended by the park board. Much political juggling followed, so that actually only \$150,000 was spent for emergency employment and \$10,000 of city funds for immediate relief. The work offered was under the Civil Service and therefore many of the most needy were barred. Applications for employment numbered 12,000. The council at first adopted a starvation scale of \$1.50 a day on the theory that it would benefit a greater number. Loud protests followed. When the council finally adopted the city's minimum wage scale of \$4.50 for emergency work, employment was suspended on the plea that the funds were exhausted. More considerate treatment was given by the county commissioners. This body was asked for \$500,000 on the theory that the city would supply the balance. But the city failed to find the money, and since January 1 the county has financed all emergency relief by monthly appropriations.

Within a week after taking office Mayor Dore evi-

denced his interest in the problems of the unemployed by heading a new committee to handle the local situation. Mr. Dix, Mr. Cronin, and Mr. Gilbreath, ex-Mayor Harlin's committee, were reappointed. The new members, in addition to Mr. Dore, are Dr. W. C. Copps and M. A. Arnold, a banker. The Mayor has asked an emergency appropriation of \$5,000 to enable the workless to pick strawberries which are wasting in the fields. It is planned to pack the fruit in barrels and store it in refrigerated space donated by the Port of Seattle.

The twenty-two locals of the U. C. L. maintain headquarters and hold meetings in halls and churches the use of which is donated. Putting into practice their principle of work rather than charity, members have given in labor and service the equivalent of thousands of dollars. Tons of potatoes, apples, and other products of the field and orchard have been gathered and hauled to the depots. Fishermen have donated their surplus. Shoemakers, barbers, tailors, and other craftsmen are earning their supplies by giving free service to the needy. This cooperative effort has extended to professional ranks—doctors, dentists, and lawyers giving generously of their skill and time. The sympathetic response of the public at large to the cry of the needy has been one of the bright spots of an otherwise distressing situation.

Fuel supplies were urgently needed last winter and wood-cutting furnished employment for nearly all the league members, the work being rotated. Within twenty miles of the city were numerous tracts of public and privately owned timberland where good wood was going to waste. With borrowed tools and donated trucks U. C. L. members produced 3,000 cords of stove wood a month, which was distributed through the locals. During most of the winter 19,000 otherwise unemployed men were at work cooperatively for the general welfare. Up to April 1 they had given more than 300,000 hours of labor, which, figured at the normal wage of 56 cents an hour, represents a total earning of nearly \$200,000. Much suffering was thus alleviated. The ration list is based on a minimum of \$2.50 in supplies per week for a family of four. No money is handled. Purchases are made in volume at the lowest wholesale prices. Distribution is made on proper requisition.

Only the direst necessity drove thousands of self-respecting, heretofore self-supporting American citizens into this cooperative movement for employment and relief. Practically all were home-owners. Lack of work, foreclosure of mortgages, excessive taxes, unwarranted improvement assessments, depreciation of property values, and failures of savings and loan associations created a burden that reduced them to the brink of starvation. Hunger broke their pride and forced them to ask assistance. Undoubtedly the white-collar class suffered most severely, for mechanics and laborers, accustomed to part-time idleness, were better prepared by experience to meet the problems of unemployment.

In a city that prides itself upon its advanced stand for public ownership, there was naturally widespread resentment because greater consideration was not shown to those unable to pay their water and light accounts. The league demanded credit for the needy, and now the city is extending more credit to those who are worthy, in many instances accepting the reports of the organization's investigators.

On May 30 U. C. L. groups from various sections of the State held a State convention at Tacoma and formed

the United Producers League, which the agriculturists are asked to join. Since this gathering, efforts to form a coalition with the League for Independent Political Action have been initiated, the plan being to merge all progressive groups into a third party that will accomplish the aims of the workers and their associates. These include a three-year moratorium on rents, agitation against threats of war on Soviet Russia and against a levy for war purposes, a minimum wage of \$5 a day, indorsement of the soldiers' bonus, and opposition to child and convict labor.

While numbering themselves among the unemployed,

the officers and leaders of the U. C. L. never before were so busy as during the past winter and they are still fully occupied. To many the opportunity to help others has been a pleasure, causing them to forget their personal worries and troubles. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," has been proved by practical application. To the man walking the streets in despair looking for work, the chance to saw wood for the shivering or to drive a truck to deliver supplies to the needy has been one to be eagerly seized. The U. C. L. has been a practical and successful demonstration that in unity there is strength.

How Brüning Was Overthrown

By JOHN ELLIOTT

Berlin, June 4

THE "Cabinet of Barons" that rules Germany today is easily the most reactionary that the country has seen since the brief rule of Michaelis in the World War. The Papen Government is dominated by the militarists, the Junkers, and the industrialists. Its feudal nature is indicated by the presence in it of four barons, one count, two "vons," and just two untitled citizens. The declaration of policy issued by the government is written in the language of Hitler and Hugenberg. It denounces all preceding governments since the establishment of the republic for "having sought to convert the state into a charity institute."

The new government will undoubtedly try to undo the admirable system of unemployment and health insurance, and to abolish the arbitration agreements in industry which prevent wages from being cut by direct action of the employers. The Papen ministry, as one Berlin newspaper puts it, is trying to set the clock back to 1862 and to reestablish as far as domestic industry is concerned (needless to say, not fiscally) the laissez faire principles of the Manchester school. Politically, the consequences may be even more disastrous, and it is not too much to say that the existence of the German Republic established at Weimar in 1919 is imperiled in the year of Goethe's centenary. The first step has been taken toward setting up either a Hitler Government or, what will be more dangerous, a military dictatorship.

The coming of the Nazis into power was generally expected this year, but the rapidity and manner of Brüning's fall from office surprised everybody, except possibly the authors of the plot against him. Certainly Brüning himself was the most astonished of all at his overthrow. Up to the end he seemed to have no inkling of how his position with President Hindenburg had been undermined, and to have been completely unaware that the conspirators against him had not only picked his successor but filled out the entire list of the next Cabinet. The evening before his fatal Sunday interview with Hindenburg, he addressed the annual dinner of the Foreign Press Association in Berlin and in his last speech as Chancellor belittled "talk" about a Cabinet crisis, saying that he had more important things to think of.

It is curious that Brüning, by nature deeply pessimistic, should have been hopeful for perhaps the first and only time in his life when his doom was already sealed. Victory appeared to him to be within his grasp. In his last Reichstag

speech on May 11 he spoke confidently of being "within a hundred meters of the tape." He believed he could get the creditor nations of Europe to agree to the definitive abolition of reparations payments—an achievement which in the minds of his countrymen would rank even higher than the securing of the freedom of the Rhineland by his great predecessor, Gustav Stresemann. The Chancellor felt that his position at home was secure at least until the autumn, and outwardly he had some reason to entertain such a notion. In its last session the Reichstag rejected by a majority of thirty votes the motion of non-confidence introduced against him, and so long as that parliament lasted—and its legal term did not expire until the autumn of 1934—the danger of being upset by the chamber seemed remote.

Not only had the Chancellor the support of the Reichstag, but he thought that he had what was far more important—the unshakable confidence of the German President. No single individual had contributed so much toward Hindenburg's reelection as Brüning by his stirring addresses throughout the Reich, in which he extolled the Field Marshal in glowing terms for his "good faith" and "loyalty." No Chancellor was ever so devoted to a chief of state as Brüning was to Hindenburg. Above the writing desk of the Catholic statesman hung the picture of the Protestant President. It was Hindenburg who, when the Cabinet of Hermann Müller fell in March, 1930, chose the then almost unknown Center Party Reichstag deputy to be the next Chancellor. And when the Reichstag refused Brüning its confidence that summer, Hindenburg stood by him, authorized him to dissolve the parliament, and signed all the necessary emergency decrees to keep the government running. So affectionate were the bonds that linked the two men that when Brüning undertook a trip through East Prussia in the winter of 1931, Hindenburg sent his own fur coat so that the Chancellor might keep warm while he was in the East.

Consequently Hindenburg's victory in the presidential election against Adolf Hitler this year was everywhere regarded as a triumph for Brüning. Even the Brown House in Munich never dreamed that Hindenburg would send to Coventry the man who had brought about his reelection, in order to instal in power the forces which had actively fought him in the campaign. But in his hour of triumph Brüning's position with the President was fatally compromised. His most deadly enemies were not the leaders of the parlia-

mentary opposition, but men working underground and in secret—a clique of professional soldiers in the Reichswehr, men in the President's own household, and a group of Junkers, old friends and neighbors of Hindenburg's. What Hitler and Hugenberg failed to accomplish by frontal attacks, General Schleicher, Dr. Otto Meissner, and Elard Oldenburg-Januschau succeeded in doing by sapping.

The success of the intrigues against Brüning will be more readily understood if the circumstances under which he first took office in March, 1930, are recalled. He was appointed Chancellor by Hindenburg to create the first truly conservative government under the republic. The hold which the Socialists had had on the Reich for the greater part of the previous decade was to be broken. Brüning was intrusted with the task of forming a Cabinet resting on a coalition between the Catholic Center and the moderate conservative wing of the Nationalist Party, represented by men like Count Westarp and Treviranus. These calculations did not work out because both Hindenburg and Brüning had entirely misjudged the political situation. Alfred Hugenberg, the boss of the Nationalist Party, shattered this attempt to build a conservative government by turning it out in the Reichstag. In the historical Reichstag elections that followed on September 14, the moderate conservatives were virtually wiped out of political existence, while for the first time the National Socialist Party became a power to be reckoned with.

It will perhaps ever remain a moot question whether Brüning would not have followed the more statesman-like course in taking the Nazis into the government that autumn. Very likely the responsibilities of governing would have sobered down Hitler's party and prevented it from waxing fat in two years of opposition during the worst economic storm that has ever struck Germany. But Brüning feared that the panic created abroad by the entrance of Hitlerites into the Cabinet would lead to wholesale withdrawals of foreign credits. He could not foresee the bank crash of July, 1931, which was to produce that disaster anyway. Furthermore, the duration of the crisis was thought at that time to be limited to the following winter and it was expected that an economic recovery in the spring would melt away the "crisis phenomenon" of Hitlerism.

By turning his back on Hitler in the autumn of 1930, Brüning was compelled to cooperate with the Socialists, whose help he had scornfully rejected the previous spring when the Reichstag dissolution could have been avoided. The Socialists had to make compromises as a result of their decision to "tolerate Brüning as the lesser evil," but so did the Chancellor, who needed their votes to preserve the façade of democracy. For Brüning was resolved not to govern by a dictatorship and therefore he needed Socialist support to get a majority for his decrees in the Reichstag. Consequently, the Chancellor, although profoundly conservative in his outlook on life, was pushed steadily to the left. The decision to dissolve the storm detachments of the Hitler movement, for instance, which led directly up to the Chancellor's downfall, was taken under strong pressure from the Socialist Party. But the growing dependence of the Chancellor on the Socialist Party became constantly more irksome to Hindenburg, whose prejudices against that party, rooted in his nature by ancestry, environment, and training, are ineradicable.

How far back the threads of the plot spun against Brüning extend is not generally known. Perhaps the plot began last autumn when Hitler was received several times at the Reichswehr Ministry by General Kurt von Schleicher, then secretary of state in that department. The existence of the backstairs intrigues against the Chancellor leaked out in public in January of this year, when Brüning was endeavoring to obtain the reelection of Hindenburg by parliamentary means through agreement with the Nationalist opposition. At that time strong pressure was brought to bear by a clique to get Brüning to resign on the ground that the Chancellor's tenure of office was the only obstacle in the way of Hindenburg's being reelected by acclamation. One of the principal figures in this intrigue was Dr. Otto Meissner, chief secretary to President Hindenburg. Originally a man of the left, Meissner, a career diplomat, was appointed to the office he now holds by the Socialist Friedrich Ebert, first President of the German Republic. Meissner, like Schacht, Gessler, and many other Germans in recent years, has swung over from liberalism to nationalism, and had become convinced that the Nazis had to be brought into the government. At that time, however, the intrigues against Brüning failed, as Hindenburg refused to accept any conditions as the price of his reelection and declined Brüning's repeated offers to resign.

General Schleicher is now the dominant figure in the Papen Cabinet. The present Reichswehr Minister is called the "office general" because most of his fighting has been done over a desk. He is perhaps the most adroit puller of wires behind the scenes since the late Baron von Holstein, who as a powerful minister in the Imperial Foreign Office probably was more responsible for the fall of the German Empire than any other one man. Just fifty years old and a native of Brandenburg on the Havel, General Schleicher embarked on a military career and was soon called to the General Staff. In the security of General Headquarters, far from the crashing shells, he passed through the entire four years of the war with the exception of the summer of 1917, when he was assigned to staff duty on the quiet Eastern front. He became the coworker of General Wilhelm Groener, whom he was later to overthrow in the closing stages of the war, won the favor of that excellent organizer, and in 1929 was given by Groener the post of secretary of state in the Reichswehr Ministry. This office was created for the first time for Schleicher and in fact, it is said, at his own suggestion.

Known to be an exceptionally able as well as an ambitious man, Schleicher even in those days is reported to have had his eyes on the job of the Reichswehr Minister. Never having had a military command, he could hope for no further promotion in the army. When Brüning intrusted Groener with the business of the Ministry of the Interior in reshuffling his Cabinet in October, 1931, Schleicher became the real boss in the Reichswehr Ministry. The first public intimation that there was a rift between the secretary of state and his superior came early this year when a decree was issued by the Reichswehr Ministry authorizing the enlistment of National Socialists in the German army. Previously Nazis, like Communists, had been barred from the army on the ground of being "hostile to the state." This edict created amazement only shortly before both Brüning and Groener had publicly denounced the Nazis for their

treasonable activities. The decree not only revealed the existence of divergent currents in the all-important Reichswehr Ministry, but for a time threatened to drive the Socialist Party into opposition to the government.

The Prussian Diet elections on April 24 sounded the knell of the Brüning Cabinet, although this was not generally appreciated at the time. It apparently convinced Hindenburg that the counsel of his unofficial advisers that the Nazis must participate in the government was correct and that Brüning's policy of shutting the door in Hitler's face was hopeless. The disintegration of the Brüning Government began when Hermann Warmbold, a director of the I. G. Farbenindustrie, resigned as Minister of Commerce early in May. Taken into the Cabinet only six months previously to win the support of the industrialists for the government, Warmbold soon fell into serious disagreement with his colleagues. His projects for a veiled and controlled inflation were shattered against the firm resistance of Brüning and the president of the Reichsbank, Dr. Luther, and his endeavors to effect sweeping reductions in the "doles" for the unemployed also proved fruitless against the opposition of the Minister of Labor, Adam Stegerwald, former secretary of the Catholic trade unions. Warmbold's retirement from the Brüning Cabinet was the signal that big business had declared war on the government. Now the dye-trust director has bobbed up again as head of the same ministry in the reactionary Papen Cabinet.

The act that probably decided the government's fate, however, was the decree banning Hitler's private army. This measure was pressed upon a rather reluctant Chancellor by Groener and the Socialists. It aroused the utmost opposition in military circles, where the Nazi storm troopers were regarded as a valuable adjunct to the small German army in that they kept alive the "martial spirit" of the country. The uprising of the "political generals" led by Schleicher made Groener's retention of the Reichswehr Ministry impossible. The political crisis was postponed by the Whitsuntide holidays, during which President Hindenburg retired to his country estate in Neudeck in East Prussia to ponder over the situation.

Hindenburg's departure was disastrous for Brüning. If the President had remained in Berlin the Chancellor might have been able to restore his dissipated authority. But in far-off East Prussia, with the Polish Corridor stretching between Neudeck and the German capital, Hindenburg was subject to a constant stream of advice from his Junker neighbors. The emergency decree which the Brüning Cabinet was drafting in those days was the last straw. It provided, among other things, that the estates of the big landowners which were heavily indebted should be broken up and sold at a fair price and then converted into small holdings.

The proposal to cut up the large estates of the class that had ruled Prussia since time immemorial brought all the Junkers up in arms. One of those who most influenced Hindenburg to oppose this measure was the picturesque octogenarian Prussian Tory, Oldenburg-Januschau, who years before the war made the famous remark that the Kaiser ought to be able at any time to send a lieutenant and ten soldiers to shut up the Reichstag. Another Junker who helped convince the President of the "bolshevistic nature" of the Brüning plan was Baron Wilhelm von Gayl, who

today occupies the key position of Minister of the Interior.

The three dominant classes in pre-war Germany—the militarists, the Junkers, and the big industrialists—were now arrayed against Brüning. The unexampled speed with which the new Chancellor was named and the list of Cabinet members filled out indicates that the plot was well prepared in advance. The conspiracy against Brüning is said to have been concocted in detail at the highly aristocratic Gentlemen's Club in Berlin, an association of industrial magnates and big landowners.

Franz von Papen's selection as Chancellor does not argue much for the intelligence of the "political generals." With the exception of the ex-Kaiser, there is probably no other German who could so effectively revive war-time memories and prejudices in America and England against Germany as this one-time military attaché of the German Embassy in Washington whose espionage activities resulted in his ignominious deportation from the United States. As the London *Times* observed, Captain von Papen's labors in those years "are hardly a good recommendation to the goodwill of the leaders of those nations with which Germany must engage in delicate negotiations." Herr von Papen was chosen as Chancellor by the plotters to win over the Catholic Center Party, of which he was a member on the extreme right wing. But the effect on the Center Party was precisely the opposite of that which was intended. Had a Nationalist been chosen, the Centrists in accordance with their traditional policy would have given the new government "a chance" and so abstained from voting against it in the Reichstag. But the appointment of this Catholic "renegade," as the Centrists call Papen, was regarded by his own party as adding a gratuitous insult to the injury they had had to sustain through the humiliating downfall of their distinguished representative, Brüning. This clumsy maneuver drove the Centrists into an opposition as bitter and as angry as has not been manifested by this party since the days of the *Kulturkampf* with Bismarck.

The intentions of the Schleicher group are veiled in deepest secrecy and are viewed with the greatest anxiety by the republicans. The National Socialist press calls it a "transitional Cabinet" and says that its only task is to hold office until their party takes over the government after the election. But Schleicher himself is reliably credited with saying that his government is good for the next four years. It is also hardly likely that men like Baron von Neurath, the former German ambassador in London, would throw up their careers just for the sake of serving for a few months in a caretaker's government. Schleicher must have one of two plans in his mind. He may intend to form a pact with Hitler after the election and span the millions of that extremist party to the chariot of German militarism and Junkerism, throwing a sop to Cerberus in the shape of a couple of ministerial posts and perhaps the Reichscommissarship of Prussia. This is based on the assumption that the Hitlerites and the Hugenberg Nationalists together will win a majority in the next Reichstag. More likely they will not. In that event, the Reichswehr Minister may figure on ruling by means of a military dictatorship based on the Reichswehr. In any case it behooves German republicans to watch the developments of the next months with the closest attention, for never has the Weimar democracy been in such danger as it is now.

Apocalypse of the Word

By WILLIAM TROY

PERHAPS not until quite recently has it been possible to distinguish with adequate sharpness between what promise to be the principal directions of criticism in our time. But however confused that criticism may still remain to the cursory reader of reviews and articles, it is now almost certain that there are not more than three or at the most four clearly defined points of view open to the critic of today who would be both consistent and positive in his approach to literature. The time has come when the critic who refuses to identify himself with one or another of these points of view must seem either too superficial or too confused to be very much worth the trouble of reading. As for the critic who devotes himself to examining and dismissing the views of others without venturing to advance one of his own, the only position he can claim is the anomalous one of having no position at all, and his work suffers correspondingly in vigor and direction. Without pausing to consider the peculiar merits attached to such an Olympian attitude at the moment, one turns to the more boldly articulate groups who have aligned themselves under the more or less recognizable banners of classicism, romanticism, and communism. Of these groups certainly the most articulate so far has been the first; for the followers of T. S. Eliot in the *Criterion* in England and the *Hound and Horn* in America have had the very distinct advantage of working with a lucidly intellectual vocabulary. We have had, more recently, in the pages of the *Modern Quarterly*, the spirited correspondence between Henry Hazlitt and V. F. Calverton on the relations between communism and literature. But not until the publication a few months ago in Holland of the new enlarged *transition* have we had anything like so definite a statement of principles from what we may call the Romantic Survival in contemporary letters.

"The crisis through which we are passing today is primarily a crisis of human consciousness," announces Mr. Eugene Jolas, in the course of his counter-attack on what he believes to be the "gregarious hypnosis" of communism in the offing. The logic of the *transition* group may be summed up in somewhat the following manner: The world, as pretty well everyone agrees, is in a bad state of spiritual and intellectual disintegration. Everything has been affected, including our literature, which still persists in being written around the same ideas and in the same language as when the world and society were in a better way. The problem of literature in our time, therefore, is fundamentally a problem of words. "The vast political, philosophical, and psychological revolutions in recent history have shifted the significations of many terms to such an extent that the original ideas have become obscured, necessitating wearisome redefinitions to avoid the misunderstandings produced by the difference between the primary image and the superimposed one."

So far one may recognize much that is justified in *transition's* platform. But almost immediately Mr. Jolas is led to an apotheosis of the individual poet, to whom he would restore something very much like the vatic role the latter oc-

cupied in primitive society. Mr. Jolas places his faith in the poet, in the "orphyic" vision of the poet, because he alone can give back to language its prelogical functions and thus make a spiritual revolt, "the only revolt worth making today." It is the business of the poet to undermine all rationalistic dogmas and ideas which stultify current literary expression by discovering in his own subconscious the elements of a new language. For this reason *transition* announces itself the champion of all hallucinative, mantic, and "mediumistic" experiments in writing. The current issue of the magazine has an ample representation of such experiments under the title "anamyths, psychographs, and other prose-texts." An "anamyth," we are informed, is "a fantastic narrative that reflects preconscious relationships"; a "psychograph" expresses hallucinations and phantoms.

It is unfortunate that the editorial plea of *transition* for a new and living language should be written in such a pretentiously vague and ultra-intellectual vocabulary. It is the more unfortunate because the effect is to discourage the few people who might be willing to admit the truth of some of its assumptions. Certainly no reader of contemporary writing can help agreeing, for example, that all but the best of it is written in a style that is rapidly losing whatever direct associations with the senses the language once possessed. Triteness, abstractness, weary journalese—almost any page by the late Lytton Strachey might serve as an example for study. Moreover, the cleansing process begun by Gertrude Stein as long ago as 1904 and carried on by Anderson and Hemingway has had but one result to date: it has set up a new euphuism as artificial as the old. The parodies of English prose styles in "Ulysses" have turned out to be only a prelude to the international dream language of "Work in Progress."

But admitting all this to be true, one is left with grave doubts as to the feasibility of any program which attempts to bring about a reform by deliberate and self-conscious means. Without reviewing the whole overworked question of "intelligibility" suggested by those few who have put the theories of *transition* in practice, one can question to what extent a language can be systematically created or reformed by any individual or group of individuals. There is certainly no precedent for any such effort in the history of languages in the past. New life is usually infused into a language by the necessity of a younger race to communicate new energies and a new response to experience, which was what happened in Europe after the collapse of Rome, and which is what may be happening in America today. The process is slow and extremely complicated (there is the whole science of philology); and a language is not fully revived as an instrument until it has been taken up by a first-rate literary genius. And a first-rate literary genius, in turn, is not born in every generation; he is the product of a culture which has settled itself into a complete social and intellectual unity. Language, in the last analysis, is not personal but social, whatever variations the individual may play on it.

This is, of course, at the same time the objection to the

romantic assumption that a "revolution of the word" would entail a corresponding revolution in metaphysics, art, and religion. It is very much like believing that all the problems in the world would be solved by a new dictionary of Esperanto. We have seen in our time poetic imagery, extremely vivid and picturesque in itself, devoid of significance because it was insufficiently related to any cohesive background of ideas behind it. The narrowing of all our problems down to a problem of the individual word, as *transition* advocates, rather than leading to that integration which we would all welcome, leads on the contrary to an infinite process of fragmentation. In fact, the course of romanticism in the past few hundred years has been leading in exactly that direction.

For the truth is that the group associated with *transition*,

whatever else we may make of it, does represent the most complete expression of romantic individualism, philosophical as well as literary, to be found in our time. If we consider romanticism to consist essentially in a process of reduction—from society to the individual, from the individual as a whole to the separate emotion, impression, and sensation—no other group has brought the process to a further point of culmination. We are here at length reduced to the lowest integer of conscious or subconscious communication. We are offered the Apocalypse of the Word. And in this ultimate simplification of the romantic gesture lies perhaps the real importance of *transition* in the scheme of contemporary letters: it does force us to make up our minds decisively whether or not we believe that gesture to be the appropriate one for our time.

Has the Crisis Run Its Course?*

By RAY VANCE

IT is particularly fitting to discuss the business cycle in connection with this depression because failure to provide against the dangers inherent in business cycles has been, in my personal opinion, the prime cause for the extraordinary length and violence of the depression. In the first place, all warnings issued during 1928 and 1929 were met with ridicule as the opinions of men clinging to an "exploded superstition." In the second place, the same men who refused to take precautions which might have prevented much of the damage are equally stubborn in refusing to recognize the signs that the crisis has about run its course and that what the patient needs is a period of natural convalescence rather than surgical operations on all parts which were ever diseased. These two statements are not based on any discounting of the importance of international debts, inflated bank loans, unwise speculation, or any of the other causes which are commonly given for the occurrence or for the long continuation of this depression. A combination of physical and financial conditions brought on the panic, and the wreckage of that combination must be cleared away before the state of business which we call prosperity can return. The point I wish to make is that the creation of that combination was the result of human activities, and that the creation of the *causes* was, in itself, the *effect* of a state of mind which considered the danger of another depression negligible *under the current business organization*. Furthermore, the failure to clear away the wreckage in a reasonable time is the direct effect of a widespread doubt that prosperity can ever return until the business organization has been fundamentally altered.

All of this is of practical importance because it goes exactly to the crucial point in judgment of any effort to cure this depression or to prevent another. Of course, it is hard to believe today that business will revive unless someone does "something drastic," but is it any harder than it was to see danger in 1928 or 1929? As a matter of fact, there is just as much nonsense being talked today about the impossibility of revival as was ever talked about the impossi-

bility of a panic. The natural forces which will produce that revival are already at work, with the mass of our population cooperating as unconsciously through their daily acts as they cooperated unconsciously in the bringing on of the panic. Legislative or other conscious efforts must be approved when they help along the natural forces, condemned when they seek some miraculous or unsound way out.

Any attempt to give in the limited space of this article a detailed description of the developments which bring about the end of a depression would be ridiculous. However, we may divide them into two general groups which have a definite time sequence. During the first of these periods almost every business or financial indicator declines. All kinds of property, except cash, are pressed for sale at falling prices. Less of all types of goods, except raw food products and basic minerals, are produced than are consumed. Old debts are paid, or canceled through default, more rapidly than new ones are contracted. Working forces are decreased, salary and wage rates are reduced, and incomes from interest, dividends, rent, or professional services all decline. During this period living costs are lowered but purchasing power falls at least as fast, and fear induces a restriction rather than an increase in standards of living even for those whose incomes would permit an expansion or at least a maintenance of standards.

To a certain extent the change into the next phase is caused by sheer exhaustion of goods available for consumption, but a much more powerful factor is found in the fact that holders of cash begin to fear that never again will they be able to acquire so much property in exchange for their cash. As a result, purchases are made in excess of current supply and the business tide rises as inevitably as it declined. Four characteristics of these purchases tend to bring a turning-point in the business tide:

1. They do not arise from the fact that economies in production have reduced prices relatively below current incomes—every economy in production reduces someone's income by exactly the same amount.

2. They are made from accumulated cash which its owners may use at their own judgment.

* The tenth and last of a series of articles on national economic problems.—EDITOR THE NATION.

3. They are not made merely because prices are lower than before but because the owners of cash fear future prices will be higher.

4. The motive for these purchases is the selfish one of getting the most for one's money rather than any altruistic one of "helping the situation."

In brief, the upswing after any period of depression starts with the reemployment of idle capital, and that reemployment occurs when the owners of capital believe that profits rather than losses will follow its use in place of its hoarding.

The interests of capital and labor are never identical, but in a situation like the present they happen to be practically concurrent. For most of us the depression will be over when we have steady jobs at living pay, or when the business activities in which we have invested our money begin to show profits. Profits for capital tend to return more slowly than employment for labor, but during the lagging period capitalists are gaining something, and are looking forward to still greater profits. For example, eighteen months after the bottom of the last great depression—1921—factory employment in the United States was more than 5 per cent *above* the peak of employment during the previous prosperity. By contrast, the year 1923, which opened with this new high level of factory employment, ended with eight out of ten outstanding manufacturing corporations showing profits which ranged from a fraction of 1 per cent to a full 55 per cent *below* the previous peak. However, no one of these corporations failed to show reasonable profits in 1923, and no one of them failed to reach a new peak of earnings before the next depression.

So long as a decline is still in progress, it remains hard to see that foundations for improvement are being laid, but some of the things which precede the end of a depression have already been accomplished. Among them are:

1. A liquidation of speculative positions in securities. With brokers' loans below \$400,000,000 (a decrease of more than 95 per cent from the peak) we need worry no more about this factor.

2. Current debts have been sharply decreased. Total bank loans were off over 25 per cent by the end of 1931 and reporting member banks indicate a further decline to 33 per cent by May 1, 1932. Debts on open book accounts and instalment purchases are reduced even more sharply.

3. The supply of goods available for consumption has been sharply reduced. With wholesale prices for merchandise off 20 per cent, department-store stocks are off 35 per cent, indicating a physical-volume decrease of 19 per cent; and the supply of other unsold finished products has declined by almost exactly the same percentage. These are record-breaking figures, but the amount and condition of goods in the hands of consumers after two and one-half years of low buying is even more significant.

3. Wage rates and the general overhead of business concerns have been curtailed to a point where profits could be made on relatively small volumes of business.

At least three things, however, are not yet accomplished:

1. An adjustment between long-term, or "capital," debts and general price levels. In the rush to do this

with intergovernmental debts, we overlook its impossibility for privately owned bonds and mortgages without wholesale bankruptcies. This will be an overhanging cloud until some inflation, or "reflation," has intervened.

2. With the exception of Great Britain no large nation has readjusted its budget to current conditions. To do this does not require an exact balancing of the budget but does require the drastic cutting of expenses built up through long years of free spending, the placing of heavy taxes, and the distribution of taxes over practically all classes and sections of the country. In spite of the tax bill just passed, I do not believe the real readjustment has been accomplished, or that it will be accomplished on the eve of an election, and I do not believe it will be accomplished except by bi-partisan action.

3. Owners of hoarded capital must be convinced that they face an opportunity for profit in its use. This cannot be accomplished until the other readjustments just outlined are clearly promised, and even then it will take more courageous leadership than is now in sight. However, there is little room for doubt that the leadership will be available as it always has been when conditions were right.

Business men and investors have been told that prosperity is just "around the corner" until the phrase has become a national joke. For that reason it seems worth while to consider first some of the factors of delay. Conditions for revival will probably not be right until after the election in November. Theoretically, this might be extended until the new terms of office begin in March or even later than that, when new legislation can be enacted. The effect of an election, however, reaches business confidence long before it affects actual governmental action. We cannot now forecast the election results, but we can assume that the country will vote for what it wants and will have confidence in the resulting government.

Other factors are not so definite. Intergovernmental debts might be settled at Lausanne this month, but more likely they must also wait for a time when a United States Administration with a fresh mandate from the voters can deal with the governments of Europe, which, fortunately, are of relatively recent selection. Some factors of inflation for commodity prices are already at work in Great Britain and some are being tried in the United States. So far those working in this country have had no effect except to slow up the decline in prices. Actual history of past panics shows that commodity prices usually do no better than that until months after the volume of business has increased, so this factor may be considered as already satisfactory. Summing up these indications and allowing for the fact that it usually takes longer for business to rise than to fall, "prosperity" in the sense of normal business is more than a year away. Even the beginning of the climb seems likely to be four to six months away unless something is done to hasten the progress.

A study of past depressions offers only four ways in which prosperity might be hastened:

1. International governmental debts might be canceled or definitely suspended. This would impose a long-term burden on creditors. Personally, I believe these debts are largely uncollectable, but it is doubtful whether that opinion will become sufficiently general in time to permit action which will affect this depression.

2. International trade barriers might be lowered. This would be of little value unless by cooperation of practically all countries. Probably no action can be obtained for more than a year.

3. Any individual nation may hasten the process by a realistic readjustment of its budget. This is the opportunity which Congress has not adequately seized. As already explained, no elective body has ever had the courage to do a real job on the eve of an election. The individual voters may well do their part by disregarding party lines to bring in a stronger group of men at the next election, but there is small possibility that the present makeshift tax law or a few grudgingly enacted economies will have the desired effect.

4. A genuine inflation of currency, possibly even the suspension of the gold standard, would bring a quick response. Great Britain has already demonstrated this point. Its longer effect has always been seriously bad, and most economists will agree with the writer that impatience with the slow operation of the inflationary forces already at work is likely to produce transient benefit at the expense of trouble over a long period.

The emphasis I have laid upon natural rather than artificial means of ending a depression must not be construed as a condemnation of efforts to control the swings of the business cycle. The fact that periods of boom and depression are "natural" to business activity is no more reason for accepting them as right or inevitable than the fact that disease is natural to the human body is a reason for giving up preventive hygiene for the healthy or medical treatment for the sick. The fatal error in our treatment of business cycles has been that we have worked at it only after the damage has been done. The time to have prevented the current depression was between January 1, 1927, and January 1, 1929. During those two years business, banking, and political leadership had their final opportunity to provide against the natural reaction from a long period of business and speculative boom. A whole book has been printed ridiculing these leaders for their public statements during those years, but let us rather study their actual operations in fields where control might have been exercised.

The most natural place to expect leadership in cycle control is from the Federal Reserve System. The most noticeable failure of the leaders of that system occurred in 1927. During that year stock prices showed signs of inflation by soaring to new record heights, while business had difficulty in keeping pace, and private banks showed some conservatism by reducing their rediscounts with the Federal Reserve by \$45,000,000, or nearly 7 per cent. In this situation the Federal Reserve contributed to further inflation by voluntarily adding \$311,000,000—about 45 per cent—to its open-market purchases and by lowering its rediscount rates $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 per cent as an invitation to an increase of rediscounts. In the following year member banks took the cue so plainly given by the Federal Reserve. They increased their rediscounts by \$474,000,000—81 per cent—and increased their loans to brokers by 42 per cent; and by so doing supported an inflation of stock prices which left common stocks yielding an average of 3.6 per cent from their dividends, while the money borrowed to carry them cost 7.4 per cent for time loans and 8.6 per cent for call loans. The Federal Reserve made a feeble attempt to check the tide by

withdrawing \$233,000,000 from the open market and by raising the rediscount rate of the New York bank to 5 per cent, but this had no real effect on the movement which the Federal Reserve authorities had done so much to start. The movement continued till the very breaking-point of the 1929 panic, but it is really the operations of 1927 and 1928 which represent the type of mistake which must be avoided if the business cycle is to be controlled.

The most important factor upon which "new era" disciples relied for cycle control was construction work, but the record here is little better than in banking. It seems reasonably clear that if construction work controlled by governments and large corporations is to be done in times of depression, it must be postponed in a period of boom activity in other lines. However, no such postponement was even considered. By 1925 construction work of the "controllable" type had reached a new high record, and 1926 showed a 26 per cent increase over that. Surely then, if ever, the time for "saving up" of desirable activity along this line had arrived. Instead, 1927 saw another 4 per cent added to the dizzy record of 1926, and 1928 piled still another 5 per cent increase on top of that. Public utilities and railroads responded gallantly in 1930 when President Hoover called on them to continue unnecessary construction work, but the really needed work of that year had been anticipated during the boom, and the unnecessary work brought disaster to the cooperating corporations and to government finance.

After covering these mistakes of banking and construction policy, it is pleasant to note one instance in which genuine provision for cycle control was made. When business reached normal in late 1922, the debt of the United States government stood at approximately \$23,000,000,000. Tax rates were high and the demand for reduction was pressing. Two definite tax reductions were actually made, but the brightest spot in our provision for cycle control has to do with the handling of our federal debt. Every six months saw a net reduction in this debt, and so well was the situation handled that reduction continued until long after the panic had fallen upon business and finance. By December 31, 1930, the total was down to \$16,000,000,000—a decline of \$7,000,000,000, or over 30 per cent, in eight years. Up to June 1, 1932, the figure was still \$4,000,000,000 under the 1922 total and \$7,000,000,000 under the extreme peak debt of 1919. If the same wise policy prevails during our next prosperity, the recent increase in federal debt need not be of great moment.

Unfortunately, the record on State debts is not of that character, and the handling of municipal debts was one of the worst features of our failure to prepare for depression. Throughout the entire period of prosperity, municipal debts showed a consistent yearly increase, with the result that at the first sharp fall in tax yields a disconcerting percentage of our cities either defaulted or had difficulty in meeting their current bills. A curtailment of expenses in this field is even more pressingly necessary than in the federal budget, and a reduction of debt in the next period of prosperity is even more pressingly necessary than in the federal budget.

To sum up, this period of depression is drawing to a close from natural causes and will probably show improvement before the end of this year without any legislative aids. Avoidance of another depression of such severity and length, however, is possible only if we are willing to begin our efforts at cycle control while prosperity is still with us.

In the Driftway

A STRANGE phenomenon has developed in England, probably as an antidote to the depression. This is the mystery express. The Drifter may as well say frankly that he is not sure what the mystery express is, but from what he hears, it seems to be a week-end train which takes eager holiday seekers to a destination unknown to them when they start out. You board the mystery express at the end of the working week and it lands you, with your knapsack and your anticipations, in Upper Deeping or Throsseton-Thyme or Bilswater, where you may thereupon spend a joyful Sunday hiking over the woods or beside the sea, as the case may be. The English railroad has always been something of a mystery to the Drifter. He admires it enormously, but he does not understand it. He reads every so often of the crack English fliers which burn up the track between Exeter and London or London and Manchester or some other point; these peerless trains are suddenly announced to have completed their usual run in two and a half minutes less than their former running time, or are triumphantly said to have attained an average speed, over the regular track, of eighty-five miles an hour, for seventy or eighty miles—eight or ten miles faster than the previous record. Now what the Drifter would like to know is how a regular train, making a regular run, can suddenly be permitted to reach its destination even two and a half minutes ahead of schedule. Is every other regular train routed out of the way as the flier tears along the track? One of the heroes of the Drifter's youth was the train dispatcher, who was described as knowing to a split second just where every train on the line must and should be. If the schedule was interrupted by ever so brief a time, there was the deuce to pay, and the dispatcher stood out in his true heroic colors by preventing wrecks and collisions in the twinkling of an eye. Is there no dispatcher on English lines? Do English trains run by competition only?

* * * * *

THE whole matter might be settled by having the fliers break the record on Sundays, when, loaded with holiday hikers, they started out on their dash for nobody knows where. If there did turn out to be an unfortunate accident, there would be just that many fewer hikers in the world. In his aversion to hikers the Drifter is joined by "Y. Y." in the London *New Statesman and Nation*. "I doubt," he writes, "if I should be happy . . . in the company of hundreds—perhaps thousands—of other people. . . . I should hate to be deposited . . . by a railway company almost anywhere with thousands of other people whom I did not know. . . . That is why I shrink from traveling in a mystery express with a train-load of hikers. I wish them well, but I could not go hiking with them after the sight of blue-bells or the sound of nightingales." The Drifter wishes them well, also, but he is not sorry that certain States have passed laws forbidding motorists to give rides to hitch-hikers. They no longer trouble his conscience on the comparatively few occasions when he rides past them; and when he walks, scorning to beg a ride, he is not sorry that they, too, must proceed on foot.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Massie Case

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention was recently called to an article in the May 18 issue of *The Nation* regarding the Massie case, in which I am quoted as saying that the defendants were "illegally indicted, improperly tried, and never should have been convicted." I shall appreciate being advised on what authority you base this statement. I never gave out any such interview and never used any of those words.

Washington, June 8

HIRAM BINGHAM

[Owing to an error in transcribing, words quoted in the press as having been uttered by Senator McKellar of Tennessee were attributed to Senator Bingham. Senator Bingham was quoted as saying of the verdict in the Massie case: "I think they should have a full pardon. I am not clear what commutation under the Hawaiian law means. If, after serving an hour in jail, they are pardoned, then I am in favor of it." We deeply regret the error.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

A Word from Hawaii

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a citizen of Honolulu I wish to express my appreciation for the editorial comment on the Massie case in your issue of May 11. It is gratifying to know that some sanity is becoming articulate and that there seems to be evidence that the deluge of passion and hatred has spent itself. It has not been made clear just what Hearst, the navy, Congress, and God are going to do to us. We have, however, a vague feeling that they want to deprive us of our civil rights, and they may succeed. Some of us feel that if the navy wishes to maintain the respect of the civilian population, it would do well to drop Jones, Lord, and Massie from its personnel, as being temperamentally unfit to represent it. As for the esteemed members of Congress who wish to force upon us lynch law and make us like it, is it not possible they represent constituencies who think in terms of Stone Age simplicity and who have no conception of the intricate problem of administering justice in a complex and, let us hope, stable society?

Honolulu, Hawaii, May 25

RAY JEROME BAKER

Summer at Commonwealth

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is a need in the Middle West and Southwest for a place where workers, students, and professional people of the kind termed liberals and radicals can drop in for a few days or a few weeks during vacation time, assured of a chance to combine recreation and study in proportions of their own choosing.

Commonwealth College, the labor school in the Ozarks near Mena, Arkansas, will attempt to supply this need from June through September at a camp to be operated in connection with its summer session. An optional arrangement will permit the visitor to cut costs in half by helping fifteen hours a week with community chores—an idea borrowed from the Commonwealth College plan by which all students work for

room and board. Under this plan, \$25 a month will cover costs of meals, lodging, laundry service, and camp features.

Discussion circles, led by the college faculty, will be held on *The Labor Movement Today*, *Looking Behind the News*, and *The Changing Thought of a Machine Age*. Recreation includes swimming in the mountain creek, dances (modern and square), hiking, tennis, and a labor theater. Work, for those electing this activity, is likely to range from putting down sauerkraut to helping build a new dormitory.

The camp will not be operated for private profit and the proceeds will be used to help maintain the college.

HAROLD COY

Commonwealth College, Mena, Ark., June 2

For Engineers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Society for Voluntary Technical Aid, organized to render voluntary technical help to the Soviet Union in its struggles for a socialized life and industry, and having as its ultimate purpose the fostering of socialized attitudes among American technicians, is issuing a call for members. All social-minded engineers who are willing to do work in aiding the Soviet Union to solve its technical problems please communicate at once with the Secretary, the Society for Voluntary Technical Aid, 26 West Eighteenth Street, New York City.

New York, May 28

PAUL CHUSID

Lafayette's Letters

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am preparing to publish the complete correspondence of General Lafayette. May I ask the use of your journal in order to appeal to owners of Lafayette material among your readers? No matter how slight their collections, if they will address me at the University of Chicago, I shall be profoundly grateful.

Chicago, Ill., June 16

LOUIS GOTTSCHALK

Contributors to This Issue

ROBERT C. HILL is a free-lance writer of Seattle, Washington.

JOHN ELLIOTT is the Berlin correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune*.

WILLIAM TROY is a member of the English department of Washington Square College, New York University.

RAY VANCE, president of the Brookmire Economic Service from 1916 to 1926, is the author of "Business and Investment Forecasting."

HORACE GREGORY is the author of a book of verse, "Chelsea Rooming House."

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is a writer on educational and other subjects for current periodicals.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES is the author of "This Land of Liberty" and "The Friend of Jesus."

WILLIAM SEAGLE is an assistant editor of the "Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences."

EDWIN SEAVER is the author of a novel, "The Company."

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER is the author of "The Temptation of Anthony."

Finance

The Railroad Deficits

RAILROAD shares have on the average lost 60 per cent of their market value since the beginning of 1932; compared with a year ago the decline has amounted to 81 per cent. While the carrier bonds have, on the whole, suffered a far less drastic slump, yet even these obligations, taking the best with the worst, are selling at little more than fifty cents on the dollar. Market values such as these give graphic expression to the widely held belief that the railway system of the United States is facing the possibility of wholesale receiverships.

That danger of widespread insolvencies exists is no mere general deduction from deflated security prices. Its concrete reality is demonstrated by operating and earnings statistics. During April the Class I carriers reported gross earnings of \$268,000,000, or three-fourths of the April gross in the depressed year 1931, while net operating income, out of which interest and other charges are paid, amounted to \$20,600,000, which was little more than half of the income of the corresponding month a year ago. At this rate, the Class I carriers need a 15 per cent increase in gross revenues in order to cover their aggregate fixed charges. The Standard Statistics Company notes that seventy-four Class I roads operated at a loss in the first four months of this year.

It cannot be said that the railroads have supinely watched their gross income dwindle without doing anything to check the ruinous reduction in net. Employees have been laid off wholesale, service has been curtailed, and numerous economies have been instituted. The railroads, however, because of the comparatively rigid nature of their physical structure and their business, are peculiarly in need of a full volume of traffic in order to operate with high efficiency. They have laid the ax ruthlessly to their maintenance expenses in order to bring their costs within bounds. During the first four months of this year thirty leading systems spent \$108,600,000 less on maintenance than in the same months of 1931. Compared with 1930 the reduction in this item was \$203,700,000; Atchison and Union Pacific spent 46 per cent less, New York Central 42 per cent, Northern Pacific 38 per cent, and so on at rates ranging up to 56 per cent for Illinois Central. Assuming that the maintenance expenditures of 1930 were somewhere in the neighborhood of normal, it seems obvious that the reductions since that time must have involved a serious lowering of physical efficiency. A revival of traffic would quickly bring this condition to light.

It is not a revival of traffic, however, but the continuing absence of it, that constitutes the real danger. With earnings definitely below the level at which charges can be covered, and with the opportunity for further savings greatly narrowed, it is obvious that a larger volume of business is essential if the roads are to work out of their difficulties in normal course. The alternatives are the taking over of the business by the government, which already has a large stake in it through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation loans; or further economies which will be increasingly difficult to effect; or the revamping of capital structures.

It is still the fashion to blame the Interstate Commerce Commission for the plight of the roads. No official voice save that of the commission, however, has enunciated a clear plan of railway regulation based on a rational idea; certainly the railroads themselves have not. They have been notoriously non-cooperative; and that is a fatal defect in dealing with a problem which is essentially the same for all of them.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books and Drama

The Third Decade

By HORACE GREGORY

It is the misfortune of men to use words
that tell nothing, to die with frozen
gestures on their lips, to feel the April winds
of death under their eyelids and say merely
Goodby, goodby.

(And was this creature murdered or did it fall,
a tower of tissue and bone in senile sunlight
with the years of its life scattered
among ruins of city streets swept into perishable
monuments

by midnight? What was the sex? Do not
disturb it.

The sex was an old coat worn on holidays
for picnics in the park or a chemise
draping the chandelier on New Year's Eve.
Are these bullets in its back or self-inflicted
wounds,

pitiful scars where the hand of Socrates
drew forth the entrails and the blood of Christ
swelled rivers into vales at Eastertide?)

Exit. Revolving doors wheel open
green valleys underground, close watery blue mountains in
the sky:

do not run, walk, slide
(even the flexible limbs are stone)
down marble to the sea—

What did they say, after long years of peace and after longer
but indecisive war?

The words are echoes and the veins empty their refuse to
the ocean's floor.

Portrait of a Paragon

Owen D. Young: A New Type of Industrial Leader. By Ida
M. Tarbell. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

CURIOSLY enough the life of an authentically great
man is much easier to gauge than the life of an ordinary
man. It seems to me that even a hack could not help
feeling, no matter how dimly, the living connection between
Jefferson and the eighteenth-century enlightenment under the
specific conditions of a pioneer culture; between Goethe and
the Faustian tragedy of the romantic movement; between
Trotzky and the coup d'état which changed a world. The
connection is no doubt hard to dissect. But at least it is easy
to find. The great man expresses dramatically the inner strains
of a culture. The struggle between his character and his
career is significantly part of his age. His personality leads to
a better knowledge of his society. But the portrait of an
ordinary man is far more difficult business. The ordinary man
seems almost entirely a thing of environment. His personality
is neutral and vague. His uniqueness is protectively colored
by the social chemistry of his generation. His spirit is un-
exciting except to his mother or a great artist. The biographer
of common folks must have a wide and sensitive knowledge of

the forces which molded them. That is why the great novelists,
who are essentially the biographers of ordinary people, are cul-
turally so deeply aware. Even fools cannot hurt Lincoln.
But it took Flaubert to do justice to Madame Bovary.

Even more difficult than the biography of the average man
is the biography of the exalted average man, of the man who
is temporarily important and mighty beyond his endowment,
the conformist who rose on some social escalator. Each gen-
eration has hundreds of such eminent nonentities. They make
up the common garden variety of presidents and premiers, parlia-
mentary chieftains, big financiers, managers, labor leaders, aca-
demicians whose information passeth their understanding, re-
nowned journalists of the status quo, famous clowns and tra-
gedians, and what not. Our generation, when genius can be
ordered from press agents, has literally thousands of such pub-
licity-blown celebrities. Some are perfectly good men, rendered
spurious only by their unnatural distinction. Such meretricious
genius flourishes especially in days of deep social confusion,
when a culture is darkened by a vague sense of anxiety, when
it is too bewildered for revolutionary clarity, too apathetic to
apply the radical flit for the big bugs. In such periods society
is afraid of its gifts. Unctuous conformity, perfect philistinism,
glorified commonplace, the short shrewdness of competent sur-
face men, here and there a morbid egotist, rise to the top.
That is just what we mean when we complain, throughout our
Western world, that "we lack leadership."

It is almost impossible for the biographer of the exalted
average man to do him justice. Nothing short of a contempor-
ary history will explain him. It is cruel to take him out of his
social context even for a moment, for without it he is lost and
ridiculous. The spotlight of eminence lessens the ordinary man
into a little man. But above all the biographer must beware,
in all fairness, of doing him the irreparable hurt of endowing
him with the genius he lacks. That is why all "success" stories
are really an outrage on the spirit of man. For the ordinary
man in the unwitting guise of a great man becomes a literal
spiritual caricature. His life is turned into a naive satire upon
himself, his career into a Roman holiday for cynics. Miss
Tarbell's life of Owen D. Young is the acme of such uncon-
scious cruelty. I have seldom read a funnier tale than her
admittedly "authorized biography" of her beloved victim. Her
Alger hero gets an honorary doctorate from a great university,
and so she seriously discusses the depth of his scholarship, prov-
ing it with fatal irrelevance by a long bibliography worked out
by a hired librarian. Her hero sits on innumerable interna-
tional and national commissions, whose technical problems Miss
Tarbell never even mentions, and that makes him a philosopher-
king of Platonic proportions. Mr. Young has enormous eco-
nomic powers, which automatically make him a distinguished
economist. In his commencement addresses he blithely and
dangerously confuses the higher learning with training for "good
citizenship," and Miss Tarbell spends a chapter singing his
praises as an "educator."

Possibly, great universities endow Mr. Young and his
kind not for their learning but for other and somewhat more
ulterior reasons. Perhaps his power as an Elder Statesman
and economic oligarch is merely a reflection of what is wrong
with us. Perhaps his addiction to rare and uncut editions is
more fashionable than learned. But to the "authorized" biog-
rapher the epigone *must* be not merely successful but truly
creative. For the real library of such a biographer is the
epigone's secretariat, which supplies the embossed literature of
his rise. The biographer's check list is the epigone's friends
and admirers. Thus an able business man is raised into an
economic statesman and the statesman is somehow endowed
with immortality. The damage is done. A man who might be

fun for a week-end is raised into a modern Socrates. His most banal observations are paraded as verities. His ordinary deficiencies are sanctified into an ethic. When he says "Hello, John" to an old schoolmate he is amazingly simple at heart. His love of his mother, his natural affection for his childhood surroundings, his somewhat adolescent tie with some undistinguished Alma Mater are sublimated into a splendid and ineffable loyalty.

Mr. Young begins, after Miss Tarbell has found his ancestry to be properly sturdy and poor, on page 5 as a really nice kid. To lovers of children and youth his early pictures should prove really adorable. At the age of thirteen he is as cute as hell. But as Miss Tarbell takes him through college he becomes a little absurd. He is too good to be true. After college the absurdity grows. He became a lawyer to do good. He went into business to do good. He rose to power to do good. Washington would not stoop to lie, according to Weems, to get out of trouble. But Owen D. Young, according to Miss Tarbell, never had to tell the truth, for he never did anything wrong. Toward the middle of the book he becomes pitiful. At the end he is monstrous. Miss Tarbell tried to make him a great man. She made him a paragon, a man whose human dignity has been rendered insipid.

Mr. Young is well known. He speaks in releases. His thoughts seem to come to him in the form of newspaper columns. He is one of our national ideographs. The social observer knows a good deal about him. One need not be invidious to deny him even a touch of greatness. Mr. Young is no doubt an able man, for his own ends. He is an able negotiator, not in social politics, but in private business. He has the knack of making much money, a knack whose psychology we need analyze no deeper than the mere statement that it bespeaks nothing beyond itself. It would be silly to claim that he knows the theory of money, or any other field of economics, as well as scores of economists one might name. His "covering report" on "Recent Economic Changes" blissfully drew just the opposite conclusions from those the volume intended. Mr. Young's published addresses on international and domestic topics show quite clearly that his life has been extraordinarily busy elsewhere than in the field of social theory and politics. He no doubt had a good deal to do with the Young Plan. It is dead.

Miss Tarbell insists that Mr. Young is a statesman in labor. That can be settled very easily. Labor does not think so. Even the most reactionary labor leaders can hardly consider the most distinguished proponent of the company union their best friend. Mr. Young's main social efforts so far have been for the private ownership of the national power resources. In this field his social vision has been very clear and fairly astute, though he has advertised it very modestly.

Then just why is Mr. Young such a really important man? Has he something which greater men lack? Does he have some inner mechanism to adjust his temper into mastery over our present society, even though this mastery be nothing more than the addition of distinguished confusion to the general chaos? The answer, it seems to me, is that our big business men, who control so irrelevantly and incompetently so much of our culture, are the epigones, the bureaucratic successors, of the really great men, such as the elder Rockefeller and Morgan, who laid the foundations of this financial and industrial empire. To Miss Tarbell the leaders of the industrial North from the Civil War until after the turn of the century were plain crooks and nasty old men. Their successors today are, to her, almost saints. And she likes Mr. Young best because he is, temperamentally, the most perfect of the epigones. But epigones cannot be great. They are little men in great power. Through all history they have shown the same traits. They have a certain calmness of strength, a certain thickness of mind; their selfish-

ness is more unctuous than morbid; they may honestly identify their social astigmatism with the general welfare; they are elastic only in their capacity to interpret the copybook maxims in their own way. They are not to blame. They are the spoiled children of an age. From a biographer they deserve the courtesy of being put against their social background. And they should be spared the outrage of being caricatured into gods.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

A Bewildering Symposium

America as Americans See It. Edited by Fred J. Ringel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.75.

"AMERICA as Americans See It" is a peculiarly apt title for a volume whose value lies almost entirely in its 140 illustrations. To mention the names of all the artists represented would be virtually to call the roll of the leading American contributors to every branch of the pictorial arts. One finds examples of the work of George Bellows, John Marin, Max Weber, Rockwell Kent, Thomas Benton, Walt Kuhn; industrial paintings by Georgia O'Keeffe, Charles Demuth, Ernest Fiene, Louis Lozowick, the late Preston Dickinson; landscapes by Edward Hopper, Charles Burchfield, Marguerite Zorach; drawings by Soglow, Peter Arno, John Held, Jr., Hugo Gellert, William Gropper. The new art of photography is represented by Marguerite Bourke-White, Edward Steichen, Ralph Sterner, Lewis Hine; there are stage settings by Robert Edmond Jones, Norman-Bel Geddes, and Lee Simonson; there are well-chosen comic strips and cartoons. Even the most cursory examination will reveal the virility and variety of our modernistic art, and the thoroughness with which it has set itself to portray our contemporary life. If there is little that is peculiarly American in its combined emphasis on realism in subject matter and careful design in treatment or in its growing tendency toward satire, nevertheless, in its union of beauty and intelligence—international qualities—American art, like American literature, is now for the first time able to hold up its head with European rivals. If "America as Americans See It" had confined itself to its illustrations, with half a dozen critical chapters on American art of the caliber of the one by Holger Cahill actually included, it would have been possible to give the volume unstinted praise.

Unfortunately, much more was attempted, and much less was accomplished. In his Foreword, the editor, Fred J. Ringel, a German, announces that the book is designed for the enlightenment of European readers—to give them a true picture of American life at the present time. Forty American writers were called in as contributors, and at first glance the list is only a little less impressive than the list of American artists. Sherwood Anderson, Upton Sinclair, Jim Tully, Arthur Garfield Hays, Clarence Cook Little, W. E. B. Du Bois, James Weldon Johnson, Stuart Chase, R. E. Sherwood, R. L. Duffus, John R. Tunis, Gilbert Seldes, Malcolm Cowley, Robert Benchley—surely such men as these are qualified to speak for us. Yet, as every reviewer has pointed out, the result is not enlightenment but bewilderment.

For this the very nature of the symposium is in part responsible. At best, a symposium is a many-headed beast. For this reason it requires unusually careful editing, a selection of authors who shall represent something like a unified point of view with sufficient space allotted each to permit him to develop his article properly, and, above all, a careful choice of significant and sequential topics. Mr. Ringel has fulfilled none of these duties. He has allowed his authors of real distinction to be submerged in a Sargasso Sea of weedy colleagues. Even where his authors are comparable to his artists their work compares unfavorably, because where the illustrations, fre-

quently embodying the labor of weeks and months, are complete units, the articles, often less than two thousand words in length and the fruit of a few hours' effort, remain usually mere undeveloped fragments. Finally, the only principle of selection adopted by Mr. Ringel was to exclude the most important topics. For various unsatisfactory reasons given by the author, there are no articles on politics, religion, or prohibition. Aside from a brief account of The Younger Writers, there is no discussion of literature. The foreign reader will gain no inkling of the fact that in America industry and politics are indissolubly united, or that for a generation America has been engaged in the most serious kind of self-criticism through a literature both distinguished and national. The significance of the current depression, the notable leftward swing among authors, critics, and magazines, the fact that the whole structure of American society is today recognizably on trial, all pass without the slightest attention. Instead, we are told of how people get into the "Social Register," of how Graham McNamee loves being a radio announcer, of how (heaven shield the next French visitor) Park Avenue resembles the Champs Elysées!

Frankly, if the purchaser reads more than a baker's dozen of the articles, he will be wasting his time. But if he confines his attention to the illustrations, he will be amply rewarded for such abstinence.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

The Perversion of Democracy

Government by Judiciary. By Louis B. Boudin. William Godwin. Two volumes. \$10.

DESPITE its length, this book is intended neither as a history of the Supreme Court of the United States nor as a study of all the manifestations of the judicial power. To be sure, many of these are considered incidentally, but the primary purpose of Mr. Boudin is to consider the historical foundations and the judicial theory upon which the very existence of the power of the courts to review and nullify legislative acts has been based. The "official theory" is that the power was put into the Constitution by the Fathers, and first invoked and declared to the world by John Marshall. Mr. Boudin insists that both these assumptions are wrong. When John Marshall spoke, he uttered merely a dictum, since the question was not directly involved in the famous case of *Marbury against Madison*.

Of the many attacks upon the judicial power, Mr. Boudin's is undoubtedly the most elaborate and impressive. The logical absurdities of constitutionality are almost exhaustively explored. The historical evidence against the existence of the judicial power to review legislative acts has been thoroughly investigated, and the work must thus remain a much-needed corrective to the evasions and misconceptions of the official school. Mr. Boudin is rightly uncompromising at a time when liberals are inclined to thwack each other on the back in congratulation upon the dawn of a "new" day in the Supreme Court. One of his most brilliant chapters is the demonstration of the logical absurdity of the rule of reasonable doubt championed by liberals. It simply gives aid and comfort to the reactionary point of view. It makes it impossible to criticize even five-to-four decisions unless, indeed, it is assumed that liberals alone have a monopoly of reasonableness. Nevertheless, as is so often the case, the very virtues of Mr. Boudin also prove to be his chief defects. He sometimes either overlooks or refuses candidly to admit the occasional difficulties of his own position. His insistence upon logic leads him to overlook the considerations of policy which are at the basis of logical inconsistencies. He succumbs to the very legalism which he theoretically deplores, and at least in his method courts comparison with his *bête noir*,

Mr. Charles Warren, the historian and almost official apologist of the Supreme Court.

Thus Mr. Boudin puts undue emphasis upon the importance of showing that the intentions of the Fathers have been set at naught. The question of legitimacy may be important to the security of a monarch's throne, but it is not vital to the continuance of a doctrinal error. If the judicial review of legislative policy were not a vicious but a socially useful mechanism, its historical dubiety would be no great objection to it. But as a matter of fact the proof of usurpation is not overwhelmingly convincing. "Intent" is a very tricky word. Mr. Boudin argues that if the Fathers had intended to confer the disputed power they would have been explicit about it, since the matter was of such enormous importance. It must be remembered, however, that this importance is obvious only to the present generation. The Fathers were probably rather muddled about the whole business. They left a large number of questions open, either because they did not realize that they would arise, or for the reason that they thought it best to avoid committing themselves too explicitly upon highly explosive issues. Apparently the Fathers did "intend," as Mr. Boudin admits, that the judicial department, like the executive and legislative departments, should have the power to pass upon questions of constitutionality in the course of the exercise of its duties, without, however, being able to bind the other departments by its decisions. But once this is admitted, the present system becomes inevitable. For ultimately the enforcement of legislative and executive acts must be had through the courts, and if the different departments of the government become involved in conflict, a state of continuous chaos must result. Moreover, Mr. Boudin's distinction is one that has been admitted by the Supreme Court. It would not be contempt of court for a district attorney to continue to attempt enforcement of a statute which had been declared unconstitutional. It is only practical considerations that intervene. This *reductio ad absurdum* shows clearly enough that the only tenable position is that the courts cannot be conceded to have power to pass upon constitutional questions for any purpose, a position, however, that cannot be reconciled with all the views of the patristic period. The net result of Mr. Boudin's attack from the historical side is actually to weaken his own position.

Mr. Boudin's excursion into punctilious legalism seems particularly puzzling when it is remembered that he is also the author of a book that is one of the best available expositions of the system of Karl Marx. It is apparently not his purpose simply to analyze the power of judicial review as an interesting example of the political means. He seems to believe that if a return to first principles can be accomplished, the rule of the people will be inaugurated in the United States. Apparently only the Supreme Court stands between the people and their chosen servants. The members of Congress and the President presumably fall over each other in their haste to aid the masses. Mr. Boudin constantly speaks of "government by judiciary," but, however baneful it is, it is an exaggeration to say that we are ruled by judges. It would be far more accurate to say that we are ruled by Wall Street. After all, if the Supreme Court is a political means for maintaining the status quo, it is not the only one. The difficulty of amending the American Constitution is probably as great an obstacle as the power of judicial review itself. If this latter were abolished tomorrow, it is very much to be doubted that undiluted democracy would at once become the order of the day. After all, many capitalistic countries seem to have got along without a Supreme Court to pass upon legislative acts. In all countries the judiciary exercises an undue power in the state simply as a result of the ordinary powers of judicial interpretation. It should be difficult for a Marxian to believe that the Supreme Court is any more than a scapegoat for the conservative system.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

Another Soldier

Czardas. By Jenő Heltai. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

IN the thirty-fourth month of the war Peter Karmel, engineer in civil life and flying-captain in the army, definitely said goodbye to the front and the spaces of the air above the battlefields which the good God had created for the use of airplanes and their pilots." Karmel emerges from an encounter with the enemy minus an arm and plus a constant buzzing in his head "like an ant-hill gone mad." He has paid his debts, as his jovial colonel tells him, to his conscience, his country, his king, the German Emperor, and the Sultan of Turkey. Karmel had not realized that he owed so many debts, but in the haunted days following his return to Budapest he finds that there are still many more to pay. "Yes, everything had to be settled," he realizes then, "debts of the soul no less than those of the body." "This was what he must do if he wanted to obtain peace of mind. He must make good his faults—not only those with which his conscience reproached him, but also those which slept in the depths of the subconscious, covered with an embellishing veneer and to some extent preserved by extenuating circumstances."

In the nightmares of his delirium while in the hospital Karmel has two recurrent visions: that of a blind man forever tap-tapping with an iron-shod cane, and that of a porcelain dancer ineffably lovely and tender. "Czardas" is the record of his search for the reality behind these two visions, a search into the hidden places of the heart. The quest plays back and forth over the dimension of time like a searchlight, placing now this episode in sharp relief, now that, and making of the whole a psychological pattern of rare subtlety and insight.

"Czardas" takes its name from a Magyar dance in which a group of mixed dancers, moving to the beat of a disturbing rhythm, rise to a height of furious passion. Heltai's novel adheres to the general form of the dance with gratifying success. With a simplicity of style, a lucidity of language beautifully rendered in the English translation, and an astonishing virtuosity, the plot winds sinuously through alternate zones of heat and cold, light and shadow, to a denouement implicit in the opening measures.

Heltai is director of the Theatre de Belvaros, and indeed in its more obvious moments his novel has a good deal of the theatrical about it. But it is always good theater, and one would hardly wish to use the term derogatorily where so much excellent rhetoric is involved. For its formal virtues alone "Czardas" must be ranked as one of the most distinguished novels to come out of the war.

EDWIN SEAVER

The Robert Burns Legend

The Letters of Robert Burns. Edited by J. DeLancey Ferguson. Two volumes. Oxford University Press. \$10.

The Life of Robert Burns. By Franklin Snyder. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

MR. FERGUSON has done his work so completely and so well that it is unlikely that the Burns myth will survive it. The dissipation of that persistent mirage is in fact its principal achievement. A credible man emerges, stumbling through credible tragedy. But I do not believe that many will agree with Mr. Ferguson that literature in the absolute sense is much enriched by the restoration. The letters will always be of value as a long and useful footnote to the poems; but the conditions under which Burns wrote them were anything but favorable to good writing.

Burns has suffered more even than Poe from sympathizers who libeled him with apologies. Currie, the first collector of his letters and his first biographer, was excellently, though unconsciously, fitted to become his Judas. Prudish and above all timid, his only bravery was a fanatic's belligerency toward alcohol. The supermoral Currie created the immoral Burns; the teetotaler created the drunkard. Having fixed the tradition, he left it to be continued by a willing posterity. It served Carlyle for a display of morbid rhetoric; Stevenson's essay, announced as a vindication, was actually one more betrayal.

The Burns tradition, so solidly fixed, was merely the world's tradition of the poet in a Scottish setting. This tradition has been the unsigned collaborator in most of the biographies of poets. According to its specifications the poet is irresponsible and an excessive imbibor of life. The excess, through sufferings that are viewed as the processes of a spiritual chemistry, precipitates into poetry. This view, pleasant to some literary men because it lights over them vicarious aureoles of martyrdom, is equally pleasing to solid citizens, to whom it gives excuses to take the poetry sanctimoniously rather than seriously, and not to take the poet seriously at all.

Consequently Burns, as the poet-sinner of tradition, was accepted with the blandest disregard of the realities. These, indeed, had not to be searched for but merely to be ignored. What are the realities? They come forth easily from the letters without the help of footnotes or interpretations. First of all, that Burns was not a drunkard: the letters have neither of the two moods that would have attested the drunkard—neither defiance nor repentance. It is now known that many of the commentators who said "alas" over Burns drank deeper than their Yorick. Secondly, Burns was not a philanderer. His were the pardonable raptures of earnest love; the sacrament of matrimony suffered chiefly from postponement—though once the postponement proved tragic. Burns sought desperately to marry the women he loved; and he did, after all, marry Jean Armour, after insulting rejections by her parents and after an interval occupied with the bearing of two bastard pairs of twins. Thirdly, far from being irresponsible, Burns had a scrupulous sense of responsibility that unsettled his life. Not dissipation but duty brought Burns to an early grave. Even a pillar of society would admit that the Burns conscience was satisfactorily sensitive and the Burns will obedient. At the cost of freedom and leisure he struggled not merely to support but to provide well for his many children, and again and again he came to the aid of his brothers contending with the poverty of a Scottish farm. At the height of his fame his ambition was not for a greater literary triumph in London, but for a modest secure income. No poet was less enamored of the role of the beggar minstrel. He feared poverty as only the son of a striving and starving poor man may. It had frightened his childhood; and he had seen his father broken by it. Moreover, there was the matter of climate. It might be easy to be poor in the warmth and abundance of southern Spain, musical with its singing beggars; but it was hard to be poor in cold and barren Scotland.

This fear of poverty was one of the elements of the psychological strain that kept Burns taut and self-conscious in his letters and allowed him to express only a social minimum of his personality. Another important element was his peasant awe of the gentry. He had no illusions about their human rating. But rank at that period had not yet encountered the pragmatic criticisms of the French Revolution. Burns might write wistful democratic poems, but his head bowed by reflex action to the important fact of aristocracy. Besides, bowing was practical. A civil-service appointment might be the afterthought of a gentleman's condescension.

Not only the pride of rank but its manners made difficulties for Burns. When he was on exhibition in Edinburgh drawing-rooms he strove, both out of courtesy and pride, to be

a well-conducted specimen—more than a peasant bard, an evolving gentleman. Obediently he sought to evolve in the image of the social divinities who created him for the “world.” Unfortunately, the “world” was sweating to fit itself into still another image, the maudlin paragon who sighed through the drooping pages of Mackenzie’s “Man of Feeling.” This mawkish Presbyterian substitute for Rousseau’s natural man was its generation’s superman. Since the letters became, for Burns, drawing-rooms on paper, we see with horrible clarity the agony of writhing and contortion that he experienced. Classical allusions grimace strenuously like the goddesses of tableaux; there are verse quotations, homages to “the man of feeling,” and French italics. The uneasy tone of a society that wished to be light but was fearful of being vulgar, echoes in these letters. The incredible Sylvester and Clarinda correspondence furnishes the most perfect example of how ridiculous human beings are when they would be deliberately sublime. Mrs. McLehose, the Clarinda, was flurried, agitatedly chaste, and pluperfectly sentimental. Burns’s courtship of her engaged two ambitions, never to be realized, and tragic for him to attempt—the desire to become the lover of a lady, and the ambition to become a “man of feeling.” The ambitions militated against each other. Burns lacked the mawkishness that made Mrs. McLehose a quite complete “woman of feeling”; but he acquired enough of it to deform the simple, direct, and winning lover that he was in other circumstances.

All these distortions of his nature produced a psychological situation inhibitory to good writing. The letters were not a release from but an intensification of his social dilemma. In only a few of them, particularly those to rough Robert Ainslie, we have glimpses of the joyous and free writing that was elsewhere so effectually blotted by the reverent peasant and the anxious place-hunter.

They make painful reading on two scores—they describe a tragedy and are themselves tragic manifestations. They reflect the gloom that settled upon Burns as his burdens and illnesses grew. The second volume is appalling. A nervously conscientious excise-officer, a harassed father, a responsible brother, and an invalid, all tremble together in one man’s body. The last tremor was death.

Nevertheless, a singularly attractive figure emerges from these letters. Burns was ambitious, but never dishonest. The ineffective sycophant exposes the sincere man. There is a singular purity in his respect for poetry. He might solicit influence for a job but he shrank from taking money for a poem. Out of his own small means he raised a monument to a neglected Scottish poet. His mind was reasonable and tolerant; his impatience with the “unco guid” was the reaction of a mind too humane to understand vindictive morality; his love of nature was inclusive and unaffected; he had the wisdom to see, far in advance of his time, the value of folk art, and sacrificed an enormous substance of leisure to the labor of collecting Scottish folk-song. As a lover of women, all the fine qualities of his nature were engaged. He was enthusiastic, tender, appreciative, and generous. He had nothing of the perverted and atavistic “conquest” psychology of the so-called great lover.

The recent publication by Miss Carswell of her fine life of Burns displaced all previous biographies and their attendant mythology. Now Mr. Ferguson, with his definitive edition of the letters, provides the corroborative evidence. If the myth survives, it will show a more stubborn vitality than even the most sturdy myths may be expected to show.

Mr. Ferguson’s editing is careful. His introduction furnishes, along with a descriptive bibliography, a fascinating account of the Burns myth. In the arrangement of the letters he follows the customary chronological method; but it has occurred to me here, as it has in all my readings of books of letters, that grouping the letters to each correspondent in sepa-

rate sections would perhaps be preferable. For each correspondent tends to draw out a special and unified set of reactions, and the correspondence reflects a continuous and autonomous experience. Printing each correspondent’s letters together would show clearly the various aspects of the writer’s mind and make more possible for the reader a synthesis of the facets of his personality.

Franklin Snyder’s biography draws much of its substance from the letters. From the point of view of documentation it is the most careful of all Burns biographies in existence. It is, however, somewhat too detailed in its documentation. Mr. Snyder frequently interrupts the narrative to argue his evidence with lawyer-like determination, and is a little too fond of the game of matching poems to their presumable origins in events. That his book remains readable in spite of this is an indication of the crispness of his style. Mr. Snyder, though he is at pains to absolve Burns of the charge of drunkenness, follows tradition in lamenting his sexual lapses, and reaches the depth of pathos in his lachrymose speculations on the poetic heights Burns might have reached had the (possibly) pure Highland Mary survived to be his inspiration.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Shorter Notices

Monsieur Thiers and Nineteenth Century France. By John M. S. Allison. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.

Thiers played a large but not a great part in French history from the eighteen twenties to the eighteen seventies. He was one of France’s subtlest politicians. He represented the triumph of the bourgeoisie, but since the triumph involved injustices to the working classes it warped and dirtied his mind, filling it with those rationalizations that are frequently called logic and realism because they do dirty work neatly. He was an ambitious upstart, a little man who ferreted his way into power and helped to undo two kings and an emperor while he was about it. His ideal was a representative monarchy—representative, of course, of the class he belonged to. Fate and the quarrels between Bourbon, Orleanist, and Bonapartist pretenders made him the first president of the republic, which has endured longer than he would have wished, but has lived up to the hope he expressed for a “conservative” republic. The author writes clearly and entertainingly, and reveals a thorough knowledge and understanding of the period. At the end, however, he allows himself to be overawed by Thiers’s share in saving France from the final debacle of the Franco-Prussian War, for which his nationalist policies were fundamentally, if not immediately, responsible.

The Unknown War: The Eastern Front. By the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill. Charles Scribner’s Sons. \$5.

On the Eastern front Russia engaged Austria, Turkey, and Germany. She paralyzed the Turkish effort, beat every Austrian army except those stiffened with German troops, but lost when she confronted German lines. And finally she collapsed. Had the Allies succeeded in helping Russia in time, the Balkan nations might have been rallied to her support, Constantinople captured, the Straits opened, Russian armies equipped with modern arms and munitions, the German armies kept divided on two fronts, and the war brought to an earlier conclusion. Thus here, as in his earlier book, “The World Crisis,” Churchill is defending the Gallipoli adventure which he sponsored and which was designed to produce these ends. The adventure miscarried through half-measures and mismanagement. Churchill makes his points very well. His book is undeniably stirring, but it contains a repellent obtuseness to human values. He shows the stupidity, malevolence, and criminal cold-bloodedness of dip-

lomats and generals, but he is quite cheerful about it. As a former military officer and as a present politician, he takes them and their work for granted. He reserves his venom for revolutionary Russia—the one nation that had the magnificent courage to stop fighting. Mr. Churchill, if he has the occasion to revise his books, should blot out his crocodile tears over the inhumanity of modern war and the collapse of civilization. All his recent statements show continued loyalty to the system that requires inhuman war and is ready to precipitate the ruin of civilization.

Drama

"Troilus and Cressida"

THE Players' Club production of "Troilus and Cressida" was none too well received, and it was obvious enough that most of the performers did not find themselves at home with Shakespeare's verse. In its enunciation, even Edith Barrett's otherwise delightful impersonation of Cressida left something to be desired; as Thersites Otis Skinner was intelligent without being wholly satisfactory; and, indeed, only Eugene Powers as Pandarus and Charles Coburn as Ajax were as good as one had hoped to find them. Yet I must confess that I am more than grateful to the Players for the opportunity of witnessing a play which has never been performed in New York before, and which, during the last hundred years at least, has been almost unknown on the stage. "Troilus and Cressida" may not be Shakespeare at his best; but neither are some of the other plays more often read or acted, and it has been neglected chiefly because its whole tone is so disturbing to all those who think that they know what manner of man its author was.

God forbid that I should attempt to say what is "Shakespearean" and what is not. The habitual temper of Shakespeare's mind is something as easy to perceive as it is impossible to define, and the adjectives commonly used to describe it—"noble," "serene," "harmonious," and the like—are fitting enough without being, nevertheless, by any means adequate to distinguish it from others which are serene and noble and harmonious in some quite different fashion. Yet it is obvious that for the most part the most tremendous of his tragedies and the lightest of his comedies are alike to this extent at least—there are no jangling discords and the author is presenting a world in which everything finds its place. In none of the major plays is human life really ugly, as in "Troilus and Cressida" it is, and the piece is "un-Shakespearean" because it is one continuous discord; because it has neither the nobility of tragedy nor the merriness of comedy; because, for once, its author seems determined to play each of even his familiar themes off key, and repeatedly to strike the very note most likely to offend our ears.

In the first place, the Trojan War, which forms the background of the action, is presented not as that opportunity for brave deeds which Shakespeare's other plays about war would lead us to expect, but merely as a stupid, pig-headed brawl over "a cuckold and a whore." In the second place, all the characters with the exception of Troilus and Hector are lacking in humanity, magnitude, or integrity. The warriors are stupidly ferocious; the heroine, for all her charm, is grossly wanton; the director of the action is a pander for pandering's sake; and the chorus is supplied by a man who chuckles at every baseness he can spy out and who addresses one of the heroes of his people thus: "I would thou didst itch from head to foot and I had the scratching of thee. I would make thee the loath-

some'st scab in Greece." Everything goes wrong; every worthy beginning leads to some unhappy conclusion; and every catastrophe has, instead of the noble grandeur of the tragedies, something merely contemptible about it. Cressida is not Chaucer's pleasant little coquette with "a sliding heart," but a woman who can declare her love with an eloquence almost worthy of Juliet and then prove poetry a lie by offering herself, strumpet fashion, to the man nearest at hand. And then, lest we should possibly mistake the tendency of the play, Hector, the one real hero among the soldiers, is not killed in single combat by Achilles but stuck like a pig by three men as he lies unarmed.

Nothing is usually more characteristic of Shakespeare than his power of showing everything in its best light. The heroic aspect of every character or every action is the one which he almost invariably chooses to emphasize. Even his cowards and buffoons have greatness in them, and it is because of this fact that his plays are "serene"—that they seem in their various ways to say that the world is worth looking at no matter where one chooses to look. But for once he gives the lie to all this, and "Troilus and Cressida" is everywhere and in every sense anti-heroic—pervaded by a bitter, unhappy, and exasperated cynicism.

Most scholars have attempted to dismiss the paradox by calling our attention to the fact that Shakespeare's version of the story is not so at variance with tradition as those of us who know the Trojan War only through Homer are likely to suppose. They point out that he had precedent for treating its heroes with scant respect, that other once familiar treatments of the Cressida story are much less favorable to her than Chaucer's, and they have even gone so far as to suggest that the play was written to ridicule the translation of Homer made by Chapman, with whom Shakespeare had quarreled. They object to the suggestion that the play has any significance as an indication of its author's mood at the time it was written and insist that the materials upon which he worked simply proved themselves too "intractable" to be turned into a characteristically "Shakespearean" play.

Perhaps. Yet the fact remains that upon other occasions Shakespeare made pretty intractable matter serve his purpose, and that the hard-headed scholars do not explain why he should have felt compelled to write at all about characters and situations so unlike those which he commonly chose. There is, I think, still some excuse for romantic speculations, and I for one shall continue to wonder if the play is not evidence that its author was human enough to have had his moment of bitter doubt during which he was tempted to conclude that men and women were baser creatures than he had once represented them to be and than he was, indeed, to represent them many times again. I shall continue also to be grateful to the Players for giving a performance which may not have been perfect but which was conscientious, intelligent, rewarding. At the very least, it made the play more vivid for me than any reading of it had been able to do.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

REGARDLESS OF HARD TIMES

Children do grow up and need to understand about sex.

The 14th Edition of *The Sex Side Of Life*

An explanation for young people by

Mary Ware Dennett is just out.

Order from the author, 81 Singer St., Astoria, L. I., New York City
3 copies, \$1.00; single copies, 35 cents. Lower wholesale rates for
book-shops, camps, schools, etc.

Henry Sold here without profit. Ask for price list and appreciations by famous men. —sent free.

None may call himself **George's** Books

educated in social thought (says Dr. John Dewey) who lacks acquaintance with the great writings of Henry George.

ROBERT SCHALKENBACH FOUNDATION
15 Park Place, New York City

SUPPORTED BY ENDOWMENTS

